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VOLUME LII.

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## ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE AND ORSINI.

WE doubt if any event of the last forty years, excited so much surprise on the European continent, as the Anglo-French alliance during the Russian war, and not surprise only, but chagrin and indignation. All the traditions of European diplomacy had declared such a union impossible; and it was probably the very last contingency to enter into the calculations either of the *réactionnaires* or the radicals. The former had always looked upon England as their firmest barrier against the onslaughts of French democracy, not because the political tendencies of the two countries were widely different, but because the two nations hated each other with that intense hatred which nothing but 'an ancient grudge' can inspire. France had, they calculated, suffered too much ever to forget, and England had inflicted too much injury ever to hope to be forgiven. Their wars had not, like those of the continent, been wars of diplomatists and generals, in which the people looked on in fear or curiosity, while the legions of the Emperor or the Grand Monarch defiled past their doors, to suffer defeats which inspired the peasant with no regret, or win victories which brought him neither relief nor rejoicing. Anglo-French wars were often, it is true, undertaken for the attainment of objects not visible to the eye of the masses; but the people of the two countries entered upon them with a hearty personal animosity which never sought to disguise itself. Each was to the other what the Turks were to the Hungarians, the Tartars to the Russians, the Moors to the Spaniards, and we were going to say, the British to the Americans — that article of prime necessity without which national life seems to move sluggishly, and in hatred of which so much fervid and turbulent patriotism finds vent — 'a natural enemy.' From the birth of the two nations down to 1850, they had never united for a common object, or in obedience to a fellow-feeling, except in the Crusades, and no allusion to this famous religious experience was very likely in the middle of the nineteenth

century to cause Jacques Bonhomme to inclose the portly person of John Bull in a fraternal *accolade*. In the long interval which has since elapsed, how many 'wars of giants' have they waged, on how many bloody fields have they met, and how many hundreds of millions of treasure has each expended from his hard earnings, in the fell desire to harass, cripple, and destroy his rival? There was nothing in short, which, when Louis Napoleon ascended the throne, history did not make it seem safer to predict, than a union in arms, in a common cause, of the foes of Agincourt, and Fontenoy, and Waterloo.

The liberals of every shade, from the moderate conservatives of Berlin to the most sanguinary reds of Leicester Square, felt themselves equally justified in scouting the idea as an impossibility. England had for thirty years been known as the fast friend of parliamentary government, not only at home, but all over the world. She had conferred it on her colonies, exacted it from her *protégés*, and done all that bullying, and wheedling, and intriguing, and arguing could do, to persuade mankind that it was the one great political elixir, before whose potent influence all sores and ulcers disappeared from the body politic in the twinkling of an eye. She had never even been willing to admit that exceptions might exist to the propriety of its application, or that it did not retain its virtues in any climate. The language of the English press and of the English legislature, had led every body on the continent to believe that it was an axiom in English politics, that the monarch who refused to bestow it on his people, was a knave or a fool, and the people who did not demand it, and if need be, fight for it, were asses or slaves. From 1820 to 1848, there was hardly a speech delivered on questions of foreign politics in either House of Parliament, hardly a line written in the London editorial bureaux, in which this lesson was not inculcated. Was it from this quarter that a frank and friendly recognition was to be looked for of the most unscrupulous, most determined, and most faithless enemy which parliamentary government has ever encountered? And was Lord Palmerston, who was cradled in parliamentary traditions, who has grown gray in parliamentary strife, whose laurels have been won in its conflicts, and whose strongest claim to the admiration of his countrymen is his English readiness in debate, his English respect for majorities, his hearty English appreciation of the tonic efficacy of election tumult and uproar — not the last man whom the world would have expected to sacrifice his place in the cabinet to a desire to congratulate the conspirator of the Second of December upon having kicked parliament out of doors?

Moreover, there was nothing for which England took more credit to herself, than the respect of her people for the law, and nothing she professed to honor more in others. The duty of obeying it, till changed, was one of the earliest lessons in her political catechism. She had, in all periods of her history, been more than usually vehement in her denunciations of military violations of it above all. She had never lost an opportunity of placing on armed

interference with the ordinary course of justice, the stamp of public execration. Precautions against it have always been the first fruits of her revolutions, and all her great *acta publica* bristle with declarations of its enormity, and penalties on its perpetrators. And yet Louis Napoleon had been guilty of worse crimes against law, than those for which Charles lost his life, and James his crown. They suffered for violating liberties which had never been defined, and a constitution which they had never recognized. He abrogated a constitution he had sworn to maintain, and turned a court of justice into the street, which, in legal form and for proved guilt, had solemnly convicted him of treason. An alliance between France and England seemed under any circumstances improbable; but between England and the France of Napoleon the Third it seemed a monstrosity.

It was brought about by the operation of two influences: one was Louis Napoleon's exceeding suavity and deference, and the other the brilliant openings for English capital which his *regime* seemed to offer. He had resided long in England, had studied the country closely, and thoroughly appreciated both her strong and weak points. He recognized in her the only antagonist in Europe whom France, in the zenith of her military splendor, could neither intimidate nor subdue, and was fully aware that the man must have more than his uncle's genius and twice his uncle's resources, who should desire her enmity or despise her friendship. The Queen of England was the only member of the European family of monarchs who would heartily acknowledge that popular choice was as good a title to legitimacy as hereditary descent; and there was no monarch in the world whose recognition would do so much to supply the place of heraldry and history. To be sure it would have been greater and grander to have relied solely on his seven millions of votes, and claimed for his royalty a loftier and nobler confirmation than lapse of ages or sacramental chrysm; but no one is always great any more than always wise. Every man has his weakness, and a desire to be admitted to the royal family on equal footing, and for this purpose 'to be well introduced,' seems to have been Louis Napoleon's. However it be, he never ceased, from the moment of his accession to the throne, to give the frankest and most unmistakable proofs of his desire to be on terms of cordial intimacy with his neighbor. The English government had the intrigues, the falsehood, the chicanery, and deceit of the Orleans dynasty still fresh in their memories; and the dangerous uncertainty and vacillation of the republic, was of still more recent date. To have to deal with a power which was not only all smiles, but whose smiles were real — which promised readily, and yet could keep its promises, was a bait too novel and too tempting to be rejected.

Enormous investments of English capital were made in French securities during the reign of Louis Philippe. There was hardly a public work of importance in the whole country which did not owe its existence in great part to those bugbears of all honest French-

men — 'English guineas.' The resources still undeveloped, and which promised a handsome percentage for all outlay, were great, and combined with their near neighborhood to the head-quarters of British capital, and the consequent facilities for personal inquiry and supervision on the part of stockholders, they offered a tempting field to the energies of British capitalists. The storms of the revolutionary period which followed 1848 had inflicted serious injury on these gentlemen. The depreciation in value of every species of property, which was the natural consequence of the uncertainty of the political future, during the republican *regime*, had fallen no less heavily on them than on the natives, and they shared to the fullest extent the hostility with which the *bourgeoisie* regarded the new order of things, and were secretly fully as anxious for the establishment of 'a strong government.'

There was hardly one of their dreams which Louis Napoleon did not promise to fulfil. The policy he traced out at the very dawn of the empire was the one of all others to meet the wants of a timid trader: unbounded facilities for speculation, with absolute repression of all movements, political or other, which might exercise the slightest influence on stocks or other securities, and no less guarantee for the safety of property than five hundred thousand bayonets, of which he had already proved himself capable of making a remorseless and unscrupulous use. Nor did the new government confine itself to bare guarantee of the security of vested rights. It declared it to be a part of its mission to foster and stimulate enterprise, so as to place France in the front rank of the army of commerce, and for this purpose began to make a lavish use of all the resources, both material and moral, of the state. It is no part of our present purpose to chronicle the prodigious commercial activity which marked the first three or four years of the present Emperor's reign. A monster corporation was organized for absorbing all the savings of the community, and employing them, under the sanction and with the aid of the government, in every known species of speculation. Subventions were granted with reckless profusion to rail-road and steam-boat companies, and any other sort of company whose existence bore the faintest appearance of testimony to the general prosperity. 'Concessions' of rail-roads were showered upon the heads of eager capitalists, and among the most eager were the wealthiest and canniest men of 'the city.' The London *Times*, which for a month or two after the *coup d'état*, remained faithful in its allegiance to law and justice and humanity, and fired broadsides which startled the usurper on his throne, speedily gave way before the volleys of scrip, coupons, and bonds which it received in return, struck its colors and converted itself into his cordial friend and admirer. In the autumn of 1853, before the grass had grown on the bloody graves of those who fell two years before in uttering France's last protest against, not simply the destruction of her liberties, but against one of the worst outrages ever perpetrated upon the good faith of the world, there was not a man or journal of influence or position in the



whole British empire who dared to say that Louis Napoleon was not worthy, not merely of English civility, but of English sympathy and good wishes. Each month saw the adulation increase and the delusion deepen. When the Russian war broke out, the English army followed Marshal St. Arnaud to the field, rather as an auxiliary corps than as the representative of the victors of Vittoria and of Waterloo, and accepted the position of inferiority which was assigned it, at once, and without a word of complaint from the authorities at home. The two armies went into action at Alma with equal numbers; to the English was assigned the duty of the front attack, where most danger lay and most loss was to be endured; the French reserved to themselves the pleasanter task of surprising the enemy's flank by climbing precipitous heights unimpeded, and have ever since worn the laurels plucked on that bloody field. During the siege operations, the English were placed without remonstrance on the right wing, the point farthest from the sea, and most exposed to a flank attack from the enemy. We all know the results. We know that France came out of the war with fresh lustre and strengthened *prestige*, and the British with the bewildering sensation of having fought very hard and been kicked for their pains. The army went home intensely dissatisfied with the part they had been permitted to play in the conflict, and their feeling communicated itself to the whole country, and was aggravated by the tone of the French press in commenting upon the events of the war. The publication of the Baron de Bazancourt's volume; the omission of all mention of the English army at the banquet given to the Crimean heroes at Marseilles; and a variety of other minor incidents, small in themselves, but important in view of the actual temper of the public, gave the existing irritation on the part of the British a chronic character. Lord Palmerston, and the *Times*, and the capitalists, however, clung to the alliance, though the doubtful operations by which it was found necessary to sustain the national credit during the financial panic of last winter, somewhat damaged the commercial character of the empire. But a crisis of some sort was clearly at hand. The train was laid, and Orsini's attempt fired it, and blew Palmerston, the alliance, Count Persigny, and a great quantity of other valuables, into the air.

It is a great mistake to suppose that it was either the language of the army, or of Count de Persigny, *per se*, which created the recent extraordinary effervescence of anti-Gallic feeling in England. Provocations as great, and menaces much more insulting because more deliberate, have been offered before now, without giving rise to any thing more exciting than a diplomatic correspondence. In his ordinary moods, John Bull would have vented his ire upon the braggarts by a letter to the *Times*, and then let the matter slip from his memory. But the Crimean war had left its sting, and the very same causes which led the French colonels and the French ambassadors to forget themselves, roused the British public into frenzy. Bernard's trial was the last act in a drama, the first scene of which was laid on the banks of the Alma.

The Orsini conspiracy, or rather the effects it produced on the policy of the French Government, drove the English public into speaking out frankly what they had long secretly felt. The studied contempt with which Count de Persigny treated the humble congratulations of the London Corporation on his master's escape, and the savage menaces which, in defiance of all good discipline, the army was allowed to utter through the columns of the *Moniteur*, showed them what they refused to believe three years previously — that no amount of flattery, conciliation, or subserviency can establish between the two countries any thing more solid than an alliance of governments, and that a lasting union between two nations of such pretensions and such antecedents, and marked by such differences of character and institutions, can never be based on an assumption of their equality. Nor had the empire fulfilled any of the hopes it had excited at its inauguration. Seven years of experiment had resulted in a yearly deficit in the revenue, in a yearly increase in the civil list, in the continued denial of liberty of speech, in the destruction of the last shreds of freedom of election, in a police and passport system of greater stringency than ever. Nothing which was promised in 1852 was forthcoming. The Emperor informed the Chambers in that year, that liberty did not form the pedestal of the political column: it crowned it. The column has been going up rapidly ever since, and the materials have been all supplied from the great quarry of the *Idée Napoléoniennes*, but it has been so constructed, that any other capital than slavery would now constitute an architectual deformity. As a commercial speculation, the failure of the imperial *regime* has been equally signal. Business is at a stand-still throughout the country; the *Crédit Mobilier* maintains its footing only through government support; the Bank of France was saved from stoppage and the commercial panic averted, by the exertions of the police. 'A run' would have been deemed an expression of want of confidence in the Government, and punished as seditious. Better be bankrupt, and say nothing about it, than try to pay your way and go to jail. Stocks of all kinds have sunk so low, and return so little, under the influence of the general feeling of insecurity and uncertainty, that most Englishmen are satisfied, that as far as trade is concerned, the boisterous weather of republicanism is preferable to the horrible calms which precede the hurricanes of despotism. The admiration of the world has been often challenged for the broad democratic platform on which his majesty's throne rests. Few men have put on the crown and the assumed golden bees, at the bidding of seven millions of free citizens. The first of Orsini's bombs dispelled the delusion. He who reigned by the national will, was forced, because two foreigners attempted his life, to apportion France into military districts, and garrison each by a *corps d'armée* on war footing, under the command of a marshal, and place the civil government of Paris in the hands of an African *sabreur*. Orsini certainly failed to kill the Emperor, but he slew the empire,

in destroying the faith of England and of the world, in its moral strength.

With this dissipation of political delusions, has passed away that obliquity of vision on the part of the public, both in France and England, which enabled the usurper to hide unscrupulousness and perjury, by the exhibition of courage and success. The reflections which Orsini's death inspired, must, we feel certain, have had a large share in opening the ears of the world to the accents of justice and truth. The contrast between the career of him who died on the scaffold, and that of his accuser who sat on the throne, was in itself a great moral lesson. Both began life in much the same position; both entered on the world with the unconquerable determination to carry out the object nearest their hearts; both passed their prime either in prison or in exile; both were adventurers, and both conspirators; both, ten years ago, would have been spoken of by European governments as vagabonds, of equal pretensions to the pillory or the whipping-post. Each pursued his ends with singleness of purpose to the last; one has died on the scaffold, and the other signed the warrant for his execution. And yet there is no one who sits down calmly, and applies to their history the immutable standard of truth and right, without feeling that if one be a villain and the other a hero, the prize was due to Orsini, and the judgment should be passed on Napoleon. Orsini sacrificed himself, family and friends, home and happiness, to the furtherance of an idea which may be called visionary, but which no man can condemn. The Italian who lives for the liberation of Italy, and ends by dying for it, may possibly be a fool, but his folly is of that extreme sort, that it needs but a tinge of success to change it into the highest sort of wisdom. The leading feature in Orsini's career was self-abnegation. His own comfort, convenience, or safety were the last elements which ever entered into his calculations. There is not an American or an Englishman in existence, whose proudest boast and glory it would not be to have had a father, or grand-father, or ancestor ever so remote, who had done and dared, for America or England, all that this forlorn, persecuted 'Carbonaro' dared and did for Italy, up to the attempt on Napoleon. The Emperor has displayed equal determination, equal endurance, equal enthusiasm, but neither love for his own country nor the human race in general nerved his arm nor steeled his courage. His object, from first to last, has been avowedly his own elevation to the throne, and the enjoyment of the salary appertaining to that position; and he has never been guilty of the petty meanness of pretending that he had any other aim in view. He did not even put forward the claim of hereditary right, to justify the preliminary perjury and massacre of the Second of December, as in that case it would have been unnecessary to appeal to the people for election, and the *coup d'état* would have been but a legitimate re-seizure of stolen goods. He conspired, he fought, he broke his oath, because he desired to be Emperor; and he killed

Orsini, because he wishes to remain Emperor. Orsini conspired, and fought, and sought to assassinate, that twenty millions might be free. The last act in his sad story was the only blemish upon a life of singular loyalty to honest convictions; but if the *coup d'état*, the breach of the presidential oath, and the bloodshed which followed it, be justifiable in consideration of the end they had in view, so also was the attempt of the twenty-first of January; for, *per se*, both acts were equally heinous. Any argument which exculpates Louis Napoleon, excuses Orsini. Their cases, then, differ only in the aims of the men, and the result of their endeavors; and the issue once narrowed down to these two points, and the parties brought face to face, the one in the position of judge, and the other of executioner, every good instinct of the human heart rises in execration at the spectacle. Both are scoundrels, if you will; both may come in the jurist's classification, under the category of *hostes humani generis*; but any alliance, or other political arrangement which rests on the assumption, that the one of two such men deserves the hand of sympathy and friendship, while the other has met his deserts on the block, is such a crazy fabric, that it needs only to be examined to be overturned.

The result of this latest attempt to maintain a hearty and active friendship between two countries, whose domestic policy and institutions are so totally opposed as those of England and France, has a warning in it, which it is to be hoped will not be forgotten. How vain it is for England to hope to escape serious misconception, as to the operation of the simplest portion of her political machinery, has been evidenced by the way in which the result of Bernard's trial has been received in France; and the vote of the House of Commons on the Conspiracy Bill, proves the serious inconveniences of being on such terms with any despotic power, as to render the introduction of such a measure, at its request, at all obligatory. The fact is, that a general alliance or agreement to adhere to any other state through thick and thin, or intercourse so intimate as to involve such an alliance as an almost unavoidable consequence, is something which every free country should avoid. All governments have a right to expect civility, and such good offices as humanity or politeness dictate, or the interests of science or commerce may require at the hands of their neighbors; but nothing more. More than this entails a tacit approval by one of a thousand things in the domestic policy of the other, which at home would be condemned as wicked and indefensible, and it entails deviations from its own foreign policy, which nothing but the interests of its people or those of pure justice, can warrant.

A free people cannot enter into a hearty alliance with a despot, without effecting some sort of compromise between his principles and theirs, and all such compromises are immoral. England would certainly before now have satisfied public justice, by dealing out retribution on Naples, if she had not been compelled to respect in the person of King Bomba the principle which sits enthroned

in France, in the person of Louis Napoleon; and the stand she is now taking on the slave-trade, is terribly damaged by the concessions which the alliance has compelled her to make to the French 'free emigration' scheme. The yoke between her and the Emperor was one of the most unequal the world ever saw; and there is no friend of free institutions who must not rejoice in its severance. The sturdy oak of English freedom can never be other than hampered by the intrusion of a pretentious French poplar into its branches. It stands best alone. Whatever the spread of English laws, and ideas, and influence can do to make mankind freer and wiser and happier, can be done most effectually, when it has not to accommodate itself to dynastic prejudices or necessities; and if Louis Napoleon's policy be for the good and glory of France, it is but fair that he should win his guerdon or meet his doom, single-handed, and on his own merits.

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THE MESSENGER AT NIGHT.

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BY R. H. STODDARD.

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A FACE at the window,  
A tap on the pane:  
Who is it that wants me,  
To-night in the rain?

I have lighted my chamber,  
And brought out my wine,  
For a score of good fellows  
Were coming to dine.

The dastards have failed me,  
And sent in the rain  
The man at the window,  
To tap on the pane!

I hear the rain patter,  
I hear the wind blow:  
I hate the wild weather,  
And yet I must go!

I could moan like the wind now,  
And weep like the rain,  
But the thing at the window  
Is tapping again!

It beckons, I follow:  
Good-by to the light!  
I am going, oh! whither?  
Out into the night!

## GIPSYING OVER THE WORLD.\*

## SECOND PAPER.

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'I SEE a volume of slow-rising smoke  
O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.  
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat  
Their miserable meal. A kettle,  
Slung between two poles, upon a stick transverse,  
Receives the morsel. . . . .

Hard-faring race,  
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,  
Which, kindled with dry leaves and wood, just saves  
The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide  
Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin —  
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.'

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FROM this rural English scene, so well described by Cowper, let the reader transport himself in imagination to the balmy air and sunny sky of Andalusia, to a court in the luxurious capital of that ancient province. The water leaps laughingly from a Moorish fountain, and falls back in graceful jets to kiss the snow-white marble. The warbling of birds, the aroma of the ázahar, and the breath of innumerable flowers, too delicate and beautiful for western lands, suggest the great-eyed Orient. The silvery laugh of Andalusian maidens rings upon the air, as, seated in the shade of the orange-trees, they now touch the guitar, and now, for a time, intertwine with needles the silk and gold on their tambours.

The bell rings, and to the soft *Quien es?* enters the Gitana—the Gipsy fortune-teller—who, with her wild looks and haggard features, resembles a Harpy suddenly descended among the Graces. Her accents are of hate, rather than of love. While murmuring curses to herself she invokes the blessings of the stars upon those not of her blood. Her movements and gestures are impassioned. Fire seems to gleam from the liquid eyes of the strange apparition, whose very presence is fascination—for it is the belief of all the maidens of Seville, that the dusky Sibyl possesses the mysteries of futurity, and can unlock them to whom she will. *Ave Maria purissima!* escapes their lips but once, and a silver coin is given to the strange being, wherewith to make the sign of the cross; for without this there could be no *buena ventura*.

Then, skilled in all the arts of chiromancy, she carefully traces the lines upon those delicate hands, and dispenses—to this one, wealth; to that one, pearls; to another, what is better than wealth or pearls, the affection of some gallant hidalgo—thus realizing to them all, the rosy visions that float around the sleep of maidens of eighteen.

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\* THE GIPSIES. Their Origin, History, and Manner of Life. By the author of 'Roumania.' (In press.) RUDD AND CARLETON, 810 Broadway, New-York.



The scene changes to the banks of the Danube, where of an evening, in the shadow of the great hill of Buda, hundreds of the Magyar chivalry assemble with the noble dames of that heroic race to listen to the impassioned strains of a band of roving Gipsies — to a dusky group washing with Colchian fleeces, as of old, the sands of the Carpathian Arangosh, richer in golden spangles than Pactolus — to a circle of Roumanian youths and maidens undulating in the graceful *hora* to the music of Gipsy *lautari*, to a silent and breathless throng seated around a serpent-charmer of Egypt.

As the sun sinks behind the hills of Judea, the traveller on the plain bivouacs for the night. And there is no more beautiful sight than when seated before his tent he watches the fires kindled on the mountains of Moab, rising beyond the Jordan like a wall against the eastern sky. In the cool of the purple evening the Bedouins of the neighboring encampment assemble, but not to listen to the wild fables of the desert, or to the poems of Antar, recited by one of the eloquent lip and the restless eye. The Gipsies, called *Chamari* by the Arabs, have chanced hither in their wanderings from village to village and camp to camp; and under the silent stars they draw out the long hours of the night in that wild and weird minstrelsy which alike delights the children of Roma and of Ishmael.

Again the scene changes — to distant India — to bands of dark-eyed nomads roving on the banks of her mysterious rivers, or in the land where oriental poverty is married with oriental magnificence, to a Rajah's court, before which Gipsy maidens are floating in the soft movements of the eastern dance.

Who these Gipsies are, scattered more widely over the world than the leaves by the winds of autumn, we attempted to show in the last number of the *KNICKERBOCKER*. We have thought that the readers of our Magazine may be interested in some of the customs and peculiarities of this strange people — the remnant perhaps of some ancient race, left to perish on the shore, while the great tide of barbaric life has ebbed; a people of primitive virtues, unchanged it may be where all else has changed; with whom nothing is rare, neither the beauty of Astyanax, the charms of Zenobia, the manly air of Hector, the talent of Bailot, the voice of Malibran, the gravity of Priam, nor the sorrow of Cassandra.

After the birth of a Gipsy child, almost the first thing to be thought of, in Mohammedan countries, is its circumcision, in Christian countries, its christening. Their haste in this respect does not result, however, from exceeding piety on the part of the Gipsy parents, or so much from a desire for the spiritual welfare of their offspring, as for the spiritual edification to themselves consequent upon a liberal supply of drink. The Moslem's paradise and the Christian's heaven are myths never to be thought of in comparison with the Gipsy's earth, to which he clings with a tenacity unknown to any other race.

It is a peculiarity of the Gipsies that they manage to draw



From all we have been able to learn from the Gipsies themselves, in many countries, and from others concerning them, especially the observant Vaillant, *Tota* is their god, and the sun his image. Children of the earth, the sky is to them only the head (*s'ero*) of *Tota*; the sun is his heart, his eye, and his soul; he embraces all things with his love; the stars are spangles of fire shot from his eyes. If the zephyr breathes, it is *Tota* refreshing the earth with his divine breath; if the thunder reverberates among the clouds, it is *Tota* who has taken cold and coughs. Who or what then is their divinity? *Tota* is neither the heavens nor the earth, neither the stars nor any thing that can be seen, touched, or felt. He is a flame, a heat, an invisible fire that communicates itself to every thing, which renders the earth fruitful, glimmers in the stars, burns in the sun, illuminates the heavens, glows in the lightnings, and vivifies the spirit. The sun is his image, and it is in the sun that the Gipsies adore him. It is for him that they are born, that they live and die. The soul, the breath, the spirit, all belong to *Tota* as the body belongs to the earth. The Gipsy laborer is from predilection a smith; and it is in exciting fire, in beating iron and copper, that he returns naturally to his ancient faith, and teaches to his offspring the probable existence of a Supreme Being, of a divine breath that gives to fire heat, force, and life.

*Tota*, or *Devel* as he is more frequently called, is recognized by the Gipsies as the principle of good or of light, and *Bengel*, the principle of evil or of darkness—not unlike the Ormuzd and Ariman of the Persians. By a singular application of language, however, they have given the name of Satan to God, and in like manner converted the first of martyrs (Tomas signifying a thief) into a pick-pocket. The Gipsies believe in the eternity of matter, as also of the spirit; yet their great fear is, that *Bengel* may annihilate one or the other, if not both. They are therefore only solicitous of conciliating this dread Nemesis that impends over them in this world, and over-shadows even that which is to come. It seems useless to bestow a thought upon the benignant deity who never does them harm.

The Gipsies do not apparently believe in a resurrection in the next world, averring that we are miserable enough in this, yet do not imagine death to be an absolute destruction. They suppose that the body will again enrich the earth, and the spirit vivify the air. The Gipsies have also an idea of the transmigration of souls. How far the untutored children of Roma ever comprehended the refined doctrines of the metempsychosis is unknown, but there is something in the wild dream of soul-wandering through millions of ages, in harmony with the wandering propensities of the Gipsies.

One would have hardly expected to find the despised Gipsies still retaining the most ancient religion of India, practising even in our midst those mysterious rites which unite them with the most distant lands, and the most remote ages. *Deva Tota*, Fire of Fire, the original creative cause, appears to have been the primitive god of India; and before this divinity was supplanted by Buddha, Fire-worship was, in a great degree, the religion of the country. Tamerlane, be-

lieving it to be his mission to rid the earth of idolaters, caused the Indian fire-worshippers to be thrown into the flames they adored. At the Hindoo marriages, the officiating Brahmin still worships the sun in the name of the bridegroom and the bride; and when the women of India bathe in the sacred Ganges, they bow in devotion toward the same bright luminary.

The Parsee Fire-worshippers are to be found in many parts of the east, especially in India and Persia, but the central point of this religion is upon the peninsula of Apscherson in the Caspian Sea. A few miles from Baka four immense columns of flame unceasingly blaze up from the earth, with many smaller flames in the vicinity. By night they produce a magnificent effect, seeming, near at hand, a sea of fire, and, in the distance, serving as a beacon to vessels tossed upon the Caspian. With these flames, which feed upon enormous volumes of gas constantly escaping from fissures in the rocks, ascend the prayers of the Fire-worshippers, a considerable number of whom spend their time there in voluntary penance and mortification, a miserable remnant of the ancient sect of Zoroaster, whose elevated teachings were, in the course of time, degraded into unmeaning ceremonies. The emaciated, half-naked forms of the devotees flit like uneasy ghosts among the pillars of flame.

Traces of Fire-worship were to be found in the religious systems of the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans. Temples were dedicated to the sun, and altars built whose inscriptions still attest the object of their erection. Yet more lasting than temples or altars or inscriptions, are the usages that have found lodgment in the hearts of the people.

The appearance of the sacred fire in the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem is the crowning glory of the great Easter festival. In Western Europe, also, many relics of Fire-worship exist in the observance of the Catholic Church. As the traveller in France ascends the valley of Seille from Arlay to Voiteur on Christmas-eve, he beholds upon the heights of Arlay, Brery, and Chateau-Chalons a spectacle of marvellous beauty. The mountains seem illuminated with constellations of blazing stars, some fixed and others in motion. It is the youth of the neighboring hamlets bearing torches in their hands, and now and then wheeling them in circles of fire. Should he ask the reason of this, the peasant would tell him that the torches thus agitated represent those carried by the shepherds who went to offer their homage to the infant SAVIOUR. The student of traditions and customs would tell him that the observance was still more ancient, and referred to the mythological system of the Hindoos.

At the port of Brest, in Brittany, a province in which are to be found many souvenirs of India, three or four thousand people assemble on the ice on Christmas-eve, with flaming torches in their hands, whose rapid movements and rotations exhibit a thousand capricious arabesques of fire, and almost make the spectator believe that he is looking upon the breaking billows of a phosphorescent ocean.


live is still more unfavorable to the development of physical charms, or at least obscures them when actually existing.

The boast of the Gipsies that they sprang from the earth, is verified by the quantity of dirt adhering to their persons. However useful water may be for purposes of navigation, they appear to have sworn eternal hostility against it, both as a purifying agent and a beverage. Were it not for the involuntary washing of an occasional shower, a person might with tolerable accuracy estimate the age of a Gipsy from the different strata of filth collected upon his body, as we tell the age of trees by counting the rings of annual growth from the centre of the trunk. It were better for us, however, not to reveal the whole truth of this matter.

These princes of the 'ragged regiment' are equally negligent with their garments. The different tribes of Suders who inhabit the mountains of the Carnatic, and are in so many respects allied to the Gipsies as evidently to belong to the race, are said to have a singular domestic regulation that obliges persons of both sexes to pass their lives in disgusting uncleanness. The common Gipsy usage regarding dress is reduced to a law forbidding any person to wash his garments or to lay them aside until they fall from the body of their own accord. This regulation is so scrupulously observed, that if one of their number dips his rags in the water, he is forthwith expelled from the tribe and sent away in disgrace. It should be stated, however, that water is not very abundant in the region of the Carnatic.

The features of the Gipsies are not to be mistaken. They are of medium height, robust and nervous. Never among the ebony slaves from Abyssinia exposed for sale in the markets of Egypt, or among the pale merchandise of the East which in early life had breathed the mountain air of the Caucasus, have we seen forms so perfectly rounded and developed — forms that would so delight a sculptor as models. Sometimes when seen in repose, the youth of the Zend-cali might almost be mistaken for statues of bronze. The face is oval, the complexion a dark, rich olive, and the teeth are of ivory whiteness. The females, if not combining all the splendid outlines and delicious tints of Eastern beauty, are not wanting in the browned ruddy cheeks and swelling bosoms so associated with Gipsy charms. The eye, however, is the marked feature of the race, and would distinguish the Gipsy in whatever place, costume or character she might appear. It is not the small, luxurious eye of the Jewess, the oblong eye indispensable to the Chinese beauty, nor the soft, almond eye of the Egyptian, but something unique and peculiar. It is vivid, lustrous, or liquid, according to the thought which seeks for utterance. Now it has a wild and staring expression, and then, in moments of repose, a filmy and phosphorescent softness will gather over it, through which one looks as into the depths of the soul.

Beauty, however, is a delicate gift — a child of care and attention which, if not to be bathed constantly in May-dew, and fed on honeysuckle, cannot on the contrary be long exposed with impu-



nity to the rough manner of life — *sans feu et lieu* — of the Gipsies. We once saw a Circassian girl sold in Constantinople whose appearance by no means corresponded with the idea we had formed of her countrywomen. Upon inquiry, we were informed that female slaves, when first brought from the Caucasus, are for the most part rough, ungainly creatures. But after they have been trained for a time in the harems of the Turkish grandees, and used the bath, the veil, and the thousand-and-one agents employed in the East, they become really beautiful. Their daughters are to be numbered among the handsomest women in the world — so much is beauty dependent upon favorable circumstances.

Gipsy charms are therefore short-lived: and as it takes an angel to make a demon, the pretty girl of Roma soon becomes the incarnation of ugliness. The change is as great as if one of the Graces were metamorphosed into a daughter of Acheron. Her smile grows hard and disagreeable; her forehead is early seamed with wrinkles; her wind-beaten and sun-burned cheeks, scarred by exposure and furrowed by passion, are the cheeks of a living mummy. The body bent, the expression cracked, the voice broken — sex itself becomes obliterated; and the Gipsy hag might well imitate old Madame de Hondatot, who candidly admitted — '*Autrefois, quand j'étais femme.*' Manhood also assumes a sinister and ferocious aspect. The hair which in youth served as an ornament, grows stiff and harsh like that of a horse's tail, and being rarely cut or kemped, is usually the home of undisturbed innocence.

The face of the untamed Gipsy becomes blacker and blacker with age, making the redness of the lips more observable, and rendering hideous the hazy glare of the deep rolling eye. One never sees in the aged faces of the Zend-cali that tender, mellow, childlike expression which we often observe in good old people. On the contrary, vice, malice, revenge, and deceit become more outspoken. Age and the loss of teeth only whet their appetites for evil. Their withered limbs seem never to lose their strength, the evil eye never grows old. As the French become better cooks in proportion to their age and ugliness, so crooked Gipsy crones make the best fortune-tellers.

Water is the usual beverage of the Gipsies. They have, however, an inordinate love of brandy, which is preferred to all other intoxicating drinks, from the fact that it induces intoxication more speedily. Beer is not sufficiently stimulating; beside, it is the favorite drink of the lower class. The important events of life are made the occasion of boisterous revels; and in case liquor can be obtained, the mirth and glee which attend the Gipsy's birth and marriage are surpassed only by the drunken orgies that mark his passage to another world.

Among the Bazeegurs, a Gipsy tribe of India, disputes are never referred beyond their seat. If the matter be of so serious a nature that a small *puncha'et* (council) cannot settle it, the Bula Suder convenes a general assembly. This tribunal, however, never enters upon business until a quantity of liquor equal to the import-

ance of the case has been provided by both plaintiff and defendant. The loser has ultimately to bear the expense unless, as frequently happens, (all parties during the discussion being indulged in a free participation of the liquor,) judges and contestants forget all about the affair under consideration. The letter of the law is in this way accommodated to the spirit. The *puncha'et* disperses by degrees, and the contending parties, when aroused from the torpor of intoxication, awake only to regret their folly. Christians do not more effectually ruin themselves in their law-suits.

This Gipsy tribunal rarely returns a verdict of 'Not guilty,' but fortunately for the convict any crime may be expiated by a plentiful supply of liquor, the fine being proportionate to the thirst of the court. The alternative is to have the nose rubbed on the ground. When the case is too complicated for the intelligence of the assembly, the accused is made to apply his tongue to a piece of hot iron, and if burned, is pronounced guilty. Persons who have acquired any property are in constant danger of accusation, and if the liquor be not forthwith coming, the delinquent is hooted from the tribe, so that he is ultimately willing to impoverish himself in order to obtain the necessary libation.

It may be truly said of the Gipsies of India, that they imbibe alcohol with the maternal milk. Toddy, the fermented juice of the palm, is regularly given to infants of five and six months when it can be obtained. As in other countries, the Gipsies never work while they have any thing to drink, so that their wretched life constantly alternates from intoxication to labor of some kind, and from labor to intoxication. Nor do the women allow themselves to be outdone by the men in the habit of intemperance. The use of intoxicating drinks is condemned by all the high castes of India.

The dress of the Gipsies is in keeping with their nomadic tendencies. They find it agreeable to beg or steal garments, and therefore ordinarily procure their clothing ready-made, so as not to be molested by tailors' bills. The only attempt at tailoring I ever saw among them, was to make a hole in the middle of a blanket large enough for the head, and a couple of smaller ones for the arms. The wind cannot blow off his hat who has none, and shoes are troublesome appliances with people whose manner of life and general economy are those of vagrants and beggars.

Pride is as common in the cabins of the lowly as in the palaces of kings. The Gipsy exhibits this weakness even in the selection and display of his rags. 'Better starve than work,' is his motto, and he would consider it highly degrading to put on the ordinary dress of a laboring man.

Gipsy women neither spin nor weave, neither sew nor work, and yet it cannot be said of them that they are clothed like unto the lilies of the field. They are usually more picturesque in the matter of dress than the males. We have known many instances in which the entire female dress consisted of a large piece of cloth thrown over the head and wound round the body in Eastern style, and revealing here and there the tawny, sun-browned integument



beneath. Gipsy women have also a dash of Bloomerism, for in case their own wretched garments give out, they do not hesitate to draw on those of their male companions, should these be so fortunate as to have any *unmentionable* articles of dress to spare.

Upon the coast of Malabar there is a caste of Indians named *Malai-Condairous* who live in the forests and are principally occupied in extracting, and preparing for use, the juice of the palm. Though their manner of life is barbarous, there are too many points of resemblance between them and the Gipsies not to believe that they had a kindred origin. The individuals of this caste go naked, the women wearing merely a shred of cloth that imperfectly conceals the part it is intended to cover. It is related by the Abbé Dubois that when the last Sultan of Mysore made an expedition among the mountains of Malabar, having met a band of these savages, he was shocked at the state of nudity in which they lived. However depraved the Mussulmans in their private life, they are unequalled in the exhibition of decency and modesty in public; and are greatly scandalized by the want of either, especially on the part of females. The Sultan having caused the chiefs of the *Malai-Condairous* to be brought in his presence, asked them why they and their wives did not cover their bodies more decently? The chiefs gave as a reason the poverty of their people and the force of custom. Tippoo replied that he should henceforth require them to wear clothes like the rest of his subjects, and if they had not the necessary means, would himself gratuitously furnish every year the cloth requisite for that purpose. The savages, thus pressed by their sovereign, humbly remonstrated, and begged that he would not subject them to the embarrassment of wearing clothes. Finally they declared that if, in opposition to the rules of their caste, he should insist upon his demand, sooner than submit to so great a vexation, they would all leave the country and seek a refuge where, unmolested, they could follow the customs of their forefathers in dress and manner of life. Tippoo was obliged to yield.

Among the Turks, the so-called Mohammedan Gipsies have the privilege of wearing a white turban. In Russia, the Tsigans have large caps covered with ribbons, and, as in many other Eastern countries, exhibit, when able, strings of silver, or even of gold coin upon the head and neck. Green and scarlet are every where favorite colors with the Zend-cali. Though so wretched generally as to have nothing but unseemly rags to cover their bodies, they are not indifferent to dress. To attract attention, not to conceal their nakedness, is the chief object. Kelpius says that the Gipsies of Transylvania spend all their earnings for drink and clothing. In winter, the Wallachian Gipsies either wear coarse woolen stockings, knit by females upon huge wooden needles, or sew up their feet in bundles of rags, which are not taken off until spring arrives or the material perishes.

‘It would appear,’ says Cervantes, in his *Gitanella*, a work more highly esteemed in Spain than even the adventures of Don Quixote, ‘as though Gipsies, both men and women, came into the world for

no other end or purpose than to be thieves: they grow up among thieves, the art of thieving is their study, and they finish with being thieves, rogues, and robbers in every sense of the word; and the love and practice of theft, are, in their case, a sort of inseparable accident, ceasing only with death.' The Gipsies account for this remarkable proclivity in the following manner. The impression prevails throughout Eastern Europe, that it was the children of Roma who crucified our SAVIOUR on Calvary, but they say that only one of their number assisted on that sorrowful occasion. Four nails were brought for use. The Gipsy thinking that three were enough, stole the remaining one; and ever since, his people have been notorious thieves. Music, with all its refining influences, has not cured them of this predeliction.

With the Gipsies, stealing is a legitimate profession, the very corner-stone, one might say, of their body politic. Writers upon moral philosophy contend that labor and virtue are indispensable elements of perpetuity in the existence of a state; but here we have a distinct people, who have existed many centuries, more by theft than by properly directed industry, and have every where been looked upon as the parasites of society.

The only disgrace the Gipsies attach to theft, consists in practising it too near home, and in being detected; and the youth of Sparta were not more adroit in the execution, or more self-sacrificing in the concealment of the act. The most successful thief in a band of Gipsies, usually attains the honor of being its chief, and skill in this profession is ranked as the highest accomplishment that a maiden of the tawny race can possess, proficiency therein rendering her valuable to her parents, and especially desirable as a bride.

It is not surprising, therefore, that among the Gipsies theft should be a matter of study and education. Long before the child of Roma is taught to read the mystical lines of the hand, or interpret the hidden meaning of the stars, it is carefully instructed in this most reliable and lucrative of Gipsy arts. Wrinkled men and women, whose chins and knees are brought near together by age, are the teachers, and the pupils have the benefit of both precept and example.

In the unwritten grammar of the Gipsies, the verb is a word which signifies *to dance, to smoke, to be idle*. Instead of beginning with the moods and tenses of *to love*, they are first taught to conjugate and decline *nicabar*, to steal; and at an astonishingly early age, become familiar with it in all its numbers and persons. Their knowledge has also the advantage of being practical, and shared by every member of the tribe.

While the women are abroad telling fortunes, and the able-bodied men engaged in predatory or trafficking excursions, the children at their temporary home are initiated into the mysteries of the thieving art. In countries where the Gipsies abound, we have seen many a tableau of this kind worthy of the painter's skill. The still, hazy air of mid-day, two or three ragged tents pitched on the outskirts



of a forest, a few rude articles of furniture scattered about, a patient donkey dozing in the shade, a thread of smoke curling up among the tree-tops from the common fire where they cook the evening meal — who could mistake the Gipsy camp?

An officer in the Austrian army relates a characteristic incident which occurred in a Hungarian village not far from Pesth. At the house of a Jew he found a Gipsy, who had been compelled to serve in his own regiment, trying to sell a horse which he was holding by the bridle. He and the Jew disputed some time about the price, but the latter agreed to throw in a roasted goose, which he said was hanging in the chimney of the adjoining room. The Gipsy expressed his satisfaction; but the Jew could not find the goose, and, becoming angry, charged his wife with having eaten it. Finally it was discovered that the Gipsy had stolen the fowl, and was holding it behind his back. The horse he was attempting to dispose of belonged to the regiment.

A Gipsy was one day brought to trial at a place near Raab. The judge, an aged and good-natured man, said reproachfully to the delinquent: 'I have no compassion for you: I could perhaps have let you off, if in the hard, cold winter you had stolen these boots from the peasant; but now, in burning-hot summer, when every one can go barefoot, it is certainly an unpardonable theft.'

'Yes, golden, gracious master,' replied the Gipsy naïvely, 'but in winter no one could steal boots, for every peasant then has them on his feet. It is necessary to provide in summer, when people leave their boots standing at home.'

On a very stormy day, a gentleman saw a Gipsy in his garden stealing carrots. Opening the window suddenly, he called out to the thief: 'Hallo, rogue! what are you doing there?'

'O God!' exclaimed the Gipsy, seizing hold of the top of a large carrot fast in the earth, 'I am holding myself; for the wind is so strong that it raises me from the ground.'

While it has been believed by many that the Gipsies have an extended political organization, nay, that there is a King of the Gipsies, whose dominions are wider than those of spiritual Rome; others have conjectured that they cherish a secret faith of their own. What then is the religion of the Gipsies?

It has frequently been observed, that Gipsy smiths, when they build their fires, pronounce certain mysterious words, and perform a short but mystical ceremony. Mr. Brown, of Constantinople, once related to us a circumstance which occurred while he was making a journey with a Mussulman and a Gipsy. It was during the Ramazan — the Moslem Lent — when the faithful are not permitted to taste of food from the rising to the setting of the sun. The Gipsy rose before the break of day, to prepare the morning meal; and while kindling the fire, was observed to go through a performance evidently intended as a kind of worship. Mr. Vailant, who has spent many years among the Wallachians, confirms the remarkable fact, that the secret faith long attributed to the Gipsies, is a species of Fire-worship.

From all we have been able to learn from the Gipsies themselves, in many countries, and from others concerning them, especially the observant Vaillant, *Tota* is their god, and the sun his image. Children of the earth, the sky is to them only the head (*s'ero*) of *Tota*; the sun is his heart, his eye, and his soul; he embraces all things with his love; the stars are spangles of fire shot from his eyes. If the zephyr breathes, it is *Tota* refreshing the earth with his divine breath; if the thunder reverberates among the clouds, it is *Tota* who has taken cold and coughs. Who or what then is their divinity? *Tota* is neither the heavens nor the earth, neither the stars nor any thing that can be seen, touched, or felt. He is a flame, a heat, an invisible fire that communicates itself to every thing, which renders the earth fruitful, glimmers in the stars, burns in the sun, illuminates the heavens, glows in the lightnings, and vivifies the spirit. The sun is his image, and it is in the sun that the Gipsies adore him. It is for him that they are born, that they live and die. The soul, the breath, the spirit, all belong to *Tota* as the body belongs to the earth. The Gipsy laborer is from predilection a smith; and it is in exciting fire, in beating iron and copper, that he returns naturally to his ancient faith, and teaches to his offspring the probable existence of a Supreme Being, of a divine breath that gives to fire heat, force, and life.

*Tota*, or *Devel* as he is more frequently called, is recognized by the Gipsies as the principle of good or of light, and *Bengel*, the principle of evil or of darkness—not unlike the Ormuzd and Ariman of the Persians. By a singular application of language, however, they have given the name of Satan to God, and in like manner converted the first of martyrs (Tomas signifying a thief) into a pick-pocket. The Gipsies believe in the eternity of matter, as also of the spirit; yet their great fear is, that *Bengel* may annihilate one or the other, if not both. They are therefore only solicitous of conciliating this dread Nemesis that impends over them in this world, and over-shadows even that which is to come. It seems useless to bestow a thought upon the benignant deity who never does them harm.

The Gipsies do not apparently believe in a resurrection in the next world, averring that we are miserable enough in this, yet do not imagine death to be an absolute destruction. They suppose that the body will again enrich the earth, and the spirit vivify the air. The Gipsies have also an idea of the transmigration of souls. How far the untutored children of Roma ever comprehended the refined doctrines of the metempsychosis is unknown, but there is something in the wild dream of soul-wandering through millions of ages, in harmony with the wandering propensities of the Gipsies.

One would have hardly expected to find the despised Gipsies still retaining the most ancient religion of India, practising even in our midst those mysterious rites which unite them with the most distant lands, and the most remote ages. *Deva Tota*, Fire of Fire, the original creative cause, appears to have been the primitive god of India; and before this divinity was supplanted by Buddha, Fire-worship was, in a great degree, the religion of the country. Tamerlane, be-

lieving it to be his mission to rid the earth of idolaters, caused the Indian fire-worshippers to be thrown into the flames they adored. At the Hindoo marriages, the officiating Brahmin still worships the sun in the name of the bridegroom and the bride; and when the women of India bathe in the sacred Ganges, they bow in devotion toward the same bright luminary.

The Parsee Fire-worshippers are to be found in many parts of the east, especially in India and Persia, but the central point of this religion is upon the peninsula of Apscherson in the Caspian Sea. A few miles from Baka four immense columns of flame unceasingly blaze up from the earth, with many smaller flames in the vicinity. By night they produce a magnificent effect, seeming, near at hand, a sea of fire, and, in the distance, serving as a beacon to vessels tossed upon the Caspian. With these flames, which feed upon enormous volumes of gas constantly escaping from fissures in the rocks, ascend the prayers of the Fire-worshippers, a considerable number of whom spend their time there in voluntary penance and mortification, a miserable remnant of the ancient sect of Zoroaster, whose elevated teachings were, in the course of time, degraded into unmeaning ceremonies. The emaciated, half-naked forms of the devotees flit like uneasy ghosts among the pillars of flame.

Traces of Fire-worship were to be found in the religious systems of the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans. Temples were dedicated to the sun, and altars built whose inscriptions still attest the object of their erection. Yet more lasting than temples or altars or inscriptions, are the usages that have found lodgment in the hearts of the people.

The appearance of the sacred fire in the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem is the crowning glory of the great Easter festival. In Western Europe, also, many relics of Fire-worship exist in the observance of the Catholic Church. As the traveller in France ascends the valley of Seille from Arlay to Voiteur on Christmas-eve, he beholds upon the heights of Arlay, Brery, and Chateau-Chalons a spectacle of marvellous beauty. The mountains seem illuminated with constellations of blazing stars, some fixed and others in motion. It is the youth of the neighboring hamlets bearing torches in their hands, and now and then wheeling them in circles of fire. Should he ask the reason of this, the peasant would tell him that the torches thus agitated represent those carried by the shepherds who went to offer their homage to the infant SAVIOUR. The student of traditions and customs would tell him that the observance was still more ancient, and referred to the mythological system of the Hindoos.

At the port of Brest, in Brittany, a province in which are to be found many souvenirs of India, three or four thousand people assemble on the ice on Christmas-eve, with flaming torches in their hands, whose rapid movements and rotations exhibit a thousand capricious arabesques of fire, and almost make the spectator believe that he is looking upon the breaking billows of a phosphorescent ocean.

The highest peak of the chain of Lheute, which rises like a barrier between the first plateau of Jura and the Combe d'Ain, must have been worshipped in those remote ages when mountains received divine honors. On a certain day in the year the inhabitants of the adjacent hamlet of Verges celebrate a festival that must be oriental in its origin, and connected only with the age and county of the ancient Fire-worshippers. A number of the village youth ascend to the summit of Lheute and kindle fires of straw in the tops of the trees. Clinging to the branches, they light their torches by the blaze and then descend to the valley to join in the festivities of the occasion. From these examples we need not be surprised that the Gipsies should have retained many of the religious ideas of their ancestors.

With the Gipsies there is no such thing as instruction in religion. One might almost venture to say that a prayer never escapes their mouth. The name of God is often upon their lips, but there is neither knowledge nor love of Him in the heart. Though they may deny His existence, as indeed is frequently the case, their hidden belief in a Supreme Being will in some way manifest itself, so true is it that no people exist without the conception of a God, however rude and mutilated it may be. Like the eastern nations, the Gipsies believe in the efficacy of certain forms of words; and as the Orphic hymns of the Greeks were held sacred long after they ceased to be understood, so the Zend-cali have some old words, doubtless married with their ancient faith, which they do not comprehend, but retain with superstitious reverence.

The Mussulmans say there are seventy-two and a half religions, the fraction belonging to the Gipsies. So few evidences of orthodoxy do the Gipsy converts to Islamism exhibit, that the Sultan wisely leaves to the Prophet the task of selecting the true believers. Like the Jews and Christians, they are obliged to pay the capitation-tax, even though they should have made a pilgrimage to Mecca.

The Gipsies of Wallachia declare that they were formerly possessed of the stone churches of the land, but that, having exchanged them for churches of bacon, they ate up the latter, and had thenceforth to depend upon the Wallachs for all spiritual privileges. In the Catholic and Greek countries it is very common for the Gipsy, when in the slightest trouble, to vow a wax candle of the size of his body to the holy Mary. But he never burns one, even of the size of his little finger, bringing contempt thereby upon the Virgin and the Saints.

The indifference of the Gipsies to religion is illustrated by a circumstance that occurred in Hungary. One of their people having been condemned to die, was attended to the scaffold by two clergymen of different persuasions, both of whom were anxious to save his soul and bring him over to their particular creed. Having listened to each with apparently much attention, he inquired which of them would give him a segar. One of them gave the Gipsy what he desired, whereupon he immediately accepted the faith of the donor.

## T H E   Y O U N G   B A C H E L O R .

## I.

OH! I'm a gay young bachelor,  
With heart all full of joy,  
And spirits still kept buoyed up,  
As when I was a boy.

## II.

Although the highest rent I pay,  
I own the landlord's rough,  
And though I have a tip-top room,  
I ne'er have room enough.

## III.

My bed it is not very long,  
Nor very wide, 't is true,  
But then when one grows very short,  
His things should be short too.

## IV.

Though but one single chair  
Stands tottering on my floor,  
Yet two within my room would make  
It singular no more.

## V.

And though my table's lost a leg,  
Whene'er to tea I go,  
I put my own there in its place,  
As legatee you know.

## VI.

My wardrobe, rather worn I grant,  
Speaks badly for my thrift,  
But when I cannot find a shirt,  
I always make a shift.

## VII.

Then though those woven articles  
I wear upon my soles,  
So very full of holes have grown,  
'T is hard to find the wholes ;

## VIII.

Yet still this life of bachelor  
Is e'er the life for me ;  
And as I ne'er loved infancy,  
In fancy I'll be free.

## IX.

For if that I should get a wife,  
And lead a life more sad ;  
I know whene'er I lit my pipe,  
She would get piping mad.

## X.

Then I am sure her low-born mind  
 With mine would ne'er agree ;  
 I ne'er could get her up to my  
 Attic philosophy.

## XI.

And when she saw my herring there,  
 Sole landscape to my name,  
 She never would believe my tale,  
 By tail direct it came.

## XII.

No! e'er a jolly bachelor,  
 I think I still will be ;  
 And as to maid I ne'er made love,  
 None shall be made to me.

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N E W P O R T O U T O F S E A S O N .

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BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

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FASHION is incurious and self-absorbed, vain, not soulful; and hence few of her votaries who, year after year, visit this island and would scorn the imputation of not knowing Newport, have ever taken cognizance of the singular local features of one of the oldest and least modified towns in New-England — where unique relics of character, individual traits of nature and associations of history and tradition exist, that would kindle an unperverted imagination and reward patient observation. You may stroll along the less frequented streets at noon-day, or ramble on the cliffs on a moonlight evening, and not encounter a human creature save, perhaps, a solitary fisherman or 'the oldest inhabitant' hoeing his vegetable patch. The strangers are herding in hotel-entries amid chatter, ribbons, and heat; the breath of nature, the haunts of lowly comfort, the expanse of ocean silvered by lunar rays, have no attraction unblended with *la mode* at whose shrine their devotions are exclusively paid. Now that there are no 'hops' except what grow on vines; now that the news-boys, organ-grinders, dancing and riding-masters, and Germanians have all vanished; now that the shops are locked at dinner-time, the piazzas solitary, the dust laid, the gongs hushed, the fops gone to Broadway and Chestnut street, no concert but the sound of waves, and no *belles* but noon chimes; Bateman's Point left to its isolated beauty and the bath-houses drawn up from the beach; now that the cottagers resume their



matutinal rambles and social tea-drinkings ; now that a promenade is more charming than a drive and a wood-fire better than a verandah ; now that the early touch of autumn has driven away the gay crowds, made the sunshine agreeable and exercise indispensable, let us explore some of the by-ways of old Newport, look under the most ancient roof-trees, talk with a few of the venerable natives, and thus realize what the region is, independent of its brief watering-place phenomena, which transform its normal aspect only for two months in the year.

The atmospheric medium is so transparent that headland, isle, and ledge have a remarkable prominence. Sachuest Point stretches into the ultra-marine expanse as if its jagged cape were newly chiselled ; Block Island is distinctly visible forty miles away, and Cormorant Rock looms high ; the low houses on Little Compton print themselves more legibly against the horizon, and the Dump-lings are rounded more loftily. All summer our horses were turned toward the beach ; now the cool air invites to inland rides, and we gaze thoughtfully down the Glen at Lawton's valley, pause before Whitehall or Prescott's head-quarters, scan Sullivan's breast-works, and watch, from every side, the far-visible observatory on Tammany hill. It is pleasant to wander through the fields and see the yellow tassel of the golden rod and the nodding asters : thickly stand the ranks of maize, its green hue fading into harvest shades ; quinces hang thick and ripe, apples blush, and sun-flowers turn their starry ovals to the light ; in quiet coves floats the green-necked teal, and over-head pass flocks of black-duck ; sheep patiently lay their heads together in the sun on the slope of brown pastures, and geese waddle across the road ; orange-dyed pumpkins scintillate in the sunshine ; sand-belts, at low tide, are dazzling white ; mosses look, in the clear brine, like coral flowers ; dahlias flaunt gayly ; the angles of rock and leaf are sharper ; the ocean and bay, when calm, are as immense tables of *lapis lazuli* ; sumac cones are vividly crimson ; the maple is a world of delicate gems ; all the prospect seems freshly enamelled with color and light ; the touch of the breeze, the radiance of the sunset, the deeper blue of the sea proclaim that Autumn has come. It is a reminiscent season ; and, as we wander, come back to us those whose fame is identified with this island — Canonicus, who sold its fair acres ; Roger Williams, who made it an asylum for the persecuted ; and Honyman, Calender, Berkeley, Stiles, and Channing, the clerical worthies whose names grace the landscape ; Smibert, Stuart, Malbone, and Allston, who here pursued Art in their youth ; and Franklin, whose press may still be seen in a corner of the old *Mercury* office which his brother James established. We think of the days when the hospitable Colonel Malbone reassured his alarmed guests, and had the dinner-table moved on to the lawn, and continued the repast in sight of his burning mansion ; when Dr. Hunter, a refugee from the Stuart rebellion, went hence as surgeon to the expedition against Crown Point ; when Vernon entertained Lafayette, and Lightfoot showed the natives what a scholar and epicure at old

Oxford learned ; when British soldiers turned the churches into stables, made the State-house a hospital, and burned Beavertail light-house, and the ' Isle of Peace ' became a scene of wantonness and devastation ; when the petted Africans, of patriarchal slavery, made famous dishes for colonial *bon-vivants* ; and a ship, under full sail before a gentle breeze, run her keel into the strand at noon-day, with no living creature on board but a dog, and an untasted breakfast spread in the cabin — a mystery to this hour ; when rich Jews thronged, on Saturdays, the now deserted synagogue, whose bequests yet keep green and well ordered their rural cemetery ; when tropical fruits and lowland brocade came fresh from the West-Indies and Flemish looms into the old aristocratic town ; when privateers levied a tax on the isolated population, and George Fox held polemic disputes with the clergy ; when fleet Naragansett ponies bore Quaker beauties from farm to farm ; when Lord Northumberland declared the society worthy of St. James's, and Dr. Waterhouse praised the laboratories ; when Redwood initiated the library, and Hessians cut down the trees ; when Mrs. Cowley's assembly-room was honored by Washington leading the minuet, and Rochambeau exchanged military salutes with Trumbull ; when the September gale frosted every casement with brine, and the Peace lighted them up with a thousand burning tapers.

There are more amusing recollections of later origin and less historical significance. A French dentist, whose courteous bow was a lesson in the streets, a few years ago, enjoyed the office of consul, long a mere sinecure, but rendered to him an unexpected source of honor and profit. A vessel under French colors one day entered the harbor and was moored at the quay. Her crew lavished their money so freely in the town as to excite suspicion ; but the local authorities were indifferent, and she would have left as she came, but for the official activity of the Gallic king's representative ; he was dissatisfied with her papers, and found objects of luxury on board ill-suited to a merchantman. In the absence of direct evidence, he took the responsibility of committing the captain and his men to prison, obtained an order from the home government to send them to France, where they were tried and condemned as notorious pirates ; the presence of the urbane dentist was requested at court ; he was honored and paid for his services, and came back on a visit to his old friends at Newport, with a red ribbon in his button-hole, and a valuable royal commission in his pocket.

At the time the rumor of a ' long, low, black schooner ' filled the dreams of old women and the columns of young journals throughout the New-England borders, an order arrived here that a sloop-of-war should be forthwith dispatched to hunt the mysterious craft. Among the volunteers was a Quaker veteran who held an office in the custom-house, and felt bound, as an *employé* of Uncle Sam, to volunteer in this hazardous service. Old Slocum was known and loved by every one in Newport ; he had but one in-



firmity and one fault; he was deaf and curious: thus, when he beheld two people talking, he invariably approached, with his hands together in the shape of an ear-trumpet, and thrusting it between the speakers, eagerly inquired: '*What's the idee?*' Few manifested impatience at the interruption; and many gratified the honest creature's pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. A week after the sloop's departure, at the hour of noon, on a calm and bright spring day, the inhabitants of the quiet town were startled by the distant thunder of cannon. The butcher dropped his cleaver and the thread of his customer's gossip; the cobbler left his wax-end half through the sole on his knee; the spinster pricked her finger by the jerk with which she perforated the sampler; and all the female gender ran to the door, while the sterner sex, half of them with uncovered heads, hurried to the Parade in breathless expectancy. 'There has been a fight,' said one. 'They have met the pirate!' exclaimed another. A maiden, whose lover was on board the sloop, was heard to shriek; the town clerk turned pale, and a disabled pilot looked oracular. At this critical moment, a lawyer, regarded as the most shrewd man in the community, was seen approaching, with downcast eyes, and at a funereal pace, from the vicinity of the docks. 'Ah!' cried more than one of the excited crowd, 'he knows all about it; how solemn he looks! some dreadful news is coming!' Slowly, and without looking up, the lawyer drew near. 'Alas! my friends,' he exclaimed, 'who would have thought our brave boys were doomed to be conquered! D—n the bloody pirate!' 'No profanity!' said a deacon. 'O my Jim!' blubbered a poor woman. 'Tell us all about it,' coolly demanded a surly bachelor; but the majority only gazed, horror-struck, upon the lawyer, and awaited the truth in mute suspense. 'For my part,' he continued, 'having no relatives on board, Old Slocum's fate weighs most bitterly on my heart.' 'What! did he go, after all?' inquired a broad-brim, 'it was against our principles.' 'Yes,' said another, 'but he felt it his duty, poor fellow!' Some of the old men wiped away a tear; all looked mournful, and the lawyer stood an incarnation of pathos. 'Was he killed the first fire?' at length asked a sobbing voice. 'No, he walked the plank.' The listeners shuddered and huddled more closely together. 'Yes, my friends,' resumed their informant, in melancholy tones, 'his behavior was characteristic; after the sloop was boarded, he stood in passive contemplation by the mast, until urged toward, and mounted on, the plank; even then he, innocent soul, did not comprehend his awful fate, but leaning forward to the nearest villain, and with his rounded hands to his ear, neighbors, as we have seen him so often, and unenlightened by a stab in the hind-quarters with which one of the wretches tried to urge him forward, he meekly asked: '*What's the idee?*' The twinkle in the lawyer's eye, as well as his rapid retreat at this climax, reminded them all of his habitual waggery, but too late to escape the intense consciousness of having been thoroughly hoaxed.

Here is a domicile in which every linden rattles, and whose clap-

boards are moss-grown and silvery with years of wind, sunshine, and rain; the floors and staircase are painted green: see that dwindled, alert form watching the tea-kettle all by herself; how tough, keen, and good-humored she looks in her isolation; enter, and she will atone for many taciturn days by a volubility that takes away your breath. Her library consists of a huge family Bible, the Farmer's Almanac, and a series of log-books, in which the fortunes of the 'Sally Ann,' a notable whaler, are recorded in the honest chirography of her rugged sire, who ploughed the main three-score years, and was then laid in the church-yard furrow, leaving this filial blossom to wither alone upon its virgin stem. In that 'acre of God,' a good German designation, are many curious epitaphs; and it is a pensive satisfaction to read these quaint inscriptions, with the mellow breath of autumn swaying the long grass beside you, and lifting the distant haze from the low shores of Naragansett, until the amber gates of the west seem to open into boundless crystal courts of heaven as the red sun goes down. I transcribed these two odd elegies from the sunken head-stones:

*'The human form,  
respected for its honesty, and known fifty-three years by the appellation of  
CHRISTOPHER ELLERY,  
began to dissolve in the month of February, 1789.*

—  
*'If tears, alas, could speak a husband's woe,  
My verse would straight in plaintive numbers flow;  
But since thy well-known piety demands  
A public monument at thy GEORGE'S hands,  
O ABIGAIL! I dedicate this tomb to thee,  
Thou dearest half of poor forsaken me.'*

Coaster's Island is divided from Newport by a broad inlet. It slopes gradually up from the water, and a large stone building stands in the midst of the green declivity; this is the Newport alms-house. As we cross the ferry, propelled by an old salt who has rowed over to the little jetty at our signal, the commanding situation and salubrious exposure of the edifice, excites surprise at its public use. Where land is sold by the foot, as in our large cities, and at prices equally extravagant, it seems remarkable that so eligible a site for a gentleman's domain should be appropriated to a municipal charity; the island was bequeathed for the purpose by Governor Coddington, the original purchaser of Aquidneck from the aborigines in 1638, and his portrait hangs over the bed where one of his descendants died, the victim of dissolute habits; who found a last asylum in the Hospital founded by his noble ancestor, and sent for this picture, the only item left of his patrimony, to solace his dying hour with that pride of birth which but enhanced his own infamy. The coincidence would make an effective climax in a novel. The inmates of this retreat offer a singular phase of human life to the moralist. Turf and sea, prolific fields and a charming landscape, environ the asylum of poverty; imbeciles wander undisturbed around the dwelling, or bask in the sun; the able-bodied work in the garden; a superannuated man-of-war's-man has filled

his cell with little ships, carved with nicety and rigged to a charm ; a crazy German talks to himself all day ; in one room is a neatly-clad old lady, with her books and knitting, the aged survivor of a large family, too proud to accept private charity, and respectable and contented with that provided by her native town ; there sits a patient man in the prime of life, blinded by the premature discharge of a rock-blast ; here plays a little foundling, whose fair skin and deep eyes indicate an educated parentage ; there a wild hag plucks at her withered breast without ceasing ; below is a frantic and nude cripple in a cage ; down by the shore is a little hut built of drift-wood and mud—the nook where a gentle maniac loves to hide ; his organ of acquisitiveness is diseased, and his whole life is passed in collecting waifs of every kind—pebbles, rusty nails, bits of glass, sticks, and shells, which he secretes about his person, and conceals in the rude cabin where he delights to play the miser over fancied treasures.

At the head of 'Long Wharf,' where an odor of tar and dock-mud suggests a most incongruous association with the pleasures of literature, a large weather-beaten sign announces the Richardson Library ; not so called in memory of the author of 'Pamela,' but of the family—that of one of Newport's early Post-masters, who, before the days of cheap books, dispensed to her fair maidens and old captains, a weekly pabulum of fiction or South-Sea voyages, at the rate of fourpence-halfpenny, Massachusetts coin. The three daughters of this ancient letter-king would have made excellent portraits for Miss Ferrier or Dickens ; it was their business to hand over the few-and-far-between epistles brought hither by the mail-coach, and this they did with a distinctive art—one being witty, another pretty, and the third a coquette ; so that many a game of repartee and ogling was carried on between the pigeon-holes and the window of the office ; notwithstanding their opportunities, however, the trio continued spinsters, and now but one remains in the lone house where, at a subsequent date, when deprived of official patronage, they kept a circulating library : the books have also dwindled to a few dusty and faded volumes, having been gradually sold by the survivor, who, with a venerable cat, a high-backed chair, and a heap of yellow papers on the little oaken stand before her, may yet be seen, the picture of antique single-blessedness, cosily basking near the sunny window. It is curious to glance at this remnant of what was the popular reading half a century ago ; well-worn copies of 'The Scottish Chief,' 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' and the 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' interspersed with handsome octavo editions of 'Zimmerman on Solitude,' 'Cook's Voyages,' 'Moore's Travels,' the first American reprint of Byron's 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' Weems's 'Life of Washington,' and 'Darwin's Botanic Garden,' an illustrated quarto, the pride of the collection, and other favorites of that day. It is a place where Lamb would have enjoyed an hour of quaint musing, and Hawthorne found a scene for one of his Flemish interiors. Farther down the old wharf, Trevett, who is a kind of amphibious philoso-

pher, with a niece that might pass for Smike's sister, keeps a rickety bath-house, and while heating the salt water for some rheumatic ablutionist, will spin him a yarn about the days when he and Secretary Marcy kept school together. What Dryden was to Claude Halcro, and George the Fourth to Bean Brummell, was his 'illustrious friend' to Trevett, who, amid the saline mists of his humble avocation, read in the journals of his successful colleague's diplomatic vicissitudes, with no little pride and sympathy, having, as he declares, predicted that functionary's political eminence from the sagacity he exhibited in ruling troublesome urchins, and leading school-committees by the nose.

At an angle of Mary-street stand, *vis-à-vis*, two fine old wooden dwellings, well-preserved specimens of New-England architecture at the era of colonial and revolutionary pride — the Vernon and Champlin mansions; pleasant is the sight of their panelled wainscots, low cornices and cosy window-seats; easy the ascent of their staircases, hospitable the air of the front yard of the one and broad door-step of the other. We have so few domestic vestiges of New-England, that the aristocratic dwellings that remain in such places as Salem, Portsmouth, and Newport, have a peculiar charm. In some of them here there is a look more in harmony with the natural features of the town than modern villas and cottages boast; they have, too, a traditional interest: one was the head-quarters of Washington, another of Count Rochambeau; here Lafayette sojourned; there was given a famous ball, made brilliant by the stately minuet wherein American and foreign officers figured; on the little window-panes of one may yet be seen the initials of Newport belles and Quaker beauties, scribbled with diamond rings, in pensive mood, by their Gallic lovers; tiles from Delft Haven, representing, not without artistic merit, quaint caricatures of John Bull, Monsieur, Mynheer, etc., surround some of the large, open fire-places once glowing with huge Christmas-fires: queer patriotic and scriptural engravings, in some instances, adorn the walls; circular mirrors of the best plate-glass, and with grotesque frames; heavy, tall chairs, with brocade seats; massive old escritaires, and other curiosities of furniture may still occasionally be seen in these conservative domicils. Some of them have gardens in the rear, where sun-flowers, princess' feathers, morning-glories, scarlet beans, marigolds, coxcombs, hollyhocks, sage, savory, and other olden herbs and flowers dear to the simple tastes of our ancestors, rankly flourish; and, when warmed by an October sun, display tints and breathe odors redolent of primitive domestic nooks, such as recall the scenes beloved of Shenstone, Goldsmith, Fielding, Cowper, and Crabbe. Sometimes, when the venerable proprietor of one of the old houses on Thames-street dies, the antedeluvian upholstery is sold at auction, and files of newspapers, with dates more than a century back, spider-legged tables, clocks with a big moon over the dial-plate, volumes of forgotten theology, and fierce political pamphlets on questions long ago consigned to oblivion, form an antiquarian *melange* such as would drive Monkbarns frantic with joy.

There is a little thoroughfare adjacent to the Aquidneck House, called *Corné-street*, in memory of a genuine son of Naples, long the favorite of sportsmen and epicures, who made their summer quarters here before Newport became a fashionable resort. He was one of those round-paunched, shrill-voiced, gay-hearted creatures, no where born except within sight of Vesuvius, who can sing a *barcarole*, cook a hare, improvise a soup, play the violin, tell a story, and raise cauliflowers, each and all in a way unequalled by any other child of the South. Full of animal spirits, with a sense at once ingenious and keen for all kinds of physical enjoyment, musical, jolly, epicurean, kindly, they are sublimated Sancho Panzas and epitomes of material well-being: half-Punchinellos, half-artists, with a dash of Falstaff and an inkling of Gil Blas, they seem made to enjoy life as it is, and distil pleasure, undisturbed either by aspiration or misgiving. Such is the Neapolitan philosopher, of which Corné was as genuine an instance as ever crossed the sea. A native of Elba, his youthful days at Naples were divided between a pictorial, a military, and a lazzaroni life, until he became compromised at the time of the Queen's flight under Nelson's auspices, and sought refuge on board a brig about to sail for Boston. Thence he travelled southward, and painted some battle-scenes for the government, and several houses in fresco, then quite a novelty; returned, saved up a little money, and opened a fruit-store in Dock Square; his good-humor and facetiousness, his oranges and achievements with the brush, his anecdotes of poor Carricuoli, of the English admiral, brave but perverted, and the Queen's guard, of which he was one, with his private lessons in cooking, given *con amore* in the kitchens of his customers — the way he told his beads in a thunder-storm and his anecdotes in the sunshine — these and other traits and services, gained him friends and filled his purse; so that when possessed of ten thousand dollars, he determined, after the wise manner of his country, to retire and enjoy himself. A French *confrère* recommended Newport, and hither he came one pleasant summer afternoon. In the course of an hour's ramble, he encountered eleven old men, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, and this instantly prepossessed him in favor of the climate. A few hundred piasters obtained him a lot, on which he reared a plain frame-house over-looking the harbor, and laid out a garden; the walls of his chamber in the former, he adorned with sketches of rocks, ships, fishermen, and other Mediterranean scenes, dashed off a head of Washington at the top of the stairs, hung the parlor with colored prints of Vesuvius, Capri, the Chiaja, and other objects of his native landscapes, laid in a stock of macaroni, red wine, Bologna sausages, and snuff, placed a crucifix near his bed-post, sowed beans, artichokes, gooseberries, and tomatoes — the latter fruit introduced to this region by him — and set himself deliberately to work enjoying what he called his American Elba; with an adopted son, whose gun and rod, proverbially expert, bountifully supplied his table with fish and game, he was soon domesticated in 'our isle' to his heart's content, and became a favorite with the



community both high and low. Gentlemen fond of the cheerful and odd in human nature, would share his hospitality and listen to his reminiscences; distressed neighbors found in him a ready counsellor and benevolent friend; he was the oracle of the barber's shop, where his silhouette likeness still hangs; foreigners loved to stop at his door and practise their native tongue; gourmands praised his culinary skill, and rustics wondered at his artistic experiments; and so dwelt Corné for many years in the old sea-port town he loved, a Neapolitan in taste and habits to the last; and enacting marvellously the life of those warm shores, where Virgil was buried, the Roman emperors revelled, Salvator loved to paint, Massaniello revolutionized, and Murat ruled: the land of sunshine, singers, macaroni, and volcanoes. Methinks I hear his merry chuckle, the instinctive accent of animal delight, over some choice jest, song, or dish, and recal the wonderment with which I first encountered this incarnation of *dolce far niente* humanity, in busy, locomotive, controversial, political, grave America. The primitive frescoes yet adorn his chamber-walls, the artichokes and grape-vines bloom in his garden, his portrait—a rubicund face and bald head, anointed with the oil of physical content—survives; but the happy old man, many summers ago, departed in a green old age.

A low-roofed, diminutive farm-house, by the road-side, a few miles beyond the town, offers a reminiscent contrast to this veteran Sybarite. Its unpainted shingles are weather-stained, its little front yard boasts no ornament but a flaunting cluster of tiger-lilies, it hints no tale of human suffering or spiritual beauty to the passing equestrian; and yet it is memorable in the annals of rustic piety and humble song. Here dwelt Cynthia Taggart, the gifted martyr, whose story a Wilson's pen might effectively weave into the Lights and Shadows of Rhode-Island life; it is already embalmed in anthologies, and is the subject of a tract not inferior, of its kind, to 'The Dairyman's Daughter.' A clergyman, several years ago, approaching the cottage where this poor heroine's family dwelt, to inquire his way to the ferry, became interested in the conversation of her aged father, entered his house of mourning, and witnessed a scene which his words and pen made known with pathetic emphasis. Cynthia had been twenty-seven years bed-ridden, and so-laced her daily anguish with a lyre, which, though unadorned by learning, and simple in its art, breathed genuine inspiration. One sister was a hopeless cripple, another insane; the mother palsied, the father infirm, and all indigent; and yet they sang hymns, read books of Christian consolation, never murmured, and were strong in faith. 'The Taggarts were always a reading family,' said the old man with honest pride. He had served in the war of Independence, and his white head was often bowed in eloquent prayer, while his wife pondered, 'No Cross, no Crown,' and his stricken daughter, in the intervals of pain, wrote an 'Ode to Health' worthy of Cowper's muse. This story of domestic suffering and piety, of saintly age and elegiac youth, the image of this isolated country girl, wasted by disease, yet meekly wearing her singing robes to the last, throws a plaintive charm over the old Taggart

cottage, at one time a shrine to the benevolent, and now the local memorial of those to whom, as the beloved of Heaven, is given the promised sleep.

More than a hundred years ago, as the figures on his mossy gravestone prove, died William Claggett, one of those men of mechanical genius for which the country of Franklin is renowned; his name appears as an electrician in the colonial days of Newport; and a remarkable trophy of his skill is preserved in one of the old houses. It is a clock which not only faithfully reports the hour, but the day of the week and the month, beside sounding a chime which rings out as melodiously now as when, a century back, it excited the wonder of the inventor's townsmen. Over this precious relic two antiquated maidens keep vigil; a grand old tree shades their old wooden house, a bright flower stands in the window, and in the low-roofed parlor are quaint specimens of their handiwork, kept as a kind of permanent fair, by the sale of which they eke out a comfortable subsistence. Their neighbor has a bedstead which came over in a ship when arrivals from the mother-country were so rare as to be chronicled on any piece of household furniture which survived the perilous transit. In another dwelling may be seen a female figure clad in the dimity and caps which elsewhere we only find in venerable portraits; her chairs are covered with chintz, on which ruralize a succession of shepherds; on the stand at her side are silver vessels engraven with the crest of a high family; and her decanters have no existent type, except such as we occasionally find in a primitive engraving. Romance would scarcely be imagined as woven into the texture of her life, so prim, wan, and sapless is her image; but there is a soft twinkle in the dark eye as she proudly exhibits a miniature of her husband from the pencil of Malbone. It is the face of a gentleman of the old school, with powdered hair, ruddy cheeks, and aristocratic profile — not a line or tint defaced by time. The manner in which he wooed the bride, whose virgin charms had fled ere she stood with him at the altar, is a characteristic instance of that elder gallantry whose declension Burke and Charles Lamb lamented. They had been neighbors from youth to middle age, exchanging every Sunday stately courtesies at the church-door, he, the fine old gentleman, and she, the rich spinster of the town, both contented with their situation; the one too proud to conciliate a fortune, and the other too maidenly to attract an acknowledged beau of the old school. One summer afternoon, as he took his accustomed walk, under the elms of the Parade, a scream rose upon the quiet air; he knew the voice and hastened to the rescue. Two graceless brothers of the rich old maid were endeavoring, by violence, to obtain her signature to a deed of renunciation of her share of the family estate; they fled ere the uplifted cane of the indignant knight bruised their shameless heads. He soothed the frightened heiress, and listened to her terror-stricken complaints. 'Madam,' said he, 'I can only protect you in the character of a husband.' And upon this hint the old couple were made one flesh.



As the day wanes, at the little casement under that willow, may be seen a countenance so spiritually thin, framed in a snowy cap of Quaker model, that you recognize at a glance an uncanonized saint. Her *thee* and *thou* have a scriptural pathos; she is a phantom of the past, gentle, patient, believing, but as unaware of the advancement of science, save in vague dreams, as if she belonged to another planet. She knits yarn stockings, reads Fox's 'Martyrs,' and sands the floor as if the steam-loom, Dickens, and cheap carpets had never existed. Modern locomotion is a mystery. One of her sons thriving in another place, by dint of much entreaty persuaded her once to visit a neighboring town; the old lady noted her last wishes, hunted up shawls and a foot-stove, and lay awake all night in anxious expectation; her astonishment at the motion of the railway-cars produced a long interval of thoughtful silence, which at last she broke with the inquiry, what relation an interminable thread of wire in the air bore to the machine in which she was hurried along. When informed it was the telegraph, 'My son,' she observed, 'I have done this to please thee; do n't ask me to return by the wire; if thou dost, I shall say thee nay.'

On one of these mild and quiet October days, Uncle Toby and the Corporal might revel undisturbed at Fort Adams.\* They could measure a ravelin, mount a gun-carriage, survey a glacis, and rehearse the sieges in Flanders, undisturbed by intruders. The morning salute no longer wakes the echoes of the bay, the iron hail lies in rusty pyramids, the grass nods between the stones; no stirring music or sentinel's tread breaks the stillness of those massive walls, and one disabled soldier forms the garrison. Birds have woven their peaceful nests on the angles of the parapets, and spiders their webs over the dumb mouths of the cannon. The weed-grown inclosure, but a few summers ago, was the fashionable Corso of Newport, and the bulwarks a gallery for fair spectators of the regatta; while the barrack-rooms were a frequent scene of cheerful hospitality. Now the visitor walks alone on the ramparts to gaze upon the opposite town rising in a picturesque combination of foliage and dwellings on the hill-side, or round upon the harbor studded with islands and graceful sails, or seaward upon cape, pharos, and the boundless deep. The clear tranquillity and secure comfort of the prospect contrasts strangely with the war-like preparations within; the calm resources of nature with the destructive arrangements of man.

In Touro-street dwells the respected widow of the hero of Lake Erie.† The memory of that gallant achievement is kept alive here by more than one survivor of the battle, by the granite shaft over the victor's tomb, and the annual parade of the volunteer military corps instituted in honor of the event. On the widow's parlor-wall hang rude engravings of the fight; and on a late visit there, I examined the memorials she cherishes with pious care. There is the freedom of the city of New-York tendered him on his return

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\* Since garrisoned.

† Since deceased.

from the lakes, enrolled on parchment, exquisitely drafted, adorned with allegorical figures, and signed by De Witt Clinton; the gold medal bestowed by Pennsylvania; the massive silver wine-coolers from the citizens of Boston; a jewelled snuff-box, and municipal testimonials presented along his triumphant progress from Erie to Newport. As we talked of those memorable days, with these tokens scattered around, and the aged survivor spoke, with tears, of the recent death of her first-born, her beautiful grand-daughter entered the room, and I too mused of the glorious past between worthy representatives of two generations.

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S O N G   O F   T H E   A R C H - A N G E L S .

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P R O L O G U E   I N   F A U S T .

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R A P H A E L .

THE sun yet sounds his ancient song,  
 Exultant, 'mid the choral spheres,  
 In thunder-swiftness rolled along,  
 He journeys through the allotted years.  
 The angels strengthen in his light,  
 Though none may read his mystic gaze,  
 THY works, unutterably bright,  
 Are fair as on the First of Days.

G A B R I E L .

And swift, unutterably swift,  
 Revolves the splendor of the world :  
 The gleams of Aidenn glow and shift,  
 The shroud of night is spread and furled.  
 The sea in foamy waves is hurled  
 Against the rooted rocks profound ;  
 And rocks and seas, together whirled,  
 Sweep on in their eternal round.

M I C H A E L .

And storms are shouting, as in strife,  
 From sea to land, from land to sea,  
 And weave a chain of wildest life  
 Round all, in rude tempestuous glee.  
 Thou, Desolation, fliest abroad,  
 Before the thunder's dreaded way :  
 And here THY messengers, O LORD !  
 Watch the sweet parting of THY day.

T H E   T H R E E .

The angels strengthen in THY sight,  
 Though none may know THY wondrous ways ;  
 Yea, all THY works sublimely bright,  
 Are fair as on the First of Days.

H. H. B.

## L E S B O H É M I E N S .

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## I.

WIZARDS, jugglers, thieving crew, —  
 Refuse drawn  
 From nations gone, —  
 Wizards, jugglers, thieving crew,  
 Merry Gipsies, whence come you ?

## II.

Whence we come ? There's none may know.  
 Swallows come,  
 But where their home ?  
 Whence we come ? There's none may know.  
 Who shall tell us where we go ?

## III.

From country, law and monarch free,  
 Such a lot  
 Who envies not ?  
 From country, law and monarch free,  
 Man is blest one day in three.

## IV.

Free-born babes we greet the day, —  
 Church's rite  
 Denied us quite, —  
 Free-born babes we greet the day,  
 To sound of fife and roundelay.

## V.

Our young feet are unconfined  
 Here below  
 Where follies grow, —  
 Our young feet are unconfined  
 By swaddling bands of errors blind.

## VI.

Good people at whose cost we thief  
 In juggling book  
 Will always look ;  
 Good people at whose cost we thief  
 In sorcerers and in saints believe.

## VII.

If PLUTUS meets our tramping band,  
 Charity !  
 We gaily cry ;  
 If PLUTUS meets our tramping band,  
 We sing and hold him out our hand.

## VIII.

Hapless birds whom God has blest  
 Hunted down  
 Through every town, —

Hapless birds whom God has blest  
Deep in forests hangs our nest.

## IX.

Love, without his torch, at night,  
Bids us meet  
In union sweet;  
Love, without his torch, at night,  
Binds us to his chariot's flight.

## X.

Thine eye can never stir again,  
Learned sage  
Of slenderest gauge, —  
Thine eye can never stir again  
From thy old steeple's rusty vane.

## XI.

Seeing is having. Here we go!  
Life that's free  
Is ecstasy.  
Seeing is having. Here we go!  
Who sees all, conquers all below.

## XII.

But still in every place they cry,  
Join the strife  
Or lag through life;  
But still in every place they cry,  
'Thou'rt born, good-day; thou diest, good-bye.

## XIII.

When we die, both young and old,  
Great and small,  
God save us all!  
When we die, both young and old,  
To the doctors all are sold.

## XIV.

We are neither rich nor proud;  
Laws we scorn  
For freedom born;  
We are neither rich nor proud, —  
Have no cradle, roof or shroud.

## XV.

But, trust us, we are merry still,  
Lord or priest  
Greatest or least:  
But, trust us, we are merry still;  
'T is happiness to have our will.

## XVI.

Yes, trust us, we are merry still  
Lord or priest  
Greatest or least, —  
Yes, trust us, we are merry still:  
'T is happiness to have our will.

## A D O N K E Y G R A P H .

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‘Sic itur ad astra.’

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WHEN the immortal Quick, in the character of Richard III. at his own benefit, came to the scene where the crook-backed tyrant exclaims :

‘A horse ! a horse ! My *kingdom* for a horse !’

he put a finishing stroke to the fun by adding, with a look, voice, and gesture perfectly irresistible :

‘And if you can’t get a horse, bring a donkey !’

The comedian hinted at a significant truth, for if the former of these animals did not exist, would not the latter be considered the most serviceable of beasts ?

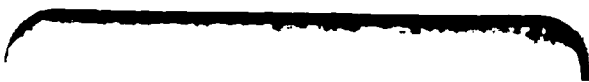
We must admit that we never had even a remote conception of the excellence of this creature, until set down one morning in Grand Cairo to behold the aged and the young, Pachas and beggars, lovers and the beloved, donkeyed every where. ‘Hab my donkey, O Basha ! me call him Young America !’ cried one of the Arab urchins, who in a fierce contest for our patronage that resembled the fabled combat of Typhon and Osiris, fairly insinuated their animals between our legs. But he was quickly under-bid by a dark-skinned lad who,

‘His eye with a fine frenzy rolling,’

persuaded me to mount his four-footed companion, yclept ‘Yankee Doodle.’ How could I fail to appreciate so delicate a compliment to my country ?

The donkey came from the Orient, whence also came histories and the poesies. His fossilized bones are found in the strata of the ancient civilizations ; and, setting aside authentic records, the merest myth, floated down to us upon the sea of tradition, does not refer to a period more remote than that in which the donkey, in some form or other, is supposed to have existed.

From the East, that prolific Mother of Nations, the donkey appears to have advanced westward, yet not until a period of ripe development. Aristotle assures us that, in his time, these animals were unknown in Pontus, Scythia, and in the country of the Celts ; and down to the reign of Elizabeth, England ‘did yeelde no asses.’ Wealth and an advanced state of culture, however, introduce luxuries. In the Periclean age of Athens, donkeys were cherished for the tables of the great. Does not Martial state that the epicures of Rome held the flesh of the onager or wild-ass in the same reputation as venison is now held ? It is related by Pliny, that the most deli-



cate and best-flavored foals were brought from Africa; and Poppæa, wife of the Emperor Nero, did she not bathe every day in asses' milk, for the purpose of beautifying her skin — four or five hundred of the animals being kept for her special purpose?

But the donkeys belong to the 'peeled nations;' and so widely are they now dispersed, that it would be almost impossible, by pedestrian or other means of locomotion, to visit a place inhabited by men, where specimens of the race are not to be found. Might we not indeed almost say, that the voice with which the donkey salutes the morning, daily encircles the earth with a spasmodic yet uninterrupted strain after harmony?

In the East, as also in Spain, it is customary to shear donkeys, both for ornament and greater cleanliness. The employment may be classed with the fine arts, and the old women of *Pont Neuf* (who has not there read the *avertissement* of the widow Bish-off: . . . . *tonse les chiens et va en Paris?*) do not practise their profession on cats and poodles with greater assiduity.

To heighten the effect, the tonsorial artists do not remove the entire capillary coat from the sides and backs of the animals submitted to their shears. Fanciful patterns are suffered to remain, and a tuft of hair is always left on the end of the tail, to be used as a bell-pull, or as the rope by which a postillion hands himself upon the coach-box, by the donkey-boy in the rear, who, so far as locomotion is concerned, is 'the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself.' A sentimental driver will also have the ciphers of his true love's name cut on his beast's rump. Moreover, it is not a little diverting to watch the cunning hand of one of these knights of the shears toiling to reproduce upon the lateral or dorsal surface of a patient donkey reliefs and figures that would not have been out of place on Achilles' shield, or, comparing small things with great, on the propylon of an Egyptian temple.

This patient beast—is he not more closely associated with sacred things than any other animal? Was he not domesticated in Syria and Egypt long before the horse was reduced to subjection? The earliest mention in sacred history of any kind of cattle subsequent to the Deluge, relates to Abraham's visit to Egypt, when Pharoah entreated him well for Sarah's sake. Among the presents of oxen, servants, and asses made him by the Egyptian monarch, in the catalogue of Abimelek's presents to Abraham, in the inventory of the patriarch's effects on the occasion of Isaac's marriage, in the account of Jacob's riches and the spoils taken from Sechem; and in the list of things we are not to envy, is there any allusion to the haughty animal which in our affections has completely usurped the place of the donkey?

The donkey is also intimately associated with things profane. We do not assert that he has caused more swearing than any other creature in the world, but are we not safe in maintaining that the profanity evoked by him has been of the most sulphurous quality?

Whether Zeno, like Coleridge, ever said to a donkey, 'I hail thee, Brother,' we know not; but 'the blind old bard' alludes to

his stoical indifference to pain, and the keen appetite that 'seeketh after every green thing :'

'THOUGH round his sides a wooden tempest rain,  
Crops the tall harvest and lays waste the plain.'

Why was Ajax, who wished only for light, likened by Homer to an ass? And is it not probable that the fifth proposition in the First Book of Euclid, took the name of *pons asinorum* as much from the natural analogy between an emaciated donkey and conic sections, as from the difficulty of that famous proposition to beginners in geometry?

When Demosthenes was on one occasion haranguing the Athenian assembly in favor of an accused person, he could not command the attention of his auditors. Leaving the subject, he gave the following story: 'I was going a short time since to Megara on a hired ass. The heat was excessive, but not a tree nor a shrub was to be found that could afford me shelter. I suddenly bethought myself that I might avoid the scorching heat of the sun by sheltering myself under the belly of my conveyance. The owner of the beast stopped me: 'Sir,' said he coolly, 'you hired the ass, but you did not hire the ass's shadow.' The dispute grew hot between us.' At these words there was a complete silence in the assembly, and every one listened attentively for the issue of the adventure. The orator saw his opportunity, and with much force upbraided his audience for listening to so trivial a story, and refusing their attention when the life of a fellow-creature was at stake. 'To quarrel over an ass's shadow' henceforth became synonymous with the discussion of any unimportant subject. Samson, though unable to withstand the tongue of a woman, proved himself a better orator than Demosthenes, the thick-skulled Philistines having succumbed, 'heaps upon heaps,' in the most successful instance of jawing on record.

While Solyman the Magnificent was building his great mosque in Constantinople, it is related that he suspended the work one year, in order that the foundations might have time to settle. Shah Thamas Khan, King of Persia, naturally supposing that the delay in so pious an undertaking was caused by want of money, sent a great ambassador to Solyman with two mules laden with valuable jewels. He presented the Shah's letter to the Sultan, but the latter was so incensed on reading its contents, that immediately, in the ambassador's presence, he distributed half of the jewels to the Jews of Stamboul, saying: 'Each Rifazi (Persian) changed into an ass at the awful day of doom, shall bear to the fires of perdition some Jew or other. To them, therefore, I give this treasure, that they may have pity on you on that day, and be sparing in the use of whips and spurs.'

The French say:

'Every poet is a liar, and his trade the excuse.'

Let us write *fable-monger* instead of poet, and we shall have the reason why almost every author, from Æsop to La Fontaine, who



has sought to put wisdom into the mouths of brutes, has deliberately attempted to make the donkey ridiculous. It must be allowed, however, that his voice and manner are not altogether favorable to the maintenance of gravity. Does not Lucilius relate that Crassus, the grand-father of Marcus, the wealthy Roman, never laughed but once in his life, and then at a donkey that had the weakness to yield to a vulgar prejudice in favor of thistles?

We are, shall we say it, almost believers in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, namely, that the spirits of men are wont to inhabit the bodies of donkeys and *vice versa*. Is it necessary to invest this modest creature with fashionable raiment, in the manner of illustrated fables, to be reminded of individuals of our acquaintance possessed of the gift, but not of the practice of reason? And is there not foundation here for a theory enabling us to comprehend those remarkable friendships that have occasionally existed between men and donkeys — friendships compared with which those of Damon and Pythias, of Achilles and Patroclus, seem but sentimental attachments?

We must, therefore, confess, that we never look upon a donkey without more than suspecting him to be a human being in the melancholy condition described by Apuleius. Lucius, a sentimental Roman youth, weary of being a mere mortal, besought a famous enchantress to change him into an eagle, in order that he might take a flight in the empyrean. His body was duly anointed, and Lucius, in fond anticipation, began to move his arms after the manner of the bird of Jove. But the enchantress had by mistake used the wrong box of ointment, and behold a metamorphosis, little expected by the youth! His tender skin began to thicken, and assume a hairy covering. The distinct fingers and toes gradually hardened into bony hoofs. His body was bent down to the earth in place of cleaving the sky. His face became enormously elongated, the ears enlarged, the mouth widened, and the lips thickened and pendulous, while a tail appeared which was to prove a special object of mortification and annoyance. Lucius could only look sideways with tearful eyes. Had not speech also left him, he might have appropriately exclaimed with ‘as pretty a piece of man’s flesh as any in Messina,’ ‘Write me down an ass!’ The eating of roses could alone break the enchantment and restore him, no longer despising the condition of humanity, to his former self. Thus, retaining all his natural feelings and inclinations, was Lucius condemned to wander over the world to procure the means of disenchantment, but finding every where thistles instead of roses, and patiently enduring the traditional treatment of donkeys.

We would not wish, like the author of *Tristram Shandy*, to commune forever with a donkey, but are often tempted to interrogate him as to whether every member of his race is not in reality a human being. Does he not in fact possess many qualities peculiar to moral and intellectual greatness? Did any one ever see a proud, hypocritical, self-conceited, ostentatious donkey? He is on the contrary, entirely destitute of pride, and his behavior is simple,

modest, and unaffected. He has none of the ascetic folly of the self-mortifying fakir who '*s'enfonce des clous au derrière pour avoir de la considération.*' He is not to be diverted from what he considers the path of duty by soft blandishments of speech, or by any lateral considerations, except of the most vigorous kind. Like certain individuals whose study is, 'How not to do it,' he has a marked aversion to the argument *à posteriori*. The donkey has the patience of Job, and meekness beyond comparison, although the world may leer at his unmelodious voice and falsely call his resolution obstinacy. To be engaged, however, in a perpetual 'brown study' is not, we must admit, a sure indication of superior attainments, any more than capillary licentiousness, for as Lucian sagely remarks :

' If beards long and bushy true wisdom denote,  
Then PLATO must bow to a hairy he-goat.'

Have we not just alluded to the voice of the donkey — the up-raised voice we mean, not 'the still, small voice within?' It must be granted a less conscientious beast, or one less prone to silence, might find herein cause for humiliation. Combine in one tremendous discord the whoop of *pertussis*, the mid-night cries of jealous cats, the sucking of dry pumps, the letting off of pent-up steam, the screeching of ungreased wagons, and the scream of smarting infants, and you will have a faint conception of the wheezy, spasmodic voice of the donkey. The harmony of sweet sounds, however, is not to be compared with the substantial qualities possessed by this animal. Beware, reader, not of 'the man who has no music in his soul,' but of the individual who makes fine speeches thereupon. Have not the most blood-thirsty tyrants been enamored of fiddle-bows, and did not Lorenzo himself, after discoursing so pleasantly upon stratagems and spoils, steal the soul of Jessica with many false vows of faith, ay, and run away with her without notifying the wealthy Jew thereof? Yet the bray of the donkey, like the voice of the turtle-dove, is not in vain. We have often been startled and delighted by it in the solitudes of Eastern Europe and in Asia, having, like another traveller, learned from experience, that where donkeys exist, men are sure to be found — as well as the fact, that where men exist, donkeys will be found in spite of themselves!

It may be asserted that a donkey of good constitution, and under not more than ordinary persecution, does not usually win the palm of martyrdom much before the age of thirty years. His end, however, seems almost as obscure as the end of *Œdipus*. What, then, becomes of superannuated donkeys? Can it be supposed that they die? We must here quote the language of a gentleman who has, unintentionally, without doubt, anticipated our thoughts. We imagine that 'they do not become dead, cold, moist, unpleasant bodies — that, like the husband of Aurora, that ill-starred victim of an oversight, they fade away gradually and slowly, and almost imperceptibly, till at their appointed moment they cease to exist, blending with unsubstantial air, hastening to

be resolved into the elements, vanishing like a morning dream, leaving not a wreck behind.'

But this unexpected bray of the donkey, the enumeration of his shining qualities, and the theory of his earthly dissolution — a disenchantment not always affected by roses — have diverted our remarks from the connection between donkeys and literature, especially the poetical branch thereof. And here we must, in justice to ourselves, say that we have not the least sympathy with such sentimentalists as Sterne, who, as some one has intimated, preferred whining over a dead ass to relieving the wants of a living mother. We are in search of the tender humanities; and first comes to our aid the tearful Coleridge.

Did any one, having but little command over his lachrymals, ever venture to read the ode to the dejected offspring of a tethered donkey, without having first retired to the privacy of his apartment, turned the key and taken out a plentiful supply of dry linen? We think we see the author of *Christabel* laying one hand gently on the drooping head of the silent ass, and with the other extending to his mouth a piece of bread, while at the same time he inquires after the cause of the profound melancholy so unusual in the period of juvenility. Alas! poet, thou wast mistaken. Thou didst err after the manner of poets who, like lovers, see every thing in *couleur de rose* — even pigs. It was neither apprehension for the future, filial pain, nor want of farinaceous food that caused this depression of spirits in thy friend, but a desire for lacteal nutriment. Instead of inviting the innocent foal to a musical dell, where Laughter tickled the ribless sides of Plenty, why didst thou not rather unloose the mother, and permit both of them to act according to their superior judgment?

Some one has said: 'Let me compose the ballads of a people, and I care not who makes their laws.' For our part, we should prefer to make the laws, there being usually some pecuniary compensation therefor, which cannot be said of poetry in general, or, we fear in particular, save that done for our Magazine. But the minstrel's words drop into the heart like bullets; and long-ears has found a minstrel:

'If I had a donkey what would n't go,  
Do you think I'd wallop him? Oh! no! no!  
I'd give him some hay, and I'd cry gee! woh!  
With a 'Kimp up NEDDY!'

Could there be any thing simpler, more direct, and out-spoken than this? Ah! here is true humanity! The possibility of a poet being the fortunate possessor of a donkey, is clearly admitted, while, however, the satisfaction of individual ownership is greatly diminished by the immovable nature of the property. Mark with what a gush of feeling he protests against the energetic course usually adopted in such an emergency, and lays down a plan of treatment original in itself, and more congenial to animal nature. In place of 'glittering generalities of speech,' he proposes to begin with a supply of appropriate food, to be followed by kind words adapted to the comprehension of a donkey.

It was reserved, however, for Wordsworth to sound the depths of asinine being. Of all singing men, he seems to have had the clearest conception of the moral dignity of the donkey, and the greatest familiarity with his language. Is it therefore remarkable that the prologue to *Peter Bell* bears about the same proportion to the tale itself as the corpus of a full-grown donkey to the tail thereof? And is it not satisfactory to learn from the dedication, that the production of this poem did not require the intervention of supernatural agency?

In a little boat shaped like the crescent moon, we rise through the clouds and go up among the stars, taking Taurus by the horns, and stirring up the Crab and the Scorpion. Descents are traditionally easy. We alight upon a spot of green grass, and have only to turn around to espy a solitary donkey, seemingly about to imbibe from the silent stream. It should here be stated parenthetically, that this animal does not put his nose in the water when he drinks, through fear of the shadow of his ears, or hold his head low, on account of the great size of his auricular and labial appendages, thus bringing the *sensorium* and the centre of gravity nearly together. Nor can this be attributed entirely to humility, any more than the fact that the fowl never takes even a drop of water without reverently raising its eyes to heaven. In reply to the ready heels of *Peter Bell*, the ass

‘WITH motion dull  
Upon the pivot of his skull,  
Turns round his long left ear,’

drops upon his knees, and with a reproachful look from his hazel eye, gives three successive groans, one of which ‘goes before another.’ *Peter* falls in a fit, and the ass, notwithstanding a severe contusion upon his head, rises. But how does he rise? We will answer, we will tell you:

‘—— LIKE a tempest-shattered bark,  
That o’erwhelmed and prostrate lies,  
And in a moment to the verge  
Is lifted of the foaming surge.’

Could any thing be more majestic? And then, O compassion! he licks with his tongue the hands which had just licked him with a new peeled sapling. But the final meeting of the orphan boy and the long-absent ass! We have been accustomed to regard *Sancho Panza*’s recovery of his purloined *Dapple* as affecting in the extreme. With what caresses he greeted him: ‘How hast thou done, my dearest donkey; delight of my eyes, my sweet companion?’ Was there ever any thing more tender than *Titania*’s treatment of *Bottom*, when ‘she blessed his fair large ears,’ called him her ‘gentle joy,’ and rounded his hairy temple with a coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers? Yes, the orphan boy surpasses even that:

‘TOWARD the gentle ass he springs,  
And up about his neck he clings;  
In loving words he talks to him,  
He kisses, kisses face and limb —  
He kisses him a thousand times!’

## Y E T A I L Y O R - M A N .

## A CONTEMPLATIVE BALLAD.

BY JOHN O. Saxe.

## I.

RIGHT jollie is ye tailyor-man,  
As annie man may be;  
And all ye daye upon ye benche  
He worketh merrilie.

## II.

And oft ye while in pleasante wise  
He coileth up his limbes,  
He singeth songes ye like whereof  
Are not in WATTS his hymns.

## III.

And yet he toileth all ye while  
His merrie catches rolle;  
As true unto ye needle as  
Ye needle to ye pole.

## IV.

What cares ye valiant tailyor-man  
For all ye cowarde feares?  
Against ye scissors of ye Fates  
He pointes his mightie sheares.

## V.

He heedeth not ye anciente jests  
That witlesse sinners use:  
What feareth ye bolde tailyor-man  
Ye hissing of a goose?

## VI.

He pulleth at ye busie threade,  
To feede his lovinge wife  
And eke his childe; for unto them  
It is ye threade of life.

## VII.

He cutteth well ye riche man's coate,  
And with unseemlie pride  
He sees ye little waistcoate in  
Ye cabbage bye his side.

## VIII.

Meanwhile ye tailyor-man his wife,  
To labor nothings loth,  
Sits bye with readie hands to baste  
Ye urchin and ye cloth.

## IX.

Full happie is ye tailyor-man,  
Yet is he often tryed,  
Lest he from fulnesse of ye dimes,  
Waxe wanton in his pride.

## X.

Full happie is ye tailyor-man,  
And yet he hath a foe,  
A cunninge enemie that none  
So well as tailyors knowe.

## XI.

It is ye slipperie customer  
Who goes his wicked wayes,  
And weares ye honeste tailyor's coate,  
But never, never payes!

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## T H E W E D D I N G G A R M E N T .

IN the great, rich city of New-York, another day had counted away its hours and minutes and seconds, of joy or sorrow, pain or pleasure, gain or loss, and, equally measured in time, its tide of fortune had ebbed and flowed through the many currents of crowded life for another day. From the costliest clock of the marble mantle, through all the varieties of mechanism, to the very cheapest which can be manufactured for the poorest dwelling, it was after all only the same time to which the various and varying hands had pitilessly pointed, as passing and now passed away — for the day was gone; but how different the allotted tide which had mercifully, mercilessly swept to and from the sea of life, giving and taking, bringing home and carrying away, embarking and stranding, enriching and impoverishing, saving and losing, blessing and blighting its mortal burden of beating pulses which differently rejoiced or lamented that its mighty influence was also passing, and now passed away, for the day was gone, gone with its measured time and its measureless tide, gone with its hours and minutes and seconds, its thoughts and words and deeds, to be strictly and straitly registered in that place where both the time and the tide entering become eternity, and where the mortal life of a single day shall be immortal.

The sun had set over the city which, light with gayety and bright with art, seemed little to regard the departing splendor of nature's glorious luminary. Here and there might have been eyes that looked up to the evening sky, just as there are hearts that

turn toward heaven, but usually the city did not care if it were day or night.

Gas and glare and glitter and gold needed not the sunlight. Only in some places where these were not, would there be darkness in the city's night; and none in light can tell how dark that darkness; none but God can see how such are watching through night for the morning. And the sun had set over the city.

From a broken and patched window in a small and miserable apartment, in the highest part of an old dilapidated building, which had stood the shocks of time and ruin until at last it could show no deeper marks of further injury; like some wayside pauper we may have seen, to whom the familiar spirit of his poverty and misery seem at last to spare from any more excess of devastation, and stays the wrinkles and the falling locks and the failing steps as if repenting of the evil work, but in mockery of mercy, is arresting further downfall only to retain the degraded station; from this broken window which looked, thank God! into the sky, was leaning as far as was admitted by its miserable structure, or rather superstructure, deformed by various modes of mending economically with the half of an old shutter, and unclosing to admit the blessed breath of heaven only by a few panes broken and patched, through which the eye of poverty, otherwise clouded, sought the free light—was leaning thus in the perfect abandonment of natural pleasure, the figure of a young girl.

Beautiful picture for such a frame! Leaning eagerly with the long-drawn breathing of intense enjoyment, with eyes uplifted and arms slightly raised, as if she were springing to a better fate. Bathed in the crimson glow of the evening sky, her pale cheek, pink and fresh in its reflected ray, thus as she leaned who would not have sought to help and bless her, to take her from the embrasure of that shattered window, even like a rare picture from some decaying frame, and rescue her from the pressure of a poverty, whose worst imprisoning is that it cannot even guard its prisoners?

Oh! there are men who are banded together in this very city to save life from destruction, who scale trembling walls, and do deeds of daring worthy of heroes, who, if this window with its precious inclosure had appeared high above them in all the peril of a burning building, would have risked life and limb to save the beautiful being who, by the common tie of humanity, might claim their common brotherhood; there would have been a ladder and a rescue, and when all the clocks of the city struck for the sun set and the day gone, there would have been a deed done which even the angels might desire to do.

But there was no ladder and no rescue, and as the clocks together and apart gave out the common notice of the common time, the young girl counted them in their different tones as they floated up from different parts of the city; and remembering her yet unfinished work which she had laid aside for this simple pleasure, she withdrew, hastily closing the window, feeling that she had wasted



too much time in this little respite. The air outside had been chilly to her not warmly-clad form, but the room within was more chilly to her warmly-beating heart, and she shivered over the few coals as she collected them together to warm the little fingers which must again resume their tedious employment of sewing. For she was one of that class who, mostly needed, are yet least cared for, whose work brings the highest price, yet not to themselves, who labor for others and are not maintained, who, if they were by any possibility to stop sewing to-morrow, would cause an inconvenience in fashionable society, disturbing their amusements and interfering by the need of needful stitches, with their last delicate charity of a calico ball.

And our little seamstress, who dwells with her mother, in our story, was young and beautiful and good and poor. Young, she was just sixteen, the season of maiden pride and pleasure; beautiful, the perfect features and graceful form would have adorned the stateliest mansion; dark blue eyes looked full into every face with the trusting love of a pure heart which feared no evil because it knew none, while a peculiar softness from the dark lashes of the drooping lid shaded the face with an expression not of sadness, but tenderness. Added to this there was a shadow surrounding the whole figure from the heavy tresses of her hair which, still worn in childish fashion, hung loose and free around her, swaying with every motion, in every shade of the changing light, and adding to her poor attire its beautiful clothing of nature which no fabric of art can ever equal.

And she was also good and poor, not that they necessarily go together, or mean the same thing, for poverty sometimes makes suffering and selfishness, and, it is dreadful to think, many times, crime. But then again many times, many times, its frail shelter has driven the perishing soul to a surer refuge; and as to this poor garret ascending, each weary footstep treads farther and farther from the dust of earth, so may its inmates look out nearer and nearer to the sky.

A bed and a table, and a couple of odd broken chairs, was all the furniture the room contained, while a small carpet-bag and an open wooden box held all the wardrobe its possessors had saved from the wreck of former plenty. Gay shawl and colored gown, piece after piece, had been parted with for the suits of mourning which both were wearing, grateful to have obtained them by any sacrifice of under-valuation in the exchange.

If you had opened the leaves of a Bible which rested on a ledge beside the bed, you might have read the dates and the names of these sad acts and actors in life's real drama; the time when in the village of ———, more than a hundred miles away, this book of God had been given to *Reuben Ray* and *Mary his wife* on their wedding day. There was recorded the birth of their child, who, in respect to an old-established custom in a family whose respectability seemed to exact such tribute regardless of taste, to call the first-born by the father's name, was christened *Rubena*.

Thus was it written by her father's hand, but the lips of affection which alters every sound, had ever called her *Ruby*, and if you had asked her name, she would have told you it was *Ruby Ray*.

Resuming her task with a sigh, which however quickly changed into the low murmuring of a song; and as you may have seen the light and shadow chase each other over some rippling stream, so the weariness of her work and the natural lightness of her heart mingled curiously together, flitting across her fair face, now with a frown and quick impatient stitching, and now with a smile of satisfaction, and a slower-moving needle as she reviewed her nearly-completed labor. Pleasant thoughts seemed mostly in her mind: of the last stitch to which she was fast arriving; of the price of all those stitches which she would then receive; of how it would help her poor mother—her mother who was all the world to her—how much comfort it would purchase for them in their poor way.

She counted it all up: four—six shillings it would be, embroidery and all. A great sum it seemed to her, and as she threaded her needle and worked another flower, she was very happy.

By degrees as the work dulled and the light dimmed in the closing day, her hands rested idly upon the costly material, and she was lost in a pleasant reverie of romance connected with it; for it was a wedding garment, and the bride was very rich, or it would not be so heavily embroidered, and of course she dwelt in a luxurious home, more grand than she could imagine; and to her thought, must be young and beautiful, and happy and blest, as she could hardly understand.

Then by a sudden transition her reverie changed. A single crooked stitch had linked the chain of memory to a long left corner in the little school-room of her childhood's home; where for just such a crooked stitch, she had been doomed one long summer hour to sit while her companions played.

She could hear their merry voices still echoing in her ear, gradually growing softer and stiller until at last it was a dream, for she slept. The twilight with its soothing influence had gathered very gently and slowly around her, her eyes had closed unconsciously in the dimness, while her mind was wandering yet amid its tireless fancies—no wonder that she dreamed.

Travelling back to that well-known scene, again the home of her earlier years was around her; but still mixed with and belonging to the present, she was sewing her childish task on the old remembered bench; but incomprehensibly it was still this wedding garment which she was decorating for this stranger bride.

Presently, as in the usual bewilderment of dreams, the threads of her work became all entangled and lost, at the same time an over-excited value of their loss possessed her; and she searching eagerly to recover them, as if they could bind her to some unknown treasure, was led on and on in the labyrinth of her dream, through the dark dingy chambers and crooked, creaking stairs of

her present habitation, through the crowded alleys and streets of the city, where she always trembled so ; over a bridge which was very hard to cross, the feet all the time slipping back, until at last, God bless the dreamer ! she was again in her own old home. Mother and child, they were again at the little garden-gate ; and coming to meet them from the open door of the humble but happy roof, was a form ; ah ! a form, well-known and well-beloved, well-mourned and well-remembered, never to be forgotten, but never to be met, never to be seen again, except in dreaming, until the long tedious travelling of their journey of life ended, this mother and child shall stand at last at the gate of heaven, and this father's form shall meet them as they come home there, and it shall not be a dream.

But she was dreaming now, and who would have waked her ! The flowers of her embroidering had shifted and showered upon her the blossoms of her birth-place, and she was enjoying to the uttermost the birth-right of even the portionless, which is never parted with — which is, to dream.

But even in dreams we may not linger long with flowers ; and so from the well-loved garden, where she longed to stay, this cruel thread again impelled her to recover its sad unwindings ; and mixed as it was with wedding music in her mind, it was a natural twisting and turning it should take to lead her following in a village train, which were gayly pressing on to the little church from which the marriage bells were ringing out their merriest peal. Following with the rest, she had forgotten herself and her earnest search in the noisy mirth around her, when suddenly the tangled threads, like some opposing destiny, surrounded and seemed to envelop her completely, as might some huge cobweb floating in the air ; slightly but firmly withholding and withdrawing her from the gathering crowd, and leading her as if of her own accord and yet against her will through the entrance, not of the church, but the church tower. Floating upward, bound by these mysterious threads, past the rafters of the roof, and the ringing bell, she was borne on ; looking back at the altar and the bride and the blessing and the human happiness which was gathered there, she would fain have returned ; gazing back, as if from dying, the saddest yearning for human sympathy oppressed her : but she was hurried on ; now past the cross on the highest tower, she could see no more below it ; and knowing she could not return, she clasped her hands in submission, and a strange knowledge seemed to come to her that the wedding garment was for her, and that the marriage-feast was in heaven.

Suddenly with a start she awoke. It was the entrance of her mother at the rattling broken door which had aroused her, and never did she wake to welcome more tenderly her only earthly friend. Arising in haste to receive her, she kissed her with an emotion unusual and undefined, and taking from her hands the few articles which had been purchased for their scanty meal, she placed them on the table which needed not much arranging for their poverty-

stricken use. Smiling brightly as she unwrapped from its coarse greasy paper the single tallow candle which their little means had held out to pay for, she exclaimed as gayly her delight, as perhaps some other maiden far up the city in her home of wealth might have been doing at that same moment, over some golden gift or bauble, while the lights of chandeliers were flashing and wasting around her unappreciated.

But it is one blessed thing, that neither light nor darkness can alter the shades of human love; and the kiss which repaid the giver in the lighted mansion, could be no better than this mother's brow received in this dark garret, in return for her thoughtful care of this hard-earned light; and the lips which imprinted it, could be no truer and no redder than the lips of Ruby Ray.

'Dear mother, how kind you were to think of a candle, that I may finish my work; we could not have done without a light, to-night. May I light it at once?'

'I would rather you would wait a little while, Ruby darling, for we must not waste our comfort; so sit beside me here, and while I warm my feet, which are very cold, I will tell you of what I have been thinking in my long walk.'

Selecting from their small supply of wood in the corner, a couple of sticks, Ruby placed it on the fire, and seating herself on the hearth, to enjoy nearer its kindly blaze at the feet of her mother she sat listening for the expected words.

But her mother spoke not. Tired and weary, it seemed as if she had not strength to tell the heavy thoughts, which seemed to have sunk into the depths of her soul, like heavy stones sunk deep. While she had been walking it had been different. She had looked at them, and placed them one before the other, in regular fashion; and they rose like stepping-stones, friendly to her, and promised her a sure enough footing across the stream of her present perplexity. But now, she was very weak, and the waters of her grief rolled deep and dark, and the thoughts were buried under their heavy pressure, and she could not raise them up — could not touch them — could not speak.

'It is no use, my child, to wait about your work; I cannot talk now; and perhaps it is better so. So light the candle, darling, if you like.'

There was so much sadness in her mother's voice, that it almost spoiled the pleasure Ruby was surely going to take in lighting that tallow candle. But she lighted it, and fixed it nicely in an old tin candle-stick, and while she washed and wiped the grease from her neat little fingers, whose shape and whiteness were unrivalled, except for the constant pricking of her needle, she asked her mother, if it were not beautiful — that tallow candle?

'And now you shall have some supper, mother; a cup of tea will make you strong; and then you can talk while I sew.' And stirring the fire, and bustling about the little room with the preparation for their meagre repast, she made the place light and

happy, not with the tallow candle, but with her own loving and lovely presence.

She was singing, too, as she moved about, the verses of some old song :

‘ I shall be gay, I shall be gay,  
The clouds from to-day shall pass;  
The humblest flower it has its dower,  
And the sun smiles on the grass.’

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AND here it may not be amiss to go into some little detail of the two who fill this little chamber to overflowing, with so much light and shadow, so much joy and pain. Less than a year ago, the little cottage, whose gate we have seen in Ruby’s dream, had covered those now desolate ones, with the blessing of love and protection, and a happy home.

As the school-master of the little village, Ray enjoyed the superior position, which was there as elsewhere accorded by contrast with those below him in learning and ability. But while he might be content with being the first among these simple and kind-hearted people, he was not willing to forego the pleasures of more cultivated society, with all the advancement which he might command in such an enlarged sphere. So he left his little cottage, to which only a dream, like a withered leaf, now clings, and actually started — as many have and will again — to the great city of New-York. There, in its great Bazaar, might he find some little nook, where he might sell the weavings of his brain. And such a place seemed to open to him in an engagement, which he readily entered into, with some one, it does not matter which, of the various literary publications which, to supply the public mind, generally sweep the brain of their busy workmen, until not even so much as a cobweb remains.

His plan had succeeded, and hope smiled upon him. To be sure, they were in very poor lodgings, and they all pined for the country air; but yet the months went by, and the promise of his life was fair before him as a rainbow in the sky. But ah! it was in the sky — the bright colors might never touch the earth. The hectic glow which had marked his cheek, had failed to tell how deep the fire had spread below. The energy which had made him attempt and do what others with equal courage would have never dared, was the very spirit that had lured him to his ruin; the strength which it had required to follow his strong will, had been the very power which had burned away the great machinery. And one sad evening, he lay down, faint and sick; and one week after — sadder still — he died.

It is a sad, sad story, but it is happening every day — and that only makes it sadder.

‘What was to become of wife and child now?’ The question naturally arises in the story, and it naturally also arose to the lips of the people where they had boarded until this time.

There was no money when he died. The last proceeds of his work had been paid away, and no more was due. By the sale of

his watch and books, which were parted from with many a longing look and lingering kiss of affection, the means were obtained sufficient to pay for the present necessary expenses: for the narrow apartments to which he had come only to die, and for that narrower one which none might share.

Gladly would she, Mary, his wife, have shared his peaceful rest, for he died in faith; but there was a chord within her heart which must live on, their child, and so she lived on; he had told her to be brave, and so she would be brave.

And she was brave. It seemed almost as if his courage rested upon her, covering her with its blessing, for she never faltered, and when the time came, and it came very soon, to leave the place she could afford no longer, she took her little girl by the hand and wandered out, she knew not where; she did not seem to be following any guidance, but she was as surely as the sailor, who by the faithful needle steers for home.

Through two or three gradations of cheap and cheaper boarding, she had descended, or rather ascended, at last to this place, where, seated as we have seen by the fire, which could never warm the cold and comfortless chamber, she felt as if she had reached the height of her despair, and her heart seemed breaking in her bosom, as she watched the child around whom every nerve and fibre of her soul was wrapped, and for whom she could be able to put forth any strength which human nature may ever command.

‘I shall be gay, I shall be gay,  
Oh! tell me not of sorrow;  
The flower that does not bloom to-day,  
Will be sure to bloom to-morrow.’

So sang on the happy voice, and many more verses likewise, the chief merit of which consisted in the oft-repeated

‘I shall be gay, I shall be gay.’

Flitting around like some gay bird, at the same time, she had prepared the tea and arranged their evening repast. Pausing now to see that no comfort remained undone, she caught her mother’s eye, in its sad gaze fixed upon her; and bounding across the room, she was instantly beside her. Again and again she kissed the pale, sweet face, embracing her with the tenderest embraces.

‘Dear, dear mother, be happy for me, for my sake; don’t look so sad; see, we are very happy.’

But while she spoke her voice faltered, and by the mysterious sympathy which we all know but do not understand, she felt her breast swelling with the emotion of her mother’s troubled heart, and the tears raining over her cheeks, like a sudden shower in summer from some over-hanging cloud. She wiped them hastily away, and continuing her cheering and loving words, she succeeded in her effort of soothing her mother with her gentle care, and they made their evening meal together, almost cheerfully in the end.

When it was over, and another stick of wood added to the fire,



Ruby said it was so very pleasant, that indeed it looked like Christmas; but seeing her mother look sadder at that happy word, she tried to talk of something else; but there was scarcely any thing she could speak of, that did not bring a painful shadow across the beloved countenance; and so she contented herself with talking about her work, and after showing with pride the skill and neatness of all that she had so far done, and asking for advice concerning the leaves of certain flowers in the pattern before her, she seated herself near to the precious candle, whose red glare required all her young eyes' strength, and resumed her employment, which she had calculated would be at an end in one more hour's steady work.

Talking on gayly all the time, while her needle glanced bright and swift in its progress, of how it would soon be finished now, she stopped to replenish the worked-out thread, but she could nowhere find it; shaking her work and looking carefully all around in vain, was soon accomplished, but it could not be found; and then she thought of her dream, and then she sighed and tried to forget it.

The thread must have fallen into the fire, and she blamed herself for her carelessness, and then timidly for fear of troubling her mother by the question, she asked how she could be able to get any more?

A moment's thought will suffice to show how that the losing of this little skein of thread was no trifle. First, there was no money; the last remaining pence had been spent in their supply of food; then it was Saturday night, the next day Sunday, nothing could be done to remedy the evil, and early on Monday morning the work must be returned by a certain hour completed, or forfeit the price expected.

The poor little heart, which had kept up so bravely during her mother's grief, could struggle now no longer; the memory of her dream oppressed her, and sinking, like some bright bird whose wing the fowler's shot has at last reached, she fell upon her mother's bosom, weeping bitterly.

And now did the comforters change places. It was her mother who was cheerful now, consoling her for what she could not help, and contriving a plan which might relieve their loss. Glancing at her wedding-ring, which she had often sadly thought would serve her in some last emergency, she contrived her plan.

Accompanied by Ruby, and lighted by the candle, which, flaring and melting in the rush of air outside, threatened constant extinguishing, she sought in the house below a sort of shop, where many articles were displayed for pawn or sale. But there was no thread there. It must be fine French thread, and nothing fine or French was there, and she knew was not likely to be any where near.

Disappointed, they turned to leave the shop, when a stooping figure in the door-way barred their exit. He appeared to be scrambling after something on the floor, and at last, clutching it with the expression of a shocking oath, he rose and stood before them — a man of hideous aspect; and the thing that he was clutch-



ing so wickedly, was the long bright golden tresses of some gathered human hair. It made one sick to see his dirty fingers twining through its profuse and flowing beauty; and much more did the blood run cold of our poor defenceless women, when, as they sought to hurry past, he tried to stop them, informing them, in some half-foreign, half-English language, that he bought hair, long, long hair, and would give a great deal of money for Ruby's dark brown curls, attempting as he spoke to touch them, as she shrunk away. Terrified and disgusted with his free impertinence, they succeeded in passing him, and with all the speed possible through the dark uncertain way, they at last reached again their own apartment. The candle had fallen in their flight, and but for the glow of the expiring embers, they would have been in total darkness. Fastening the door as securely as it admitted, with many a sigh and sob, but with earnest pleading prayer, they sank at last to sleep; and as the soft curls rested all night long on the mother's aching bosom, it seemed to her that a shadow at the door, as of a strong man armed, protected their feeble fastening.

And they slept; and all night long the sweet delusion lasted, if it were one, that it were their loved one's mission, from the court of heaven, to be their guardian angel.

—  
'REST, weary spirit,  
'Tis the Sabbath day!  
Toil and work and care  
Put far away.  
And as the bells are ringing  
From the church towers,  
Thou from thy heart be singing  
Through holy hours.

'Rest, weary spirit!  
Whatsoe'er thy grief,  
Rest from thy weary effort  
To find relief.  
Then HE who is the LORD  
Even of the Sabbath day,  
Will in HIS gentle mercy  
Put thy care away.'

By a strange accident, or a happy arrangement, the largest and richest church in New-York, stands at the head of Wall-street, bearing in its name the mystery of the ever-blessed TRINITY, which we forever worship and glorify; raising the holy cross of CHRIST on its highest summit into the sky, it stands at the head of all that rushing vortex of moneyed misery, like some light-house on a dangerous shore, like a preacher to the passing perishing people, telling them of a better treasure, far away, and warning them in its solemn chime, as if the mighty words had fallen upon them—the words which were the trumpet-note of Loyola, with which he, in an age gone by, startled and stirred such another earth-contented crowd with the most powerful conviction and conversion—only repeating from ear to ear as the church bells chime and chime:

‘What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?’

Yes, it stands as a church should stand, with open door, and daily prayer, and free entrance, for even the pauper’s feet. Weaning from earth with its gathered-in graves, where the sleepers rest so still and so secure, and winning for heaven with its gathering-in souls, where the weary and the heavy-laden may receive the promised peace.

Among those over whom the benediction of the closing services had this day fallen, were our two poor wanderers; and surely it will rest upon them as they turn away and retrace their patient steps to the place of poverty, which was all the world was giving them for their part of its great heritage.

All? was this all?

The world, with its great gifts of mines and minds, of lands and seas, burdened with treasures, of thrones and crowns, tottering with the weight of pride and place, of government and people, to whom these two belong, brave and free, with power and plenty, blessing and blessed with institutions for justice and churches for charity — was this all the world could give these two?

Hope better!

The Sabbath passed away in peace. ‘We will not think, to-day, my child.’ And the mother and daughter rested upon the Sabbath day, and kept it holy, according to the commandment. ¶

No wonder that an angel walked beside them, according to the promise.

With the earliest dawning of the following day, which seemed to point them only to perplexity, the mother arose, and hastily arranging her poor attire, prepared to leave her sleeping daughter to the repose which still so kindly clung to her.

She could go and return, she thought, before she waked, and procure the thread which had caused them so much trouble; and so no time would be lost in completing the garment, which a fatal moment too late might render of so much evil consequence to them. She had descended to the lowest step, and was hurrying to leave the impure atmosphere for the street, where at least a little freshness dropped with the light from the sky, when she was accosted by the same revolting figure, who had alarmed them so on Saturday night, with the same announcement as before: that he bought hair — long, long hair — and would give much money for Ruby’s dark brown curls.

As if he had struck her a sudden blow, the poor mother staggered back, for she was weak and nervous; and instantly, from the impulse which comes stronger in times of greatest weakness, as if to refill and replace the mind’s action, she turned and re-ascended the old crazy, tottering stairs, back to her heart’s treasure; a fear of she knew not what possessed her, and she could not leave her there — she must take her with her.

O mother’s heart! what makes it beat so? Made sacred, it can never faint nor fail.

The opening of the door again, awakened Ruby, and the gay 'good morning' of her happy voice was so cheerful in its sound, that her mother, stooping to kiss her, only told her to make haste and come with her to buy the thread.

At that word, Ruby's trouble seemed to awake, and her dream seemed almost leading her as she followed her mother through the windings of that wretched place, to the no less wretched street, where, after a walk of many squares, they at last procured, and returned with the desired purchase.

As they reëntered the door, and again climbed to their retreat, never had it seemed to them half so wretched as now in the early morning, which they knew was so fresh and beautiful in so many places over the world, and which so dark and dreary here, was all the worse by contrast.

Dirty children were clamoring for something to eat, and dirty women quarrelling for their morning fare, and in one dreadful room which they had to pass, the door wide open, revealed sights sickening even to the strongest mind.

Poor little trembling Ruby — poor, poor mother — clinging together closer than ever, once more they were in their own room, which this time they greeted gratefully.

'Hasten, hasten, Ruby, with your work, and we will leave this place; there must be some more room for us in all the wide, wide world than this, my child. It is not right to stay here any longer; and we will go. God will lead us — we will not fear. Sew on fast, darling. I will fix the breakfast — you sew on.'

'O mother! it is dreadful, dreadful, but where shall we go?'

'Do not talk, my child; do not ask me; God will lead us. I do not fear; sew fast, my darling, as fast as you can sew.'

And Ruby sewed on fast; and the mother made the fire and prepared the meal for which they had little appetite: Ruby regarding her mother's newly-aroused strength with surprise. She seemed borne on by some superior power, and so she was.

It was nearly mid-day when the last stitch was drawn and the wedding garment was done. If to the gentle wearer its tale of working could ever be unfolded, there would be less of human woe; but to her, this far-off stranger bride, in her pure happiness, it will be nothing but only a clean, white linen.

Rapidly Ruby had sewed, and rapidly they now walked with the finished work to the great depository from whence they had obtained it. They had tried to expect the misfortune which still they could not believe would happen to them; but alas! alas! it was even so. They were too late, and had lost the price. With a civility which many times disgraces higher departments when cruelty is measured out for justice, they were told that rules must be adopted and carried out for the maintenance of good order and to prevent disappointment to customers; that the rules of the establishment were imperative, and could not be disregarded, and that they might see for themselves how much trouble it would give to customers if they were broken through.

They tried, but they could not see; but it did not matter

whether they saw or not; and with a choking in the throat which prevented any words being spoken even to each other, they left the wedding garment whose threads had surely, as in the dream, entangled and misled them, and following its further effect they wound their weary way back to their desolate starting-point, from which since early dawn so much vain effort had been put forth.

Ruby seated herself by the window again lost in grief; but her mother — she could not comprehend her mother's calmness.

‘What shall we do, mother?’

‘We will go, my child.’

‘Where, mother?’

‘God will lead us, darling. I do not fear.’

The calmness of the words was wonderful — so firm and strong; and all the while she was packing up quickly but carefully their few articles in the little carpet-bag, and then spreading the remaining fragments of food upon the table for the last time, she begged Ruby to try and eat something, so that she might not be hungry again for that day.

As her pale thin hands glanced across the table in their kindly care Ruby noticed that her ring, her wedding ring, was gone.

‘O mother, mother! your ring! O mother! it is too hard.’ and the tears gushed in a sudden torrent over those pale thin hands, which were instantly caught and pressed to her lips in many a fervent kiss of devoted love.

‘My child, do not regret it; it will take us from this place of evil; and it is all right; there, do not fret, darling, God will lead us. I do not fear.’

O weak woman! how strong the heart wears in the hour of need!

‘Mother! mother!’ said Ruby with a strength which seemed partly inherited and partly reflected from the bright example. ‘One thing I ask you, mother darling, and do not refuse me, dear, dear mother, it will make me so much happier, and alone content me for my lost work. You will not, mother, refuse me — say you will not.’

And her mother knew what she meant without her saying it in words. It scarcely needed the accompanying gesture of the little hands raised to the rich tresses of her beautiful hair, which was truly the only treasure she could add to their almost empty purse. But oh! it was such a treasure, and the mother's pride rose up to forbid the costly sacrifice. But the earnest eloquence of the pleading voice and the tearful eyes raised to hers with such a look of beaming hope, were not to be resisted; beside, the thought came that in their wandering helplessness it might be better so; the uncommon beauty of Ruby's hair every where attracted great attention; and they so lone and unprotected, it was better to grant her wish, and so she granted it.

But it was the saddest sight of all to see the young head bowed before this iron poverty, and the mother's hand, trembling but faithful, severing tress after tress for a means of safety and defence through the difficulties and dangers which surrounded them.

It was done, and she raised her head with a laugh of pleasure to her mother's quivering face ; and it was sad to see it so shorn ; but it was a noble act which must surely bring its own reward ; and already as she arose from her voluntary sacrifice, she was like some holy nun ; and what she had lost of earth she had gained of heaven.

With hearts refreshed by these mutual deeds of generous love, our mother and child prepared immediately to depart. First kneeling together in the little old chamber, which none like them should ever more inhabit, they asked God's blessing on their wandering way.

As they knelt, the sun was in its meridian in the sky, and the trial of their faith and patience was at its highest measure in their souls.

It would decline now. It would never be so hard to bear again. And they went, peacefully, bearing in their hands their only earthly possessions, the Bible and the little carpet-bag ; and quickly paying their rent below with Ruby's treasure, they sought once more the street ; the street where Ruby always trembled so ; but her mother walked serenely beside her.

'What shall we do ? Where shall we go, mother ?'

'I do not know my child ; but God will lead us. I do not fear.'  
And they go on.

And so God does lead them ; but HE leads them to our hearts. And as they come, and they do come, and the question rises, 'What shall they do ? where shall they go ?' how dare we answer that 'God leads them,' and let them go on !

E. K. B.

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## T H E   L I L A C - T R E E .

In the songful days of June,  
When the birds are all a-tune,  
And the honey-feast is coming for the humming-bird and bee,  
Of all the trees that grow,  
And with blossoms that do blow,  
The sweetest and the saddest is the lilac-tree.

For, though purple is the bloom  
That its crisping buds assume,  
Like the tint on far-off mountains beyond the pleasant sea,  
Yet the freshness but deceives,  
And amid the shady leaves  
There is ever a dead blossom on the lilac-tree.

And so it is with all,  
That in things both great and small  
Of our life a distant gleaming in our dreaming we may see ;  
For when the heart is gladdest,  
Oh ! there's something in it saddest,  
Like the blossom and the blight upon the lilac-tree.

## THE LOST ARTS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.



A FEW years since, his Imperial Majesty, 'Brother to the Sun' and Emperor of all the Celestials, in the plenitude of his wisdom, saw fit to recall a governor from one of the southern provinces, and after the promulgation of a decree authorizing him to wear an additional peacock-feather in his cap as a reward for signal services, consigned him to private life, and appointed a successor. The new official was one of those eager reformers who desire to innovate some existing custom, and thus procure immortality for their names. He looked about for an appropriate field of action. The veteran pig-tail, the shaven poll, the uncut finger-nails, the golden



lilies — with none of these he dared interfere, lest he should confound the true faith with that of the *fankweis*. At length, with the aid of his private secretary, he concocted a proclamation, well calculated to excite commotion among the celestials. It had only its mathematical character to redeem it. The substance of the general missive was, that the people of the province should refrain in future from putting female infants to death, as, prospectively, this practice would amount to the virtual destruction of human beings. In due time, after learned mandarins had worried their brains unsuccessfully to correct the rash innovator, a complaint was forwarded to Peking, and the obnoxious governor was recalled.

Diligent investigation, we are convinced, will eventually produce a change in popular sentiment; and the profound idea of the shaven celestial must inevitably prevail in the world. The early traditions of mankind, especially of the Caucasian branch, decidedly lean toward the opinions which he, injudiciously anticipating the progress of civilization, sought to disseminate. Indeed, we think a mandarin would be horrified at some of the pictures which ancient mythology presents, as, for instance, Athenè, a goddess armed, and Artemis with her bow and hunting gear. Plato would astound him with the assurance that women used to participate in military exploits, and the axiom that ‘all animated beings, females as well as males, have a natural ability to pursue in common every suitable virtue.’ With the ancient Egyptians also, he would be surprised to learn that women were permitted to attend and deliver lectures upon Philosophy, to participate in husbandry and mechanical employments, and to take part in political affairs.

It is, indeed, difficult to define what views were most generally entertained respecting the feminine sphere. Women, *varium et mutabile semper*, exercised religious offices as the ministers at temples, interpreters of the oracles, and as prophetesses among the Hebrews. Deborah, the prophetess, for forty years ‘judged Israel,’ and went with the armies; Huldah was a king’s counsellor; and in the times of the New Testament, the daughters of the evangelist Philip ‘did prophesy;’ Phebe was *diakonos*, or minister of the church at Cenchrea, and Priscilla ‘taught the way of God.’ The Germans, acknowledging a *quid divinum*, or godlike element in women, submitted to their counsels, and yielded to their assumption of vaticinatory power and of the art of healing. In short, they possessed importance in those ‘good old times.’ They even sat on thrones; and we presume that if they had consented to bear the mace, or to exercise police functions, many an Alcibiades would have accepted their escort to the watch-house or the prison.

Even in the Middle Ages, when refinement and civilization struggled a thousand years to conquer Gothic barbarism, there existed women capable of asserting the ancient prerogative. Victoria Colonna, Veronica Gambara, Mary Aquazis, Jane d’Albret,

and the fair professors in the schools of Aleala and Salamanca, were eminent examples of intellectual greatness. But the progress of the age has annihilated their arts, and their memories almost ; and as buffoon masquerades are left to commemorate ancient festivals, so the learned women of former times are now represented by the humble school-mistress.

Science alone, however, has not ceased to confer its distinctions upon notable women. There are 'Lost Arts' which need a chronicler to preserve them from oblivion. We do not refer to the arts spontaneous with the sex, the variable coqueties and other guises that they assume, but those old and venerable institutions formerly assigned to women, and symbolized by three implements, the needle, the distaff, and the loom. A generation only has to pass, and these will be almost, if not utterly, forgotten. Yet, in the ancient days, the ages which chroniclers but feebly reach, in the ages which mythology has veiled with her thick curtains, skill in handling those three instruments was made the glory of a woman.

Royal hands presided at the distaff. When Hercules bore off Iol  and slew her brother, the oracle at Delphi commanded that he should be sold as a slave, and he thus became the property of Omphal , the Lydian queen. Taking to herself his leonine robe and club, she made him put on female apparel and spin with her maid-servants, playfully beating him with her slipper because he held the distaff awkwardly. Sardanapalus followed this example, and disgusted his people, who rebelled and overthrew the empire. The raiment of the Macedonian Alexander was spun and wrought by his mother ; and that of Augustus by his sisters.

The three dread sisters born of Olympic Zeus and Titanian Themis, divided their task of fixing human destiny. Clotho was the spinster\* who held the distaff and formed the thread ; Lachesis reeled it off and allotted to each mortal his portion ; and Atropos severed at the appointed place.

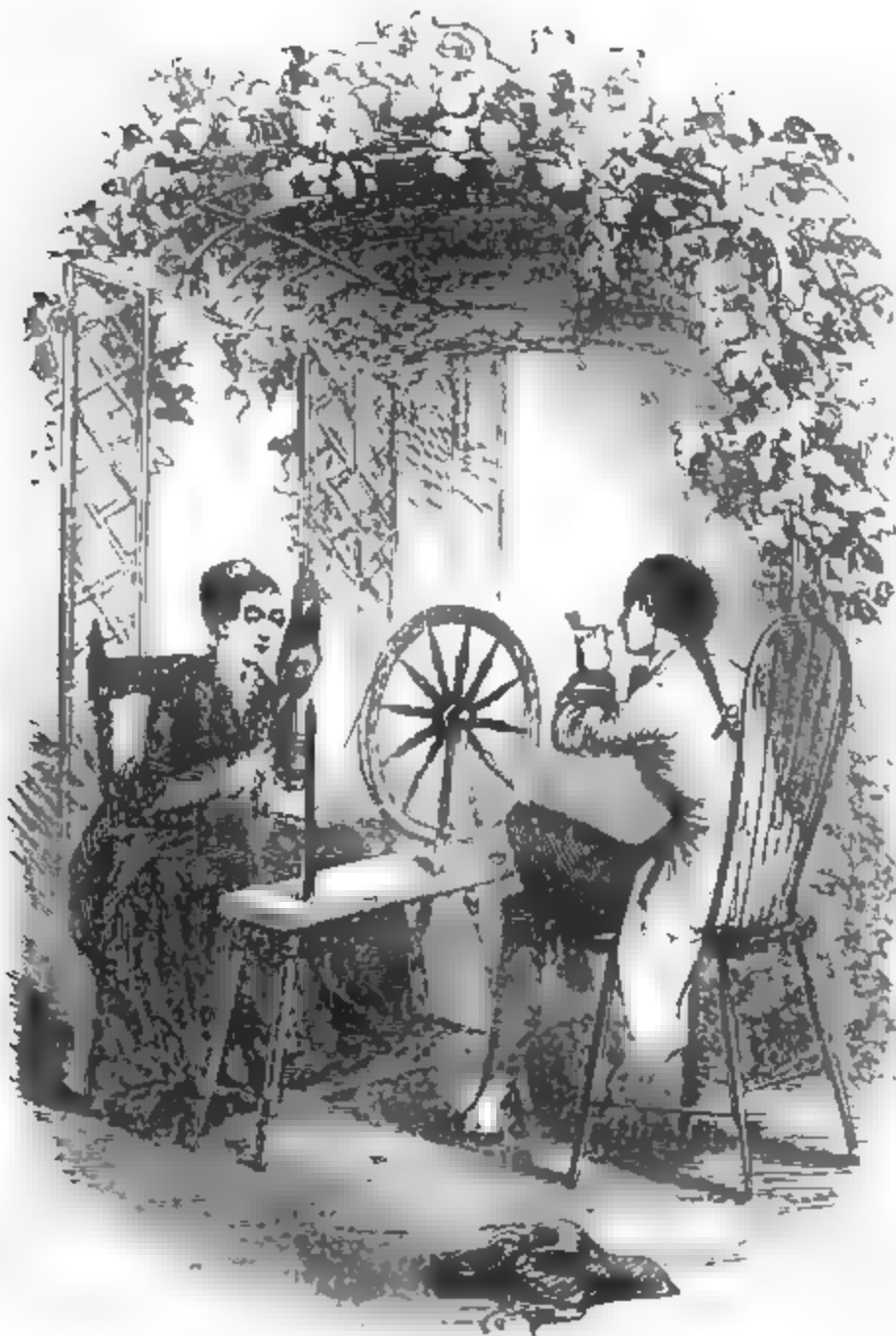
In the thirty-first of Proverbs, the mother of King Lemuel eulogizes a virtuous woman, or as we would express it, a woman of capacity, ascribing to her an industry which would startle the maids and matrons of our time. 'She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She riseth while it is yet night—her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hand to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.' To this implement a fascicle of flax or wool was attached, which being drawn carefully off by the hand, was, by aid of the spindle, converted into yarn or thread.

The addition of the wheel rendered the spinning process more easy and perfect. When human skill had advanced thus far, it would seem, in this particular, to have remained stationary for centuries. Our own memory goes back to the time when the flax-spinning-wheel was considered as a part of the bride's *trousseau* ;

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\* This term being the feminine of spinner, was of old applied to young women in that capacity. The custom of requiring every maid to spin the linen for her *trousseau* eventuated in making *spinster* the designation of an unmarried woman.

when each maid and matron labored in this department of industry ; and a mother and sister, with fingers well moistened, drew down



the fibres of hackled flax from the distaff, and propelling the wheel by the pressing of the foot upon the 'treadle,' wrought them into thread.

In those times, the swains, copying the example perhaps of Hercules, made visits not unfrequent to the farm-house, to woo the spinning-maids. Never did the fates spin more assiduously the weal of human destiny than on such occasions, when the blushing damsels wrought away with redoubled energy, propelling convulsively the little wheel with their tiny, or rather not so tiny feet, listening with attentive ears to the tales and pleasing speeches uttered so significantly in a soft, cooing tone, not always unattended by nudges and pinches, which, though not exactly in good taste, were very significant and perfectly understood. The

house-maid who was told that Barkis was willing, did not better understand the import of the message.

The large spinning-wheel was more laborious. It consisted of a bench or 'horse' considerably larger than that of the little flax-wheel. In it was inserted a standard on which to suspend the wheel, while at the front was another standard in which the spindle was fixed upon a little wheel. A band passing around both, communicated from the larger orb the force required to propel rapidly the smaller, and so twist properly the yarn. Instead of sitting as when at work with the little flax-wheel, the spinster walked forward and backward as she plied her task. As the spindle became so loaded as to preclude working easily, the 'reel' was produced, as in the other instances, and the thread or yarn was taken off, and apportioned into skeins. A 'run,' involving a *walk* of several miles, was considered a good day's work.

A very few of these monuments of the Past are still in existence; but the art of spinning, except by machinery propelled by steam or water power, is well nigh lost.

The art of weaving, intricate and ingenious as it is, possesses, nevertheless, an antiquity defying research. Captain James Riley, the African navigator, suggests that men first caught the idea from the bark of the cocoa-tree, which, indeed, greatly resembles cloth; but this is only an hypothesis, not capable of demonstration. It was ever considered, since history existed, as the avocation of the house-wife.\* Among the Bedouins, the loom is a very primitive structure, consisting of two rows of pegs stationed at a given distance from each other, to which the twist or 'warp' was attached. The threads are separated from each other by a wooden stick, each alternately being placed above or below; the weft or woof is either passed through by hand or by the aid of a rude shuttle, and then is beaten to the inner row of pegs by the stick. The repetition of this process till the whole warp is thus filled with woof-thread, results in producing *cloth*.

The shuttle and the loom were used in a remote antiquity in every country of any claim to civilization, and their general form in Egypt and Hindostan was not dissimilar to those employed in modern Europe and America. The ancients attributed to Athenè their introduction into this world; and Horace assures us that she wove her own vestments and the robes of Juno, queen of the gods. Every Roman matron deemed her skill at the loom as her noblest accomplishment, and ancient story attributes the passion of the Tarquin for Lucretia to an inspiration given when she was surprised in this employment by the young Romans on the occasion of their night visit.

In the weaving process, the long threads are called warp, or twist; the cross-threads weft, woof, or filling. The warp is always attached to the loom, while the woof is contained in the shuttle.

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\* THE term *wife* comes from the same root with *web*, *weft*, *weave*, *woof*, and the German *weben*, *weber*, etc., and came to be applied to the married woman, because she did the weaving for the family.

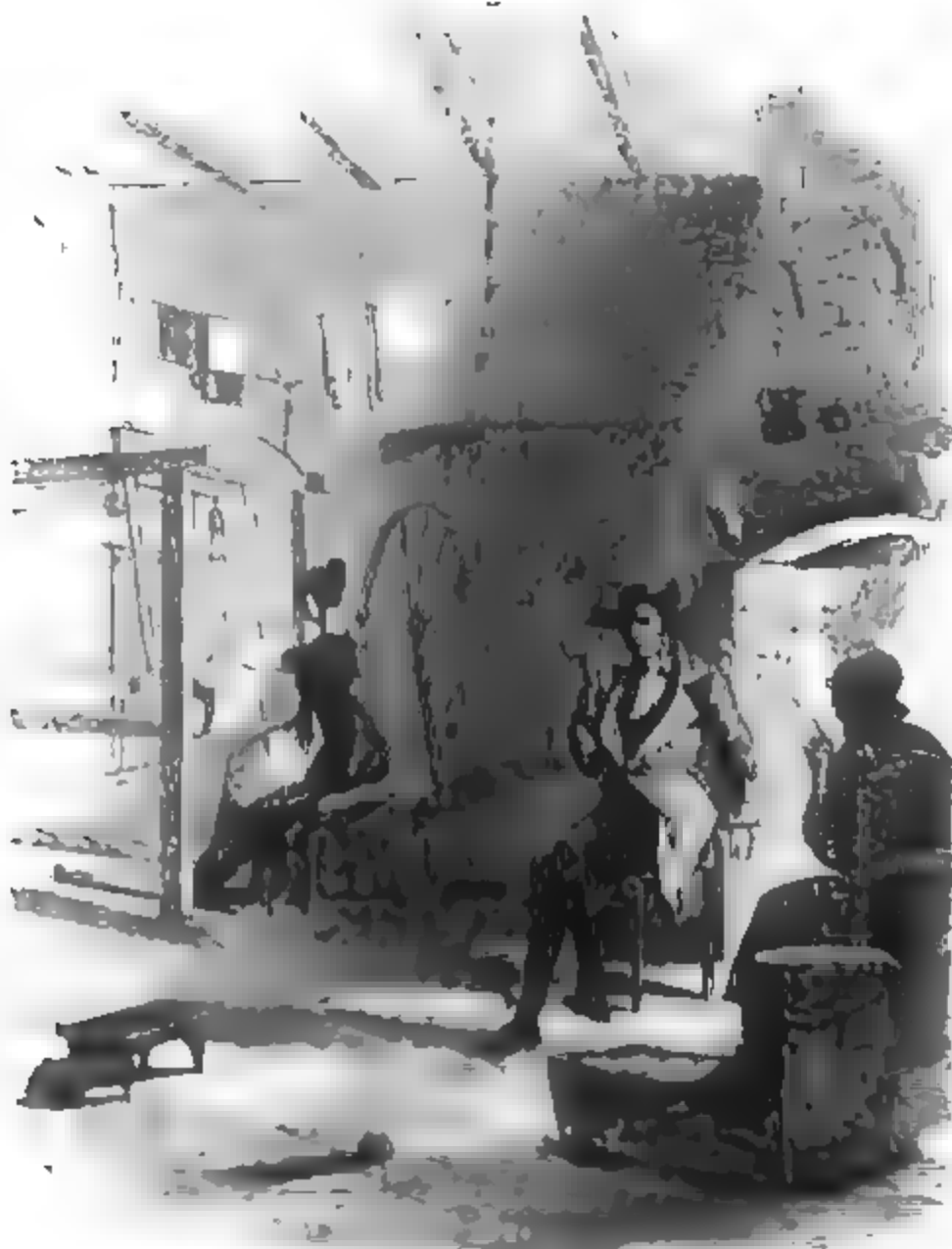
The first operation consists in laying the requisite number of threads together to form the width of the cloth. This is termed *warping*. Supposing there are to be one thousand threads in the width of a piece of cloth, the yarn as it is wound on the spools or bobbins, must be so unwound and laid out as to form one thousand lengths, which when placed parallel, constitute the warp of the intended



cloth. In India and China the old method is still pursued, of drawing out the warp from the bobbins in an open field ; but the occidental weavers employ a warping-frame, in which the threads are arranged by means of a frame revolving upon a vertical axis. When the warp is arranged around this machine, the warper takes it off, and winds it into a ball, preparatory to the process of beaming, or winding it on the beam or large roller of the loom. The threads, in this latter process, are wound evenly on the beam ; a ravel, comb, or separator being used to lay them parallel, and

to spread them out to about the intended width of the cloth. The threads of warp are then *drawn*, or attached individually to a stick, which is afterward fastened to another revolving beam of the loom. In this process, each thread is passed through a 'harness' fixed to two frames called *headles*, in such a manner, that all the alternate threads can be drawn up or down by one headle and the remainder by the other.

There is a seat for the weaver at the extreme end of the loom. The weaver being seated, places one foot upon a *treadle*, by which she depresses one of the headles above, thereby forming an opening in the warp, sufficient to admit the passage of the shuttle. This is hurled with force sufficient to carry it across the whole web, giving out a thread, which thus extends across, above and below, alternately, each thread of the web.



With the loom over was associated the family picture. The mother, and, in England, the father, of an evening sat weaving,



and the companion and the little ones would group around, performing their usual tasks, or at some childish pastime, till, as the evening waned away, one after another would drop away, till the 'old folks at home' were left to finish the scene by themselves. The loom in the corner was always regarded as a Lar of the household, and its dislodgment would have been considered equivalent to the dismemberment of the family.

But this ancient period has passed forever away; the loom and its family associations have fled before modern inventions. The inexorable Progress, creating social revolution, has wrested them all away, nor minded what men thought of its innovations.

Formerly the mother and daughters wrought the clothing for the family. Where ease and wealth gave opportunity, the business of sewing was carried to great perfection. Embroidery was the employment of ladies of gentle blood; and the Bayeux tapestry will long remind posterity of the skill of Queen Adeliza. But in humbler circles, simple needle-work was all that was cultivated. The manufacture of fabrics and the demands of fashion increasing, the tailor and milliner — so called because she wrought *Milan* goods — were introduced to aid the house-wife; and for years they were wont to 'whip the cat,' that is, go from house to house, to render their sewing where required. The cities, and eventually the villages, were exceptions to this rule; and shops were there early established for these branches of industry. Sewing thus became the avocation of a large class of operatives, most of them females. It is easier and cheaper to obtain female labor, and necessity teaches woman to endure privations and impositions at which

the other sex would revolt. It is seldom that a woman's wages more than supplies the commonest necessities of life — often not that. The 'Song of the Shirt,' which immortalized its author, is accordant strictly with fact. A certain class of dealers engaged in the clothing and millinery business, and perfectly unscrupulous, have contributed largely to increase the labor and to reduce the wages of sewing-women. Other dealers must sell as low as they, and of course



employ the same oppressive policy. The waste of health, of life, of happiness, of every thing precious to woman, is a sad picture to contemplate. It would require a Jeremiad scroll of indefinite length to depict properly and fully the painful diseases, the abridged life, ruined hopes, blasted prospects, and, worse than

all, the virtue sacrificed to enable poor sufferers to eke out their miserable existence. A laboring woman starves on virtue; a woman of pleasure grows rich and luxuriates in vice. We sometimes think of retribution, of an adjustment of the social scale, and tremble to think what may be impending. If women have the power to combine and improve their social condition, we have no obstacles to interpose; we only bid them God-speed.

In reference to needle-work, a revolution has indeed already been inaugurated by the introduction of the sewing-machine. We are able to state definite achievements in this respect, and, to give point to our remarks, refer to the deservedly popular machine of Wheeler and Wilson, which we some time since characterized as 'an *American Institution*.'

It combines all the essential qualities of a good instrument, namely, elegance of model and finish; simplicity and thoroughness of construction, and consequent durability and freedom from derangement, and need of repairs; ease, quietness, and rapidity of operation; beauty of stitch alike upon both sides of the fabric sewed; strength and firmness of seam that will not rip nor ravel, and made with economy of thread; and applicability to a variety of purposes and materials.

The stitch made by this machine is illustrated by the following diagram:



It is formed with two threads, one above the fabric, and the other below it, interlocked in the centre. It presents the same appearance upon each side of the seam — a single line of thread extending from stitch to stitch. The machine is mounted upon a small work-table, and driven by sandal pedals, pulley, and band. The operator seats herself before it; with a gentle pressure of the feet upon the pedals, the machine is touched into motion, the work being placed upon the cloth-plate and beneath the needle. The pretty array of silvered arms and wheels perform their regular music, interweaving the threads smoothly with the surface into a beautiful seam, which glides through the fingers at the rate of a yard a minute, as if the operator had conjured some magical influence to aid in the delightful occupation. The fabric is moved forward by the machine, and the length of the



stitch regulated to suit the operator. One thousand stitches per minute are readily made.

Baby-dresses and web-like *mouchoirs* are beaded with pearly stitches; a shirt-bosom covered with tiny plaits, exquisitely stitched, is completed almost while a lady could sew a needleful of thread; three dresses, heavy or fine, are made in less time than is required to fit one; coats, vests, and the entire catalogue of the wardrobe, are gone through with rail-road celerity. In hemming, seaming, quilting, gathering, felling, and all sorts of fancy stitching, it rivals the daintiest work of the whitest fingers, and works with more beauty and thoroughness than the most careful housewife. It only requires a drop of oil now and then, and you have a ten-seamstress power in your parlor, eating nothing, asking no questions, and never singing the mournful 'Song of the Shirt.' It works equally well upon every variety of fabric — silk, linen, woolen, and cotton goods, from the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloths. The housekeeper, accustomed to make by hand but thirty or forty stitches per minute, is soon surprised at the facility with which she runs up seams, sews on facings, tucks, hems, plaits, gathers, quilts, stitches in cords, sews on bindings, etc., and wonders how she has endured the drudgery of hand-sewing. Her spring and fall sewing, which dragged through the entire year with little intermission, becomes the work of a few days with this machine. In many instances, we have heard of the stronger sex doing most of the family sewing — 'just for fun,' of course. The revolution promises to be as complete as the evil; and will extend to housewives as well as seamstresses.

Bayeux tapestries, Flemish fabrics, gauzes too, which reveal all that they seem to hide, and threads invisible to unaided eyes, will not be wrought by hand much longer. The sewing-machine and the factories, with their steel-fingers and brazen sinews, will, in some future time, wrest away these avocations, and invariably establish another order of things.

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J U N E .

L

MEN turn to angels when dead :  
 A thought grows into a song :  
 Every thing ripens with time,  
 Or I and my rhyme are wrong.

II.

The May-moon blossomed and grew,  
 And withered, the flower full-blown ;  
 But out of the ruined moon  
 The beautiful June has grown.

## T H E P O R T R A I T .

## I.

'T is very odd, and yet there is  
 A slight resemblance too ;  
 Although a stranger well might ask  
 If this were meant for you.  
 There 's too much roundness to the cheek :  
 The lips are all too red :  
 And those are natural curls, my love,  
 That glorify the head.

## II.

The maid has such a conscious look  
 Of bashfulness and fun,  
 That one would guess her half-coquette  
 And half demurest nun ;  
 Or deem some merry devil lurked  
 Within those angel eyes,  
 To tempt deluded man astray  
 With hopes of Paradise.

## III.

And did you really, truly wear  
 That charming bodice-waist,  
 With its provoking open front,  
 So exquisitely laced ?  
 If low-necked dresses then were cut  
 So wonderfully low,  
 Pray tell me why it is that now  
 You never wear them so ?

## IV.

How could an artist ever gaze  
 Upon those glowing charms,  
 Nor throw his frenzied brush away,  
 To clasp them in his arms !  
 Yet he might paint you as you sit  
 Beside the cradle now,  
 Without a tremor of the hand,  
 Or flush upon his brow.

## V.

Well, never mind ; although the hair  
 That droops beneath the cap  
 Has lent its gold to that young rogue  
 Who slumbers on your lap ;  
 Yet when the baby 's grown a boy,  
 And wears a jaunty hat,  
 You then may say to him, that once  
 His mother looked like that.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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**THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge.**  
Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vols. I. and II. New-York:  
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY. 1858.

THE poet GRAY said that his idea of Paradise was to 'lie on a sofa and read eternal new romances.' The multitudinous works of fiction which have abounded since his time and superabounded for a few years past, show that the world has been somewhat inclined to accept his creed, and to introduce the millennium at once if new romances could do it. There is nothing on the face of the earth that has not been romanticized. We have had ideal novels, historical novels, speculative novels; novels illustrative of society, of high life, low life, real life, city life, village scenes; religious novels, metaphysical novels, sentimental novels, political novels, satirical novels, scientific novels; novels to teach manners, morals, sociology, geography, and navigation; novels of gray spirits, white spirits, blue spirits, devils, and fairies; novels of the old world and of the new, of the courts of AUGUSTUS, LOUIS XIV., and MONTEZUMA — of civilized and of barbarous states, of Biblical, mediæval, and contemporary events; novels to please, excite, instruct, mystify, and enrapture. Undoubtedly romance in prose and verse has constituted a full half of the reading of the present generation. Against this sort of literature we have nothing to say, and think it a question worthy of a philosopher to decide whether a romance or a cyclopedia will be the last and highest attainment of humanity. We think, however, that after having so long revelled in the carnival of the romantic, to live for a while severely upon a Lenten discipline of realities, to know nothing but facts, and facts certified, palpable, and stubborn, would be for the mental and moral advantage of all of us. It will be well to let the over-tasked fancy rest for a season, while we attend to the plainest reports of what this universe actually consists of, and what certain facts have been transacted on the earth. At least, let us know the facts, which like strong timbers, shall uphold the temples built by fancy.

We therefore congratulate the American people upon having within their reach so compact and substantial records of general knowledge as are contained in the two volumes already published of the '*New American Cyclopædia*,' and promised in the volumes yet to come. An old German peasant was accus-

tomed, after taking his pipe in the morning, to say to his son: 'JOHN, tell me a fact, that I may have something to think about.' The work before us is composed of plain statements of facts. It has been generally recommended by the press to men in business, in the trades, and in the professions. We commend it also, especially, to young men and women who have mastered most of the poems and novels, and are inclined to take romantic, heroic, and sentimental views of life. To pass from their favorite reading into these volumes will be a sort of baptism in cold water that will be greatly for their health. To those who are acquainted with the solar system chiefly as it is developed in the poems of Mr. WORDSWORTH, and in pastorals generally, the article on 'Astronomy' would furnish excellent reading. To those who know men chiefly as they appear in novels, drawing-rooms, Broadway, or even in civilized countries, the article on 'Anthropology,' showing as it does every sort of men in all the diversities and localities of the race, would prove as entertaining as it would be valuable. Those who have given black forests, Undines, and little diabolic masters a prominent place in their conceptions of Germany, would be disabused of their error by reading the article on 'Austria,' in which the statistics and history of a great empire are skilfully compressed. Those who are familiar only with the *outrées*, wayward, elfish, passionate girls that appear in romances, would do well to learn of some of the actual eccentricities of the sex by reading the articles on the 'Almeh' of Egypt, the 'Amazons' of antiquity and of South-America, and the 'Bayadeer' of India. The series of articles on 'Animal,' 'Animal Electricity,' 'Animal Heat,' 'Animal Magnetism,' 'Animal Matter,' 'Animal Mechanics,' 'Animal Spirits,' 'Animalcules,' 'Aquatic Animals,' and 'Amphibia' are both learned and popular, and give clear views both of the certainties and the mysteries of the most interesting of the three great natural kingdoms.

We have neither time nor space to examine particularly a work of this character and magnitude. It will pass into libraries, and be tried by time, by constant reference to its pages. At present we purpose only to refer a little more particularly to its treatment of American topics. It is nearly thirty years since the old *Encyclopædia Americana* appeared, and considering that that contained biographies only of the dead, while the '*New American Cyclopædia*' has notices also of eminent living persons, it makes a difference of more than half-a-century in their biographical departments. During the last thirty years our country has increased from a population of thirteen millions to thirty millions; has built all its rail-roads, and almost all its steam-boats; has invented the electric telegraph; received immense emigrations from the old world; gone through with one war; peopled California; begun to develop the resources of the Mississippi valley; advanced to the Pacific in Oregon; seen the close of its second generation of great statesmen in the death of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, and of its third, in the death of DANIEL WEBSTER and THOMAS H. BENTON. The city of Chicago, which the old *Encyclopædia* does not contain at all, and which the supplementary volume to it alludes to as having between four and five thousand inhabitants, had in 1857 a population of one hundred and thirty thousand; and this immense progress is but an eminent instance of the general advancement of our country.

The '*New American Cyclopædia*' is the summing up of the work of the



last thirty years. Fuller in every department and for every period than its predecessor, it has a net addition to it of the events of this period.

It is pleasant to notice the part which America plays in great general subjects. Thus in the article on 'Agricultural Schools,' there are four pages devoted to the institutions of this kind in Great Britain and on the Continent, and two pages to a particular account of those existing in the United States. The article on 'Almanac' is a story of the origin and present state of that species of literature, and informs us that 'the earliest intellectual productions of the European race on this continent were psalm-books and Almanacs.' It closes with an item for the philosophy of history: 'The trade of almanac-making, like that of the court journalist, the minstrel, and the bard, does not hold the place it did in the times of REGIOMONTANUS and PERBACH. What was once the daily companion and cherished luxury of kings and queens, court ladies and royal mistresses, has become popularized, and placed within the reach of the wives of country farmers and city mechanics. Fame can no longer be acquired in this way, but an amount of information, useful to the domestic sanctuary and the counting-house of the man of business, can be diffused by our contemporary compilers, which the learned doctor, who revelled in a court pension some centuries ago, could never have dreamed of.' In the botanical article on 'Anemone,' we are glad to observe that the writer delayed a little to describe the species *hepatica*, or wind-flower, which is one of our earliest spring flowers, often decking the forests and pastures in the vicinity of a lingering snow-bank. Probably there is no where else so satisfactory an account of the water-works of Philadelphia, New-York, and Boston — not to mention those of Jerusalem, ancient Rome, and Versailles — as in the article on 'Aqueduct.' The article on 'Angling' begins with ANTONY and CLEOPATRA on the Nile, and ends with a full account of the fish, fishing-streams, fishing-habits, and books on fishing, in America. The 'Argentine Confederation' is a chapter in the history of South-America, which will be new to most readers. The 'Atlantic Ocean,' and 'Artesian Wells,' are admirable both for facts and style, showing how much information may be pressed into a few pages; and the 'Arctic Discovery' and 'Aurora Borealis' are especially interesting, as they bring those subjects up to the date of the present year. The numerous shorter articles in the work have the merit of being full of matter. Thus 'Bachelors' contains an account of the way in which that portion of humanity has been regarded by the laws of different nations; the 'Banjo' is stated to be 'as much our national instrument as the bagpipe is with the Scotch, or the harp with the Welsh;' the territory 'Arizona,' or the 'Gadsden Purchase,' which is a subject of present political interest, is fully described; and there is a brief account of the 'Art-Unions' of the Continent, England and America.

Probably the most generally interesting, if not the best executed portion of the work, is the biographies. To graduate these in length in a way to please precisely the taste of every body, is of course out of the question. For instance, there are quite a number of Arabic heroes with names beginning with *Abd* and *Al*, in whom we cannot undertake to feel much interest, and do not see how they can well fall in the way of the studies of ordinary civilized Christians; but probably some of our neighbors, who have a more oriental turn of mind, would have felt aggrieved if they had been omitted. If a person finds

himself in the main satisfied in this respect, he should vote himself entirely satisfied, because his judgment will be invariably somewhat modified by his own pursuits. Among the longer American biographies in these two volumes are those of the three ADAMSES, JOHN, JOHN QUINCY, and SAMUEL, of WASHINGTON ALLSTON, AGASSIZ, and AUDUBON, of STEPHEN F. AUSTIN, the founder of the first American colony in Texas, of BENEDICT ARNOLD, and JOHN ANDRÉ, of P. T. BARNUM, GEORGE BANCROFT, N. P. BANKS, and JOSHUA BATES.

The articles are probably less unequal in respect of style than in any other English cyclopædia. This fact proves either unusual care in revision by the editors, or a strong *esprit de corps* in the writers, and in either case, is creditable to the two accomplished gentlemen who have undertaken and guide the work.

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OLD NEW-YORK, OR REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST SIXTY YEARS: being an Enlarged Edition of the Anniversary Discourse delivered before the New-York Historical Society, November 17, 1857. By JOHN W. FRANCIS, M.D., LL.D. New-York: CHARLES ROE, 697 Broadway.

THIS popular Discourse by Doctor FRANCIS on the New-York of earlier times, before the Historical Society, has recently been issued in an enlarged book form. The volume, uniting the charm of the author's brilliant style with the value of a historical record, has been so much praised, that an additional word of commendation seems superfluous. We have space only to quote a short sketch of ROBERT FULTON, and an incident connected with THOMAS PAINE:

'AMID a thousand individuals you might readily point out ROBERT FULTON. He was conspicuous for his gentlemanly bearing and freedom from embarrassment; for his extreme activity, his height, somewhat over six feet, his slender yet energetic form, and well-accommodated dress; for his full and curly dark brown hair, carelessly scattered over his forehead, and falling round about his neck. His complexion was fair; his forehead high; his eyes large, dark, and penetrating, and revolving in a capacious orbit of cavernous depth; his brow was thick, and evinced strength and determination; his nose was long and prominent; his mouth and lips were beautifully proportioned, giving the impress of eloquent utterance, equally as his eyes displayed, according to phrenology, a pictorial talent and the benevolent affections. In his sequestered moments, a ray of melancholy marked his demeanor; in the stirring affairs of active business, you might readily designate him indifferent to surrounding objects and persons, giving directions, and his own personal appliances to whatever he might be engaged in. Thus have I often observed him on the docks, reckless of temperature and inclement weather, in our early steam-boat days, anxious to secure practical issues from his mid-night reflections, or to add new improvements to works not yet completed. His floating dock cost him much personal labor of this sort. His hat might have fallen in the water, and his coat be lying on a pile of lumber, yet FULTON's devotion was not diverted. Trifles were not calculated to impede him, or damp his perseverance.

'There are those who have judged the sympathies of our nature by the grasp of the hand: this rule, applied to Mr. FULTON's salutation, only strengthened your confidence in the declarations he uttered. He was social; captivating to the young, in-

structive even to the wisest. He was linked in close association with the leading characters of our city; with EMMET, COLDEN, CLINTON, MITCHILL, HOSACK, MACNEVEN, and MORRIS. A daughter of his first-named friend, with artistic talents, has painted his interesting features and his *habitat*. After all, few eminent men recorded on the rolls of fame, encountered a life of severer trials and provoking annoyance. The incredulity which prevailed as to the success of his projects, as they were called, created doubts in the bosoms of some of his warmest friends, and the cry of 'Crazy FULTON,' issuing at times from the ignoble masses, I have heard reverberated from the lips of old heads, pretenders to science. Nor is this all. Even at the time when the auspicious moment had arrived, when his boat was now gliding on the waters, individuals were found still incredulous, who named his vast achievement the *Marine Smoke-Jack* and 'FULTON's Folly.' With philosophical composure he stood unruffled and endured all. He knew what WATT and every great inventor encountered. During his numerous years of unremitting toil, his genius had solved too many difficult problems not to have taught him the principles on which his success depended, and he was not to be dismayed by the yells of vulgar ignorance. Beside, he was working for a nation, not for himself, and the magnitude of the object absorbed all other thoughts.

'Mr. FULTON was emphatically a man of the people, ambitious indeed, but void of all sordid designs: he pursued ideas more than money. Science was more captivating to him than pecuniary gains, and the promotion of the arts, useful and refined, more absorbing than the accumulation of the miser's treasures.

'I shall never forget that night of February twenty-fourth, 1815, a frosty night indeed, on which he died. Doctor HOSACK, with whom I was associated in business, and who saw him in consultation with Doctor BRUCE, in the last hours of his illness, returning home at mid-night from his visit remarked: 'FULTON is dying: his severe cold amidst the ice, in crossing the river, has brought on an alarming inflammation and *glossitis*. He extended to me,' continued the Doctor, 'his generous hand, grasping mine closely; but he could no longer speak.' I had been with Mr. FULTON at his residence but a short time before, to arrange some papers relative to Chancellor LIVINGSTON and the floating-dock erected at Brooklyn. Business dispatched, he entered upon the character of WEST, the painter, the Columbiad of BARLOW, and the great pictures of LEAR and OPHELIA, which he had deposited in the American Academy. This interview of an hour with the illustrious man has often furnished grateful reflections.

'His pen was rarely idle for the first year or two after his return to America, nor were the deplorable habits which marked his closing years so firmly fixed. Like the opium-eater, inspired by his narcotic, PAINE, when he took pen in hand, demanded the brandy-bottle, and the rapidity of his composition seemed almost an inspiration. During the first few years after his return, he was often joined in his walks about town by some of our most enlightened citizens in social conversation, and his countenance bore the intellectual traces of ROMNEY's painting. He now too received occasional invitations to dine with the choicer spirits of the democracy; and none could surpass him in the social circle, from the abundance of his varied knowledge and his vivid imagination. The learned and bulky Doctor NICHOLAS ROMAYNE had solicited his company at a dinner, to which also he invited PINTARD, and other intelligent citizens, who had known PAINE in revolutionary days. PINTARD chose this occasion to express to PAINE his opinion of his infidel writings.

' 'I have read and re-read,' said PINTARD, 'your 'Age of Reason,' and any doubts which I before entertained of the truth of revelation, have been removed by your logic. Yes, Sir, your very arguments against Christianity have convinced me of its truth.'

' 'Well, then,' answered PAINE, with a sarcastic glance, 'I may retire to my couch to-night with the consolation that I have made at least *one* Christian.'

ORATION OF DONALD G. MITCHELL BEFORE THE ALPHA DELTA PHI SOCIETY, TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY. CHARLES SCRIBNER, 377 and 379 Broadway. 1858.

MR. MITCHELL is too well known to the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, to require any introductory note to the few lines we are able to quote from his Oration. Those who have enjoyed (and who has not?) the 'Reveries,' and the humor of the 'FUDGE Papers,' may be pleased to hear Mr. MITCHELL on a graver subject. Here are some good ideas upon associative action:

'A FEW congenial spirits come together; a moderator is appointed; they discuss their needs; they establish a constitution to meet those needs; they club their funds; secretaries correspond; chapters are formed; conventions are called: we respect the authority and obey the summons; all the more readily, because it is so true an expression of the national tendency. We love associative action; it is the primordial law of our development; we crystallize normally in that shape. The laminæ overlay us every where. You cannot go so far away but you shall be enrolled in some Society—for printing campaign documents—for horticulture—for repairing churches—for building rail-ways. It is the source of our executive energy. It makes the grand lifts along our republican level: isolated, we are but pebbles on the shore; but band us together by affinities we love and cherish, and there is a great sea-wall, over which the waters cannot come.'

'It involves a certain degree of hardihood to advocate, now-a-days, the refinements of letters; the practical so overshadows and awes us. You and I value things very much for their palpable and manifest profit; not considering enough, perhaps, what other, remoter, and larger profit may grow out of those meditations or studies, whose germinating power is slower, more delicate, and less easily traceable.

'Even in Science, we rank abstract and elemental ideas below positive and practical development. The man who maps the tides or the winds so as to shorten voyages this year or next, is more estimated than the individual who spends years in determining the position of certain new stars, in establishing the niceties of longitudinal difference, or discovering some new metallic base of an old earthy matter. And yet it is possible that the star-finder may be opening an investigation which shall simplify the whole subject of navigation; or the delver in the earth—whose product is now only a new chemical fact to announce—may live to see that particular fact revolutionize a whole branch of industry. The truth that simmered for fifty years under the Voltaic pile, in all that time serving only to give a shock to nervous people, or to fuse a bit of metal, blazed out at last: and now, it plays upon an iron web from city to city, over the world; frail as the gossamer things we see on a summer's morning, pendent from grass-tip to grass-tip, swaying in every breath of air—and yet, the bridges of thousands of airy messengers, who carry their errands, and die.'

The following is in Mr. MITCHELL's best vein:

'TWENTY-FIVE years ago, and poor Sir WALTER SCOTT was touching with his palsied but beloved hand the last gleams of that feudal splendor that shone from the corselet of Count ROBERT of Paris. SHARON TURNER had, at about the same time, closed the old series of English Histories with his cumbrous quartos, which I believe every body speaks well of, and nobody reads. Since that date, I think you can rarely fail to have observed a more intimate alliance of all literary endeavor—growing every hour closer and closer—with the wants of our every-day life, and its thorough incorporation with live things. The scholar, the romancist, the scientific man, are no longer a company apart. Their aims and records are of what we know and feel, and live by; or they are shelved as curious specimens of vain work—Chinese carving, showing infinite detail of labor perhaps, but wanting the perspective and foreshortening which make them true, and which body forth life. Mere metaphysics is dead. Chivalric tales, with however much of rhetorical spice in them, do not flame in our hearts, and kindle love there, and joy and wonder. Science must buckle itself to cloth-weaving or printing, or its story does not reach. Searchers after lost asteroids give way to the man, who, with his magnetic battery, touches our fire-bells with curious, invisible stroke.'

**PROFESSOR GRAY'S TEXT-BOOKS IN BOTANY.** 1. *How Plants Grow: Botany for Young People.* Illustrated with five hundred wood-cuts. Seventy-five cents. 2. *Lessons in Botany and Vegetable Physiology.* Three hundred and sixty-two cuts. One dollar. 3. *Manual of Botany: a Flora of the Northern States for Classification and Analysis.* One dollar and fifty cents. 4. *Manual and Lessons in one volume.* Two dollars and twenty-five cents. 5. *Manual illustrated, including Mosses and Liverworts.* Two dollars and fifty cents. 6. *Structural and Systematic Botany.* With thirteen hundred wood-cuts. By ASA GRAY, M.D., FISHER Professor of Natural History in Harvard University. IVISON AND PHINNEY, 321 Broadway.

ALL lovers of Nature, not less than the special students of the 'Amiable Science,' (as Botany was affectionately styled by its great ornament and cultivator, LINNÆUS,) may be justly congratulated on the completion and publication of this full and admirable series of Text-Books. They are the first attempt in this country to digest for elementary instruction or popular use the results of the scientific research which has been of late years so zealously and successfully prosecuted in Vegetable Physiology by DE SAUSSURE, DARWIN, and others, and in Classification by DE CANDOLLE, HOOKER, LINDLEY, and others, which together have made of Botany quite another thing from the very pleasant but loose and unscientific study by which, from LINNÆUS down to Mrs. LINCOLN and Professor WOOD, the spare time of young ladies has been amused with the contemplation of flowers. Those who would pursue the study in its present enlarged aspect, can be commended to no works that so well unite great and accurate learning with that lucid simplicity of arrangement which results from a perfect mastery of the subject, and that grace and clearness of style which disclose the special tact and skill of the successful teacher. Indeed, we know of no scientific text-books of any kind, more finely realizing the ideal of a complete and satisfactory elementary work, than these 'Lessons,' and its abridgment and simplification for the young, the 'How Plants Grow.' The 'Manual' is a full Flora of all the Northern States east of the Mississippi, and including Virginia and Kentucky, and is beyond all comparison the most thorough, exact, and comprehensive work of the kind ever prepared; embracing not only descriptions of a greater number of plants, but furnishing an Analysis that is incomparably more precise, exhaustive, and reliable, than has been attained by any other botanist in this country. The illustrations themselves form a distinct and most valuable feature. They are not servile copies of European drawings, which have been made to do the service of scores of other books, but fresh, original delineations from Nature, executed with a skill and finish that have seldom been called to the service of Science. They are very numerous — amounting to some twenty-five hundred different cuts — and exhibit wonderful distinctness, accuracy, and beauty. For the purposes of illustration, they are even superior to the inspection of the actual plants. The several volumes are complete in themselves, and are so arranged as to consult the pupil's economy, by presenting in one book all that is needed at any particular stage of study: and when we add that they are beautifully printed and bound, we have included all the elements of attractive, scholarly, reliable, and practical text-books, such as no teacher can use without gratitude to the author, and a new affection for this charming and most useful science.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE FROM TWO DEAF AND DUMB GIRLS. — We have not unfrequently, in times past, found occasion, in noticing the annual reports of the *New-York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb*, under the capable supervision of the Messrs. PEET, and erewhile our old friend Mr. BARTLETT, to quote from the amusing letters of many of the inmates, usually embodied therein. The following communication, from our friend and correspondent, JACQUES MAURICE, (who was born and brought up with the immortal PEPPER,) contains other letters, which cannot fail greatly to interest our readers :

*'Baldwinsville, Onondaga County, May 18, 1858.*

‘DEAR CLARK : I am about to lay before you the papers I referred to in my last ; and I am sanguine you will, on perusal, justify the confidence of my tone in alluding to them. You will perceive that the subject-matter of my sketch is a series of letters ; the authors of them being two deaf and dumb children, now at the New-York Institution, founded for like unfortunate (perhaps fortunate) creatures, and which is, and has been many years, under the charge of HARVEY P. PEET, LL.D., and his son I. L. PEET, A.M. ; both thoroughly capable and efficient. They are the children of Judge STANSBURY, of this village, and nieces of Mrs. C. M. KIRKLAND, the authoress. They have been at the Institution only since November last ; and my object in sending you these letters is partly to show you the wonderful progress they have made there, in ideas and style, and partly to touch and amuse you by the various odd, striking, and affecting expressions in which they give vent to novel emotions. I assure you I give literal transcripts of the effusions, even to the minutest particular ; and that I can honestly disclaim any such vulgar notion as that of parading those sweet innocents before the world, as a BARNUM might, merely to make a laugh. I hope to make some, if not all, of those who may read this article, more glad and proud than ever of the New-York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb : one of the noblest and most beneficent foundations that was ever planned.

‘It is proper to remark that the girls have long been familiar with the signs by means of which the deaf and dumb communicate with each other ; and this will account for the correctness of their orthography at the very beginning ; as of course you know, they are obliged to spell every word, letter by letter. Their father has been very kind and assiduous in his instructions, and is so very fond



of them, that I am convinced, had it been possible, and he had done ten times as much for them, it would all have been a 'labor of love.' Upon my remarking, in his presence, upon the probable difficulty in establishing in their minds, as a preliminary, an adequate connection of words and ideas, he said I was correct; but that after the *very first* significant link had been formed, the rest was easy. Thus he was a little time in showing that C A T really meant the little animal they were accustomed to play with; but after that, they overwhelmed him with questions, until they knew the name of every object with which they were at all familiar. Soon after the accomplishing of that *first* difficult step, he came upon MARY, the younger, stretched on the floor, her left arm holding tightly the unwilling cat, and with her right hand repeatedly spelling C A T with ludicrous pains: after each enunciation, signifying to the animal, by motions, that *that* was its name!

'The effusions I append are mostly MARY's. She writes a round, bold, somewhat masculine 'hand,' every letter being carefully formed, and the completed epistle staring you in the face with a singular air of honesty and frankness. The lady mentioned by her given name, in the first, is their cousin, who was visiting them. For the elucidation of this comparatively crude production, I may remark, that almost every word contains an idea, and that a liberal sprinkling of full-stops must be mentally resorted to by the reader. Mrs. STANSBURY remarks (and the letters afford her an amusing illustration) that they have an affecting way of 'hinting around' when they want any thing, as they are too delicate-minded and modest to ask for it boldly:

'November 25th, 1857.

'MY DEAR FATHER: ADELE come going daguerreotype one father and mother. ANNA, JAMES, JOSEPH, ALICE, and mother and father writing letter come happy. Tomorrow, MARY is eat hen. Careless CAROLINE is broke one comb. Careful MARY is broke no comb. ADELE come going soon soon soap. MARY towel not soap. Mr. L. PEET Teaching some lady writing slates. Add. School love MARY. Miss MERWIN teaching, CAROLINE, and MARY.

MARY E. STANSBURY.'

'In the next the familiar employment of school-apothegms has a comic effect. The signs of advancement in mind and spirit are already apparent:

'Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, New-York, Dec. 8d, 1857.

'MY DEAR MOTHER: I am very well and happy. This build is very large. Miss MERWIN is my teacher. God gives food and clothes to us. We should thank Him. She has my teacher twenty-two girls. Peacock has no soul. There are three hundred Deaf and Dumb pupils. Baby has pretty blue eyes and brown hair. Mrs. I. L. PEET is little son. We Study often. We look through a window vessels sail. The peacock is Vain. There are sixteen teachers. There has a pretty little baby. Yesterday was the first day winter.

'I am your affectionate daughter,

'MARY E. STANSBURY.'

'In the following, written after a greater interval, the most satisfactory advancement will be perceived, Though child-like, it is coherent, if we except the truisms which (having, I suppose, struck her childish fancy) she has thrown in, with less than a critical regard for appositeness. Remembering her great deprivation, I think you will be touched at the passage I have underscored:

'Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, New-York, March 18th.

'MY DEAR FATHER: I have received another letter from mother. Mr. PEET has brought it to me. You are well. I play often in the yard. I have ruddy cheek. We

study and improve. I am very well and happy. Miss HUBBELL has caught a bird. She has opened a window. It has flown away. It will sit on a tree. Mrs. STONER's cat has four kittens. They will play with the girls. They will grow four cats. Their mother washes them with her tongue. Perhaps she will give to them some mice to eat. I grow fat. The sun is bright. The sky is blue. The ground is a little wet. I love God. I shall die. *I will hear the angels sing in heaven.* We often go into chapel. Mother has sent some cloth to me. I thank her. I often play with CORA WYNKOOP. You will come to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. I am very glad. I shall go home in four months. I wear spectacles on my nose. The frame is blue. Will you write to me?

‘ ‘I am your affectionate daughter,

‘ ‘MARY E. STANSBURY.’

‘I have two more letters, which, although they are comparatively long, I will venture to include. They are written by MARY and CAROLINE, on one sheet, and addressed to BRIDGET, a domestic. You may be assured the destitution MARY hints at was not of long continuance. Her lugging in a ‘large word’ several times is an amusing feature of her effusion. CARRIE's letter affords quite a contrast to her sister's, being written in delicate characters, and evincing much care in punctuation and other *minutiæ*. It is in accordance with her manners, which are timid and retiring, and with her personal appearance, which is always very neat and tidy:

‘ ‘*Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, New-York, April 7th, 1858.*

‘ ‘MY DEAR BRIDGET: MISS HUBBELL caught a bird. She opened a window. It flew away. It will sit on a tree. Some girls throw a ball over a house.’ Some girls often play graces with other girls. CORA WYNKOOP often plays with me. All the girls will wear a white dress: (alluding to a contemplated exhibition of the children in the Academy of Music.) We must not be vain. God does not love vain People. We put our books in the desks. Some girls often sew coats, vests, and pantaloons. God makes the sun and the rain. The grass will soon be green. The flowers will soon grow. I have some collars. Mr. WEEKS often goes to the city. He buys every thing. He came here last Saturday. All girls wish some money. I have no money. You have money enough. My hair will soon be long. I have broken an old comb. I have black eyes. FANNY SMITH often monitress all careless girls. Some girls often sew white dress. We study and improve. Several boys sometimes stand on the roof. Are you well? Are you all well? I write in a copy-book every day. Mr. PEET has registers. Some lazy girls do not sew a white dress. Help some girls enthusiastic sew all white dress. EMMA CLUDINS often say half hear and speak. Mr. MORRIS often goes home. Mr. PEET will bring three large slates. The wind blows some trees. Mr. ANGUS often talks with CORA WYNKOOP. You must all be enthusiastic. You will write send to me.

‘ ‘I am your affectionate friend,

‘ ‘MARY E. STANSBURY.’

‘ ‘MY DEAR BRIDGET: Some time ago I received a letter from you. It is raining a little to-day. I often dance other with girls. Do you make good cook? You are well. I am very well. I wish see you. Mr. PEET explains to pupils deaf and dumb every day. Do you farmer clean in the garden and potatoes and pears and corn? Do you works rake from dead grass and flowers? We often see Mr. PEET's little son. He has blue eyes and brown hair. Dr. PEET went to Albany last week. Perhaps he will come back to-morrow. The grass will soon be green. The flowers will soon grow. Some pupils deaf and dumb into Institution seven years. I often see some crows. I often see steam-boats on the river. I often broom sweep from floor.

‘ ‘I am your affectionate friend,

‘ ‘CAROLINE H. STANSBURY.’

‘Imagine ‘BRIDGET’ perusing those letters! Her impatience to answer the abrupt question, ‘Do you make good cook?’ on the spot; her gratification at the frank announcement, ‘I wish see you;’ her consternation at the quaintly-mysterious inquiry, ‘Do you farmer clean in the garden,’ etc.; her resolution to gratify her young friends in the matter of ‘enthusiasm,’ and her queer feelings at a number more places.

‘But I weary you. Perhaps my taste and judgment will be impeached for having betrayed me into an idle and uninteresting narrative. I think not: at least, I hope not. If *your* sympathies have not been enlisted, I will confess I do not know you. If they have, you will thank me for my trouble, and that will be reward enough. And so, good-by.

‘Your attached friend,

‘JACQUES MAURICE.’

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LATE WORDS TOUCHING THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION. — It was our good fortune to visit the *Exhibition of the National Academy of Design*, for the present season, *once*. Let us at least be thankful for *that* privilege; for it has been several years since we have seen a better collection of pictures, in the various divisions of the colorist’s art, than adorned the walls of the Academy this year. All the old favorites of this Art-‘Institution’ were represented this year, including Mr. INGHAM, whose exquisitely-colored and finished portraits have been strangers to the walls of the Academy for a long time. DURAND, KENSETT, CHURCH, GIGNOUX, *et al.*, have seldom been better represented: and this was true, not only of these distinguished artists, but of others in their line, whose productions are fulfilling the promise of their early beginnings. In portraiture, we saw much to admire, and a marked improvement, as we thought, upon many former exhibitions. ELLIOTT, HICKS, (whose *face* of HALLECK is most true in color, drawing, and expression,) INGHAM, BAKER, STEARNS, and several of their younger and less distinguished ‘contemporaries,’ are honorably represented. Our examination of the collection, however, was too cursory to admit of a notice of the pictures in detail, even were it desirable, so long after the close of the exhibition. We give place to ‘*Some Things made a Note of in the National Academy*,’ from the pen of an old friend and capable art-critic, who sauntered through the exhibition in company with a mutual friend and lover of the ‘serene and silent art’ of our pictorial friends:

‘In company with a friend, whom you very well know, I strolled through the pleasant exhibition-rooms of the ‘NATIONAL ACADEMY.’ Being short of time that day, it was only a bird’s-eye view which we had of most of the ‘attractions’ which lined the walls. At our friend’s suggestion, we made directly for a certain picture, in the Sixth Room, the title whereof had struck our chance-look at the Catalogue: ‘ELLIOTT and his FRIENDS’: No. 608. It is a very spirited picture, and remarkably well done as to the likenesses. It is just the picture we should like to have in *our* ‘Sanctum,’ placing before us, as it does, three individuals, remarkable each in his particular sphere: and here they are, all shown to be

united in that one 'gentle art' which old IZAAK WALTON has so quaintly eulogized. They are evidently enthusiastic devotees of angling — the ARTIST and the EDITOR more especially — as their bold and characteristic attitudes sufficiently indicate. It was a very difficult undertaking to paint three men in the position and with the 'surroundings' which Mr. STEARNS has chosen for his favorite trio: but we are glad to see that he has succeeded so well. That two of the portraits, ELLIOTT and your veritable self, friend KNICKERBOCKER, are excellent entirely, we can unhesitatingly testify. We made critical comparison, and agreed that it was 'all right,' barring your white hat and leather sporting-coat. A few days after, we chanced upon the well-bearded ELLIOTT in the same room, and found that *he*, too, was equally well taken. We may naturally infer, therefore, that the other subject (Mr. FREDERICK COZZENS) is likewise 'all right,' although we are not personally familiar with his lineaments. That STEARNS *can* paint a good likeness, we may confidently declare, judging from this picture only: but there is another, (No. 630,) 'Portrait of a Lady,' which extorts the same praise.

'A subsequent visit to the Exhibition, somewhat more leisurely and critically made, confirms our first impression, that it is the best display the ACADEMY has offered for many years. There are no very conspicuous and startling instances of successful ambition, it may be, unless we except HEALY's full-lengths; but there is a large number of meritorious productions, and a general *evenness of excellence* throughout, which is exceedingly satisfactory. This is assuredly consoling, and goes far to persuade us that the profession is making rapid and healthy progress toward perfection. In a cursory notice like this, we cannot, of course, pay our respects to more than a small portion of works deserving commendation or criticism. As nearly all the articles we have seen about the Exhibition have commented chiefly upon the landscape and fancy-department of Art, we have thought best to say a little more about Portraits, (of which it may be somewhat unfashionable to take much notice,) not a few being specimens worthy of special attention.

'Among the *Portraitors*, if you will allow the word, we should undoubtedly place ELLIOTT at the head of the first rank. The specimens he has given us this year are admirable — full of truth and full of life. His flesh is *real* flesh; his 'expressions' natural, and such as we ordinarily find in the subjects. He requires no farther eulogium than this: his portraits all 'speak for themselves.' Close along after ELLIOTT, follow HICKS and CARPENTER — the latter quite a young man, but full of industry and modest ambition. You have already predicted his success, did he but 'fulfil the promise of his spring.' The former, we think, is extremely happy in landscape, whenever he chooses to try his hand that way, as witness his strikingly-truthful little picture, (No. 13,) called, 'West-Canada Creek, Trenton Falls.' How perfect those rocks — how natural that foliage! But it is in the accessories of his portraits that HICKS is very happy, even more so, perhaps, than in the likeness itself, though that is good. He *places* his subjects well, not making a blank, dark surface all around them, but something cheerful and graceful. This is pleasingly illustrated in the interesting picture, (No. 577,) 'The Portfolio,' being the portrait of a lady, of Staten-Island. His pictures, of which there are some half-dozen or more, are nearly all small this year. His fine likeness of the poet HALLECK graces the first gallery.

'CARPENTER's heads are remarkably fine. He rarely, if ever, fails of a speaking likeness. His style is slightly more severe than ELLIOTT's. He follows ELLIOTT closely in all the points of a successful and pleasing portrait. Witness his

half-length of 'A Lady,' (No. 75.) It is an expressive countenance, with *real* eyes and *real* complexion. The lady was fortunate in her choice of this artist, if she wishes to see how she looks, better than when she sees herself 'in a glass darkly.' Witness also his large portrait of the Rev. Dr. SORRS, which is most faithfully exact and perfectly finished. In the smallest details, you will find this artist never astray; and this it is which makes his pictures so satisfactory, and always valuable. His coloring is the exact counter-part of what is found in the faces themselves. So truthful and pleasing an artist as this, deserves all possible encouragement, and we are glad to hear that he is encouraged, and that the many valuable orders which he is receiving, leave him little or no time to spare. Considering how young a man Mr. CARPENTER is — in the middle of 'the twenties,' we believe — it is quite remarkable how many distinguished men he has 'executed'!

'Mr. ROSSITER has several pleasing compositions on the walls. Of No. 432, 'The Nubie,' we have the testimony of a charming young lady, whose exclamation we heard: 'Is n't it sweet?' His 'First Lesson' is a very pretty work. So is 'The Old Porch.' But of all the specimens he has set before us in this Exhibition, a little Scripture piece gave us most gratification, representing our SAVIOUR, and the 'Woman taken in Adultery': 'Let him that is without sin among you, first cast a stone at her,' the MASTER said to the hypocritical Pharisees; and most expressively has the artist represented these self-convicted ones going out from the pure presence of JESUS, leaving HIM standing alone before the humbled woman. There is a world of meaning portrayed in the face of the erring woman. Full of shame, of sorrow, and of penitence it may be, she seems not to dare lift her eyes to look upon the wonderful BEING before her, but stands abashed and amazed by the mild, forgiving sentence which falls from HIS lips: 'Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more.' This little piece, which, perhaps, does not attract much attention now, would be an excellent study for a large and noble picture. We think the color of the hair of the principal figure, although it may be traditional, is a little too golden.

'It is in our heart to make particular mention of other works, which elicited our admiration and excited our cupidity. But if your patience is not already exhausted, we fear your space would fail us, to tell of the many excellent things which adorn the galleries of this Exhibition; such as the exquisite land-and-water-scapes of KENSETT, (for the chief feature of all this splendid artist's pieces, this year, is the *wet* part;) of the truthful and vigorous *marines* of DIX, a new and most promising artist in this department; of the admirable little sketches of rural scenery by the two HARTS; of BAKER, and HUNTINGTON, and GIFFORD; of INNES, whose little pieces are largely appreciated; of CROPSEY, CASILEAR, and CALIX; of EHNINGER and NICHOLS, the latter of whom has done himself more credit this year than he did the last: all these, with some others, we must pass by for the present, with the heartiest congratulations for what they *have* done; and may God speed them all in their continued illustrations of their captivating and refining ART!

'Your old Friend and Brother,

'Δ Φ.'

TOUCHING Mr. STEARNS' large picture, alluded to in the foregoing: we wish our friend and correspondent could see the beautiful scene of which it is an exceedingly faithful counterpart. The fishermen, ELLIOTT, Mr. SPARROWGRASS, and 'Old KNICK,' are angling for trout at the foot of 'LYON'S Falls,' just below the junction of 'Moose' and 'Black' rivers — a grand and beautiful

scene. We can see the rush of the tumbling flood, the uprising, rolling masses of steam-like spray, and hear the continuous roar of the tumultuous waters, at this moment. STEARNS himself should have been in the picture. JOHN LANE, of 'BROWN's Tract,' says he is 'a first-rate fisherman;' that he can 'throw a fly equal to the best man that he ever saw *try* to do it:' and when JOHN LANE, who can't be beaten in anglecraft, says that a man is a 'fisherman,' set him down at once to be 'a fisherman as is a FISHERMAN!'

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'A LETTER TO THE LADIES. — From a new correspondent, we receive the subjoined '*Letter to the Ladies.*' It contains much good advice, kindly and courteously proffered, to which, it strikes us, our fair readers would do well to give due heed. Doubtless some of them may be sufficiently 'self-contained' and self-sustained, to desire, that among the various societies for the 'crushing out' of vice, there might be one for the suppression of *ad-vice*: but first, let all such attentively read and thoughtfully devour the subjoined epistle: and having digested it well, we may safely leave the verdict with our friends of 'the second sex:'

'MY DEAR SISTERS: An old proverb says, 'We should receive the truth though the DEVIL tells it;' or, to apply the adage freely, we are so liable to place a false estimate upon ourselves, that we cannot afford to lose the candid criticism of any more impartial judge. So, were I the crustiest old bachelor that ever avenged his misery by abusing you, yet from the captious tirade you might glean many hints too good to be lost. But the suggestions of this letter are made, because I love you too well to willingly see you in fault, and respect you too highly to use flattering words. No one more highly appreciates your true worth. I have often observed in you a generous self-sacrifice, and a hopefulness in love and toil, that have made you earth's ministering angels. And while your sex is taunted with weakness and folly, very many of those sisters who have made you blush, were only too pure and true-hearted to suspect the black villainy of another.

'This brings me to the criticism I wished to make: you are too credulous. You will pin your faith to the veriest shadow; and not all the world, not even your own bitter experience, can shake it. How often you grant a man his most preposterous assumptions! If he *says* he is wise or witty, you believe him, although his *fellows* say he is a blockhead. He lays his soft hand upon yours, and prates of uprightness and purity, and you smile upon him and trust him, although half the world knows that he is a worthless profligate. A gentleman said in my hearing the other day, 'You call that man a gentleman,' in speaking of your sex: 'How we do humbug them!'—and to his own disgrace, and to the injury of trusting woman, I know that he spoke the truth.

'A few months ago, the London journalists were laughing about the exploits of a worthless vagabond calling himself 'Count PUFFEMUPSKIHI,' or some such name. It appeared that he lived by making love to wealthy ladies, and then robbing and deserting them. 'When I get through with one, I take on another,' was his cool confession. He found women enough ready to swallow his story — 'a Polish noble in exile;' and so they pityingly received him to their



hearts and their purses. It seems incredible that a woman should believe all a stranger chooses to say of himself, and give him her faith and her honor upon the strength of his unattested declarations; yet cases of this kind are of constant occurrence. You remember the boast of AARON BURR, and you know, too, how true he made it. PARSON has told us the secret: he was an adept in flattery. 'He always flattered a woman in those things upon which he knew she valued herself;' and the pure and the good fell before him. 'You play the fool one hour, and *she* will ever after,' is more true than complimentary. Men think you *love* to be flattered, and your own conduct justifies the belief. You turn with a haughty, injured air from one who would defend you in all which you ought to value, as valiantly as ever knight of old, but who has too much straightforward honesty to pay you a single unmerited compliment, or to praise your foibles; you turn from such an one, to smile and blush at hollow, vapid adulation.

'Father and brother tell you, that that gentleman whose society pleases you so much, is not worthy of your confidence. He plays the 'injured innocence' dodge: your woman's sympathies are aroused: you declare the world merciless and misjudging. You fancy your insight, because more kind, is therefore more true: and your bosoms glow in generous vindication of unappreciated worth. And the wily words of one whom you have resolved to trust, out-weigh the warnings of friends, clear-judging, and interested only for your welfare. Ah! ladies, were there none but you to grant awards, I fear unpretending Merit would often go begging, while he who should blow the loudest trumpet would win the most applause.

'From EVE down to the latest case of scandal, women have allowed themselves to be duped, and still refuse to be taught by bitter and oft-repeated experience. ST. PAUL says expressly, that ADAM was not deceived; and probably it is no poetical fancy which supposes that he gallantly plunged over-board, resolved to share the fate of his dearer though weaker self.

'Now I would not have you suspicious and prudish: farthest possible from it. I would have you believe that the world is full of true-hearted and trustworthy men. But they are oftenest those who tell the rough, ragged truth in plain English; who detest the 'surface,' and quietly and unpretentiously weigh your true worth. If they find you empty, gilded toys, they will scorn you; but if they see in you unaffected delicacy, combined with artless candor, a pure, trustful *woman-heart*, they yield you a whole-souled reverence, which any woman might be proud to win.

'If you will be true to yourselves and to your own better instincts, true men will love you with a nobler love than such sham sentiment as would lead them to humor and pet you, while they neither trust nor respect you. Sisters, be worthy of it, and those whom for ages you have called 'lords,' will reverently look up to you as guiding-spirits, and will guard you to the death as a holy trust.

'Finally: in forming your estimate of a man, be assured that the candid opinion of one of his own sex is worth more than the judgment of two women. Men are often poor judges of women, but they know men better than you do.'

THERE is no truer friend to true women, than the frank, out-spoken writer of the foregoing 'scriblet.' Many an unfortunate *liason*, many an unhappy marriage, might have been averted, had his counsels been followed in the past, as we have some hope that they may be in the future. Certain we are, that they are tendered in good faith, and for a good purpose.



GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Up to 'this present writing,' the twenty-eighth day of May, the weather during the month has for the most part been sour, rainy, cold, and inclement, yet has the garden of 'Cedar Hill Cottage' been in active preparation. Thanks to Mr. ORANGE JUDD, editor of the '*American Agriculturist*,' (a journal of the first order of merit in its kind, printed in German as well as English, and which has a circulation of over thirty thousand copies,) we had been well supplied with the very best class of seeds, in all their varieties, which have 'well approved themselves,' as their bright and thrifty appearance above ground sufficiently evinces. Yesterday was a warmish day; and as we were 'puttering reöund' among the cauliflowers, cabbages, tomatoes, peas, and lettuce, they really seemed, through the medium of a momentary imagination, to be 'crowing over' each other for 'getting on,' despite the cold weather, and the inauspicious 'skiëy influences.' And in that connection, there came suddenly to mind certain '*Conversations on Vegetable Physiology*,' written some twenty-five years since by J. WHARTON GRIFFITH, Esq., a legal gentleman of distinction, and a man of much original and quaint humor, who could wield at times a pen from which dropped potent yet good-natured satire: a quality which he honestly inherited: as all our readers will admit, who can call to mind '*The Married Man's Eye*,' written by his mother for the KNICKERBOCKER many years ago, and copied all over the United States: an article which put into the hands of her sex as potent a weapon as the '*Caudle Papers*' placed in ours. Pun-disaffecters need not read the following. The writer was once a Philadelphian, and he caught the infection the natural way: moreover, having read the celebrated '*Conversations on Chemistry*,' he was anxious to emulate 'Mrs. B ——' and 'EMILY;' having the desire, we infer, that vegetables should have an opportunity of 'speaking for themselves' as well as animals: the chemical 'interlocutors' had spoken volumes in favor of this plan of diffusing knowledge, and he thought it not amiss to try his hand in another department:

'My eyes!' said the Potato to the Lemon, 'how bilious you look to-day! Your skin is as yellow as saffron. What can be the matter?'

'LEMON. Acidity of stomach — a family complaint of ours.

'POTATO. Why do n't you take advice?

'LEMON. Advice! You know my poor dear brother dropped off the other day; and without being allowed to rest on his mother earth, his body was snatched up by a member of the Bar, who, instead of acting legally, dissected him — absolutely cut him up. 'All for the public good,' said the rascal, as he squeezed out poor LEM's last gastric juices. Take advice, quotha! If he was not allowed to enter a plea in Bar, what may I expect from Doctors' Commons?

'POTATO. That's true. I only hope poor Lem, though he was in liquor at the time, had strength enough to give him a punch under the ribs: he was a run customer to the last, no doubt — but I must say I wish his skin had been fuller. Do you attend the meeting to-night?

'LEMON. I feel rather soured at present. I met Running-Vine just now with the invitations, and he hinted that there would be a squeeze, in which case I should decline, as they might press me to furnish drink for the company — in

fact, it is always so when they call any of my family to their aid. But now, to be serious, my sweet, sweet Potato, if you should go, let me advise you not to get yourself into hot water: you'll be dished to a certainty if you do. Onion, the strongest friend you have on earth, brought tears to my eyes by the bare recital of what would be the probable consequences of your attending it. In case of a row, you'll both have to strip — peel off. Now, under such circumstances, he'll certainly excite some sort of sympathy; whereas the removal of your russet coat might attract more admiration than pity: 'Lovely in death, would they say — *Pallida mors*,' etc. Indeed, for my own part, I think you do look better in white. Oh! another thing I would say: Keep out of Horse-Radish's company; he will be sure to get into a scrape, a greater one than he imagines, perhaps — and as for Onion, (do n't let this leak out,) I fear the rope will end him. I should not like to get into a stew with him — so, mum! Ah! here come Plum and Pear. How savage they look!

'PEAR. How are you, my dear Lemon? Do decide this question between Plum and me. On referring to JOHNSON, we find my numerical value estimated at two only, while the rascally Plum is set down for a hundred thousand. It's too absurd: there must be some mistake.

'PLUM. None at all. Please to recollect, Sir, that I weigh a stone more than you.

'PEAR. From that I must beg leave to secede.

'LEMON. Stop this fruitless wrangling, or I shall be tempted to skin you both, to get at the truth. I'm not in spirits. As for you, Mr. Plum, no more of your tart remarks; and Mr. Pear, if you wish to be preserved, the less jarring the better. Here comes our good friend Raspberry. How do you do, my fine fellow, and where have you been?

'RASPBERRY. In the most infernal jam you ever saw: 'pon honor, 't was insupportable. What's the news?

'LEMON. There is a report which Bush has raised, quite current here, that he served you up in sweet style last evening at tea-table, before a party of ladies; and the cream of the joke is, that you were considerably down in the mouth.

'RASPBERRY. Mere envy. You know he cultivates the affections of Miss Rose Geranium, (a sweet creature, by-the-by, and has grown very much lately;) but finding that she preferred me, he became saucy, which induced me to beat him into a jelly, and send him in that state to his friend Venison, who lives near Fulton Market.

'LEMON. (*Puts his hands on his hips, and guffaws.*) Bravo! What a funny limb of Satan you are. But Ras., have you seen old Gardener lately? He'll give you a deuced trimming when he meets you. He says you ought to have done sowing your wild-oats, and that, although it goes against his grain to complain of your treading on his corns, he can't stand it any longer, and must peach.

'RASPBERRY. Peach, will he? And are these to be the fruits of my bearing with him so long? He has been picking at me for some time; and yet it was but yesterday, the ungrateful old rake, that I got him out of a scrape with Mr. Horse-Radish, who, after seizing him by the nose, threw a musk-melon at his head, exclaiming with an equestrian laugh: 'That ought to make at least one mango.' And go he did, that's certain, all to squash.

'LEMON. A challenge will ensue, doubtless.

'RASPBERRY. By no means. No one knows better than Gardener that Horse-Radish shoots like the devil in the spring, and one fall he has already received

from him. It would be unreasonable to — But drop the subject, for here comes Mrs. Tree, who seems to wear a very cypressy look.

'MRS. TREE. Good morning, gentlemen. You have heard, no doubt, that I have lost those young limbs of mine. Well, perhaps it's for the best: offsprings are a great trouble and expense, and, to speak the truth, I should pine more at the loss of my trunk. Fine growing weather, this. Adieu!

'PEAR. Pine *more*! I should say she is one of the pine-knots. There is very little of the weeping-willow about her.

'LEMON. No, the stingy old creature! No doubt she'd have been cut down by the loss of her trunk — she'd have been chop-fallen then. Instead of pining, she talks sprucer than ever. I do n't believe she even went to the expense of having the poor little things inoculated; a very little matter would have given them succor. She said the other day she was trying bark on them. But I vow, here comes Aspen. Aspen, why so agitated? Is there any thing strange in the wind?

'ASPEN-TREE. I'm in such a flutter, that I can scarce tell you of our common danger. But in a word, whether it was on account of our extreme admiration for the Woods and the Forest, or that the Chestnuts and Oaks began to rail at him, and give offence, it has entered the head of Hickory — which is very high just now — to root me out, and remove my trembling deposits from the bank on which I was reared by the side of the Schuylkill. Supplication is useless. Old Hickory will not *bend*, though we tell him of our *breaking* — and I advise all of you, who, like me, have branches, to cut and run.

'LEMON. My skin stands a double chance to be saved — for if I cut, I shall surely run. But are you serious?

'ASPEN-TREE. Serious! I tell you the sooner you all cut stick, the better. Hickory runs wonderfully. I'm off.

'LEMON. Gentlemen, are you ready for the question? All in favor of taking our leaves, will please bow.

'[*They bow unanimously, and exeunt as fast as their limbs can carry them.*']'

'Tolerable,' and 'to be endured!' - - - THERE was a '*Suicide of an Unknown Man at Newark*' recorded in the journals recently, which seemed to us, in its circumstances, to possess more than common pathos. He obtained lodgings at the 'Columbia House,' for which he paid in advance. He had been rich, but was now poor, and sick with consumption. He left nothing by which he could be identified. He kept a sort of diary, the last record in which was the following:

'I die by my own hands. No one is to blame for my death. Disease and poverty have brought me to this act. Poverty, age, and misfortune have *forced* me to this. I would not live a beggar nor die a pauper. Give me a grave. God have mercy on my soul! I have never knowingly injured or wronged any one, yet I have suffered many wrongs. I die content and without fear. God is just and merciful. Could I make my own grave, I would not ask mankind for a grave. I have lived independent and wish to die so, but I cannot make my own grave. So I must become a beggar after death, and even beg my own grave. I do not wish my name to be known. Those who have an interest in my behalf know all, for I have informed them. Farewell to this world, with all its joys and sorrows! Here is my death-bed!'

There spoke a broken heart, 'awearry of the world.' While we condemn, let us pity the poor wayward wanderer. God only knows how much he had suffered in 'mind, body, and estate!' - - - Who is '*The Girl that*

*lives in Drew?* Where is Drew? Who is the enamored swain? Our far-western correspondent is courteous, and has laid us under obligations to him: but he should have been more explicit: and for that matter, so should the poet whose amatory effusion he sends us:

'Of all the girls, both great and small,  
And I have seen a few,  
By far the prettiest of them all  
Is the girl that lives in Drew.

'If I possessed great mines of wealth,  
Attractions not a few,  
I would give them all, except good health,  
For the girl that lives in Drew.

'Oh! did I dare to tell her name,  
It I would tell to you;  
But she is pretty — so she is,  
The girl that lives in Drew.

'Should I succeed in winning her,  
Which I expect to do,  
I will say softly: 'Now, my dear,  
You cannot live in Drew!''

Probability favors the conclusion that she did n't live *out* of Drew, for the poet's especial sake, at least. - - - To-day, as we write, beginneth the 'moneth June.' For a wonder,

'THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
Blue waves are dancing fast and bright'

on the bosom of the broad Hudson before us; but 'our heart is not here:' it is away with our brothers of the '*North Woods Walton Club*,' amidst the lakes and the mountain solitudes of that primitive region; as fresh now as when first they came from the hand of the ALMIGHTY. Almost a year ago we were there, with a pleasant party, which, with the scenes we saw, and the enjoyment we secured, can never be forgotten. How we went from JOHN M. LANE's hospitable though lone retreat; how we disported on the borders and the waters of the 'North' and 'South' lakes of the 'Tract' of BROWN; how we visited, and threw our lines into, the next larger of these mountain sheets of crystal; how we 'expanded' at the 'SHANTY,' under the supervision of the blackest-eyed and handsomest FALSTAFF that ever sported an authentic abdominal periphery; how we visited the State-Reservoirs for supplying (twenty-five miles off) the feeders of the Black River Canal: are not all these things written with a stylus in our memories? Yea, verily! But hear a brother-member of the 'WALTON,' who writes from his home in Old Kentucky, to our friend 'ADAM SYGHE,' express *our* emotions and those of two other members in our immediate vicinage, at not being able to join the choice spirits who are at this moment, no doubt, luxuriating upon the delicious 'SPECKLED' which they have wiled from the blue waters:

'MY DEAR SCHOLEFIELD: I am in receipt of the North Woods Walton Club's proceedings, through our friend GEORGE D. PRENTICE, for which I am much obliged to you. I feel at once all the Free Masonry of the angle. I sit at your festive board; I taste your palatable viands; I enjoy the wit, the laugh, the illumined faces; I forget the cares of business and of ambition, and like a colt with his bridle slipped, I take to the woods again.

'I pass along the deep wooded valleys, musical with the notes of the red-bird and the thrush; I climb the winding rocky paths of the mountain; I draw a deep breath of admiration, as the world-wide prospect of mountain, forest, and winding streams looms up before me; I pitch with you the tents upon some wood-fringed, pebble-shored lake; I hear trickling down the moss-covered rock the crystal rill, which to the thirsty angler is sweeter than all the wines of sunny France or classic Italy. Then comes the hurry in fixing up the established cosiness of the tent, or the wooden hut. Then, with gun in hand, with cap and pouch, and powder all examined, I look at the bearing of the sun, the water-courses and mountain ranges, and then, with wild expectation, I strike out into the untrodden retreats of the 'forest flocks.'

Or, with delicate rigging nicely arranged, with timely worm or alert minnow, I seat myself on some projecting rock, I draw the ruby-gemmed trout to my eager embrace! I return as twilight steals over the receding hills to the fire-lit camp. Then for the greedy inspection of the deer and the trout! Then for the grateful fry — the steaming camp-kettle — the aromatic coffee! Then we stretch ourselves, with unshod feet, upon the bough-feathered couch, and tell and hear the tangled yarns of each adventurer by 'sea and shore.' 'Yes, Sir! New-York is a good place to go for — fish-hooks!' But here is the manly spirit's play-ground! I remember at such a time, and in such a place, the memorable effusion of an old 'WALTON' comrade of mine. He was a clerk in a small town, yet a heart illy suited to such employ of a court, swelled in his bosom, and turned loose contemplations, as he held the glass whose glowing tints were reflected in jovial faces, and exclaimed: 'O boys! is n't this grand? This crystal water — this pure, untainted air — this untamed nature — this glorious liquor — and not a — rascal in an hundred miles of us!' These, Sir, are my sentiments.

'I wish I could be with you. I *am* with you. My heart is with you. No 'spirit's juggle,' no second sight, no witches' frolic, are needed here. All is distinct in the mind's eye: painted on memory's retina, the past, and the coming time:

'A LAST request permit me here,  
When yearly ye assemble a':  
One round, I ask it with a tear,  
To him who minds you far awa'.'

'May your shadows never be less; may your forests never fail, your lakes never grow dry, your deer never die out, your wives never grow old, your children never grow less; may your sweet-hearts grow more plenty; may you live a thousand years, and then may you be hung up for a relic.

'Your sincere brother of the gun and the angle,

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

'C. M. SCHOLEFIELD, *Corresponding Secretary of the North-Woods Walton Club.*'

When *next* the Club do go abroad in the woods, 'may we be there to see' and to *feel* with the members thereof, including our immediate *confrères* 'hereaway!' - - - '*A Collection of Familiar Quotations*' is the title of a Boston volume, which has just passed to a third edition. We have not seen the work — only a review of it; judging from which, we may assume it to be as useful as well as an entertaining book. In it, the term 'masterly inactivity' is taken from the late JOHN C. CALHOUN, and given to Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH: 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' which every body who did n't suppose it was in the BIBLE, credited to STERNE, was stolen by him from GEORGE HERBERT, who translated it from the French of HENRI ESTIENNE, who wrote, in 1594: 'God measures the wind to the shorn sheep.' 'The cup that cheers but not inebriates' was 'conveyed' by COWPER from Bishop BERKELEY in his '*Siris*.' WORDSWORTH'S 'The child is father of the man,' is traced from him to MILTON, and from MILTON to Sir THOMAS MORE. 'Like angel's visits, few and far between' is the offspring of an 'hook': it is *not* THOMAS CAMPBELL'S original thought. Old JOHN NORRIS (1658) used it, and after him ROBERT BLAIR, as late as 1746. 'There's a gude time coming' is SCOTT'S phrase in '*Rob Roy*'; and the 'Almighty Dollar' is WASHINGTON IRVING'S happy hit. These, with numerous other familiar quotations, are traced, link by link, to their original source, in the book to which we have referred. By-the-by, this work would supply a desideratum, we think, in Mr. SPARROWGRASS'S library. Once when he was sitting for a portraiture of his lineaments in Mr. ELLIOTT'S studio, he pumped us dry, in eliciting from us the names of the authors of some thirty or forty little literary tid-bits, which he quoted. At length he repeated a familiar distich: 'Who wrote *that*?' he asked. 'SHAKSPEARE,' we replied. 'No: you're out again. That is from PRIOR.' 'Very well,' said we, 'then of course he

has a prior claim to it: but you need n't use your literary forcing-pump any more: we do n't know any thing about any other quotations which you are going to mention.' This is our only pun. It was our first and our last. Oh! no: we *did* make *one* more! - - - 'HAVE we a 'PUNCH' among us?' We unhesitatingly reply that we have, or something often quite as good, in the *New-York Weekly Picayune*. Since 'DOESTICKS' entered upon the duties of editor of this lively and piquant journal, there have appeared in its columns, from his pen, articles which have been as witty and sparkling as any thing which has graced the pages of PUNCH during the same period. Such was his description of a visit to a cricket-match, and his satirical but truthful defence of little boys. Nor is it only fun or telling satire, which characterize the contents of *The Picayune*. Every now and then the reader of this amusing sheet will chance upon a bit of sound argument upon some prevalent public topic, and not unfrequently a touch of tender pathos, which shows that the editor possesses true feeling as well as humor. Take for example, the annexed passage from some desultory remarks upon '*Moving on May-Day*':

'THE first of May is a great day in New-York city; a rattling, clattering; crashing, smashing, hurrying, skurrying, tearing, swearing day. Ah! how many hearts and looking-glasses are broken in our big city on this day! How many cherished pieces of furniture are shivered in the rude embraces of Celtic exiles! How many Irishmen knock the skin off their knuckles, and present themselves to their employers, bleeding and perspiring spectacles, with bits of straw sticking in their dusty whiskers. How many FREDDIES and FANNIES stand howling through the long day in full rig, waiting to get into the new house and have something to eat. How many Hibernians zealously ruin how many clocks by packing small stray articles among the works. How many emigrants roll down stairs over hair-mattresses. How many wives wish there were no such thing as houses, and that we could all live as the cows do. How many mothers' hearts ache as they see their little stock of accumulated household treasures carted away after the auction-sale, rendered necessary by hard times, and CHARLEY's losses in business. Those treasures which have become sacred relics, volumes containing the history of the family. That wee crib, thrown carelessly in the cart, is the one on which little WILLIE died, and there, where the carman puts his heavy cow-hide boot, is the very spot grasped by his white hand, as he lisped those last words, recorded on the scrap of paper which envelopes a lock of light hair. 'Don't cry, Mamma, I'm goin' to be a velly good boy *now*.' That was the piano on which FANNY played so often before she married and died. That is the book-case in which GEORGE kept those precious volumes which helped to gain that flattering notice from the President of Harvard: he will be sorry it is gone when he comes back from California, poor fellow: however, he is a smart boy, and will make the family's fortune yet. Yes, yes: the first of May tears many an old garment into shreds.'

There is nothing mawkish or 'pumped-up' in this. It is natural sympathy, naturally and feelingly expressed. - - - A recent Memphis journal has the following:

'THE *Kate Frisbee* on her last trip had among her passengers a gentleman of Bolivar, who was going to see a friend of his, fifty miles up the river. His business was this: one day last week he saw a nondescript sort of article floating down the Mississippi near his plantation: it resembled a miniature NOAH's ark, with the hull knocked off. Curiosity led him to board it, when he was astonished to find himself in the store of a friend residing fifty miles up the river! The contents were not greatly injured. He tied the store to the shore, and started off to let his trading friend know where he might find his lost place of business.'

Our friend Captain HULSE, of the New-York and Erie Rail-road steam-boat



'ERIE,' was mentioning the foregoing circumstance the other night in the pilot-house of that spacious steamer, while himself, and 'ZACK STALL' and 'BILL WITHERWAX,' pilots, were peering through the dim night-haze for a Hudson river vessel, which at first they could n't well 'make out,' although it proved to be a 'wing-and-wing' craft, bound up the Tappaän-Zee. Now it came to pass, that while we were looking at this dubious stranger, BRAINARD's sublime and ludicrous lines, '*The Captain*,' came to mind, and ~~we~~ repeated it, with such roars of laughter at the end, as are seldom heard in a play-house. 'I wish,' said the CAPTAIN, 'that you would print that in the KNICKERBOCKER: *do*: there's not a coasting skipper in our waters, I'll be bound, but will want a copy of it.' We promised to do it; the more readily, that in quoting it from memory, a long time ago, we omitted three of the finest lines in the effusion: nor, if we remember rightly, did we premise that the basis of the lines was this simple paragraph in the ship-news of a Bridgeport (Conn.) journal: 'Arrived, schooner 'Fame,' from Charleston, *via* New-London. While at anchor in that harbor, during the rain-storm on Thursday evening last, the 'Fame' was run foul of by the wreck of the Methodist meeting-house from Norwich, which was carried away in the late freshet.' Now observe what the poet constructed out of such scanty *matériel*:

'SOLEMN he paced upon that schooner's deck,  
And muttered of his hardships: 'I have been  
Where the wild will of Mississippi's tide  
Has dashed me on the sawyer: I have sailed  
In the thick night, along the wave-washed edge  
Of ice, in acres, by the pitiless coast  
Of Labrador; and I have scraped my keel  
O'er coral rocks in Madagascar seas:  
And often in my cold and mid-night watch,  
Have heard the warning-voice of the lee shore  
Speaking in breakers! Ay, and I have seen  
The whale and sword-fish fight beneath my bows:  
And, when they made the deep boil like a pot,  
Have swung into its vortex: and I know  
To cord my vessel with a sailor's skill,  
And brave such dangers with a sailor's heart:  
But never yet upon the stormy wave,  
Or where the river mixes with the main,  
Or in the chafing anchorage of the bay,  
In all my rough experience of harm,  
Met I — a Methodist Meeting-house!

. . . . .  
'Cat-head, or beam, or davit has it none,  
Starboard nor larboard, gunwale, stem nor stern:  
It comes in such a 'questionable shape,'  
I cannot even *speak* it! Up jib, JOSEY,  
And make for Bridgeport! There, where Stratford-Point,  
Long-Beach, Fairweather Island, and the buoy,  
Are safe from such encounters, we'll *protest*!  
And Yankee legends long shall tell the tale,  
That once a Charleston schooner was beset,  
Riding at anchor, by — a Meeting-house.'

We scarcely know which most to admire in this, the grand sublimity of the descriptive portion, or the utter ridiculousness of the conclusion. There is another piece of BRAINARD's, less known, even to the general reader, which is quite in the same vein. Like the foregoing, it was suggested by a brief newspaper paragraph, to the following purport: 'Two large bags containing news-

papers, were stolen from the boot behind a mail-coach between New-Brunswick and Bridgetown, New-Jersey. The straps securing the bags in the boot were cut, and nothing else injured or removed therefrom. The letter mails are always carried in the front boot of the coach, under the driver's feet, and therefore cannot be so easily approached.' The lines were entitled '*The Robber*:'

'THE moon hangs lightly on yon western hill :  
And now it gives a parting look, like one  
Who sadly leaves the guilty. You and I  
Must watch, when all is dark, and steal along  
By these lone trees, and wait for plunder. Flush !  
I hear the coming of some luckless wheel,  
Bearing we know not what : perhaps the wealth  
Torn from the needy, to be hoarded up  
By those who only *count* it ; and perhaps  
The spendthrift's losses, or the gambler's gains,  
The thriving merchant's rich remittances,  
Or the small trifle some poor serving girl  
Sends to her poorer parents. But come on :  
Be cautious ! There — 't is done : and now away,  
With breath drawn in, and noiseless step, to seek  
The darkness that befits so dark a deed.  
Now strike your light. Ye powers that look upon us !  
What have we here ? 'Whigs,' 'Sentinels,' 'Gazettes,'  
'Heralds,' and 'Posts,' and 'Couriers ;' 'Mercuries,'  
'Recorders,' 'Advertisers,' and 'Intelligencers ;'  
'Advocates,' and 'Auroras.' There, what's that !  
That's — a 'Price Current.'

'I do venerate  
The man who rolls the smooth and silky sheet  
Upon the well-cut copper. I respect  
The worthier names of those who *sign* bank-bills :  
And, though no literary man, I love  
To read their short and pithy sentences.  
But I hate types, and printers, and the gang  
Of editors and scribblers. Their remarks,  
Essays, songs, paragraphs, and prophecies,  
I utterly detest. And *these*, particularly,  
Are just the meanest and most rascally,  
'Stale and unprofitable' publications  
I ever read in my life !'

We have a retrospective sympathy for that unfortunate 'operator' — more, a great deal, than we have for TUCKERMAN, the last-reported mail-robber, now expiating his deliberately-committed crime, by twenty-one years of painful servitude in the Connecticut state-prison. - - - SOMEBODY has taken a long leap forward, in the condition of our *now* 'Great Metropolis,' and given us the 'Bill of Fare' of a fashionable restaurant on Two Hundred and Second Avenue ! By the time New-York widens to that extent, it is barely possible that the science of cookery will have so far advanced, that the following delicacies may be made acceptable to the most fastidious *gourmet*. Among the '*Soups*' are included : 'Chipmunk,' 'Frog,' 'Pea-nut,' 'Corn-cob,' and 'Cockroach à la *Chinois*.' The '*Fish*' department will be enriched by 'Fillets of Mince,' with 'Clams ;' 'Lizards, with Jellies ;' 'Snails on the Half-shell ;' the '*Relievers*' by 'Kangaroo, with Parsnip Jelly ;' 'Mutton and Turnips,' and 'Hens, twenty-six years old ;' the '*Entrées*' by 'Boned Muskrat ;' 'Tenderloin of Jackass, larded ;' 'Lap-dog Chops, with Spinach ;' 'Woodchucks ;' 'Bears' Feet, with Truffles ;' 'White-mice, breaded ;' and 'Croquettes of Eagles' Feet, with Madeira Sauce,' etc. The *Roasts* are neither so rich nor various, although they

embrace rare dishes; as: 'Saddle of Beef;' 'Cows' Lights;' 'Plucked Sheep,' and 'Sows' Ears.' There is abundance of '*Game*' among which we find: 'Owls, larded;' 'Wolves,' 'Gray-headed Squirrels,' and 'Wild-cats.' The '*Vegetables and Desserts*' offer a 'rich treat:' such as 'Whale's Blubber Jelly;' 'Ice-cream, made last year;' 'Horse-chestnuts;' 'Swill-milk;' 'Crabs, frosted;' 'Pigs' Feet;' 'Speckled Apples;' and the like. '*Wines and Liquors*' close the bill: among which are enumerated: 'Clam-broth;' 'Root-beer;' 'Jersey Lightning;' 'Turnip Juice;' 'TWIGGS' Hair Restorative;' 'Yankee Champaigne;' 'Mother's Relief,' and so forth. Happy will be the man who shall be able to dine at this restaurant, in Avenue Two-hundred and Two! It must needs prove a feast 'to be remembered!' - - - If it were not such supreme folly, and such wretched bad taste, we could find it in our heart most heartily to laugh at the immense pains some of our would-be correspondents take to magnify the PRESIDENT's simple English. There lies before us a most labored article from one 'CLIO,' of a Southern State, in which the writer seems to have *striven* magniloquently to express thoughts which would have been entirely acceptable, if clothed in the terse and simple vernacular which best became them. It reminds us of an 'exercise' of 'OLLAPOD's, once published in the '*Philadelphia Daily Gazette*,' of which he was so many years the editor, wherein he transformed a few old maxims into the cumbrous grandiloquence of many scribblers of the time. We recall a few examples:

'*Do n't count your Chickens before they are Hatched:*' Enumerate not your adolescent pullets ere they cease to be oviform. '*Sauce for the Goose is Sauce for the Gander:*' The culinary adornments which suffice for the female of the race *Anser*, may be relished also with the masculine adult of the same species. '*Let Well-enough Alone:*' Suffer a healthy sufficiency to remain in solitude. '*Put a Beggar on Horse-back, and he will ride to the Devil:*' Establish a mendicant upon the uppermost section of a charger, and he will transport himself to APOLLYON. '*The least Said, the soonest Mended:*' The minimum of an offensive remark is cobbled with the greatest promptitude. '*'Tis an ill Wind that blows nobody Good:*' That gale is truly diseased which puffeth benefaction to nonentity. '*Looking two Ways for Sunday:*' Scrutinizing in duple directions for the Christian Sabbath. '*A Stitch in Time saves Nine:*' The first impression of a needle upon a rent obviateth a nine-fold introduction.'

There were many more of these un-simplified apothegms, but the foregoing are all that we can now remember. You may call a hat a 'swart sombrero,' or a 'glossy four-and-nine, to storm impermeable;' but after all, praps it's as well to call it a hat: it *is* a hat, 'SAWWAW-EDOWARD-A-LYTTON-A-BULLWIG!' So says THACKERAY's 'JEEMS' to BULWER: and he is right. But it made BULWER 'hopping mad,' notwithstanding. - - - RUSSELL, the world-known Crimean correspondent of the *London Times*, writing from India, gives a most spirited and graphic description of the storming, capture, and sacking of the stronghold of Lucknow. The plunder of the King's palace and harem by the soldiers, must have furnished a 'rich' scene. Diamonds and pearls of countless worth; gorgeous, costly India shawls; gold lace, mirrors, and precious ornaments, and jewelled arms; all fell a prey to the ravaging, destroying troops. There is one thing mentioned by the *Times* correspondent, which rather favorably impresses us toward some of the routed native nobility: there were found in the palace and adjoining localities, great numbers of gorgeously-ornamented *Kites*, which it is stated they were very fond of flying. Now here is an evi-

dence of civilization ; of a capacity and a taste for better things than massacring innocent women and children. How they could perform such cruel deeds, and then go forth to the innocent amusement of sending up a splendid kite into the blue Indian heavens, passes our comprehension. *Apropos* of KITES : the frame of our '*Leviathan*' must be reduced, before it can rise into the clear empyrean which overhangs and circles fair and verdant Rockland. It was constructed for us by a veritable BRUNEL among kite-architects ; but when we found that it would take a hard-twisted clothes-line of Russian-hemp to hold it, and that it would most likely take us up with it, reel and all, we were compelled to entertain a proposition for reducing it to less formidable dimensions. But even *then*, it will be the most elephantine bow-kite that has ever been seen in these latitudes. When a mighty wind shall serve, it will commence its aërial voyage from the top of 'Rockland Tower.' The invitations have been out for some time. - - - 'CHARLES MATHEWS the Younger' has been 'faulty,' and the newspapers have caused the public to be made aware of the fact : so has Mr. DAVENPORT. Comparisons, by no means 'odorous' to the son, have been drawn between him and his honored and honorable sire ; a man universally respected, and an actor without an equal in his extraordinary *role*. Who does not remember him, some twenty-four years ago, at the old PARK THEATRE, (treasured be its memory !) with his simple covered table before him, seated behind which he presented to crowded audiences a whole picture-gallery of unmistakable portraits, within the space of two hours ? At that time, our friend CHARLES STETSON, of the 'ASTOR,' then recently of the 'TREMONT,' Boston, where he knew MATHEWS 'from top to toe,' used to tell many amusing anecdotes of him, and among them the following : 'When I was about leaving Liverpool for America,' said MATHEWS to STETSON, one day at the 'Tremont,' 'I asked the Yankee captain, as we were lying in the stream, why we were not off. 'Waiting for the mail,' said he. 'When do you expect it ?' I asked. 'In about twenty minutes,' was the reply. It was two full hours before the mail came, but we at last started — and *only* started ; for in about 'twenty-minutes' there was another stop. 'What is *this* for ?' said I. 'Waiting for a pilot.' 'How long before he will be on board ?' 'In about twenty minutes,' said the skipper again : and so it was all the way over. A gale was never 'calculated' to last 'twenty minutes,' and that space of time was likewise the terminating duration of a calm : and if a man was black-and-blue with sea-sickness, he was consoled with the assurance that 'it *might* be all over in twenty minutes !' Soon after I had arrived, and taken lodgings in New-York, there comes me up one morning a waiter in hot haste, with : 'Mr. MATHEWS ! Mr. MATHEWS ! you can't stay here not no longer, Sà !' 'Why not, you villain ?' ' 'Cause you can't, Sà ? 'What 's the matter ? — what is the *reason* I can't ? ' 'Cause, Sà, Mr. W —, the 'keeper,' has bu'sted, Sà, and the sheriff has issued a *sashrarer*, and the red flag is out o' the window, Sà, a-fly-ing directly over your head, Sà ; and they 're gwyin' to sell out, Sà.' 'Well, when must I go ?' 'Why, Sà, I 'spect you'd better be gittin away in about twenty minutes !' 'And thus,' continued MATHEWS, in his amusingly fretful, querulous manner, 'has it been ever since I first set my foot in America. You'd hardly believe it, but I have just returned from calling to see an Old

Country friend, who was very kind to me on my former visit. 'Where is Mr. B ——?' said I to the Yankee servant. 'He is dead, Sir!' 'Dead? — *dead!* How long since did he die?' 'I should think about *twenty minutes!* — for he is hardly cold yet, Sir.' 'In short,' continued MATHEWS, 'there is nothing that cannot be, and is not done, in the United States in twenty minutes!' This may seem at first sight, to be exaggerated; but let any one take notice how often the term is used, in designating an 'unknown quantity' of time, and it will be considered a 'veritable verity.' - - - THE 'ear-marks' of our old and always welcome correspondent, 'JOHN HONEYWELL,' are visible in the lines, '*The Geologist to his Love,*' which we clip from the Hartford (Conn.) '*Daily Courant.*' PUNCH himself would have snapped up the piece, and not as an 'unconsidered trifle' either:

'BENEATH your gaze I do believe  
Basaltic boulders thrill,  
And that Mount TOM itself would throb  
Obedient to your will.  
So might your glances turn a brick  
To purple amethyst,  
And change to Passion's willing slave  
A cold geologist.

'The humid rays your eyes emit  
Would warm a stalagmite;  
And their ethereal hue outvies  
Prismatic Iolite.  
Then look with favor as I thus  
Impulsive break my mind,  
As I would break a block of flint,  
Mediæval life to find.

'I have no doubt that love can claim  
Volcanic origin,  
And that th' arterial fount is where  
Its subtle fires begin.  
Its calide permeates all my life,  
As lustre does the spar,  
And courses through my tingling veins  
Like fumes of cinnabar.

'Some busy gnome has been at work  
To rob my mind of peace,  
And changed my heart to pumice-stone,  
That was akin to gneiss.  
It seems to be as tender now  
As crumbling mica-slate,  
And its component parts are in  
A strange transition-state.

'Your charms are printed on my brain  
In carboniferous words,  
As plainly as on HADLEY rocks  
The tracks of ancient birds;  
And strata of new feelings, love,  
Crop out as strong and bold,  
As sand-stone from the hill-side crops  
Above the rocks of old.

'And through my daily life there runs  
The most delightful thoughts,  
As runs a thread of precious ore  
Through cold auriferous quartz:  
And as the secondary rocks  
The primal over-lap,  
So this alluvial sentiment  
Is quite distinct from trap!'

The piece concludes with a point-blank 'offer,' conveyed with such frankness, and involving such prospective promise, that one would think it could hardly fail to influence a 'heart of stone:'

'THEN prithee fix the happy time —  
The incandescent hour,  
When coral artists shall arise,  
To deck our bridal-bower:  
And if some tender aerolites  
Should answer HYMEN's knock,  
We'll classify the specimens,  
My love, as cradle rock!'

'HONEYWELL' is elsewhere represented in these pages, and with credit to the established reputation of his Muse. - - - ONE of the pleasantest anecdotes which 'JOHN WATERS' of the KNICKERBOCKER, (the late Mr. HENRY CARY,) used to relate of his 'UNCLE the PARSON' — not a few of whose 'sayings and doings,' as our readers have already seen, he has most graphically recorded — was the subjoined: The good 'PARSON' had been preaching, upon a certain Sunday morning, from a text including the parable of the two houses, one of which

stood upon a rock, and the other upon the sand; a parable which we may *reasonably* assume is not unknown to any reader of these pages. He warmed with the force and beauty of his theme, until in the ardor of his discourse he *carried away the wrong house!* 'The rains beat, the floods came, and the winds blew' upon the house *that stood upon the rock*, 'and it fell, and great was the fall thereof:' a mere accidental transposition, of course, and doubtless not noticed by one in fifty of his congregation. 'UNCLE,' said the narrator, as the two were walking home from church, 'did you not make a mistake in your sermon to-day? Did you not, in one instance, reverse the meaning of the beautiful parable which formed its subject? I looked to see you re-reverse it.' 'You are right, my son; I *did* make a mistake: I am glad you were so attentive and watchful as to remark it: I carried away the wrong house, but I did *not* make a mistake in not stopping to correct it. Suppose I had done so? *Both* houses would then have been gone, and not one would have been left to illustrate the parable. Few saw the error, I think: and this leads me to say, my son, that when you find you have made a mistake, *let somebody else discover it.*' Now this is a maxim worthy of heed. - - - 'W. F. T.,' of Baltimore, writes us: 'Your 'Legislative Anecdote' in the 'May KNICK.' brought to my mind a very amusing circumstance that occurred in our body of law-makers, which, if you think worth the printer's ink, you may 'throw in.' Mr. W——, the member from A. A. county, had discoursed for some time upon a very important question: toward the close of his remarks, he turned to his opponent, and with flaming eye, and in thundering tones, he said: 'And now, Sir, do you ask me, who is the guilty one? — where is the culprit? As CICERO said unto PLATO, *'Thou art the man!'*' The learned gentleman took his seat amid most enthusiastic applause.' - - - We made an instructive visit this morning, with our friend Mr. RICE, Superintendent of the New-York and Erie Rail-road Machine and Car-Works, at Piermont-on-'Udson. We went to examine Mr. HENRY WATERMAN'S *Measurer of Power and Distance upon Railways*. It is a wonderful 'operator,' for so small a concern: and like all really good inventions, is as uncomplicated and simple as it is invaluable. The '*United States Rail-road Journal*' thus hints the peculiarities of the machine:

'The instrument is compact in form, forms the coupling between the tender and cars, is not liable to get out of order, and registers automatically, with entire accuracy, the exact amount of power exerted by the locomotive at every instant, and sums up the whole amount exerted for the trip, as well as for any portion of it. It also gives the distance run. The value of such a *Measurer of Power* will be apparent to every person connected with a rail-road. It tests the merits of all improvements for reducing friction, and of the various plans for economizing in the use of fuel and oils. It shows the kind of engines and cars that oppose the least resistance from the friction of their various parts. It shows the tractive power of the various kinds of materials used for tires; the different degrees of resistance due to the curves and grade of a road; also that due to different velocities. It shows, beside, the exact state of the track, under all its conditions. Such an instrument of course, shows the degree of economy with which each train is run. The value of all experiments to reduce the cost of working a road have been comparatively valueless, for the want of some accurate measure of the results obtained. The true test of economy, for instance, is not the small amount of fuel consumed, but the product, in power, that results from its combustion. A small train may require great power to move it, from not being in good condition, or from the improper adjustment of its parts, or from the state of the road. On the other hand, a large train may be moved with comparative ease when every thing is in excellent order. All instruments heretofore constructed having a similar object in view, have failed, from the want of uniformity in their action, and from the impossibility of obtaining from them *means* or *averages* of the power exerted for any given distance. By Mr. WATERMAN'S contrivance the vibratory action of the springs is controlled, while the actual amount of power exerted at any given instant, and the whole amount exerted for the trip, is accurately and automatically recorded, with averages for the whole or for any portion of it.'



Put this improvement (it *has* been so put) upon the superb Erie Rail-road cars of Mr. McCALLUM's patent, with their delightful air-springs, perfect ventilation, and *total* absence of dust, and what more could one desire? Nothing, save that Mr. RICE or Mr. SMITH should see that it was 'all right' at starting. Then 'Go ahead!' - - - Who is the very modest and considerate correspondent in Dubuque, Iowa, who asks us some twenty questions 'for information,' and adds, that he should 'like to hear from us immediately'? Whoever he 'may be, or not,' he must have an exalted idea of the 'pumping' capacity of an editor of a Magazine. His inquiries are mainly polemical, or akin thereto: 'What is the difference of belief between a Deist and an Atheist?' 'What, in doctrine, is the distinction between 'Hard' and 'Soft-shell' Baptists?' and the like queries. The last is: 'What constitutes a *Materialist*?' We will try to answer *that* question, in the language of Baron VONDULLBRAINZ, who, when the fashionable furor for '*Germanics*' had filled London with Teutonic professors and pretenders, lectured before one of the 'learned societies' of the great metropolis. The Baron was a decided 'Materialist'; holding, as he did, that 'de s'ing zat was *made* was more superior zan de *maker*:' a proposition, in the enforcement of which he used the following irrefragable argument and illustration: 'I say once more again, zat ze s'ing as is made is more superior zan de maker: par examp.: I am de coachman zat make de w'eel of ze coach: now zat w'eel of ze coach, he woll a souzand mile, but I cannot woll one! Or I am ze w'at you call cooper. He make ze tub of wine: he hold five souzand gallon; but I cannot hold more as fives bottel! So you see zat ze s'ing as is *made*, is more superior zan ze *maker*!' Baron VONDULLBRAINZ *was* a '*Materialist*,' *was n't* he? The fact seems undeniable. - - - THERE are *some* things, if we *are* a 'harum-scarum race,' as an English weekly journal not long since termed us, that all true AMERICANS, howsoever 'speculative and fidgety' they may be, right well remember: the anniversaries of two memorable events, which, as we write, are close upon us — the BATTLE OF BUNKER-HILL, and the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE:

'THAT silent, moon-light march to Bunker-Hill,  
With spades and swords, bold hearts and ready hands,  
That Spartan step, without their flute — that still,  
Hushed, solemn music of the heart — commands  
More than the trumpet's echo: 't is the thrill  
That thoughts of well-loved homes, and streams, and lands,  
Awaken when men go into the fight,  
As did the Men of BUNKER-HILL that night.'

and as for the FOURTH OF JULY, it should be, and we hope is, the fervent aspiration of each American heart, that it may be celebrated in every passing year, with undiminished patriotism and increased jubilant honors: with roaring cannon, fire-works, and 'crackers.' - - - It is seldom that the Rev. Mr. CHAPIN speaks in public, upon any occasion, that he does not say something that '*bites*:' something, to use a familiar if not a coarse phrase, that 'sticks in the crop' of his audience. Thus in a temperance-lecture, delivered not long since in Philadelphia, he 'made *use*' (many speakers *employ* words, without *using* them) of the following illustration: 'The young 'blood' exclaims, while speaking of the attempts now making to suppress the abuse of alcoholic stimulants:

'Am I to be deprived of my liberty to imbibe what I *choose* to imbibe? Whose business is it? Liberty of action is guaranteed to me.' To which most effectively responds Mr. CHAPIN: '*Liberty?*' Liberty *for what?* To be *hung* up, like a dripping dish-cloth? — to be *stood* up, like a battered, rusty stove-pipe? — to be kicked about like a 'shocking bad hat' in the gutter? — is *this* the 'liberty' you desire?' What would 'statistics,' what would 'thrilling confessions' effect, in comparison with this simple but most forcible illustration? - - - THE '*Lines*' which ensue are addressed to 'Miss M. E. A.,' of Paducah, Kentucky, by 'A Friend at Canton,' in the same State. They are of 'a peculiar character,' and quite imaginative:

'WHEN the nightingale tells of the day's decline,  
When silver rays o'er my pathway bend,  
When horrid dreams absorb my mind,  
When broken-hearted lovers bring their days to an end,  
Then do I think of thee.

'When lovely VENUS o'er us look,  
When the King of Day is in his glory,  
When listening to some murmuring brook,  
When thinking o'er some warrior story,  
Then do I think of thee.

'When viewing the works of Art and Nature,  
When pursuing the cunning and artful fox,  
When travelling on the plains of the western verdure,  
When waiting for the pleasures of the vernal equinox,  
Then do I think of thee.

'When watching the manœuvres of SATURN's moon,  
When spying the fiery comets,  
When rocked by the billows of a southern monsoon,  
When prosecuted as a criminal by BLACKSTONE's Comments,  
Then will I think of thee.

'When red-hot comets upon us encroach,  
When lightning checks the ethereal blue,  
When the sea-bird tells of the storm's approach,  
When chased by the lion, the forest through,  
Then will I think of thee.

'When chased by that comet, the wide space o'er,  
When dodging that comet is our only redoubt,  
When, informed of that comet's continuing to soar,  
When I hear of that comet with its brains knocked out,  
Even then will I think of thee.'

Our correspondent says he can send us 'more of the same sort.' Oh! no — do n't! As Prince D'ARROIS, of the exiled family of France, said to PHILIP KEMBLE in Edinburgh, when asked to come the second time to see him play *FALSTAFF*: 'Ah! no, Mo'ssiu' KEMBLE: it was *very* fonny: I smile ver' moche: but *one such fun it was enoff!*' - - - We thank our Baltimore correspondent for his '*Novel Settlement of a Breach-of-Promise Case.*' It is something too long, and 'in spots' a little too legally technical for the general reader, we fear. One point in the report reminds us of a similar scene recorded by the lamented ROBERT C. SANDS. The man who was the plaintiff in the case was offered one hundred and fifty dollars to withdraw his suit. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'one hundred and fifty dollars for blighted hopes, crushed affections, ruined prospects, for myself and for our children! *Never!* Make

it a hundred and seventy-five, and it's a bargain!' - - - We are called upon to lament the sudden demise of Hon. WILLIAM ALEXANDER DUER, formerly President of Columbia College, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. Mr. DUER was a not infrequent contributor to the KNICKERBOCKER, nor were his articles ever unacceptable. He was a grand-son of Lord STERLING, and claimed the title. He was for several years a distinguished member of the Legislature of New-York, representing Dutchess County, and was a leader in the old Federal party. In 1818 he removed to Albany, where he was again elected to represent that County in the State Legislature. In 1823, he was appointed Circuit Judge for the circuit embracing Albany, Columbia, Rensselaer, and some other counties. After filling this office for several years, he removed to the city of New-York, and was appointed President of Columbia College. He was the author of a life of his ancestor, Lord STERLING, and of a work on constitutional jurisprudence. In person, he was a 'man of mark;' erect as a statue, graceful and distinguished in his mien, with an inherent dignity which was apparent to the most casual observer. - - - The warm thanks of our metropolitan public are due, and we are glad to hear have been substantially rendered, to FRANK LESLIE, for the exposure, in his popular journal, of the *Swill-Milk Abuses*, with which the city has so long been afflicted. He has awakened the municipal authorities to this great enormity, and is now favored with active coöperation. We now understand the reason of the preference expressed by a little girl from the country, who was visiting, with her mother, an aunt in the city. She was waiting impatiently one morning for her accustomed bowl of bread-and-milk; but her aunt told her that 'the milk-man had not yet come.' He came at last, however, and the little girl's want was supplied. 'Is it good, dear?—do you like it?' 'I do n't like *milk-man's milk* so well as I do *cow's milk*,' was the ingenuous and forcible reply. No wonder: doubtless a good many are of the same opinion. - - - EVERY body, that is to say, every body who reads the '*Atlantic Monthly*' Magazine, will have occasion to lament, when the 'AUTOCRAT of the Breakfast-Table' shall withdraw his pen from the pages of a work which it has done so much to illuminate. To speak the honest truth, we cannot say that we have ever greatly admired the other papers in the '*Atlantic*:' but the AUTOCRAT has never disappointed us. He stands a head and shoulders above the best of his fellow-contributors to that publication. Hear a passage or two from his lucubration for June:

'THE old gentleman who sits opposite, finding that spring had fairly come, mounted a white hat one day, and walked into the street. It seems to have been a premature or otherwise exceptionable exhibition, not unlike that commemorated by the late Mr. BAYLEY. When the old gentleman came home, he looked very red in the face, and complained that he had been 'made sport of.' By sympathizing questions, I learned from him that a boy had called him 'old daddy,' and asked him when he had his hat white-washed.

'This incident led me to make some observations at table the next morning, which I here repeat for the benefit of the readers of this record.

'The hat is the vulnerable point of the artificial integument. I learned this in early boyhood. I was once equipped in a hat of Leghorn straw, having a brim of much wider dimensions than were usual at that time, and sent to school in that portion of my native town which lies nearest to this metropolis. On my way I was met by a 'Port-chuck,' as we used to call the young gentlemen of that locality, and the following dialogue ensued:

'THE PORT-CHUCK. Hullo, You-Sir, did you know there was gōn-to be a race to-morrah ?

'MYSELF. No : who's gōn-to run, 'n'wher's't gōn-to be ?

'THE PORT-CHUCK. Squire Mico and Doctor WILLIAMS, round the brim o' your hat.'

'These two much-respected gentlemen being the oldest inhabitants at that time, and the alleged race-course being out of the question, the Port-chuck also winking and thrusting his tongue into his cheek, I perceived that I had been trifled with, and the effect has been to make me sensitive and observant respecting this article of dress ever since. Here is an axiom or two relating to it.

'A hat which has been *popped*, or exploded by being sat down upon, is never itself again afterward.

'It is a favorite illusion of sanguine natures to believe the contrary.

'Shabby gentility has nothing so characteristic as its hat. There is always an unnatural calmness about its nap, and an unwholesome gloss, suggestive of a wet brush.

'The last effort of decayed fortune is expended in smoothing its dilapidated castor. The hat is the *ultimum moriens* of 'respectability.'

'The old gentleman took all these remarks and maxims very pleasantly, saying, however, that he had forgotten most of his French, except the word for potatoes, *pummies de tare*. *Ultimum moriens*, I told him, is old Italian, and signifies *last thing to die*. With this explanation he was well contented, and looked quite calm when I saw him afterward in the entry, with a black hat on his head and the white one in his hand.'

Observe with what ease the 'AUTOCRAT' flits from 'gay to grave, from lively to severe.' He translates and quotes the following stanza, written by the French poet GILBERT, a week before his death, upon a mean bed in the Hotel Dieu, at the early age of twenty-nine, and appends the comment which follows it:

'At life's gay banquet placed, a poor unhappy guest,  
One day I pass, then disappear;  
I die, and on the tomb where I at length shall rest  
No friend shall come to shed a tear.'

You remember the same thing in other words, somewhere in KIRKE WHITE's poems. It is the burden of the plaintive songs of all these sweet albino-poets. 'I shall die and be forgotten, and the world will go on just as if I had never been; and yet how I have loved! how I have longed! how I have aspired!' And so singing, their eyes grow brighter and brighter, and their features thinner and thinner, until at last the veil of flesh is threadbare, and, still singing, they drop it and pass onward.'

The subjoined passage certainly needs no praise of ours; yet we cannot forbear to invite the reader's especial attention to the sententious force and exquisite beauty of the extract:

'— OUR brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection.

'Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.

'If we could only get at them, as we lie on our pillows and count the dead beats of thought after thought and image after image jarring through the over-tired organ! Will nobody block those wheels, uncouple that pinion, and cut the string that holds those weights?'

WHEN we read the following, we could not choose but think of the late 'HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, *Infelicissimus*.' We met him in Broadway, just three days before his death, walking with a clergyman, whom we had the pleasure to know, and to whom he was talking, with much violence of gesticulation. As they saluted us, we remarked Mr. HERBERT's expression of countenance. It was the very picture of 'wan DESPAIR:'

'WHAT a passion comes over us sometimes for silence and rest! — that this dreadful mechanism, unwinding the endless tapestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death, could have but one brief holiday! Who can wonder that men swing themselves off from beams in hempen lassos? — that they jump off from parapets into the swift and gurgling waters beneath? — that they take counsel of the grim friend who has but to utter his one peremptory monosyllable and the restless machine is shivered as a vase that is dashed upon a marble floor? Under that building which we pass every day there are strong dungeons, where neither hook, nor bar, nor bed-cord, nor drinking-vessel from which a sharp fragment may be shattered, shall by any chance be seen. There is nothing for it, when the brain is on fire with the whirling of its wheels, but to spring against the stone wall and silence them with one crash. Ah! they remembered that — the kind city fathers — and the walls are nicely padded, so that one can take such exercise as he likes, without damaging himself on the very plain and serviceable upholstery. If any body would only contrive some kind of a lever that one could thrust in among the works of this horrid automaton and check them, or alter their rate of going, what would the world give for the discovery?'

And now let us 'possess our souls in patience' until the appearance of another number of the 'AUTOCRAT.' We yearn after his multiform inditements, even as our readers were wont to yearn after the monthly instalments of the *Ollapodiana Papers*, which they not a little resemble, as several correspondents have incidentally remarked. - - - ONE of the truly *good* men of this 'naughty world,' who loves children, as we do, and all their little winning ways, sends us the subjoined: 'A little four-year-old girl, who had been singing a popular song with an elder sister until she had become very sleepy, was hurried off to bed by the nurse. She was reminded of her 'Good-night Prayer:' so, kneeling down, she ejaculated:

'A PENNY for a ball of cord,  
A penny for a needle:  
*That's* the way the money goes,  
Pop goes . . . . .'

She was too far gone to finish the verse, and so concluded with: 'Put out the candle, and shut the door tight, Nurse: good-night! Good — good . . . .'  
She was in dream-land at once. - - - CAN it be possible that our new correspondent, 'G. J. S.,' of Alabama, who asks, 'Why have the poets neglected the DAISY?' — can it be possible, we ask, that the writer of the lines '*To the Daisy*' has forgotten one of ROBERT BURNS' most beautiful, heart-warm effusions? His own lines are feelingly-appreciative of the beauty of his theme — a flower 'so pure, so modest, so chastely-beautiful:' but they could add nothing to what has already been written upon THE DAISY. Nevertheless, the writer has our cordial thanks for his kind intentions. - - - THE June Number of Mr. SPARROWGRASS's '*Wine-Press*' commences the fifth year of that 'sparkling and bright' publication. Aside from its business *specialité*, it is an eminently readable literary journal; showing good taste, and evincing not

alone a knowledge of 'wine-culture.' 'Injin Ink,' in the May Number, is very Hoodish. It is illustrated by a wood-cut of a tattooed Jack-tar, of whom the rhymist says :

'AROUND his arms, all down his back,  
Betwixt his shoulder-blades,  
Are PEG, and POLL, and JULY-ANN,  
And MER, and other maids :

'And just below his collar-bones,  
Amidships on his chest,  
He has a sun in blue and red,  
A-rising in the west.

'A bit abaft a pirate craft,  
Upon his starboard side,  
There is a thing he made himself,  
The day his NANCY died.

'Mayhap it be a lock of hair,  
Mayhap a kile o' rope :  
He says it is a true-love knot,  
And so it is, I hope.

'He reck's not, that bold foremast-hand,  
What shape it wear to you :  
With soul elate, and hand expert,  
He stuck it—so he knew.

'To 'ED'ARD CUTTLE, mariner,  
His sugar-tongs and spoons  
Not dearer than that rose-pink heart,  
Transfixed with two harpoons.

'And underneath, a grave in blue,  
A grave-stone all in red :  
'Here lies, all right, poor TOM's delight  
God save the lass—she's dead !'

'Permit that Tarry Sailor-man  
To shift his quid and sigh ;  
Nor chide him if he cusses some,  
For piping of his eye.'

The '*Wine-Press*' is beautifully printed: but *that* may be said of *all* the publications which proceed from the numerous 'groaning presses' of Mr. GRAY, as a wide 'Public' have found out. - - - The following exceedingly figurative epitaph is copied by a late English journal from a tomb-stone in a church-yard in Derbyshire: 'Here lie, in a horizontal position, the outside cases of THOMAS HINDE, clock and watch maker, who departed this life wound up in the hopes of being taken in hand by his MAKER, and being thoroughly cleaned, repaired, and set a-going in the world to come, on the fifteenth day of August, 1836, aged fifty years.' Isn't that felicitous? - - - EVERY body will remember the anecdote of the sailor assisting a brother tar to understand a pompous 'word of command' to 'extinguish that luminary.' The question was repeated once or twice, but it was Greek to the sailor, till his companion JACK called out, 'Douse the glim, you land-lubber!' which was speedily accomplished. A doctor, full of professional pomposity, says a late English paper, was called upon by a sailor-patient to have a 'raging tooth' extracted. 'Well, mariner,' said the doctor, looking very learned, and speaking very slowly, 'which tooth do you desire to have extracted? Is it the molar or the incisor?' JACK replied 'sharp and short:' 'It's in the upper tier, larboard side: bear a hand, ye swab, for it's nipping my jaw like a bloody lobster!' The doctor grinned and clapped on the forceps. - - - '*The World Turned Upside Down!*' Such is the title of a much betattered 'littel boke,' profusely and not coarsely illustrated, considering that the work was 'imprinted in London' more than a century ago, now lying before us: a loan from that rare and indefatigable antiquity-hunter, Captain WILLIAM J. FOLGER, late of the 'KNICKERBOCKER House' at Inland-Piermont, and now proprietor of a hotel, with the same name, at Paterson, New-Jersey; where whose sojourns will not regret it. In this small square booklet, every thing is reversed—turned topsy-turvy. There is a world of trenchant satire in the pictures, which are strongly enforced by the poetical text. First we have a 'noble stag of ten tines' turned pursuer, and shooting his two-legged victim 'out of season,' with appropriate reflections: next, 'A Boy scourging his Father, and the little Daughter giving Pap to her



Mother : ' then 'An Horse curry-combing his Groom,' with a motto from ' immortal POPE : '

" TEACH me to feel another's woe,  
To shun the faults I see :  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.' "

The groom is tied by a halter round his neck to the manger, and is kicking lustily under his rough 'rubbing down.' 'Horses turned Farriers' is a less effective picture, although it has some accessory points which are 'telling.' 'An Ox turned Butcher' is very good. The four-footed 'operator' has his apron on, his tail jauntily tucked up, and with knife in hoof, is cutting open his 'man-beeve,' who is triced up by his feet, with his head just lifted off the floor. There are incidental touches in this print which are almost worthy of HOGARTH. Another very ludicrous engraving is 'An Hare roasting a Cook, and a Cock basting him.' Timid as the hare usually is, he here seems born to his vocation : and the gallant rooster is doing him yeoman's service as an assistant. 'An Ass driving the Miller to Market, and the Mill turned 'Topsy-turvy,' tickled the risibles of the little folk amazingly. Our little six-year old has scarcely yet ceased to laugh at it, as only a child *can* laugh. 'A Fish Angling for a Man' is not so good ; though he has hooked a good specimen, if he can only land him safely. A terrible scene of carnage is represented in 'A Lamb attacking a Lyon !' It is evident that the 'King of Beasts' must soon succumb. Beside these, there is an 'Ox driving a Yoke of Farmers at Plough ;' 'An Ass singing in an Orchestra ; one playing on the Organ, another on a Fiddle ; several Asses making up the Audience ;' (capable of a wide application, in some respects, perhaps :) 'A Lawyer turned Client ;' together with some dozen others, of unequal merit. The lessons inculcated are good : and the poet-author finishes with a moral 'Conclusion,' which ends with :

' How weak the power of pomp and state,  
To combat with impending fate :  
The King, the Beggar, both must die,  
And moulder in obscurity.  
Let all then due attention give,  
That after death they still may live,  
And win on earth the immortal crown,  
Before the 'WORLD'S TURNED UPSIDE DOWN.' "

A good lesson to be evoked from so amusing and quaint a book. If it were not torn, it might be re-printed. - - - THE man who, in the late 'tin-panic,' or 'crisis,' replied to the remark of a polite notary, that he had brought a notice of protest for five thousand dollars, probably a mistake, 'Oh ! no — a regular bu'st !' — *that* man, we say, is almost equalled by the editor of a western paper, who owes a bank a thousand dollars, for which they hold his note. The defaulting wag announces it thus in his paper : 'There is a large and rare collection of autographs of distinguished individuals deposited for safe-keeping in the cabinet of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, each accompanied with a note in the hand-writing of the autographist. We learn that they have cost the bank a great deal of money. They paid over a thousand dollars for ours. We hope great care is taken to preserve these capital and interesting relics, as, should they be lost, we doubt whether they could be

easily collected again. Should the bank, however, be so unfortunate as to lose ours, we'll let them have another at half price, in consequence of the very hard times.' Is n't this *slightly* 'cool.' - - - Two years ago, in noticing the *Discourse of Rev. Dr. Bellows upon the Life and Death of the late Joseph Curtis*, we remarked: 'As we write, in the still, early morning hours, we hear through an open door of a pleasant upper apartment of our little 'Cedar-Hill Cottage,' the occasional deep-drawn sigh of one who loved her dear departed companion for more than half a century. What a world of reminiscence must throb beneath that Quaker cap and silver hair! May the God of the widow, the COMFORTER of the Bereaved, sustain her hitherto calm and cheerful spirit in this dark hour of her affliction!' And now that silver hair, that calm, sympathetic face, that warm innocent heart, repose in the family tomb at beautiful Greenwood, by the side of the dear departed, who was seldom out of her thoughts. During her illness, while love and affection welled out toward the living, 'her heart was with the dead:' she was talking with her parents and sisters in heaven, but most of all, with her husband. The night before she died she said: 'Yes, my dear José, (ever her familiar designation,) I see you: in a little while I shall be with you.' Very beautiful were her prayers toward the close of her brief illness: most touching her words to loving friends, young and old. In repeating the Lord's Prayer, she invariably paused at 'Thy will be done;' asking only for patience to bide her FATHER's time. And thus, loving and beloved, she closed a pure and blameless life of nearly eighty years, and her tender, beautiful spirit ascended to the bosom of her FATHER and her God. - - - It would seem to be quite a hard lot enough for 'States'-men,' California-bound, to be cheated in the metropolis, before their departure, by bogus passage-tickets; but according to a complaining passenger in the New-Orleans '*Picayune*,' their annoyances don't stop with the shore; for among other things he saith:

'WAL! of all the cussed kinveyiances,  
Ef this is n't about the wust!  
Nothin but rockin and rollin',  
An pitchin from the very fust:  
The ingine a-groanin, and the biler  
Lyable enny minit to bust.  
  
'Fust wun side, dum it, and then tuther,  
Till I'm dogged if I know what to du:  
Rock away, you darned old cradle!  
I *was* a baby when I got inter *you*.  
  
'None on em seems to keer 6½ cents  
How bad a feller may feel,  
Nur to talk to him — not even the saler,  
Foolin away his time onto a wheel.  
  
'Thar's the captin: an't it provokin  
To see that critter, all threw the trip,  
Continooally drinkin and smokin,  
Wen he orter be a mindin his ship?

'It's enuf to aggeravait a body,  
And it an't manners, I think,  
To set thar takin down his toddy,  
And never askin nary passinger to  
drink.  
  
'And the pusser, all he's kep fur,  
Is fur to have a good time with his pals:  
I say, darn such a pusser! jeest heer him,  
Flertin and carrin on among the gals.  
  
'And wen he's tired o' that, what follers?  
In his little cabin, thar he cets  
Like a spyder among barrels of dollars,  
Enuf to pay a feller's debts.  
  
'That's all they keer for passingers,  
Is, to get the two hunder  
And fifty dollars out of his poket into  
theirn,  
And then he may go to thunder.'

He ascended the shrouds one day, and they ran up after him, and tied him there with a piece of tarry spun-yarn, and would n't let him down 'tel he forked out a bottle of brandy,' which extortion wrung his Yankee heart beyond

expression. In short, as Mr. VAN BUREN remarked, 'his sufferings *was* intolerable,' and not to be endured. - - - We like the subjoined: it is alike true, and forcibly expressed:

'In a constant looking up from birth to the lofty mountain peak, around which clouds gather when it is serene below, the eye contracts a habitual upward turn, and the soul follows the example of this its brightest inlet of impressions. Manliness and self-reliance, reverence and piety, are the lessons taught in the mountain-school. We do not make a friend of the barren, gray and frowning altitudes. But it is a comfort to bow down to them, and do them and their CREATOR homage. The heart wants something to love, indeed; but it also needs something to venerate and adore. A mountain stretching itself above the clouds, and knocking, as it were, at the heavenly portals, helps the soul to rise, and fix its thought upon the ETERNAL, the ALL POWERFUL AND GOOD. These exalted but somewhat austere meditations may not be always altogether agreeable to the young and pleasure-loving; but a period is approaching, if they live to be advanced in age, when they will turn away from the bright, smooth, gracefully-flowing river, and the bustling, happy voyages upon its bosom, to the hoary, inaccessible mountain summit, that points the way upward to the profound abysses of the skies, whither they and all of us are tending. The spectacle of the mountain, on which the infant first opened its gaze, will be a consolation to the old man's heart, as his glazing eye is taking its last of it, and every other earthly object.'

'High mountains are *a feeling*,' says BYRON, and that he 'sayeth sooth,' few lovers of nature will gainsay. - - - ALL communications, intended for the 'EDITOR'S TABLE,' or 'GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS,' of the KNICKERBOCKER, should be addressed to L. GAYLORD CLARK: articles written for the 'ORIGINAL PAPERS,' in prose or verse, may be addressed either to Mr. CLARK, or to Dr. J. O. NOYES, at the office. *Apropos* of our new associate, who will have charge of the business of the office, and contribute in every number to the pages of the Magazine: Dr. NOYES graduated in Medicine at Harvard University. After leaving college, he spent a year in Germany. He was, while there, 'Our Own Correspondent' of the daily *Tribune* and the *London Morning Chronicle*. The following year he passed in Eastern Europe, Asia, and Africa. He was five months in Turkey, and held the position of surgeon in the Turkish army, under OMER PACHA. He is the author of a popular work entitled '*Roumania, the Border-Land of the Christian and the Turk*;' and another volume, soon to appear from the press of Messrs. RUDD AND CARLETON, entitled '*The Gipsies; their Origin, History, and Manner of Life*.' The papers upon '*The Gipsies over the World*,' in the last and present numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER, will attest his keen observation, and his manner of portraying the incidents of his 'travel's history.' Other and kindred articles from his pen will from time to time appear in these pages, which will acceptably 'speak for themselves.' - - - THAT was a strikingly intelligent person, who called upon a sign-painter to have a Sunday-school procession-banner painted, and said: 'We're goin' to have a tearin' time with our Fourth o' July Sunday-school celebration, and our folks wants a banner.' 'Well,' naturally enough responded the painter, 'you *ought* to have one. What will you have painted on it?' 'Wal, I d'n know: we ort to hev a text o' skripter painted onto it for a motto, had n't we?' 'Yes: that's a very good idea: what shall it be?' 'Wal, I thought *this* would be about as good as any: '*Be sure you're right, then go ahead!*'' It is fair to conclude that he had not 'searched the Scriptures' attentively. - - - We gratify sundry grateful little people, 'growing, and always an-hungered,' by saying, that, *Wing's Farina Crackers* are precisely what they *pretend* to be. It would

seem almost impossible to produce from 'simple unadulterated wheat' an article so agreeable to the palate and so nourishing to the body. - - - Mr. BRYANT's latest published poem, '*A Night Scene*,' will remind the reader of his '*Evening Rererie*,' one of the several noble poems written by him for the KNICKERBOCKER. Neither the melody nor the sentiment is greatly dissimilar. Witness the following passage: premising that the poet is apostrophizing a river hastening to lose itself in the ocean, stretching into infinity:

'Yet there are those who lie beside thy bed,  
For whom thou once didst rear the bowers that screen  
Thy margin, and didst water the green fields,  
And now there is no night so still that they  
Can hear thy lapse; their slumbers, were thy voice  
Louder than Ocean's, it could never break.  
For them the early violet no more  
Opens upon thy bank, nor for their eyes  
Glitter the crimson pictures of the clouds  
Upon thy bosom, when the sun goes down.  
Their memories are abroad — the memories  
Of those who last were gathered to the earth —  
Lingering within the homes in which they sat,  
Hovering about the paths in which they trod,  
Haunting them like a presence. Even now  
They visit many a dreamer in the forms  
They walked in, ere, at last, they wore the shroud;  
And eyes there are that will not close to dream,  
For weeping and for thinking of the grave,  
The new-made grave, and the pale one within.  
These memories and these sorrows all shall fade  
And pass away, and fresher memories  
And newer sorrows come and dwell awhile  
Beside thy border, and, in turn, depart.

'On glide thy waters, till at last they flow  
Beneath the windows of the populous town,  
And all night long give back the gleam of lamps,  
And glimmer with the trains of light that stream  
From halls where dancers whirl. A dimmer ray  
Touches thy surface from the silent room  
In which they tend the sick, or gather round  
The dying; and a slender, steady beam  
Comes from the little chamber in the roof,  
Where, with a feverous crimson on her cheek,  
The solitary damsel, dying too,  
Plies the quick needle till the stars grow pale.  
There, close beside the haunts of revel, stand  
The blank, unlighted windows, where the poor,  
In darkness and in hunger, wake till morn.  
There, drowsily, on the half-conscious ear  
Of the dull watchman, pacing on the wharf,  
Falls the soft ripple of thy waves that strike  
On the moored bark: but guiltier listeners  
Are near — the prowlers of the night, who steal  
From shadowy nook to shadowy nook, and start  
If other sounds than thine are in the air.

'Oh! glide away from those abodes, that bring  
Pollution to thy channel, and make foul  
Thy once clear current. Summon thy quick waves  
And dimpling eddies; linger not, but haste,  
With all thy waters, haste thee to the deep,  
There to be tossed by shifting winds, and rocked  
By that mysterious force which lives within  
The sea's immensity, and wields the weight  
Of its abysses, swaying to-and-fro

The billowy mass, until the stain, at length,  
 Shall wholly pass away, and thou regain  
 The crystal brightness of thy mountain-springs.'

We should have known these lines to be BRYANT'S, if we had encountered them in a leading column of the *London Times*, a journal not greatly given to poetry, unless it be the 'poetry of Fact.' - - - A word to our friends the PUBLISHERS. Publications sent to the KNICKERBOCKER will be either noticed in the review department proper, or under the head of the 'LITERARY RECORD.' The receipt of all publications received at the office will be acknowledged monthly, whether deemed to demand notice or not. Additional aid in the review department will enable us to do earlier justice than heretofore to the issues of our long-time friends, the publishers. - - - THE new book of Dr. FRANCIS should have called our attention to the '*Waverley Circulating Library*, kept by his publisher, Mr. CHARLES ROE, Number 697 Broadway: comprising five thousand volumes of choice books, and intended to obviate the delay, trouble, and uncertainty attending the over-crowded applications at the public libraries. It *will* so. - - - 'UNCLE DAD MORTON,' of Vermont, who tells the following story, should possess, in connection with *his* invention, two or three of our Hen-Persuaders. His success would then be complete:

'THEM ancestors of our'n did n't do nothin' half-ways. But, there's an awful fallin' off since them times. Why, in my time, when I was a boy, things went on more economical than now. We all work'd. My work was to take care of the hens and chickings, (Dad is famous for his handling of the alphabet,) and I'll tell yer how I raised 'em. You know I'se a very thinkin' child, al'as a thinkin' 'cept when I'se asleep. Well, it came to me one night to raise a big lot of chickings from one hen, and I'll tell ye how I did it. I took an old whisky-barrel, and filled it up with fresh eggs, and then put it on the south side of the barn, with some horse manure around it, and then set the old hen on the bung-hole. The old critter kept her sittin' and in three weeks I heerd a little 'peep.' Then I put my ear to the spigot, when the peeping growed like a swarm of bees. I did n't say any thing to the folks about the hatchin', for they'd all the time told me I was a fool, but the next mornin' I knocked the head out of the barrel, and covered the barn floor, two deep, all over, with little chickings. Now, you may laugh as much as you please, but it's true.'

Rather 'toughish' though: how different from the clear and succinct statement of *our* hen-invention! - - - 'We shall now to couch,' and rest our tired frame upon *Howe's Elliptic Spring Bed-Bottom*, that cool, compact, portable, durable, cheap, cleanly, and delightful invention, of which our readers may hear more, on reference to the fourth page of the cover of the present number. We have 'earned a night's repose' as surely as the 'Village Blacksmith:'. We have sailed forty-six miles; read, and 'made up' into pages, between thirty and forty pages of 'matter,' such as it is. Moreover, the New-York and Erie Rail-road is striking twelve from its clear-sounding dépôt-bell, and we must be stirring betimes, to hear the birds about the cottage 'welcome up the dawn.' They herald it every early morning, for the pleasure of *one* pleased and grateful auditor, at least. - - - RECEIVED, for notice, among other publications, the following: 'Roumania, the Border-Land of the Christian and the Turk,' by Dr. J. O. NOYES: 'The Travellers in Russia:'. 'URSULA, a Tale of Country-Life,' by Mrs. SEWELL: 'The Boy-Missionary,' by Mrs. JENNY MARSH PARKER: 'Devotional Exercises for Schools:'. 'A Manual of Speaking, Conversation, and Debating:'. 'The National Fifth Reader,' by PARKER and WATSON: and 'The Quaker-Soldier.'

## Record of New Publications.

**TWELFTH NIGHT AT THE CENTURY CLUB.** — Does n't old *Tempus* fugit 'to a degree? It seems a very short time since our humble name was associated with those who formed the nucleus of '*The Century*,' one memorable evening, at the hospitable residence of an esteemed friend in Amity-street. Scarcely more than a dozen members, headed by the veteran VERPLANCK, formed the opening roll: and of these, three, well beloved and honored, have already passed away: DANIEL SEYMOUR, Dr. JOHN NEILSON, Jr., and ROBERT KELLY. . The Club 'grew, waxed strong, and multiplied;' until it has become one of the first, if not *the* first 'institution' of its kind in the United States. But this apart: our object being simply to say a few words touching the quaintly and exquisitely executed volume now gracing our table. The little book opens with a history, at length, of the 'Twelfth-Night Festival of Merry Old England,' much of which will be new to many a reader. The 'Proclamation' and 'Ordinance,' the lively 'Poetical Dialogue,' and the 'Proceedings' generally, as here set forth, are in the appropriate vein, and present a good variety. The 'History' concludes with: 'The Century Club had observed with regret that the ancient festival of Twelfth Night, with its poetical and reverential associations, and its pleasant and picturesque usages, which had for ages contributed every year to the innocent enjoyment and social affections of the Dutch, English, French, Irish, and German ancestors of our cosmopolitan New-York, was falling into disuse in this over-worked and care-worn city. They therefore felt that it belonged to their proper vocation to endeavor to revive the love and honor due to this joyous institution. They cherish the lively hope that the antique pageantry and fantastic ceremonial, mixed with more usual social joys, as presented at the Century Club's Twelfth Night of 1858, will by no means,

' LIKE unsubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind: '

but will rather, as the great POET himself teaches,

' WITNESS more than FANCY's image,  
And tend to something of great constancy. '

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**THE DUTCH BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.** — While all were reposing from their sumptuous dinner at the late Paas Festival of the Saint NICHOLAS Society, awaiting pipes, schnaps, and Paas-eggs, there was laid before each member present a handsomely-printed pamphlet, from the press of Messrs. PRATT AND SCHRAM, Poughkeepsie, entitled, '*The Dutch Battle of the Baltic*: one of the most Glorious Achievements of the Mariners of Holland; a triumph worthy the great Maritime Republic of the United Provinces.' The production is 'dedicated to the Saint NICHOLAS Society of the City of Nieuw-Amsterdam and all true KNIKKERBAKKERS,' by the author, 'J. WATTS DE PEYSTER, Descendant of the Hollandish race.' It is a most creditable performance; indicating a thorough knowledge of all the details of the writer's theme, and a fervor of good honest, patriotic Dutch feeling, which it is a pleasure to contemplate. It could not but have been a 'labor of love' to the author, as is manifested not only internally, but externally. He even loves the old typography of Holland, and sprinkles the Dutch types of other days profusely through his pages. The narrative is a most stirring one, and renders ample justice to the noble spirit and deeds of the Hollanders, and will serve to aid in perpetuating the name and fame of her great and brave men, WILLIAM the Third, VAN TROMP, OPDAM, WITTESEN, WRANGEL, and their noble compeers. This brief notice does small justice to the pamphlet before us: but if it shall serve to call attention to its undeniable merits, our aim will have been accomplished.



PECK'S HISTORY OF WYOMING. — Rev. GEORGE PECK, D.D., has made a worthy contribution to American history, in a volume just issued by the Messrs. HARPER: '*Wyoming: its History, Stirring Incidents, and Romantic Adventures.*' These characteristics are truly represented in the title. It is a melancholy recital, almost painful to read: and with few literary graces of style, is nevertheless pregnant with interest, from the abundant and well-authenticated *facts* which it perpetuates and preserves, for 'posterities of readers.' Many of these facts, to be sure, are not new; but they are here brought together in their order of occurrence, and are well-arranged and discriminated. A brief history of Wyoming is followed by a series of historic scenes, which constitute natural amplifications of the general outline. Each story is a complete picture in itself, and yet is a necessary part of the whole. This plan presents independent views of the historic drama from many different standpoints. The author's heroes not only reflect the lights and shadows of their own character and actions, but they give separate versions of the eventful scenes through which they passed. For forty years, the author claims to have enjoyed rare advantages for the study of the history of Wyoming. His object, he tells us, was 'strict conformity to historic truth;' and he has evidently spared no pains in the collection of his facts, and in their study and exposition; facts, moreover, 'which constitute a part of the wonderful history of the early development and fearful struggles of our country, and which fall behind no portion of that story in exciting interest.' If the reader would know what sufferings, what perils, what cruel tortures were undergone by our brave and patriotic ancestors, let them draw near and peruse the very exciting and attractive volume before us. It has several illustrations of various merit.

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'THE BELLE OF WASHINGTON.' — This work, from the press of PETERSON, Philadelphia, it strikes us, is not a new production. It is by Mrs. N. P. LASCELLE, of Washington; and if we are not mistaken, it was first published some five or six years ago, under the title of 'ANNA GRAYSON, or the Belle of Washington,' and we well remember that it was warmly commended in our home-circle. 'There is great purity of feeling, nobility of soul, and grace in the character of the heroine. There is now and then a true woman, who, like her, is blessed with wealth, and the generous, benevolent spirit to leave the banquet-halls of Fashion to spend an hour with the suffering, dying creatures of our common God. There are some who have hearts to feel for other's misery, and whose ears are not so deadened by the gay sounds of fashionable revelry as to be deaf to the wail of the orphan, the sob of the widow, and the prayer of the beggar. Richer rewards, and a happier life are in store for these than ever blessed the proud hearts of the selfish leaders of the fashionable world; a world in whose creed merit and poverty are little less than crimes. Let the mere butterflies of humanity read this history, and compare the lives of the two heroines: let them reflect, and then decide for eternity, whether all the great objects of life are secured by being petted for a few years and then be forgotten, or only remembered to be detested. ANNIE, the Senator's daughter, with beauty, and every accomplishment, supplied with all that wealth could give, was enabled to pass through the great maelstrom of American society with no blighting stain upon her pure soul, and her frivolous mother's example had no effect to overcome the principles that had been instilled into her young mind by the sisters.'

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\* \* \* A WORD, once more, to our correspondents: Copies should be kept by the writers of *brief* articles, in prose or verse, sent for insertion in the KNICKERBOCKER. Such cannot be returned: but all articles of length, if not accepted, will be returned in the course of a week or ten days after their receipt.





*John W. Francis.*





# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS.

WHATEVER may be said of the merits of the right of search question, our recent action with regard to it, has done justice neither to it nor to ourselves. The day has long gone by when it was necessary for us to boast of our readiness to fight, in order to convince the world of our power. There was a time when our capabilities and resources were vastly greater than people dreamed of, and when we alone could speak of them with knowledge. But the self-assertion which is pardonable in obscure merit, is preposterous in notorious vigor and maturity. No one will be a whit more convinced by Senatorial indignation, that the United States will not brook an insult, and has the means as well as the will to avenge it. It is certainly not either the threats or self-glorification of its statesmen which have given any nation on earth a high standing. The 'great powers' are great in virtue of great deeds. It was not Napoleon's thundering bulletins which made Europe tremble at his nod. The world would have laughed at his blasts of Oriental indignation, if they had not found vent in Marengo and Austerlitz. 'Rule Britannia' would be a very ludicrous performance, if there had never been such battles as those of the Nile and of Trafalgar. And we may rest assured, that we owe our present position not to 'war speeches' or Fourth-of-July orations, but to our wealth, our commerce, our population, our indomitable enterprise, our capacity for self-government, and the *prestige* of three bloody wars. If these will not save us from dishonor, Messrs. Seward, and Hale, and Toombs may threaten in vain. War-whoops such as characterized recent debates in the Senate, can add nothing to our physical strength, and they sadly diminish our moral influence. We have reached that stage of national growth when it is just as necessary that we should take the field with dignity, as leave it with honor.



For all these reasons, we regret that the visitations of our vessels in the Gulf of Mexico, should have led to hostile language on the part of men occupying seats in the Senate-Chamber, before it had been ascertained whether the British Government had authorized them, and still more, that a fleet should have been equipped and sent to sea with belligerent instructions, before both sides of the controversy had been heard. War is a remedy so terrible, for even the worst of evils, that it has always been justly considered the last resort of the injured or insulted. It was our duty first to have heard whether the British officers had any evidence to offer, or statements to make, in reply to the *ex parte* testimony of our own skippers; next, whether, the facts being acknowledged, they had acted under orders from their superiors, and if so, what their Government had to say in justification of such orders; and lastly, to have asked for the instant cessation of the acts complained of. In other words, to have demanded simply, the punishment of the officers, and reparation, in case they acted without orders; the revocation of the orders, and reparation, in case they acted with them. A refusal, in either case, would have been a clear *casus belli*; but a due regard both to the claims of justice and humanity, and our own character, required these steps to be carefully taken, before the commission of any act, either hostile in itself or leading to hostilities. Let a nation be ever so satisfied of the justice of its own cause, it owes it to the public opinion of the world to see that an appeal to the sword be well considered and *en règle*.

The demands made in Congress for the arrest, and even the execution, of the British naval officers engaged in the 'outrages,' were not only silly, but displayed ignorance on points with which all persons who are engaged in the management of public affairs ought to be familiar. If they acted in obedience to the orders of their Government, they were unquestionably not personally responsible for any consequences resulting from the execution of those orders. This question was discussed between Mr. Webster and Mr. Fox, the British Minister, in reference to McLeod's case in 1841, and there was no difference of opinion between them on the subject. When Mr. Crittenden, then Attorney-General, was sent on to New-York, to watch the trial on behalf of the Federal Government, Mr. Webster's letter of instructions contained a full acknowledgment of this principle. He there said: 'That an individual forming part of a public force, and acting under the authority of his Government, is not to be held answerable as a private trespasser or malefactor, is a principle of public law, sanctioned by the usages of all civilized nations, and which the Government of the United States has no inclination to dispute.'

Nor is the position that they might lawfully be arrested on the high seas and dealt with by our tribunals, if they acted without orders, a bit more tenable. The misdemeanors of members of the public force of a foreign power, committed outside our jurisdiction, are properly punishable only by their superiors on our demand. If we might arrest and try them ourselves, we might with equal show

of reason demand their extradition. The discipline of a foreign army or navy is something which no government ever attempts to interfere with, farther than to hold the nation to which it belongs responsible for its due enforcement toward offences of which it may have been the subject. To resist a foreign officer in the actual commission of an offence, is one thing; to follow him up, and pass judgment on him afterward, is another, and the law of nations has amply recognized the distinction. A little patience and moderation would, in short, have left us in just as good a position regarding the matter in controversy as we hold at this moment, and would have saved us the humiliation of having blustered for two months, and armed a fleet, upon the strength of *ex parte* evidence, and for the purpose of avenging by a bloody war the blunder of the commander of a gun-boat.

This criticism of our manner of asserting our dignity, is all the more allowable, because, if our position as regards the right of search has finally to be defended by force, that defence can be undertaken not only with a better grace, but with far more effect, three months hence than now. What that position is, we believe but a small portion of the public thoroughly understand, because its consideration has not only been disturbed by passion, but by recollections derived from the forcible assertion, by Great Britain, in the last war, of claims which she has long since tacitly but completely abandoned. To understand and appreciate the points in dispute, not in their legal merely, but in their moral aspects, it is necessary to go back a little.

The first controversies which ever arose in modern times about the free use of the sea for purposes of commerce and navigation, were occasioned by the attempts of particular powers to claim certain portions of it as within their territory, and subject to their exclusive jurisdiction. Great Britain sought to appropriate the narrow seas in her own neighborhood — ‘the four seas of England,’ as they were called — and was stoutly resisted by the Dutch, then her great commercial rivals. The jealousies bred by their opposing interests, brought the writers as well as the soldiers of the two countries into the field. While Rupert and De Witt contested the supremacy on the ocean, the jurists and poets belabored each other with ponderous learning or bitter satire. Grotius wrote one of his largest tomes — the *Mare Liberum* — in defence of the freedom of the seas, and particularly of the German Ocean and St. George’s Channel. Selden responded in his *Mare Clausum*, and overwhelmed his opponent with precedents and quotations. He was ably seconded by the lighter artillery of the humorists, who heaped ridicule on the unfortunate Dutch. Butler describes Holland as:

‘A COUNTRY that draws fifty feet of water,  
In which men live as in the hold of Nature;  
That feed like cannibals on other fishes,  
And serve their cousin German up in dishes:  
A land that rides at anchor and is moored,  
In which men do not live, but go aboard.’

Marvell declares that Holland scarce

—— ‘DESERVES the name of land :  
As but the offscouring of the British sand,  
And so much earth as was contributed  
By English pilots, when they heaved the lead.’

and adds that the ‘injured ocean’

—— ‘ORT at leap-frog o’er their steeples played,  
As if on purpose it on land had come  
To show them what’s their *Mare Liberum*,’

Portugal in like manner attempted to appropriate the trade to the East-Indies, and forbade foreign vessels going round the Cape of Good Hope ; but all these pretensions speedily gave way before the common-sense of mankind, and the ocean took its present position as public property. The establishment of the freedom of the seas owed, in those days, more to the indomitable energy of the Dutch than to any thing else. The British had even then given unmistakable indications of that arrogance of temper which would brook no rivalry which could be crushed ; and though the Hollanders had in excess many of the worst faults of traders, the world owes them a debt of gratitude for the indomitable energy with which they resisted pretensions which might, in the then unsettled state of international law, readily have been established as precedents which it would have given posterity some trouble to overturn. This contest, however, is now interesting only as a matter of history, inasmuch as no nation nowadays attempts to claim jurisdiction over any portion of the ocean, except the creeks, bays, and harbors of its own territory, and a league from the shore on the open sea ; and at the commencement of the present century, it was well settled that every vessel navigated for a lawful purpose, had a right to pass where she pleased, with liability, however, to search at the hands of belligerent cruisers, and under the obligation of showing her flag to any man-of-war of any nation, in order to indicate her nationality.

This right, accorded with strange unanimity by all nations to the public vessels of belligerent powers, to search neutral ships, has occasioned a vast deal of trouble and controversy ; but not so much on its own account, as on account of the consequences to which it has led. The search was supposed to be instituted for three purposes : first to discover the nationality of the ship ; next, the nature of the cargo, lest it should prove to be munitions of war for the use of the enemy ; and lastly, the ownership of the cargo. If it happened to consist either of contraband of war, or enemy’s goods, it was liable to seizure and forfeiture, and in the former case, the vessel herself became a lawful prize. So stood the law of nations on this subject, at the outbreak of the French Revolution. During the great wars which followed, in many portions of which Great Britain, who was undisputed mistress of the seas, had half Europe in arms against her, it became very desirable to effect some change in the doctrine, that enemies’ goods on board a

neutral vessel were liable to capture. It was doubly desirable for the United States, because, while we had no interest in the conflict, we had every interest in getting hold of as much of the carrying trade as we could, and this was hardly possible, as long as nearly every power in Europe was at war with some other power. The Baltic powers attempted to enforce the rule, that the flag covers the cargo, by entering into a league, known in history as the 'Armed Neutrality;' but, as it was confessed that the doctrine they put forward was an innovation in the law of nations, Great Britain stoutly resisted it, and finally compelled them to abandon their pretensions. There has been ever since a great deal of controversy, from time to time, as to the rights of neutrals in time of war, and this country has made strenuous attempts to make the flag an effectual protection for the cargo, by whomsoever owned, as long as it is not contraband of war; but its representations have so far produced no effect. Upon one point, however, arising out of this branch of international law, the English Court of Admiralty, and the Supreme Court of the United States, have given decisions directly opposed. The former has decided, that if a neutral places goods on board an armed belligerent cruiser, he forfeits his neutrality, and the goods share the fate of the vessel, if captured; the latter has laid down with equal clearness, that the character of the vessel in no way affects the cargo, and so the matter rests. If another European war were to break out, this conflict of decisions would lead to some curious complications.

In the limits of an article like the present, it is clearly impossible to go into all the details of a controversy which has extended over so many years, and occupied the attention of so many able statesmen. We must content ourselves with a candid examination of the rights and wrongs of a great question, apart from all considerations suggested by national pride or historical reminiscences. The cause of the war of 1812 was not the searching of our vessels by the British, for their right to do so, as long as they were at war with France or any other European power, was never questioned. We nevertheless hear it alleged every day, both on the platform and in the press, that it was to protect our vessels against search that we fought; and the *sang-froid* with which the assertion is made, is a singular illustration of the immunity from question or criticism which a widely-diffused popular error sometimes enjoys. The offence which we took up arms to avenge, was not the search of our vessels, either to ascertain their nationality or the nature of their cargo, but the attempts of Great Britain to use a right which we never denied her, as a means of enforcing her monstrous doctrines upon the subject of the allegiance due from her subjects. We acknowledged that she might lawfully board our ships, to ascertain whether their papers entitled them to their flag, and whether their cargoes were privileged from seizure; but we never acknowledged that British officers might seize any man in our crews, upon whom they chose to fasten the character of a British subject, and

transfer him by force to the royal service. The first was no outrage at all, and we never resented it as such; but sooner than submit to the latter, we went to war. It is therefore plain enough that nothing which occurred in 1812, in spite of all that has been said upon the subject, has any bearing whatever upon the point at issue in the controversy now raging, and that all attempts to find a precedent in it for any thing which we are now doing, or propose to do, are so much Buncombe.

At the close of that war our position, as well as that of Europe, upon the subject of visit and search, confined the right to perform either of these acts to belligerent cruisers. The right of a man-of-war of any nation, at all times, however, to approach sufficiently near to any vessel she might meet, to ascertain her nationality and to require her to show her colors, and, if need be, to compel her to show them by force, was also universally acknowledged. Nothing to be found in the law of nations, however, or, in other words, nothing to which maritime nations unanimously assented, warranted any greater interference than this, with the right of free passage over the seas of the world. But for the slave-trade, in all probability nothing would have occurred to this day, to disturb the opinions entertained by diplomatists on these subjects, when the Treaty of Ghent was signed. The actual state of public opinion with regard to that trade, is something which none of the old publicists ever contemplated, and for which no provision is to be found in their writings. It is something also for which the statesmen who discussed questions of international law in the beginning of the present century, were totally unprepared. It is consequently almost as absurd to look into Grotius or Puffendorf for instructions as to the duties of maritime powers toward slave-traders, as to seek light in Thucydides or Plutarch upon the duties of modern belligerents toward prisoners of war.

There is still another reason, and in our opinion a stronger one, why the solution of the present difficulty cannot properly be sought in what is called international law, and that is, its notorious uncertainty and vagueness, and the absence of any tribunal whose interpretations of it are final and binding upon all who profess to acknowledge its authority. The application of its principles to the facts in any given case is left wholly to the disputants themselves, and the value of a code thus enforced and expounded may readily be estimated. About the principles of law there is rarely much difference of opinion, and if these were all that had to be ascertained, we should rarely have any litigation between either nations or individuals. But the main duty of a tribunal of last resort is to apply these principles to the facts acknowledged by the parties, or established by the evidence. International law has established no such tribunal. It supplies no means of sifting evidence, or ascertaining the truth, and it leaves to the parties themselves the task of weighing and redressing their own wrongs. If we proposed to decide controversies between individuals by such means, we should



be laughed to scorn. If we proposed to take Kent's Commentaries as our standard authority, abolished all the courts, and left persons who had quarrels to settle to decide them by correspondence, and quotations from the ex-Chancellor's great work, and in case of obstinate difference of opinion to punch each other's heads, we should undoubtedly be pronounced insane. And yet the manner in which questions of international law are settled, presents an exact parallel to the above hypothesis.

In point of fact, we doubt whether in a thousand difficulties between sovereign states, ten could be selected which were ever arranged by the submission of both parties to the acknowledged dictum of the law of nations. Whatever jurists and diplomatists may say, we deny *in toto* that any such spectacle as general obedience to abstract rules of right has ever been witnessed in the dealings of nations with one another. Expediency has far oftener regulated their intercourse than respect for Grotius or Vattel, or the reasoning of a diplomatic note. The 'Armed Neutrality' entered into by the Baltic powers was notoriously and undeniably in contravention of the established usage, and the dicta of the publicists; and it was abandoned not for this reason, but because Great Britain, who opposed it, was able to exert an overwhelming force in support of her opinion. No later than four years ago, we offered cheerfully to join the European powers in such a change of the law as would render private property, on sea in time of war, sacred; and at the very same time we steadfastly refused to concur in the abolition of privateering, because it happened to be our principal means of offensive hostilities. In both these cases, we regulated our conduct not by a reference to legal principles, but to our own immediate interest. There is not a page of the history of the last century and a half which does not furnish numerous examples of the fallacy which lurks in the appeals of the 'great powers' to international law. The correspondence by which disputes are always followed, and hostilities always preceded, is due in most instances to that lingering feeling of respect for public opinion by which even the strongest and most unscrupulous are actuated, but it has always struck us as very much resembling that preliminary growling by which two dogs generally preface a fight. Both stand perfectly still, face to face, and each waits for the slightest movement from his antagonist to begin the conflict, but neither wishes to take on himself the responsibility of making it.

But even supposing the law of nations to possess the certainty and accuracy necessary to regulate international dealings, the power of legislating, of effecting the changes necessary to meet allied customs, opinions, to punish new forms of crime, and provide for just contingencies, must reside somewhere. The law of nations certainly had an origin. It did not spring from the brain of Jove, nor is it a simple embodiment of the rules of abstract justice and morality. Many of its leading features are arbitrary rules, which have no foundation whatever in ethics. Many of the leading of-

fences against it, are mere *mala prohibita*, and not *mala per se*. Piracy, for instance, is of course a crime under any law, but the distinction between plundering on land in time of war, by private individuals, and plundering on sea by privateers, is purely arbitrary, and receives no sanction from either religion or morality. The code is full of conventionalisms of the same sort, and these certainly must have some other origin than the conscience of mankind. They are confessedly due to the assent of civilized nations, and have grown into customs partly through accident and partly through their practical convenience. If the civilized nations of the world have the power to make laws, therefore, they surely have the power to alter them. If they find any thing in a code which rose into use in times of barbarism and ignorance, which offends against justice and morality, and retards civilization, they have surely the right to abrogate it. If they can bind, they surely can loose. If they had power to recognize the slave-trade as a lawful traffic after the discovery of America, they have unquestionably power now to brand it as a crime against the human race and punish it accordingly. To maintain the contrary is to maintain that the world four hundred years ago, was more capable of judging what was best for the interests of mankind than it is now, and that time can consecrate cruelty and injustice. If, therefore, the law of nations exists rather in name than in reality, and if it adapts itself readily to the convenience of individual states, our right to such exemptions, as we claim for our flag, must be measured by some surer standard; and if it be a living rule, framed by the civilized world for the world's good, they who framed have the right to alter or modify. In either case, it seems to us, the position taken of late years by our statesmen with reference to the connection of our flag with the slave-trade, is open to grave objections. In the former case we owe a duty to society, and ought to perform it, even with some sacrifice of our dignity, and in the latter case we owe allegiance to law, and should bow to the will of the majority. It is now well established that states are moral individuals, with a conscience to be obeyed and cultivated, and honor to maintain, with moral duties to perform as well as moral obligations to fulfil. The theory that a nation can lawfully adopt a line of conduct for which it can offer no better justification than the gratification of its own desires, is now repudiated by the best authorities. The only law of nations which is unmistakably clear and well defined, is the law of right, and to it our first allegiance is due. There is considerable doubt hanging round the question, as round all similar questions, in what manner cruisers are justified in ascertaining a vessel's nationality; and whatever be the proper manner, it is clearly in any case a purely conventional arrangement, which not only may, but *ought* to be altered to meet the requirements of those portions of international law which are based on immutable justice, and owe none of their authority to either the convenience or wishes of men. There is consequently a ten-



fold weightier obligation resting on us to see that our flag does not cover slave cargoes, than to see that our papers are not examined by foreign cruisers. Offences, which are *mala per se*, claim our first attention, and should never be neglected for the rigorous prohibition of those which are only *mala prohibita*. This portion of the case is all the stronger from the fact that to the imperious demands of abstract morality, are added the common assent of all civilized nations, and these two create the most solemn form of obligation.

As regards the injury, which it is alleged we suffer from the right of visit claimed by Great Britain, it is of two kinds, the one affecting the national honor, and the other the value of the ship and cargo. It is an insult to our flag, it is said, to have the right of any vessel to carry it, inquired into by a foreign officer; and it may cause serious loss to individuals to have a vessel delayed, or brought to, even, while on her voyage. In discussing the value of these objections, we desire to have it borne in mind, that we proceed throughout on the assumption that all visitations are made by the British in good faith, and with the sole object of suppressing the slave-trade. No proof has as yet been offered of the contrary. Now, we think it is a full and complete answer to the first of these that we suffer a still greater indignity to be offered to our flag in what is called the 'belligerent right of search,' than has ever been attempted in the crusade of the slave-trade. We ourselves have declared the slave-trade piratical, sinful, and abominable, and all Europe has reëchoed our condemnation. We have entered into solemn engagements to put it down, and yet we allow our flag to cover it with impunity, and refuse either to interfere ourselves or let others. Yet if a war broke out between France and England to-morrow, arising out of a controversy to which we were in no way a party, upon the merits of which we had expressed no opinion, and the results of which could in no way affect us — a controversy it might be in which mankind had no sort of interest, and caused, as such quarrels often are, to use the words of Alexander Hamilton, 'by the attachments, enmities, interests, hopes and fears of private individuals,' or 'by the bigotry, petulances and cabals of a woman;' if a war thus begotten broke out, we should permit our vessels to be stopped on the high seas, boarded and searched fore-and-aft, above and below, by both British and French cruisers; and if the commanders of either one or other saw fit, to be carried into a foreign port, and submitted to the adjudication of a foreign tribunal, without a murmur or remonstrance. Now if the principle of the inviolability of the flag be a good one, surely it would be hard to conceive of a case calling more strongly for its rigorous application than this. What have we to do with foreign squabbles? What business is it of ours if foreign monarchs fall out and fight? Is their losing their temper any reason why our ships should be overhauled on the world's highway, our commerce harassed and impeded, our flag

insulted and set at naught? And yet we never complain. If it be said that the object in view alters the nature of the proceeding, we reply, the suppression of the slave-traffic is an object which commends itself to our sympathies for a thousand reasons, while not one can be urged in favor of the seizure of contraband of war. The dignity of the flag and the inviolability of our territory do not depend upon the doings or motives of foreign powers. If they are sacred they are always sacred, unless we choose for good reasons to abandon a portion of what we claim for them. No one but ourselves is a proper judge of the time or the occasion which demands such a sacrifice, and we surely cannot hesitate between the abolition of the African slave-trade and the convenience of foreign belligerents.

However, while we see in the strongest light the absurdity of standing upon our rights while we wink at the commission of great wrongs upon others, there is no length to which we would not go, to preserve to ourselves the performance of our own police duties — if we did perform them. There are numerous serious inconveniences in principle as well as in practice arising out of the interference of foreign cruisers with vessels sailing under our flag. They are in no way diminished by the nature of the object in view, and we would advise or countenance submission to them, only so long as this submission was the only actual hindrance to the perpetration of the foulest of crimes. There is a maxim well known in courts of law, which ought to be just as well known and as highly prized in diplomatic bureaux: 'He who seeks equity must do equity!' He who appeals to the law for redress must come into court with clean hands. Our misfortune in this dispute is that, in spite of our solemn agreements and equally solemn moral obligations, we do nothing to suppress the slave-trade ourselves. We claim the broadest immunity for our flag under all circumstances, and yet take no steps to see that foreign nations are protected from its abuse. We should remember that if we have our rights on the seas we have our duties as well; but the duties once performed, we would assert the rights against all odds, and join issue upon the pettiest infringement of the very least of them.

It is often said of very weak and very poor people, that they cannot afford to have a conscience; but no one excuses the rich and strong for not indulging in the luxury. We are now old enough, and powerful enough, not only to protect our rights, but enforce our laws. Our government is thoroughly respected both at home and abroad, and has ample means at its command for carrying into effect all lawful wishes. We are famed for our skill and courage and independence the world over. We can now safely commence to build up a reputation for moral integrity and uprightness; and if it only extend with our territory, and increase with our population, we shall have achieved something which no other nation has ever even attempted.

## THE CHURCH IN THE SKY.

AN! there it rises, dim and grand,  
Where yon blue vapors lie,  
My church amid the purple clouds,  
Far up the summer sky.

Behold its misty battlements,  
Its airy, gleaming spires!  
How bright its arching windows shine,  
With opalescent fires.

And higher still, behold its dome,  
Majestic, grand, and dim!  
In what a radiant glory-sea  
Its antique arches swim!

'T is based upon the summer clouds,  
'T is built of golden blocks,  
And with each idle, passing breeze  
Its red-cross banner rocks!

But hark! from yon high, misty tower,  
There comes a chime of bells,  
And with the sighing twilight wind,  
It loud and louder swells!

Ay, list again! for now is heard  
From 'neath the azure dome,  
The chanting of the angel-choirs,  
Who sing of harvest-home.

Behold them strike their golden harps!  
How white their garments gleam!  
And o'er them, from yon casements high,  
What floods of radiance stream!

Meanwhile, within the chancel kneels  
The form of ONE divine;  
Upon HIS brow is stamped the cross,  
A wondrous, holy sign.

O radiant soul! O sacred Son!  
For whom dost offer prayer?  
'T is for THY wandering flock on earth,  
Who doubt, and nigh despair.

But now aslant the mazy aisles,  
Mysterious shadows fall,  
And soon is vanished from the sight  
Each shining jasper wall:

The airy structure disappears,  
'T was but a twilight dream,  
Fit for the musing of an hour,  
A visionary theme!

## B E R T R A N D E D E R O L S .

BEFORE the gates of the Palace of Toulouse perished, during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, M. De Coras, Counsellor to the Parliament of that city, and a Calvinist by faith. Previous to his death, however, he had given to the world many of the facts connected with a most remarkable case of imposture, wherein circumstances of actual occurrence appeared stranger than the wildest vagaries of fiction; a case deemed worthy of being enumerated among *Les Causes Célèbres* of France.

Martin Guerre, a native of Biscay, married, in early youth, Bertrande de Rols of the City of Artigues, in the Diocese of Rieux. They were about the same age, and enjoyed that happy condition of life equally removed from the privations of poverty and the perplexities of wealth. She was worthy, modest, and beautiful. A union of nine years was, however, blessed with no offspring. Both were of the opinion that this misfortune was caused by the operation of some charm, and in accordance with the superstitious ideas of the time, Bertrande caused four masses to be celebrated, and ate bread baked in ashes. As a proof of her devotion, she resisted the solicitations of her parents to separate herself from Martin Guerre by course of law. The tenth year of their marriage was crowned with the birth of a son, whom they named Sanxi. About this time the husband absented himself on account of some offence committed against his father. The parent's anger was soon forgotten, but Martin Guerre did not return. Whether he had become tired of his wife, or had been led away by love of adventure, or perhaps of libertinage, no one knew. They had reason to believe he was living, but a long time passed without the slightest information concerning him.

After eight years of suspense, during which the neglected wife had lived above reproach, a man presented himself as her husband. He had the same figure and the same lineaments of face as Martin Guerre, and was recognized as the husband of Bertrande de Rols by her four sisters-in-law, her uncle by marriage, her own parents, and also by herself. She really loved her husband and did not doubt that she had recovered her loss in the veritable Martin Guerre. They lived together for the space of three years as husband and wife, having in the mean time two children, one of which died at birth. He also took possession of the estates at Artigues and in Biscay, and in every respect acted as the husband of Bertrande de Rols.

Pierre Guerre, the uncle of Martin, and several other persons, finally began to suspect that the assumed husband was an impostor. If such were the case, Jupiter himself had not more perfectly played the part of Amphytrion during his absence from the deluded Alcmena. They believed at first that Bertrande had willingly deceived herself for the reason that the deception was agreeable. It

seemed improbable that a resemblance however exact could so mislead a wife who had lived ten years in the matrimonial relation. Was it possible that an impostor could so represent the manner, the tones of voice, the gestures of an absent husband, and that indescribable something which arises from close familiarity, as to impose upon a wife whom nothing peculiar to her husband can escape? However this may be, the incredulous friends of Bertrande apparently succeeded in convincing her that the person with whom she had been living three years was not Martin Guerre, but an impostor, named Arnaud du Tilh. He was arrested and arraigned before the Court of Rieux. Bertrande de Rols demanded in her petition that, in addition to a penalty to the Crown, the accused should, with uncovered head, bare feet, and holding a burning torch in his hand, ask pardon of God, of the King, and of herself, saying that he had falsely, impudently, and wickedly wronged her in assuming the name and representing the person of Martin Guerre; and finally, that he should be condemned to pay her the sum of two thousand livres and bear the costs of the trial.

Arnaud du Tilh alleged in his defence before the Judge that no misfortune could equal his, for the reason that a number of his relations were so base as to deny his name, and even his existence, in order to obtain possession of his property; that Pierre Guerre, who had instigated the prosecution, was animated by hatred and cupidity; that those who shared the opinion of the uncle, were persecuting him from motives of avarice, and had even suborned his wife, at the expense of her good name, to engage in this atrocious procedure.

The accused then explained the cause of his disappearance, and gave an account of his life during his long absence from Artigues. He stated that he had served the King of France as a soldier for seven years, and afterward visited Spain. Longing to see again his home and kindred, he had returned to them. In spite of the change which time and the cultivation of a beard had made in his appearance, he had the satisfaction of having been recognized as the husband of Bertrande de Rols, and loaded with caresses by this same Pierre Guerre who now charged him with imposture. He declared that he had not lost the friendship of his uncle until he had demanded of him an account of the property committed to his keeping, during his own absence from Artigues; and that the charge would never have been preferred had he been willing to sacrifice his entire estate. Pierre Guerre, he insisted, had employed every possible means to effect his ruin, and even on one occasion attacked him with the view of taking his life. As the climax of this unheard-of persecution, he was attempting to make the Court of Rieux subservient to his base designs. The accused requested of the Judge that he might be confronted by his wife, who was not animated by the passion that governed his persecutors, and therefore could not deny the truth. He also demanded that his calumniators should be condemned, according to the laws of equity, to the same penalty which they were desirous of imposing upon

himself; that *Bertrande de Rols* should be entirely removed from the influence of *Pierre Guerre* and his associates, and that the false charges should be forthwith withdrawn.

The Court then instituted a close examination of *Arnaud du Tilh*. He promptly answered all the questions put by the Judge relative to *Biscay*; to the birth-place of *Martin Guerre*, and his connections; to the year, the month, the day even of his marriage; to his father and mother-in-law, the priest and the guests who were present at the marriage ceremony; and also to the particular circumstances occurring on that and the day following, even to giving the names of the persons who went to see him at mid-night in the nuptial-bed, according to the custom of the country. He spoke of his son *Sanxi*, of the day upon which he was born, of his own departure, the persons he had met in his travels, of the cities he had visited in France and in Spain, of persons he had seen in those countries; and in order that they might be the more perfectly convinced of the truth of his depositions, gave the names of individuals who could confirm all that he had said. In all this, there was not the slightest circumstance that could be turned against him. Granting the accused to be an impostor, *Martin Guerre* himself could not have stated the facts more promptly and correctly. *Mercury* had not more perfectly recalled to the memory of *Sophia* all her previous actions.

It was ordered by the Court that *Bertrande de Rols*, and several persons named by the accused, should be submitted to an examination. *Bertrande* gave the facts relative to the marriage in perfect conformity with *Arnaud du Tilh*, with the exception of mentioning the supposed charm to which allusion has been made. She related her unwillingness to separate herself from her husband, in compliance with the wish of her parents, although the marriage had not been blessed with offspring, and that the birth of *Sanxi* afterward was conclusive proof that the charm had been broken, and that her husband was no longer impotent.

The accused, who had not heard the deposition of *Bertrande*, was then interrogated upon these points. He related in detail the circumstances connected therewith, mentioning the means they had employed to dispel the charm, and giving, in every respect, the same history of the affair as *Bertrande* herself.

*Arnaud du Tilh* was now confronted by the plaintiff and all the witnesses. He demanded again that his wife should be removed from the influence of *Pierre Guerre* and his associates, in order that her judgment might not be perverted by his enemies. The demand was granted by the Court. He brought exceptions against the opposing testimony, and asked permission to publish a monitory to verify these exceptions, and prove that *Bertrande de Rols* had been suborned by his persecutors. This was also granted; but it was ordered at the same time to make a searching examination at *Peiz*, *Sagias*, and *Artigues*, into all the circumstances relating to *Martin Guerre*, the accused, and *Bertrande de Rols*, and also investigate the character of the witnesses. The revelations of the



monitory, and the facts elicited in the course of the investigation, confirmed the virtuous conduct of the forsaken wife.

Of the one hundred and fifty witnesses who were sworn, between thirty and forty deposed that the accused was the veritable Martin Guerre, on the ground that they had known him well from infancy, and also recognized him by several marks and scars, which time had not removed. A still greater number of witnesses, however, testified that the defendant was not Martin Guerre, but Arnaud du Tilh, *alias* Pousette, declaring that they had been acquainted with him from the cradle. The remainder of the witnesses, numbering more than sixty, averred that the resemblance between the two was so striking, that they could not affirm whether the accused was Martin Guerre or Arnaud du Tilh.

The Court then ordered two reports upon the resemblance, or the want of resemblance, between Sanxi Guerre and the defendant, and also between the former and the sisters of Martin Guerre. It resulted from the first report, that Sanxi Guerre did not resemble the accused, and from the second, that he did resemble the sisters of Martin Guerre. The revelations of the monitory, and the facts elicited by the investigation, would seem at least to have left the guilt of Arnaud du Tilh a matter of doubt. But upon the slight and unreliable proof contained in the two reports he was convicted of the crime of imposture, and condemned to lose his head, and, after death, to be quartered. Aside from the doubts of criminality of which the accused is always to have the benefit, the tender relations of marriage and of parentage should have availed somewhat with the Judge in making his decision.

Arnaud du Tilh, having appealed to the Parliament of Toulouse, that high Court deemed it necessary to institute a more thorough investigation into the case than had yet been made. It ordered first, that Pierre Guerre and Bertrande de Rols should be confronted in presence of the assembly by the accused. On that occasion, Arnaud du Tilh bore an air so assured, and a face so open and apparently sincere, that the judges believed they saw therein the evidence of his being the veritable Martin Guerre. Pierre Guerre and Bertrande, on the contrary, seemed disconcerted. But as these circumstances could not be regarded as absolute proofs of innocence, the Court ordered an inquiry into several important facts, concerning which a number of new witnesses were to be heard. This investigation, instead of enlightening the minds of the judges, served only to render the case more obscure and difficult of decision. Of the thirty new witnesses, nine or ten declared that the accused was the veritable Martin Guerre, and seven or eight that he was Arnaud du Tilh: the rest were not willing to affirm positively on either side.

Among the forty-five witnesses who testified against the accused, were individuals whose depositions carried great weight. The most important, perhaps, was his uncle, Carbon Barreau, who recognized him as his nephew, and seeing him in fetters, bitterly deplored the unfortunate destiny of one so nearly related to himself.



It was not to be supposed that a person would, under such circumstances, state what was untrue. Nearly all the above witnesses declared that Martin Guerre was of taller stature, and darker than the accused; that he was slender, and a little round-shouldered; that his head was thrown somewhat backward; that his nose was large and flat, the upper-lip slightly pendulent, and that there were two scars upon the face. Arnaud du Tilh, on the contrary, appeared to be thicker-set without being round-shouldered; but he bore precisely the same marks upon the face as Martin Guerre. The shoemaker of the latter testified that there was considerable difference in the size of the shoes worn by him and those of the accused. Another witness deposed that Martin Guerre was skilful in the use of weapons, while Arnaud du Tilh knew nothing about them. Jean Espagnol affirmed that the accused had made himself known to him, but desired that he would keep it secret. Valentine Rugie also deposed that the accused, seeing the witness recognize him as Arnaud du Tilh, had made him a sign to say nothing. Pelegrin de Liberos swore to a similar circumstance, and stated likewise that the accused had on one occasion given him two pocket-handkerchiefs, with the instruction that one of them should be presented to his brother, Jean du Tilh.

Testimony was given by two other persons to the effect that a soldier from Rochefort, passing by Artigues, was surprised that the accused should call himself Martin Guerre: he declared openly that he was an impostor; that Martin Guerre was in Flanders, and that he had a wooden leg in place of a limb carried away by a cannon-ball before Saint Quentin at the battle of Saint Laurent. It was added that Martin Guerre was from Biscay, where the Basque is spoken, a language of which Arnaud du Tilh was almost entirely ignorant. It was finally deposed by a number of witnesses that the accused had, from an early age, been inclined to evil practices, and that he was a thief, a perjurer, an atheist, and a blasphemer. After all this, could he not easily play the character of an impostor? Were not the facts testified against him sufficient for his condemnation?

The affirmations on the opposite side were, however, still more conclusive of innocence. Between thirty and forty witnesses testified that the accused was veritably Martin Guerre, and strengthened their testimony by saying that they had been acquainted with him from infancy, and had frequently eaten and drunk with him. Among these witnesses were the four sisters of Martin Guerre, who had been brought up with him, and from the first had maintained that the accused was their brother. Was it possible for all of these to be deceived? Would they not have observed and seized upon the slightest perceptible difference between the two persons?

Some of the witnesses, who had been present at the marriage of Martin Guerre and Bertrande de Rols, gave their testimony in favor of the accused. Catherine Borre stated that, at mid-night, she had carried to the newly-married pair the collation, called *media*

*noche*, or the *Réveillon*, and that the accused was the person whom she saw in bed with Bertrande de Rols.

A still more remarkable circumstance influenced the testimony of many of the witnesses in favor of the accused. Martin Guerre was known to have two prominent upper teeth, a drop of blood extravasated in the left eye, the nail of the index-finger broken, three warts upon the right hand, and one upon the little finger of the left hand: the accused bore exactly the same marks. How could Nature have imitated so perfectly these distinguishing peculiarities?

Other, and apparently reliable witnesses, testified to the existence of a conspiracy between Pierre Guerre and his associates to ruin the accused; that they had sounded one Jean Loze Consul, of Palhos, to know whether he would furnish money to carry on the trial, but that the latter had refused on the ground that Martin Guerre was a relative, and that he would rather give money to save than to ruin him. It was a common report at Artigues, they added, that Pierre Guerre and his cabal were persecuting Martin Guerre against the actual wish of his wife, and that several persons had heard her say to Pierre Guerre that the accused was his nephew, and no other person.

Nearly all the witnesses agreed in stating that the accused, on his arrival at Artigues, had recognized and called by name all his relatives and friends with the intimate familiarity of Martin Guerre; that he had recalled to those who were but slightly acquainted with him the places where they had met, conversations they had held, and parties of pleasure in which they had joined, ten, fifteen, and even twenty years before, as if all these things had been of recent occurrence. What was still more singular, he had recalled to the mind of Bertrande de Rols the most intimate and secret events connected with the nuptial-bed — events of which a husband alone could have knowledge. After the first caresses, upon his return, he had asked her to bring him his white breeches, lined with white taffeta, from a certain chest, and she had found them in the place indicated, although not aware of her husband's possessing such an article of dress.

Was it possible, in the light of all these circumstances, to believe that the accused was not Martin Guerre? Could any other brain than his have been filled with all these ideas? Was it credible that an impostor, unacquainted with a single individual in the place where he wished to practise his deception, could successfully represent a person who had lived there a number of years, who had formed a large circle of acquaintances, communicated with people of every class, and passed through many different scenes; was it, indeed, credible that this imposture should succeed when the person in question had a wife who had lived under his eyes a number of years, and with whom he had intimately communicated upon almost every imaginable subject? Could the memory of a man, playing the character of another under such trying circumstances, never be at fault? Was it not, in fine, morally certain that the

accused was none other than the veritable Martin Guerre, the husband of Bertrande de Rols?

It should be here observed that the result of the second inquiry as to the resemblance between the accused and the sisters of Martin Guerre, was entirely favorable to the defendant. The persons who drew up the report were satisfied that he must be their brother. But what left apparently not the least doubt of calumny and fraud against the accused, was the conduct of Bertrande de Rols during the trial. When she was confronted by him, he required her, by the sacredness of an oath, to testify as to his identity; he went so far as to make her his judge, declaring that he would submit to capital punishment if she would swear that he was not Martin Guerre. Would an impostor have placed himself in a position where nothing could avail him but the assurance of innocence?

What was the answer of Bertrande? She declared that she wished neither to swear nor to believe. It was as if she had said: 'Although I cannot betray the truth that condemns me and speaks for you, I do not, however, wish to acknowledge it, even at the time when it escapes me in spite of myself, for the reason that I have now gone too far to turn back.' Observe, also, her conduct toward the accused before the trial. She had lived with him three years, as a wife lives with her husband in the tender relation of matrimony, without complaint; and it does not appear from the testimony that she had detected, during that length of time, any point of difference between the accused and Martin Guerre. When some one said to her that the person with whom she was living was not her husband, she angrily contradicted the statement, declaring that she knew better than any one else, and whoever said that her husband was an impostor should be made to suffer. She had also been heard to declare that the accused was Martin Guerre or an evil spirit in his body, for no two persons could so exactly resemble each other.

How many times, also, Bertrande de Rols had complained of Pierre Guerre, and of his wife, who was at the same time her own mother, for the reason that they had urged her to prosecute the accused as an impostor! They had even threatened to drive her from the house unless she complied with their wishes. It was evident that she had been led away, and was completely under the influence of Pierre Guerre and her mother. It will be remembered that the latter had before counselled Bertrande to procure a separation from her husband on the ground of impotence.

It is reported that the accused, having been thrown into prison previous to this trial, and for some other offence, at the petition of Jean d'Escornebeuf, (whose secret colleague was Pierre Guerre,) it was then asserted that the person arraigned was not the veritable Martin Guerre; and that Bertrande de Rols also then complained of the constant solicitations of Pierre Guerre and his wife to prosecute the accused for imposture. When he had been set at liberty by virtue of the judgment of the Seneschal of Toulouse, which

pronounced between the parties a decree of contrariety, Bertrande de Rols received him with demonstrations of joy, caressed him, and even did not disdain humbly to wash his feet. Upon the following day, however, Pierre Guerre, with his associates, had the inhumanity again to thrust him into prison, having violated thereby his letter of authority. Was it not evident from all this, that Bertrande was unable to resist the tyranical ascendancy of Pierre Guerre, especially as she sent the accused, in prison, a dress and money to purchase provisions?

If, as one of the ancients has declared, 'it belongs only to a husband to understand his wife,' can it not be said with equal reason, that a wife alone thoroughly understands her husband? And since Bertrande de Rols had long recognized the accused as such, it followed that he was Martin Guerre, and could be no other person.

In view of all these convincing proofs, was not the Court of Toulouse bound to decide in favor of the accused?

The mere report of the soldier, that Martin Guerre had been in Flanders, and lost a leg in the battle of Saint Laurent, it was argued, could carry no weight in a court of justice. In answer to the argument that the physical traits of Martin Guerre did not in every respect correspond with those of the accused, it was answered that the difference related only to the size of the individuals. Was it singular that Martin Guerre, who was slender, and appeared to be taller than the accused, being yet very young when he left Artigues, should, after so long an absence, seem shorter and thick-set? A person who increases in size becomes apparently shorter. Nor could the want of resemblance between Sanxi Guerre and the accused be considered as proof against the latter. How many children there are which bear not the slightest resemblance to their father! No argument could be drawn from the circumstance that the accused did not speak the Basque; for, upon investigation, it was found that Martin Guerre had been carried from Biscay at the age of two years or thereabouts. The vicious character attributed to Arnaud du Tilh, was likewise no argument against the accused, for the reason that he had been shown to be Martin Guerre. During the three or four years he had lived with Bertrande de Rols he had not been charged with being a libertine or a debauchee.

In reference to the corresponding marks and scars upon the accused and Martin Guerre, the prosecution argued that the fact was not attested by a number of concurrent witnesses, but that for each mark there was a special witness who testified to having seen the same upon Martin Guerre. As to the prominent upper teeth, and the same features and lineaments said to belong to both Martin Guerre and the accused, does not history give many instances of resemblance equally remarkable? Sura, while Pro-consul in Sicily, met there a poor fisherman who had the same outlines of face and features, the same size, height, and proportion as himself. The gestures which Sura was accustomed to make, were natural to the fisherman. He had exactly the same expression of countenance, and

opened his mouth in the manner peculiar to the Sicilian when laughing and speaking. What was more singular, they both stammered in speech, a circumstance which led the Pro-consul to remark that he was surprised at so perfect a resemblance, since his father had never been in Sicily. 'Be not surprised,' replied the fisherman, 'my mother was several times at Rome.' Livy states that Menogenes, cook to Pompey the Great, resembled his master perfectly. Many other examples might be given. If resemblance were an irrefragable argument, how many celebrated impostors who have availed themselves of it, would have escaped punishment !

Neither was the Court to be deceived by the perfection in which Arnaud du Tilh had imitated Martin Guerre. He knew the same persons ; and had been able to recall exactly the dates and circumstances of events in which Martin Guerre had participated. Arnaud du Tilh, the prosecution argued, was a skilful actor, who had not attempted to play his part without having well studied it beforehand. He was an ingenious impostor, who had cunningly devised his plan, who had the art of clothing deception in the livery of truth, and who could so cover with a veil of impudence his evil acts as to prevent them from making their legitimate impression upon the minds of others.

It was also maintained that the accused could draw no advantage from the refusal of Bertrande de Rols to testify against him. The taking of an oath in a criminal matter not being in itself proof in favor of one side, a refusal to testify could not be regarded as proof in favor of the other. Moreover, were there not timid and superstitious persons who, frightened by the solemn impressions which an oath inspires, would not testify even for the truth itself ? It was easy, they averred, to account for the part taken by Bertrande de Rols during the three years. Her conduct had been that of a timid, kind-hearted person, incapable of making a decided resolution, and of proceeding against any one, least of all against a person from whom she kept nothing in reserve, and regarded as another self. A woman of this kind disposition suffers when she is obliged to seek even for justice at the cost of human life ; her heart is lacerated ; she repents of having gone so far, and attempts to retrace her steps. Such, the prosecution declared, was the position of Bertrande de Rols, whose sympathy for an impostor was stronger than her indignation against him.

These were the proofs and the arguments brought forward in favor of and against the accused, and on carefully considering the facts adduced, was it possible to believe that he was not the veritable Martin Guerre ? For, aside from the evident weight of testimony on his part, humanity and a tender regard for the condition of Bertrande de Rols and her infant were powerful pleas in favor of an acquittal. The Court of Toulouse had, indeed, resolved to render judgment in favor of the accused, when a remarkable circumstance supervened. Unexpectedly, as if fallen from Heaven, a second individual presented himself, claiming to be the real Martin Guerre, the husband of Bertrande de Rols. He came, he said,



from Spain, and had a wooden leg, as when seen by the soldier mentioned in the course of the trial. In a petition presented to the Court, he gave a history of the imposture, and asked to be examined. The Court ordered a further investigation, and also that the new claimant should be confronted by the accused, by Bertrande de Rols, by her sisters-in-law, and the principal witnesses who had so positively sworn that Arnaud du Tilh was no other than Martin Guerre. He was interrogated concerning the facts upon which the defendant had already testified, and exhibited the marks by which they could recognize him, but these were neither so numerous nor so positive as those furnished by Arnaud du Tilh. They confronted each other in the presence of the court. The accused treated the new claimant as an impostor, a villain, suborned by Pierre Guerre, and boldly declared that he would consent to be hanged if he did not prove the charge and cover his enemies with confusion. In the same confident manner he interrogated his accuser upon a number of domestic incidents which should have been known to him if he were the real husband of Bertrande de Rols. The latter did not respond with the same degree of confidence and assurance of truth as had characterized the testimony of Arnaud du Tilh. Judging from the manner of the two claimants, it was impossible to do otherwise than accept the assertion of the former.

Having caused Arnaud du Tilh to withdraw, the commissioners examined the new contestant upon a number of secret and particular facts not before alluded to in the trial; and the answers bore every evidence of being truthful. Arnaud du Tilh was then questioned upon the very same points, and responded to the ten or twelve questions put with the same promptness and assurance as before.

To determine, if possible, the truth of this mysterious case, the court then ordered that the four sisters of Martin Guerre, Pierre Guerre, the brothers of Arnaud du Tilh, and the principal witnesses should appear to choose between the two claimants. These all presented themselves excepting the brothers of Arnaud du Tilh, since the injunctions of the court did not oblige them to be present. It was deemed inhuman to compel them to testify against their brother, but their refusal to appear was at least a circumstance unfavorable to the cause of Arnaud du Tilh.

The eldest sister of Martin Guerre came first. After a moment's hesitation, she recognized in him her long-absent brother, and, weeping, tenderly embraced him. Addressing the court, she exclaimed: 'Behold my brother Martin Guerre! I acknowledge the error in which this abominable deceiver,' pointing to Arnaud du Tilh, 'has for so long a time kept me, as well as all the inhabitants of Artigues.' Martin Guerre mingled his tears with those of his sister. The others recognized him in like manner as the veritable husband of Bertrande, not excepting the witnesses who had so confidently maintained the contrary.

After all these recognitions, the injured wife was herself brought forward. She had no sooner cast her eyes upon Martin Guerre



than, overcome with emotion, trembling like a leaf agitated by the wind, she sprang forward to embrace him, imploring pardon for her fault in having been seduced by the artifices of a base impostor. As an extenuation, she declared that she had been led on by her too credulous sisters-in-law, who had recognized Arnaud du Tilh as her husband, and that her great desire to see him again had aided in the deception; that she had been confirmed in her errors both by the physical traits of the impostor and his recital of particular circumstances that could have been known only to her husband. But when her eyes were opened, she said that she had wished for death to conceal the terrible mistake, and that if the fear of God had not restrained her, she would have destroyed herself; that, unable to endure the shocking thought of having lost her honor and chastity, she had prosecuted the criminal, and even procured a judgment of capital punishment against him. The touching air with which *Bertrande de Rols* spoke, her tears, and the sorrow pictured upon her beautiful face, pleaded powerfully for her. *Martin Guerre*, who had been so affected when recognized by his sisters, remained insensible to the exhibitions of love and penitence on the part of his wife. After listening until she had finished, he regarded her coldly, and assuming a severe expression of countenance, said: 'Cease to weep; I am not to be moved by your tears; it is in vain that you attempt to excuse yourself by the example of my sisters and my uncle. In recognizing a husband, a wife has more discernment than a father or mother, or all the nearest relatives, and does not permit herself to be deceived only when she loves her error. You have brought dishonor upon my house.'

The members of the Court on the side of the prosecution then endeavored to convince *Martin Guerre* of the innocence of *Bertrande de Rols*, who was overwhelmed by the cruel conduct of her husband, but they could not soften his heart or lessen his severity: time alone could change his sentiments. It does not appear that *Arnaud du Tilh* was in the mean time disconcerted by these recognitions, for he was one of those determined individuals who brave the storm at the very instant it is crushing them. The deception, however, was now clearly unmasked, and the truth vindicated.

The Court, after a solemn deliberation, rendered judgment against *Arnaud du Tilh*, convicting him of no less than seven distinct crimes in the perpetration of this daring imposture. He was sentenced to ask pardon of God, of the King, and of *Martin Guerre* and *Bertrande de Rols*, upon his knees, before the Church of *Artigues*, with naked feet, the halter upon his neck, and a wax taper in his hand; then to be conveyed upon a cart through the streets of *Artigues*, to be hung before the house of *Martin Guerre*, and the body afterward to be burned. The Court also decided that the costs of the trial should be paid from the estate of the accused, and that the remainder should be given to his daughter by *Bertrande de Rols*, upon the attainment of her majority.

Nor, in the estimation of the tribunal, were *Martin Guerre* and

Bertrande de Rols entirely free from guilt. The former appeared culpable in having abandoned his wife and given occasion for what had taken place. But his greatest crime consisted in having borne arms against his king at the battle of Laurent, where he had lost a leg by a cannon-ball. Yet in his conduct there had been more of indiscretion than deliberate wrong. If he had given occasion for the fault of Bertrande, it was but a remote occasion, at least an error for which he could not be arraigned before a human tribunal. His bearing arms against his country had also been a matter of compulsion rather than of choice. Being in Spain, he had joined the suite of the Cardinal of Burgos, and afterward that of the Cardinal's brother, who had carried him into Flanders, where he had been obliged to follow his master to the battle of Laurent, and where he had lost one of his limbs as a punishment for the crime they imputed to him.

With regard to Bertrande de Rols, she appeared even more culpable than her husband. It did not seem possible that a person could have been so deceived. The fact that for three years they had striven in vain to convince her of her error, went far to indicate that it had not been very disagreeable to her. On the contrary, the good opinion they had of her nobleness of heart and sagacity, the example of the sisters of Martin Guerre, and so many other persons, the striking resemblance between her husband and the impostor, the relation he had given of circumstance the most minute and mysterious — of events that are confided only to the hymeneal divinity — the fear of bringing dishonor upon herself in prosecuting Arnaud du Tilh, not being certain of her error; all these considerations, joined to the rule that presumes innocence where no guilt is proved, inclined the Court in her favor.

While awaiting the execution of the law in the prison of Artigues, Arnaud du Tilh made a complete confession to the Judge of Rieux. He stated that he had been encouraged to perpetrate the crime by the circumstance that on his return from the camp of Picardy, some intimate friends of Martin Guerre had mistaken him for that person. From them he had informed himself of the parents, sisters, and relatives of the absent husband, and of many other things concerning him. During his travels he had also met Martin Guerre himself, who, an intimate acquaintance having sprung up between them, had communicated freely matters pertaining to his wife and family, even the most particular and circumstantial. He related the conversations they had held, and the times and occasions of secret events. Martin Guerre, had, in fine, revealed to Arnaud du Tilh the mysteries which a husband ordinarily covers with a veil of silence. The condemned had studied well the character he was about to act, and one might almost have said that he knew Martin Guerre better than Martin Guerre knew himself. He denied that he had made use of charms, or attempted to employ any kind of magic. Before the house of Martin Guerre he begged his forgiveness and that of his wife, and seeming to be penetrated with deep sorrow and contrition for his crimes, did not cease to implore the mercy of God until his execution.

## M O T H E R .

TEARS are falling fast and faster,  
 Shades are stealing on my path,  
 Shadows flit before my vision,  
 Shadows creep along the hearth;  
 Mother sits so like a statue,  
 Mother, darling of the earth.

Sad reverses, with their burdens,  
 Load my weakened, fragile frame,  
 But I feel a giant's prowess,  
 And I swear to fight the same!  
 Mother sleeps in holy quiet,  
 Mother, darling of the earth.

Homeless! ere to-morrow's sun-set,  
 And I cannot stay my sorrow:  
 Through the tears and shadows creeping  
 Comes the dreary, hated morrow.  
 Mother weeps, all unconscious,  
 Mother, darling of the earth.

Forth from home, returning never;  
 Tongues of fire would vainly tell  
 All the fears that throb my bosom,  
 But I cannot break the spell.  
 Mother smiles with angel sweetness,  
 Mother, darling of the earth.

Fears have vanished in the radiance  
 Of my mother's heavenly smile:  
 Surely mother is not dreaming  
 All this long and bitter while.  
 Mother speaks: 'My Heavenly FATHER!  
 Mother, darling of the earth.

'Heavenly FATHER, faithful ever,  
 Try me as it seemeth best,  
 Faint and weary by the way-side,  
 Take me home into THY rest.'  
 Mother's prayer in deep affliction,  
 Mother, darling of the earth.

Now the music softly swelling,  
 Take me to my father-land,  
 Let me walk within THY temple,  
 Faithful to THY least command.  
 Mother's prayer, ah! yes, 't is answered,  
 Mother, darling of the earth.

## *The Palimpsest:*

THE NARRATIVE OF A FATALIST.

BY EDWARD SPENCER, OF MARYLAND.

I RESUME Abdallah's narrative.

'When I had fully gained possession of my fateful secret, I stepped forth from my books to seek one by whose favor I might employ it to my own emolument. The Kalif of my father's time was dead, and his successor a man of too generous a nature to avail himself of my power. In a son of his father, however, a true descendant of the Bagdat Kalifs — by his father's side a son of Abbas, from his mother a well-born Emir — I found one who would well serve my purposes. With all his vices, which were as numerous as the wonders of Paradise, he had a glowing ambition, all-grasping, unscrupulous; and the one virtue of a constant, unchanging fidelity to his servants, counsellors, and parasites. I sought him out as he lived in wasteful luxury in Damascus, became his astrologer and alchemist, and made him the subject of long study, and artfully contrived evil influence. I began to see, under the cloak of his luxurious life, the dissatisfaction with circumstance, and the half-moulded aspirations after power that struggled in his breast. I gained his confidence, raised him from the grossness into the refinement of profligacy, warmed his hopes into being, and framed him to my will. When he was ripe, I said to him: 'Scherif, thou wouldst be Kalif?'

' 'Yes, my sage, I would be Kalif.'

' 'Thou wouldst dismiss thy brother to the bright houris, and in his stead reign at Bagdat?'

'Thou sayest it, Abdallah.'

' 'Know, Emir, that the thing is impossible, for the stars have forbidden it. The people love thy brother too well, and fear thee as the children of the desert fear the lion. Thou wilt here but waste thy life away in vain aspirings. Let us go hence, and I will make thee Kalif.'

' 'Where wilt thou have me go, Abdallah?'

' 'Beyond the seas, O Scherif! is a land where dwell the faithful. There, are palaces that surpass those of Damascus and Bagdat; there, are dark maids that rival the Peris of Schiraz, and many sages, wiser than any since the all-potent master; there, is a great city that is as fruitful as the date-palm; a city with six hundred mosques, from whose minarets the muezzin calls to prayers the dwellers in two hundred thousand houses, with nine hundred baths, to make the people subject to a sovereign will. Into that city

mines of gold and silver pour wealth surpassing the adept's dream. There, the revenue of the Kalif exceeds the palaced treasures of the great Alraschid; there, in that land, is a noble river, upon whose flowery banks nestle twelve thousand villages. This shall be thine.'

'Thou speakest of Spain, of Cordova.'

'I speak of the inheritance of the children of Abbas, wrested from them by the weak and effeminate hands of the Ommiyades. I speak of the land whose Kalifs are descended from the fugitive Abdalrhaman, a son of Ommiyah in the inheritance and pleasant places of the true heirs of the Prophet.'

'Abdallah,' said he joyfully, 'we will go to Cordova, and win back our inheritance.'

'Then I told him my power over men. His ambitious soul leaped for joy.'

'Thou shalt be my Vizier, Abdallah, when I am Kalif. Ruler of Spain, I will go eastward through France, to hurl from his throne the shaven dotard of Rome, to hold the pleasant isles and vales of the Grecian sages.'

'But fate decreed otherwise.'

'Even as he grasped his power, he offended me, and died. The sons of Ommiyah feared me; for I could raise up and cast down as I listed, and so I was powerful in Cordova. My palace was beautiful as the one the genii of Solomon built for the 'master of the lamp.' The slaves of my harem were more beautiful than the chosen wives of the Kalif. The learned flocked to hear me talk; for my words were as wise as my heart was wicked. The people feared me, saying, 'He hath the blighting power of the evil eye;' and no one loved me. But joy fled from my heart. After the full glow of accomplished purpose came remorse. Fair and smooth without was I, as the apples that grow by the sea of death; but within, like them, dust and ashes.'

'In a battle with the Christian, I one day obtained a monk for a prize. I gave him the drug with the purpose of torture; for I hated man, and loved to behold his wo, his agony, his debasement. But I had never seen such as this man. When I reviled him, he blessed me. When I tortured him, he prayed to his God for me. I reflected. I asked him how he got this long-suffering, patient serenity, so different from what I was wont to know. He talked with me. My heart softened toward him. I alleviated his sufferings as I was best able, but told him he must die, giving him an explanation of the cause. With a smile he forgave me. I demanded how he was able to do this thing, and he said his MASTER had so taught him; and then he recited the doctrines of his faith. I felt that his was a greater God than mine; and, being baptized, desired to expiate my sins. He referred me to the devotions and penance of a monastery, giving me a letter to the Prior of Saint Josephus in Asturia. He died blessing me.'

'My wealth has gone to those from whom it was plundered.'

To-morrow I go to the convent, seeking, in prayer, repentance, and good works, to be pardoned. Amen.

‘To my unlucky Heir, whomsoever thou shalt be, these things further :

‘My art (for the devil is permitted to be true) teaches me three things.

‘FIRST: That the mandate of the stars is irrevocable, and must be fulfilled.

‘(Therefore do I write out this narrative for thy use, that thou mayst hasten the end.)

‘SECOND: Thou wilt be a fatalist, for that is required to complete the sacrifice.

‘THIRD: Fate will guide thee to the possession of this that I write, and the cipher will be as nothing to thine eyes.

‘Therefore do I cloak this thing, that no curious one may chance upon it. Perchance in thy day (as is not impossible) an antidote shall be found, and the thing be made harmless.

‘I shall devote my days to the framing of this potent instrument of death, into a comely present testimony to the power, and wisdom, and goodness of the only God.

‘Farther: when it is done, and the bitterness shall come upon thee, turn unto God. When the head throbs, and the pulse beats wild, and the hand is eager with a thrust to end all forever, pray. Be thou patient, be thou fortified; for in the strong will is the true glory of manhood.

‘Let also the rich augury of the master, that thou art chosen an expiatory sacrifice, the offering up of whom shall forever end the thing, console thee. For it is whispered unto me, that in thy day men shall no longer despair.

‘O my son! dear to me from a kindred wo, God have mercy on thee. Amen, and amen.’

Then followed the Latin inscription, and therewith ended the narrative of Abdallah — therewith terminated my Palimpsest.

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My work was then done. Oh! would to God I could here end my narrative, making it simply the chronicle of a gratified curiosity! Yet I could not realize the thing in all its portentous grandeur. It was impossible for my mind, specially engrossed with the various steps of the process, so to generalize upon its magnificent continuity as to take in the horrible certainty of a result whose initial developments had been so accurately predicted. The individual phenomena had so interested me, that I failed to recognize the law inevitably deducible from their verification. I was a Pliny on Vesuvius, who, in studying the wondrous scorixæ, fatally neglected to guard against the molten flood that seethed beneath. How could this thing be? Was it not a dream, a fantasy, taking upon itself the shape of a hideous reality? Where was Science, that she had been so blind? Where was Fancy that she had not con-



ceived it? Where was God, that such a thing should exist? And could such a catenation of circumstances so dissimilar, so physically un-supposable in their individual selves, be at all possible? Finally, was there such an all-dooming destiny as these things proclaimed? Reason forbade the supposition. O thou fiendish Reason! from what sulphurous hell-vault didst thou come, still to tempt me on, on to the end, the death, the damnation! Curses eternal upon 'all thine impious proud-heart sophistries!' For that thou wert my bane, laying witheringly thy cold hand upon my happiness, do I curse thee, curse thee with a curse that shall cling to thee everlastingly!

Oh! yes, it was destiny, destiny! But thou wert destiny's instrument, saying to me with skeptic sneer: 'Thou wilt be then deceived by this old priest's mummeries, and accept as gospel truth all his insanest ravings about the stars and fate. *Thou*, who called thyself Philosopher.'

The measure of my curiosity was not therefore filled up. The last step in the process remained unverified. The last link of the chain was yet to be welded on.

And therefore, with half-framed purpose of trying it, I prepared the poison. It was easily made. I had a six-ounce vial full of it ready for use in two days. Yes; enough to slay a regiment of men quietly rested aneath that glass stopper. O God! why didst thou permit — why did not some sudden stroke of *Thy* merciful Providence smite me to death ere the wo came?

It was a dark-colored liquid, most resembling laudanum in every respect. I did not taste it, for there was danger even in a drop.

What then was to be done with it? Did I not combat thee, thou Reason, thou with unceasing infernal taunts? Did I not wrestle with thee, even as Jacob wrestled by night with the angel at the ford Jabbok: during six months did I not wrestle with thee unceasingly?

God in Heaven! I was vanquished!

There came to my house one night a wretched wayfarer of a beggar. Such a night it was, dark, wintry, storm-fraught, as usually comes companion of our woes. The man came in; and, while he told his tale of wretchedness, I studied his appearance. Dirty, ragged, miserable he certainly seemed; but through the dirt and the rags, I saw the brawn of the blacksmith. Wiry muscle, large bone, long limb, enormous chest — ah! enormous chest, arched, high, deep — such a chest! What a pair of lungs must be underneath that chest; competent to feed a forge, as that arm is to handle the sledge-hammer, or to turn the sails of a wind-mill.

'What a splendid subject for your experiment: a perfect test and *experimentum crucis* of your old monk's vaunted drug.' Avaunt, fiend! tempt me not!

'But see! watch him now, as he stands by the fire warming himself, with his arm resting upon the mantel: is that your watch that lies there, so near to his fingers? Notice him: how cupidity

inflames his eye; how he glances warily toward you; how his hand slides along; along: look at your book now for a moment—a moment longer, while he still talks on in his whining tone. His eyes observe you: there, now look up: the watch is gone! The wretch repays your kindness by robbing you. To the experiment: you 'll do no harm!

What a struggle it was!

'I must go now, Sir, havin' a long tramp afore me; with many thanks for your kindness; and may the good LORD ——'

'Stop!' cried I, starting to my feet, with burning eye-balls and wild throbbing head. 'Stop! you will take—take—something—wa-warming before you go: the night is bitter.'

'Thankee, Sir: yes, Sir; but I'm in a great hurry, if you please, Sir,' whined he in his confounded tones.

'In a moment.'

It was but a step; the next room, and the door open; hardly a thought's flight: *the six-ounce vial labelled 'Laudanum;'* thirty drops only—the largest dose—a warm punch brewed, and—I gave him the glass! He raised it to his lips like an amateur: 'Your health, Sir,' drank it down, smacked his lips, and—was gone! Ay, gone! and yet he was a murdered man—the intent; gone, while I closed my eyes, to shut out of sight the deed I was doing. Gone, gone: where to? O my God! call him back: quick! to the door! 'Ho, there! for the love of God and your life, come back!' With a stentor laugh from those bellows lungs, he runs on the faster. He had taken the watch!

. . . . .

It is not my province to paint the bitter remorse that followed this deed of mine. I know not how far culpable I was; for at this time, I will not pretend to say how far I was then convinced of the genuineness of the poison. If I may judge the extent of my guilt by the completeness of my punishment, I should pronounce with infinitely greater severity than ever mortal pronounced upon crime. But it is an impertinent spirit of casuistry only that calls up these perplexities; for, behold, the expiation has been made. I had done wrong; and, 'as I measured, so was it meted out to me,' is as good a solution as any. At any rate,

'——THE Storm-Blast came, and he  
Was tyrannous and strong.'

—

I TREMBLE even now, as I am about to put the last act of this my drama upon the stage, though its culminating period, in the original representation, dates four years back. It is part of my punishment that Time, the general Pain-Killer, has wiped away from my mind none of the vividness of recollection, has mellowed not any hue, nor softened any line of those stern events. The pervading morbidness of my character, has given each day sharper

point to the cause of my anguish, made me each day tenderer to its fierce contact. As disease riots in its ripeness through my frame, the ever-recurring blows of an anguished recollection fall upon chords more susceptible to jar and harshness, readier to vibrate with intensest agony, and shriller each day in the key-note of their woful strophes. Nor will opiates relieve me; for the reflux of dream brings back the actual past in such spectral vastness and horrid amplification, that I am glad to awaken again to the less frightful reality. I am conscious of a rapid decay. Even since I begun this brief narrative, my powers have failed me, and what was at first continuous, can only be kept up now at intervals, and with a sad distance between intention and performance. I am warned, and must hasten.

I may say, that at the end of six months I had forgotten the beggar, and the haunting terror of the mortal harm I had done him, though, in strictness, he was but for a time supplanted, as when a friend sits in the lap of the spectral skeleton who visits you, and, by the act of contrast, banishes him. For, in that time, a culminating happiness rose sun-like over the shadowy phantom, so that I saw it not. In the full life, blush, and glow of my June, I forgot November. Huldbrand saw not Kùleborn, for Undine was with him. In the June actually following that actual November, I brought in my Penates, and made of my cottage a home. After a brief season of rose-hued courtship — to drop metaphor — I married the woman of my choice, and the sun-shine of love beamed in rich and calm effulgence into my heart. Irene! thy name, dear one, was symbol of peace; and peace was thy gift, the office of thy ministration. Peace, peace, brief yet full; temporal, yet gloriously perfect. The daughter of an humble minister, she had grown up in the seclusion of an intelligent home-circle, a 'perfect woman;' and when by chance I met her, she struck me as the prime ideal of manhood's mature dream. O thou angel! in thy grace and beauty thou wert, as they named thee, of a surety — Irene!

I dare not linger to think. I cannot say with the poet:

'But, for the unquiet heart and brain,  
A use in measured language lies;  
The sad mechanic exercise,  
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.'

For woes with me, being dwelt on, acquire keenness and polish to pierce yet deeper, and more searchingly to bare the sore spot to the agony-gifted air. O Irene, Irene! when thou wentest forth thou didst take thy name with thee!

We were married, and I took her, my cherished idol, to my home. What of great happiness was mine during the first year of our union, I shall not speak of: I was content. But the year rolled by: it was my 'height of noon;' and, without the waning even, the twilight, the gradual softening of sun-shine into shade, black mid-night came sudden upon the 'garish

day.' Scarce had the second year travelled through half its course, ay, even just as 'drear November' crept on the yellow autumn — the second November from that hour of my crime — I noticed my wife much troubled with a cough. This had continued but a brief fortnight, when it was followed by a hemorrhage from the lungs. The doctor — you, dear B —, who will first read this — pronounced her disease consumption, incurable, most rapid. You saw my despair, you thought. You saw it not! You knew not one infinitesimal fragment of its profundity. Eternal, inscrutable Providence! how shall I interpret thy decrees? Shall I think that *lex talionis* is the law of THINE infinite wisdom, as it is of man's narrow, passionate impulse?

Enough: I hurry on. I *am hurried on* by an arid simoon-blast, that scorches me if I falter but a moment.

I sought my poison, with a half-determination of administering it, however perilous was the experiment, in its alleviative form, should other resorts fail.

Bear with me, reader — I have suffered: the recollection of how much, half-crazes me, even now. *The bottle was gone!* How I put down the ghastly horror that seized me, steeled myself into calmness, assumed a smile, I know not; but I did all this, and sought my wife, as she lay coughing upon a sofa in our bed-room.

'Irene, what have you done with the bottle of laudanum you asked me for a couple of weeks ago?'

'It is there, upon the mantel.'

Yes, without a doubt, there it was! I looked at it, the dark brown liquid resting so innocently aneath the glass stopper. There it was: there, there; yet Reason said, It can do no harm! I tell thee 't was not a thing: it was a devil that had cajoled me, and was now devouring me. What! hath not the fiend power of multitudinous metamorphosis? Then is his function of tempter but a name, a sinecure, not an office. Yes: there it was.

'Irene! did you use any of it? did you take it — swallow it, I mean?'

'Yes: I gave the baby three drops, to quiet him, he was in so much pain, and took some myself for the tooth-ache, as the doctor told me to do.'

'You do not want it any more?'

'Not just now.'

My God! no! for thou hast had enough, and more than enough, poor rat, nibbling at the bane that was meant for — ay, meant for *thee too*; that being its office, to destroy, to 'kiss all beautiful, unsuspecting ones with its 'cancerous kisses,' even unto death inevitable.' And thou, too, little one; even thou, slumbering in thy cradle, wert not spared; for thou wert 'first-born,' and the sprinkling hyssop had set no token over the threshold.

I took the vial in my hand, and returned to my study.

The blow had fallen.

Wo absolute, unconditional; misery eternal, whence there was

no escape, of which there was no mitigation; utter, final, perpetual banishment from the paradise of my joys into a dark abyss of desolation, inexorable, decreed; hell of the inner circle, of the lowest depth, with never a drop of Lethe water for my tongue; a fiat gone forth of the Interminable Wisdom, dooming me everlastingly. All this I comprehended in that blow, and fell before it, crushed by the weight of my ruin. I could not shriek out, or cry aloud; my agony was too deadening. Congealed with horror I lay upon the floor, silent under a load of woes, each one of which, 'so many and so huge, would ask a life to wail.' It was the benumbing agony of one buried alive, that cannot call out and be saved.

O man! how singular and perverse art thou in thy attributes! Why wilt thou clutch so eagerly, cling so fondly to thy little meed of happiness, that, at any moment, may perish before thy face? Why dost thou ever build thy fair domains upon the perishable sands, and cast about for an eternity of real benefaction, which is but pictured upon the mutable clouds? O thou foolish one! ever dost thou embark in one slight hull all thine high-wrought hopes, all the wide expanse of thine impassioned expectation, thy wealth of life, thy life itself, that the quick-coming blast may overturn and merge, wrecked, in the abyss forever! Ever dost thou, O immortal. Error! having formed a bright paradise, wherein whisper angels and cluster hopes like flowers in spring, wherein abide all that thou hast of past and of prospect, of bloom and of glow, of sunny beauty and fantastic divine things—ever dost thou then be made therefrom an exile, an alien eternally! Thou art ever the child, which, when he hath laden his paper bark with every pleasurable toy, doth thrust it out into the stream forever, as the dusk mother by Ganges setteth her first-born afloat to perish, and returneth nevermore to smile.

While I lay thus prostrate, there came to me a vision of one dying, wasted by long disease. The scene took upon itself the semblance of a hospital ward-room, where were many sick, groaning and complaining, fevered and weary. One only form was there for me, however: the form of a man, the shell of a man who had once possessed the brawn of a blacksmith. There were the long limbs, large-boned, over which the wasted flesh was now but sparingly bestowed. Wiry muscle was not there—had long fled: dirt and rags were not there: the man had been purified in form and in spirit too, to judge from the tempered flicker of the eye. Thank God for that! But the man was *there*, and for that reason, I knew, had I found the six-ounce vial, labelled '*Laudanum*,' where I *had* found it. For the enormous chest, arched, high, deep, was no longer as of old; but a hollow, rattling, shrunken chest, from under which but a faint and painful breath could be drawn out of those bellows lungs, and the Stentor voice was feeble as, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,' like a sick girl.' No wind-mill, anvil power was there; but only power to cough, and to feed itself with gruel, being raised up.

'Thou art the man!'

O Heaven ! save me from that cry, that chorus of the furies !  
It was Abel's blood crying out from the earth, ever, ever, ever :

‘Thou art the man !’

Ay, I knew it. I had done *that*, and therefore, ‘Behold this !  
For, as the one was thy deed, so shall the other be thy deed — *thy*  
deed, man : not God's, but thine, thine, thine !’

Power fails me to paint even the quality of my suffering. How long I lay there I do not know. Thanks be to God, I was at length aroused, and in the most salutary manner, by the calling voice of my wife. I mechanically told her I would shortly be with her. Then I resolved to crush down my grief, so that it might not give her pain. A fearful effort it cost, but I succeeded. Recognizing my vision not as a dream, but as a reality, which space had been annihilated to enable me to witness, I bowed my head to the fate it betokened ; and, seeing that it was inevitable, made it endurable.

I will not prolong the recital. In less than two weeks, our child died ; and this blow, combined with the disease, made my Irene sink so rapidly, that the doctor assured me she would not survive two weeks. You will remember, dear B —, and pardon the wild fierceness with which I contradicted your assertion, saying that she would live a year and more. In fine, I saw that no other means could avail, so I gave her the alleviative dose prescribed by Abdallah, and which, I was persuaded, had been efficient in the case of him who haunts me. You will recall, dear friend, how instantaneously she seemed to improve, to recover ; so that you were disposed to doubt your own judgment in regard to the nature of the case. But there was no clysium of a doubt permitted to me, poor doomed one. I had proven all too certainly, and at too high soul-cost, to be able so to do.

She lived a year, during which —

Well, I will not dwell on it. I must hasten, hasten, for the pulse is nearly gone.

Before Irene died, a day or two, when she was calm, and suffered little, when bright hopes of the future had enrayed the gloomy present, I ventured to tell her all, from the first, and she forgave me. Yes : with a blessed forgiveness, that has since been the one ray on a path of mid-night ; not only forgave me, but by a cheerful acquiescence in my fatalism, seemed to relieve me from blame.

What surpasseth the love of a woman !

She died in my arms, her expiating breath murmuring a prayer for her murderer !

You guess the sequel. Dare you blame me ? Was I criminal in resorting to that fate-fraught vial, with determination to suffer all that *they* had suffered, and in all things to make *their* sad ordeal *my* stern rule ?

Had I been as I am now, I mean in regard to spiritual impressions, and knowledge of ethical duties, I might have —



NOTE. — As the province of fiction is the *probable*, either of the end sought, or of the means toward that end, all that is needed to vindicate the *theory* of the 'Palimpsest' is the establishment of the *likelihood* of such a poison as is therein mentioned. This can be readily accomplished, for all through the ancient annals we find mention of secret poisoning. Setting aside the more modern and well-known case of the Marchioness DE BRINVILLIERS, and also that of the Roman woman TOPHANIA and her deadly 'Manna of Saint NICHOLAS of Bari,' we need only refer to the accounts handed down to us of the BORGIIAS to see the perfection to which the art of poisoning has been carried.

But it was among the older nations of the earth that the knowledge of *slow* poison was most horribly prevalent. And these poisons were the more deadly because composed almost entirely of vegetable or animal substances, thus transcending modern infamy, which has to rely upon the easily detected mineral poisons, or such vegetable substances as produce unmistakable symptoms. KALM, in his travels, mentions a plant, the name of which he refuses to give, from which, he says, the American Indians prepare a slow poison, which causes death by a *lingering consumption* after the expiration of years. In PLUTARCH'S life of ARATUS we find the death of that Achæan general attributed to a like cause. PHILIP of Macedon desired PHAURION, one of his friends, to have him taken off in a private manner. 'That officer, accordingly, having formed an acquaintance with him, gave him a dose, *not of a sharp or violent kind, but such a one as causes lingering heats and a slight cough, and gradually brings the body to decay.*' Connected with this account, PLUTARCH makes especial mention of *spitting of blood* as a prominent symptom.

QUINCTILIAN (*Declamat.*, xvii. 11.) speaks of a poison of similar effects in such language, that it is evident its uses were well known in his time. Again, THEOPHRASTUS (*Hist. Plant*, ix. c. 16) writes thus: 'They say a poison can be prepared from aconite so as to occasion death *within a certain period, such as two, three, or six months, a year, and even sometimes two years.* . . . No remedy has been found out for this poison.' He also speaks of one THRASYAS, a native of Mantinea in Arcadia, and a famous botanist, who could prepare a poison from certain herbs which, given in doses of a drachm, produced death in a certain but easy and painless manner, *the effects of which poison could be delayed for an indefinite period.*

'This poison,' says the learned BECKMAN, 'was much used at Rome, about two hundred years before the Christian era.' (*Vide* LIVY, lib. viii. c. 18.) It was by such a poison that SEJANUS made way with DRUSUS: 'Igitur SEJANUS, maturandum ratus, *deligit venenum, quo paulatim inrepente, fortuitus morbus adsimularetur*: id Druso datum per Lygdum spadonem, ut octo post annos cognitum est.' (TACITI Annalium, lib. iv. c. 8.) Such a poison did AGRIPPINA cause LOCUSTA to prepare for CLAUDIUS; but so great was her impatience, that she changed it into one more active. This LOCUSTA (who, expert as she was, the satirist says was excelled by the Roman matrons:

'INSTITUITQUE rudes *melior* LOCUSTA propinquas  
Per famum et populum nigros effere maritos. — JUVENAL, Sat i. 70:)

also prepared the poison with which NERO slew BRITANNICUS. The poison which the Carthaginians administered to REGULUS, is supposed to have been one of a similar character with that of THRASYAS. We read in Avicenna, that the Egyptian kings made frequent use of slow poison. (*De viribus Cordis.*)

A peculiar circumstance connected with these poisons is, that they were all of a vegetable or animal nature. Many were compounded from aconite, hemlock, or poppy. The most remarkable animal poison, was that extracted from the sea-hare, (*lepus marinus*), of which we find numerous accounts in ancient writers, particularly DIOSCORIDES, GALEN, PLINY, ÆLIAN, and NICANDER. Modern science has only begun to reveal the terrible capacities of the vegetable kingdom in the undetected destruction of human life; and it is probable that the empirical inventions of Eastern pharmacists and herb-doctors is still far in advance of authentic science, so far as regards the specific effects of herb-decoctions and extracts, upon the animal economy. M. A.

June, 1858.

## THE BOATMAN OF WHITEHALL.

## I.

## THE RIVALS.

OH! many a boat may cleave the bay,  
And many an oar may rise and fall,  
But none can match the sturdy stroke  
Of BEN the Boatman of Whitehall.

His skin is as the autumn brown,  
Through which there shows a struggling red,  
And chestnut locks, that curl like vines,  
Weave glossy garlands round his head.

There is no fear within his eyes,  
No secrets underlie his lips:  
The thoughts within his soul are plain  
As on the sea the sailing ships.

And he's to me the fairest lad  
That ever bent to bending oar:  
And I to him the dearest maid  
That ever trod the Jersey shore.

For one slow-footed summer's eve,  
Upon Weehawken's splintered crest,  
When shadows crawled across the bay,  
And the great sun sailed down the west,

He swore to me eternal love,  
And I to him eternal truth,  
Till by the light of early stars  
We sealed the warranty of youth.

I had my pet — my father his,  
A jaunty youth called WILLY MORE:  
Soft-voiced, smooth-skinned, and dandified,  
He yet could pull a dainty oar.

So WILLY MORE came wooing me,  
With rings and chains and scented locks,  
And talked my poor old father round  
With mortgage-bonds and rail-road stocks.

And then to me he'd prate and prate  
Town-talk, how idle and absurd!  
Of balls to which he had not been,  
And operas I had never heard.

What cared I for his city airs,  
His honeyed speech, his stocks and lands;  
BEN wealthier seemed in truth and love,  
Although he sued with empty hands.

Thus, 'twixt my father and myself,  
There blew a gale of constant strife;  
He favored WILLY, while I vowed  
That none but BEN should call me wife.

So steadily the struggle ran,  
Until one day, to my surprise,  
My father, as if wearied out,  
Offered the strangest compromise :

'WILLY and BEN,' the old man said,  
'Were the best oarsmen in the bay,  
Let them be matched, the victor one  
To bear the prize (myself) away.'

'T was settled. MORE took up the gage,  
And smiled as if he held success;  
While I, whose all in life was staked,  
Went trembling for my happiness.

## II.

## T H E R A C E .

OH! brightly rose the summer's sun  
Above the blue horizon's brink,  
And tipped with gold the cedar crests  
That crown the hills of Neversink.

And many a boat went down the bay,  
With coxswain keen and oarsmen tall,  
To see the race 'twixt Dandy MORE  
And BEN the Boatman of Whitehall.

As in and out between the throng  
Of flitting skiffs BEN pulled his boat,  
While now and then a snatch of song  
Came bubbling from his brawny throat;

He looked so full of youthful power,  
Such manly sweep was in his oar,  
That sudden peace fell on my soul,  
And I was cheered, and sighed no more.

That arm, thought I, can never flag,  
That heart can never know disgrace:  
The light of coming conquest shines  
In the brown glory of his face.

And I already seem to hear  
The ringing thunder of the cheers,  
As far ahead, his gallant boat  
Hard by the winning-post he steers;

And seem to hear him panting say,  
While in his quivering arms I lie:  
'O Life! O Love! No happier lad  
Breathes on God's earth this day than I!'

The word was given, and BEN and WILL  
Rowed slowly to the starting-place :  
I could not look, but kept my eyes  
Fixed on my father's stern-set face.

And as I gazed, there seemed to crawl  
A sudden darkness over me ;  
And hope sank — as the shotted corpse  
Sinks in the unrestoring sea.

The word was given : I closed my eyes :  
A thousand voices yelled, 'Away !'  
The thudding of a thousand oars  
Went dully rolling up the bay.

'They're off !' 'He gains !' 'Who gains ?' 'Why, WILL !'  
'No, BEN !' 'Hurrah ! well done, well done !'  
'Good Boy !' See, BEN's ahead — brave BEN !'  
'I'll back the lad at ten to one !'

So round me rolled a bubbling hum  
Of broken speech. What right had they  
To speak at all, when I, BEN's love,  
In agony and silence lay ?

But high above that meddling din,  
I heard a sound that fainter grew ;  
A sound of oars in measured fall,  
A music that my spirit knew.

And then I prayed, oh ! how I prayed !  
Forgive me, God, if earthly love  
Freighted the hurried messengers  
I sent that day to THEE above.

The hot, kind tears unsealed my eyes :  
At first all sense of vision fled :  
At last I saw : the boats were round,  
And — horror ! — WILLY was ahead !

Ahead ! ahead ! on, on they came,  
With bending backs and bending oars ;  
Already WILLY's comrades shook  
With cheer on cheer the echoing shores.

On, on they came ; a length between  
Their boats that, hissing, cut the sea :  
Is this the way my prayer was heard ?  
O BEN ! one stroke for life — for me !

They near the goal — one minute more,  
And WILLY wins — and I am lost !  
One minute more : O BEN ! give way !  
Pull, though your life should pay the cost.

I breathe not : would I never breathed !  
I — ah ! what's that ? A snap, a cry !  
Oar broken ! Whose ? Not BEN's ? No, WILL's !  
Joy ! BEN, brave BEN shoots, victor, by !

If joy could kill, then I had died,  
 When on BEN's brow I laid my lips,  
 And heard him swear he prouder was  
 Than if he owned a hundred ships.

And I so happy was, I smiled  
 Even on sullen Dandy MORE:  
 The fool who would have broke my heart;  
 But only broke, instead, an oar.

Was this the end? Ah! no! though all  
 That youthful fire has fled away;  
 Though BEN no longer tugs the oar,  
 And in my hair are threads of gray;

The poem of our wedded life  
 Might still in sweeter numbers fall  
 Than e'en the tale, how I was won  
 By BEN the Boatman of Whitehall!

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## S O M E T H I N G   A B O U T   W I N E .

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BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

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'Oh! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains.'

SHAKESPEARE.

'And wine that maketh glad the heart of man.' — PSALM CIV.

THE extraordinary revelations of chemistry, which indicate the mineral nutriment of animal life obtained through plants, have no illustration so delicate and marvellous as that of the grape. That magnesia is a constituent of oats, and was made by a speculative Scot to account for the local genius of his nation fed on oat-cake; that the phosphorus abounding in fish is a cerebral stimulant, whence a minute philosopher might infer the frequent coincidence of piscatorial and meditative tastes; are facts of physiological science curious indeed, but not so refined and complex marvels as may be found in those exquisite distillations of the soil conserved in a grape-skin. When it is remembered how the peculiar flavor, strength, and quality of wine is identified with distinct parts of the globe, derived from special traits of soil, season, and atmosphere; and how, through ages, this individuality has remained intact, we realize the aristocracy of vegetable race, the law of blood in the vine. Grains, grasses, and fruit-trees — the commonalty of agriculture — are reproduced identical in various countries. The French *emigré* tastes the pear of his native province in an orchard of New-England; the Italian finds in the aboriginal

maize of this continent the '*gran Turco*' of Lombardy; and Clinton discovered in a wild cereal of Western New-York, a farinaceous product indigenous on the shores of the Caspian. But there are varieties of the grape, not only confined to a certain latitude or island, but to a few acres of favored earth, whose qualities alone, by an inscrutable and inimitable combination of elements, produce an unique vinous result.

Sometimes a world-wide fame and value, as in the case of Madeira and Champagne, and Chateau Margaux, is the evidence of this local superiority and character; and in others, the merit is known only to a neighborhood, and the privilege monopolized by a single family. The famous poem of '*Bacchus in Tuscany*' celebrates two villas thus favored:

'Ma lodato  
Celebrato  
Coronato  
Sia l'eroe, che nelle vigne  
Di Petraja e di Castello  
Pianti prima il Moscadello.'

In volcanic countries, these isolated gems of vine-yards are of frequent occurrence; and their secret treasure guarded with jealous care. Out of Sicily, the wine universally known as the characteristic product of that fertile island is Marsala: only the long resident, or favored traveller is aware that a small fraternity of monks boast a row of vines springing from a few roods of decomposed lava, which yield annually fifty gallons of a nectar, which seems to unite the vital salubrity of Etna's salts with the prolific glow of her hidden fires and the cool purity of her virgin snow; these varied elements, 'so mixed' into a rich yet delicate vintage, that no one who has shared can ever forget the special flavor of the hospitality enjoyed at the convent of San Placido. The Garonne's rushing tributaries have, during centuries, brought from the Pyrenees deposits that form a soil whence spring some of the choicest wines; so hard is it two or three feet beneath, that it must be broken before the vines will grow; and the best Medoc is born on a pebbly ground of quartz; the vine, indeed, requires what is called stony soil, because it is more retentive of heat by night.

There is an analogy between the customary beverage and the character of a people, which suggests many philosophical inferences. All travellers have noted the infrequency of ebriety, and the cheerful, vivacious disposition of the peasantry in wine countries; the social degradation incident to excess in alcoholic drinks, and the heavy dogmatism and stolid temper observable among the working-class of Great Britain, whose habitual drink is malt-liquor. There is an intimate relation between German metaphysics and beer. 'It is little wonder,' says an acute writer, 'that the German nation should remain subject to the rule of thirty-six petty tyrants, when, in fact, beer, by its properties, destroys all fine distinctions, and its habitual use grinds the edge from our cri-



tical faculties.' But there is also a singular adaptation in these to the climate. Englishmen who daily imbibe their 'Brown Stout' with impunity at home, find it productive of vertigo and plethora in the United States, where the sun-shine and alternations of temperature develop such a degree of nervous excitability, as to make solid stimulants unwholesome. In Russia, a man exposed to the elements, and accustomed to labor, would find claret an ineffective substitute for brandy. The latter is seldom palatable in Southern Europe, except in the diminutive cordial-glass, and after a meal; while the common wine, all things being equal, produces a glow and exhilaration which only a water-drinker would realize in northern latitudes. We wonder, in France, how a glass of old Madeira could have ever seemed otherwise than fiery; and, while amid the fogs of London, Port has the taste of a seasonable restorative, in Italy its body and warmth are oppressive and heating. It needs an ascent of the Highlands and a Scotch mist, or a January night in America, to develop the innate virtue of 'Mountain Dew. Orvieto tastes flat away from Rome, and *Vino d'Asti* is a homely draught, except in the temperate latitude of Lombardy. Old Rum, we are assured by Creole planters, can never be fully appreciated except in the West-Indies; and to duly estimate the excellence of *Schnapps*, one should be in Java or Holland. This sense of the appropriate in dietetics is felt when we first imbibe wine in the country of its growth. Panting with the ascent of Vesuvius, we subscribe heartily to the extravagant laudation of *Lachyrma-Christi*:

'WHAT undiscerning clown was he  
Who first applied that doleful name,  
A bugbear to good companie,  
To wine which warms the heart like flame?  
A smile were fitter word than tear  
For what our generous grapes give here.'

Dining at Bordeaux, we respond to the inspiration of her vintages; gazing on the picturesque scenery of Heidelberg, we think Rhenish the best of vinous entertainment; the saccharine Malaga and Muscatel are delicious in Spain, and the strength of Sherry is a happy medium to brain and nerves at Cadiz. Tokay has its imperial sway undisputed in Hungary; and Sitka, if our explorers are to be credited, is the best of toddies at Japan. The relish of wines especially is dependent upon time and place; they seem to have a local and untranslatable virtue, except in those species which, from inherent power, improve, like great souls, by transit and range. It adds to the mellow rareness of the strong wines, as it does to the manly energy of the generous seaman, to 'double the Cape;' but the more delicate varieties, like the graces of feminine character, keep and impart their choicest zest in the atmosphere of home.

In the history of modern reforms, should such a work be ever written by a philosopher, no chapter will yield more remarkable facts than that devoted to Temperance. The reaction inevitable

to all social revolutions and extremes of opinion, now throws an apathetic spell over the subject: but the simultaneous crusade against stimulating drinks undertaken in England and America; the means resorted to; the eloquence and the treasure; the banded fraternities and the single apostles; the tragic confessions and the extraordinary reformatations; the intensity of the public zeal and the abnegation of private rights of judgment and action, which were dedicated to this movement, have no parallel in the social annals of modern civilization. Probably the extent and demoralization of intemperance in the use of alcohol, were not exaggerated by the most fiery advocates of this reform; probably the most ultra measures adopted were requisite to the moral exigency; and doubtless a radical and permanent good has been effected. The spectacle of domestic misery and personal degradation incident to this vice, once so common, is now comparatively rare; a better habit has been initiated, and a more healthy public sentiment established; so that, although the statistics of intemperance are and will be appalling, the evils—moral, physical, social, and individual—are as clearly defined, and as generally recognized, as those of war, pestilence, improvidence, or any other human misery. The insidious nature of this scourge has been disclosed, the warning has been proclaimed, and society awakened thoroughly to the perception and consciousness of a foe which once desolated its ranks, unchallenged and unopposed, save by isolated and ineffective protest.

The grand primary fact to be recognized by the philosopher, is that instinctive love of excitement, based on the very laws of human organization, whereby the nerves and brain are susceptible of an exhilaration that intensifies and sometimes absorbs consciousness, wraps the intellectual in exalted dreams, bathes the voluptuous in pleasurable sensations, and fills the ignorant and debased with animal complacency. And the next consideration is, the degradation and brutalization incident to the habitual indulgence of this possibility. Brain, appetite, and reason, to say nothing of conscience and religion, have a subtle battle, and one the issue of which, experience proves, cannot be foretold from the comparative intelligence or will of individuals. Perhaps no temptation has excited so little sympathy, from the fact that it is so modified, both in degree and frequency, by peculiarities of constitution and of consciousness. When such a man as Robert Hall descends from the pulpit, which his pious eloquence has made a holy throne to millions, to eagerly seek the relief which tobacco and laudanum afford to corporeal anguish; when such a vivid intelligence as kindled the brain of Heine was voluntarily clouded by narcotics, as a respite from nervous torment; and the sensibility of Charles Lamb, which trembled on the verge of sanity, made the artificial excitement of alcohol a welcome though dreaded resource, we can scarcely wonder that the unfurnished mind of a Japanese should yield to the feverish charm of his rice-distillation; the limited understanding of a Chinaman dwindle to imbecility amid the sedative vapor of

opium ; the American Indian forget his woes in fire-water ; and the idler in the gardens of Damascus fall an unresisting victim to the enchantments of Hasheesh. Ignorant, care-worn, anxious, disappointed humanity, so often quelled by the fragile temple it inhabits, or baffled by unrecognized aspirations, corrosive want, vain sacrifice — isolated, weary, discouraged, unbelieving, hopeless — how natural, while imprisoned in blind instinct, unsustained by faith, wisdom, or love, that it should rush to the most available delusion and the nearest Lethe !

The woes of Intemperance have been said and sung ; but the graces and the blessings of Temperance have yet to be appreciated in northern lands. Science gradually but surely lights up the arcanas of social economy ; she vindicates the use, while reproaching the abuse of whatever created thing is obviously related to human wants and welfare.

The author of 'Margaret,' that most authentic and profound, as well as best illustrated story of New-England primitive life, attributes the prevalence of intemperance among the descendants of the Puritans, to the lack of amusements, gross physical being substituted, according to the law of compensation, for harmless and intellectual or artistic recreation ; and in confirmation of this theory, in the exact ratio that music, painting, the lyceum, the theatre, the dance, regatta, horsemanship, rural taste, and other enjoyments, once sternly proscribed, have been cultivated, addiction to intoxicating liquors has become less a social habit. The once universal punch-bowl at noon, sitting over wine after dinner, and array of decanters at funerals, have grown obsolete ; light wines have taken the place of strong potations, a delicate flavor is appreciated beyond alcoholic strength ; excess is deemed not less vulgar than immoral ; taste in beverage is as potent as in art and dress ; and the tippler is ostracised from good society.

On the other hand, the fanaticism of temperance has chilled the glow of hospitality, and checked the frankness of intercourse ; if there is less conviviality, there is more calculation, avarice holds Carnival where appetite keeps Lent ; colic instead of inebriety is the penance of festivals, cynicism too often is the substitute for headache ; and instead of 'sermons and soda-water,' as the antidote for indulgence, there is wanted charity and fellowship to hallow the banquet.

There is no greater fallacy than the popular notion which identifies wine and animal spirits. The cordial that reinvigorates the exhausted frame and cheers the fainting heart, when neither are in need of such artificial refreshment, confirms rather than changes the existent mood ; melancholy grows deeper, irritation is aggravated, and heaviness increased, by more heat in the blood, and excitement to the nerves already over-burdened by moral depression. All the praise of wine is involved in conditions : only to the temperate is it a genial stimulant. The man unfamiliar with the remedy most certainly responds to its application. They who, like the hale, faithful servitor in '*As You Like It*,' have not in

youth habitually known 'hot and rebellious liquors,' feel the sanative power of which they are capable, in the prostration of fever, or the loss of vital energy through exposure, fatigue, and infirmity. Ale and apoplexy, port and gout, cider and rheumatism, punch and bile, have an intimate relation. Yet we are assured, that in the cities of the Rhine, the apothecaries have a poor business, because of the wine—there a general commodity; and in point of physical development, the bravest knights and monks of old, who achieved wonders with muscle and brain, that make us their everlasting debtors; and the prosperous English of to-day, excel the average of the race, by virtue of alternate exercise of their vital force, and its sustainment by generous viands and draughts. The oracles of Temperance, when they bade men swear to taste only water, and, as in the case of seventy Boston physicians, signed a declaration, that the use of stimulants *invariably* led to increase in quantity, and was *never otherwise* than an injury to health, exceeded their commission and mis-stated the science of life. French people, from childhood to age, are content with their *petit verre* of *eau de vie* after the *demi-tasse* of coffee which closes the dinner; and to reach intoxication, an amount of the common wine of countries where the grape is a harvest must be drunk, at which the capacity of the stomach revolts. Beer and pipes are said to have obfuscated the modern German brain; yet the parsons meet in the public gardens, and without conscious wrong, empty their frugal glasses and send abroad lusty whiffs, with a quiet zest that disarms theological strife; and the artists in Italy eke out their economical repast with *un poco de vino*, as free from any sign of unspiritual hardness, as the peasant over his coarse bread, or the dowager at her tea. The gin-palace in London, and the drinking-saloon in New-York, tell quite a different story: abuse and use, motive and act, the individual and the indulgence, are only confounded by the bigot and the fanatic; and the idiosyncrasy which leads a few, through the mere taste of a drug or a drink, to rush into intoxication, is no more a precedent for mankind than the recoil from water in the victim of hydrophobia. Any natural appetite may become morbid, and the most unrecognized intemperance in America is that of eating, and unscrupulous gain and ambition.

All legitimate praise of wine, therefore, pre-supposes temperance. To the toper it is an impossible luxury; those refinements of palate, of nerve, of sensation and of sentiment, to which the quality, virtue, and significance of wine alone appeal, are incompatible with other than an unperverted body, and a discriminating taste: conditions impossible, not only to the intemperate, but to the hackneyed devotee of Bacchus. There is something manly and quaint, as well as eloquent, in the following defence of wine, by a late writer, classed by Emerson among the modern original minds of England:

'And if wine is good to drink, it need not be drunk on pretexts. Men have drunk it from the beginning for that which is the best and the worst of reasons—because they like it. 'Wine maketh glad the heart of man:' there lies the fortress of its usage. To the

wise, it is the adjunct of society; the launch of the mind from the care and hindrance of the day; the wheel of emotion; the preparator of inventive idea; the blandness of every sense obedient to the best impulses of the hours when labor is done. Its use is to deepen ease and pleasure on high-tides and at harvest-homes, when endurance is not required; for delight has important functions, and originates life, as it were, afresh from a childhood of sportive feeling, which must recur at seasons for the most of men, or motive itself would stop. A second use is to enable us to surmount seasons of physical and moral depression, and to keep up the life-mark to a constant level, influenced as little as possible by the circumstances of the hour. Also, to show to age by occasions, that its youth lies still within it, and may be found like a spring in a dry land, with the thyrsus for a divining-rod. A third use is, to soften us; to make us kinder than our reason, and more admissive than our candor, and to enable us to begin larger sympathies and associations from a state in which the feelings are warm and plastic. A fourth use is, to save the resources of mental excitement by a succedaneous excitement of another kind, or to balance the animation of the soul by the animation of the body, so that life may be pleasant as well as profitable, and the pleasure be reckoned among the profits. A fifth use is, to stimulate thoughts, and to reveal men's powers to themselves and their fellows, for *in vino veritas*, and intimacy is born of the blood of the grape. But is it not unworthy of us to pour joy's aid from a decanter, or to count upon 'circumstances' for a delight which the soul alone should furnish? Oh! no; for by God's blessing, the world is a circumstance; our friends are circumstances; our wax-lights and gayeties likewise; and all these are stimuli, and touch the being within us; and where, then, is the limit to the application of Art and Nature to the soul? At least, however, our doctrine is dangerous; but then fire is dangerous, and love is dangerous, and life with its responsibilities, is very dangerous. All strong things are perils to one whose honor's path is over hair-breadth bridges and along giddy precipices. A sixth use is, to make the body more easily industrious in work-times. This is the test of temperance and the proof of the other uses. That wine is good for us which has no fumes, but which leaves us to sing over our daily labors with ruddier cheeks, purer feelings, and brighter eyes than water can bestow. The seventh use is, in this highest form of assimilation, to symbolize the highest form of communion, according to the Testament which our SAVIOUR left, and to stand on the altar as the representative of spiritual truth. All foods, as we have shown before, feed the soul, and this on the principles of a universal symbolism; this, then, is the highest use of bread and wine — to be taken and assimilated in the ever-new spirit of the kingdom of heaven.\*

From the stand-point of political economy, grape-culture is a vital interest; in France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Madeira,

\* THE HUMAN BODY and its Connection with Man, illustrated by the Principal Organs. By JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON.



and elsewhere, the 'vine-rot' and 'grape disease' are national calamities. Not only is wine the beverage of the peasant, and often its most nutritious element, but the cultivation of the vine and the manufacture of its fruit into wine, is their most profitable labor, while the income derived from its sale is the chief resource of the landed proprietors. In seventy-seven of the eighty-six French departments, the vine is cultivated; and in whole districts it is the sole dependence. It has been estimated that it forms one seventh part of the net product of the soil. A thousand million of francs has been computed as the result of the annual sale, in prosperous years, of the wines sold in France and abroad. During the last ten years a great diminution has occurred; the mysterious scourge, apparently unknown in ancient times, has bred a famine in many parts of Southern Europe. Every season in France and Hungary, along the Rhine; in Spain, Sicily, and Asia Minor; on the lower Moselle; in Wurtemberg, Baden, and Alsatia; throughout Italy; in Switzerland, the Canary Islands, Portugal, and on the Ohio, the prospects of the grape-crop are watched, discussed, and proclaimed as the most important economical interest of prince and peasant; and this the more anxiously, since the advent of the 'vegetable cholera,' as the vine-rot has been aptly called.

'The vine occupies two belts on the earth's surface, both of which lie in the warm regions of the temperate zones, the higher the latitude the more inclined to acidity is the grape, hence the difference between Sicilian and Rhenish; its strength is manifested by proximity to the equator, hence Madeira. In the fifth year only vineyards begin to produce. The must or juice ferments at 65° Farenheit; spontaneously abates, when clear and exhaling a vinous odor. Analysis discovers water, sugar, mucilage, tannin, tartrate of potash and of lime, phosphate of magnesia, muriate of soda, sulphate of potash. The saccharine principle, affinity with oxygen and tartar are predominant characteristics. The grape is susceptible of modification from quality of soil, exposure, inclination of ground, seasons, etc. The color of wine is derived from the skin of the grape; this and astringency and aroma identify the species. The ancients thought the vine should grow high upon trees, and the Greeks added salt-water to their wine.

In proportion as wine became a luxury and material of commerce, the best was exported, and adulteration increased, so that it is proverbial that there is no good Sherry in Spain. Burgundy produces the Constantium of the Cape. In England an inn-keeper was detected in an habitual process of manufacturing *impromptu* from two kinds, every variety of strong wines; and wine-tasting is a profession in France. The only way to secure even an average quality at Paris, is to obtain specimens from various dealers, under pretence of a large investment. One of the Düsseldorf painters made a famous picture of connoisseurs testing the contents of a wine-cellar. In France, 'God's Field' is a vineyard, in Germany a grave-yard. Wine, however, is of Eastern origin; its simplest form is the juice of the palm; hence the significance of the parable



in the New Testament: 'I am the vine,' etc. Pliny wrote its history; Virgil describes its culture; Horace glorifies its mellowed product in his beloved Falerian; and a more recent authority says:

'ONE drop of this  
Will bathe the drooping spirit in delight  
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise and taste!'

It has been asserted that of the four-score most generous wines, more than two-thirds were produced on the soil of Italy. The grape grew wild in Sicily, and brought no luxury to the savage inhabitants.

The sweet and dry sherries are the product of the same grape, although so diverse in color, odor, and taste; the process of manufacture is also the same. The causes which modify what is called natural Sherry, and make Amontillado, are mysterious. The secret is hidden in the course of fermentation; sometimes but a limited portion of the juice will be thus affected. What adds to the charm of the enigma is, that it is indicated by a fine vegetable fibre germinated after the wine is placed in casks, which bears a minute white flower, that soon dies and leaves behind this peculiar flavor.

Proved methods of grape-culture are now recorded in manuals; the choice of ground, pruning, manuring, staking, etc., are detailed by experienced writers; and then they declare, that 'to make good wine, you must catch Jean Raisin at the exact point of ripeness, concoct with celerity and decision, watch cask and bottle, and in short, go through a process, each step of which is clearly defined by science and custom.' Yet is there a secret in wine as in genius, 'beyond the reach of art.' Vintages, like stars, differ mysteriously from one another in glory. You may pass months at Troyes and keep vigil in the cellars where Champagne is fermented in darkness, or haunt the vineyards of Burgundy, and yet the sun and soil, the felicitous combination of agencies in nature's laboratory, which achieve a miracle of wine one year and a common-place product the next, shall baffle your insight. The vicissitudes of the wine-culture, all over the world, have indeed so multiplied, that it has been prophesied some familiar wines will become a tradition, and that new species and new latitudes must supply the demands of future generations. Dolorous for years have been the accounts of the grape-disease in Maderia, Spain, and France; and although the microscope has detected an insect origin, no effectual remedy has yet been devised against the blight.

'The first symptoms of it,' remarks an intelligent writer, 'were observed in England, on the warm coast of Margate, by Mr. Tucker, a gardener, after whom the disease is called 'oïdium Tuckeri.' It is to be noted that the vine was first attacked in a country where the grape is not obtained without artificial means, by forced culture, and in warm situations where the moist and mild temperature prevails, described by Pliny. Human art is sometimes punished for having forced nature to produce what she does not give spontaneously. At first this phenomenon was only

an object of curiosity. Rev. Mr. Berkeley, a learned botanist, studied this particular affection of the vine, marked its characteristics, and gave a faithful description of it.

‘Soon proceeding from the coast of Margate, the evil spread into other countries. The atoms or small weeds of this parasite and destructive vegetable, borne by the winds, crossed the sea in 1847, and the oïdium was found in the neighborhood of Paris. In 1848 the disease began to extend to Versailles, to Suresnes, in Belgium, and elsewhere. But our Southern provinces were still spared. In France, as in England, the scourge first appeared in warm spots, and in green-houses, and not where the grape ripened in the open field. Is not this a proof that the vine-rot would have been avoided, if man had not tried to force the natural products of the ground?

‘In 1851 the evil increased prodigiously, and awakened proper anxiety. Many vine-growers, reduced to extremities, had to abandon their fields, which were become unproductive, and resort to other occupations for subsistence. The Bishop of Montpellier and other prelates ordered public prayers in the churches of their dioceses, to supplicate the Lord to stay the calamity. Agricultural societies, seconded by the French, German, and Italian governments, appointed committees to inquire into the state of the vines, the cause of the disease, and the measures proper to stop it. But human knowledge, alas! was found here, as elsewhere, to be limited.

‘The marks of the disease are every where the same. The leaves and grapes are suddenly covered with small fibres, of a pale white color; a sort of vegetable or mushroom which creeps to the surface, attacks and surrounds the skin of the fruit. Soon the grape becomes black, wilts, dries, and drops off. The same with the leaves, which become yellow or brown, and fall off. The twig even is attacked, and becomes dry.

‘Different causes are assigned for this evil. The peasants, ever inclined to superstition, attribute it to the progress of science, and fancy that the air has been corrupted by the steam engine in railroad cars and manufactories! for the vine is not affected in countries where there are no rail-roads. Others pretend that the disease is an *organic* weakness, a *degeneracy*, as if the plants which are constantly renewed, partook of the fate of human beings, who decline, grow old, and die! The only thing certain is, I repeat it, that the evil begins in warm localities, or under artificial culture.

‘As to the means of cure, various processes have been tried, without satisfactory success. It is said, however, that sulphur, applied at the right time, stops the progress of the oïdium, and enables the grape to ripen. Some planters sprinkle sulphur powder early in the spring, others mix sulphur and water, and water their whole vineyards. After some days the leaves resume their green color, and the grapes look better.

‘But this remedy is inconvenient. First, it does not always succeed, and many vine-growers, either not applying the means

rightly, or from some other cause, have lost their time and money. Next, the use of sulphur is very expensive, and requires great care: it is good for tender plants, but for large vines, is impracticable. Lastly, the sulphur communicates to the wine a disagreeable odor, at least when drank immediately after the vintage. Hence sulphur is not generally used. The true remedy, if there is one, is not yet found. Some regard drainage as a good preservative.'

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THE SONG OF THE WORLDLING.

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BY HENRY CLAPP, JR.

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THE glittering end of life is gold ;  
The Golden Rule is the golden test ;  
The Golden Mean means gold alone ;  
And the goldenest thing is e'er the best :  
Then bring me wisdom if you will ;  
But bring me gold though you bring me ill.

Naught potent is on earth but gold ;  
Love by its side is but a farce,  
While beauty in its presence fades,  
And goodness fails where gold is scarce :  
Then bring me virtue, bring me truth ;  
But bring me gold though you bring me ruth.

God's but a sterner name for gold,  
Or gold a softer name for God,  
Who tempts us with a golden crown,  
And rules us with a golden rod :  
Then bring the crown though you bring the cross,  
And bring me gold though you bring me dross.

We bow before a golden shrine,  
And worship, all, the Golden Calf ;  
While those who weep are those who lose,  
And those who win alone who laugh :  
Then bring me honor, bring me fame ;  
But bring me gold though you bring me shame.

'Give us this day our daily gold,'  
Is evermore our daily prayer ;  
For gold will make the bad man good,  
The good man—ah ! all good is there :  
Then bring me wisdom, bring me worth ;  
But bring me gold, and I'll rule the earth.

## MRS. POTIPHAR AND THE WOMEN OF HOMER.

—  
'SCILICET improbæ  
Crescunt divitiæ: tamen  
Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei.' — HORACE.  
—

MRS. POTIPHAR was to issue cards for a grand reception. The engraver had executed his commission resolutely. He had announced to whomsoever it might concern, with the enamelled effrontery of rectangular pasteboard, that Mrs. Potiphar was to be 'At Home, on Wednesday Evening.' An event so startling, though foreshadowed baldly, without a wherefore or a whereto, was destined to disturb somewhat the *nil admirari* serenity of Fifth-avenuedledom. Mrs. Potiphar was to be 'at home.' That was peculiar and promising. But what else? Whom should she graciously allow to be witnesses of an occurrence so auspicious? Here was a problem. Mrs. Potiphar was famishing for the want of a new sensation. She had grown weary of seeing, night after night, the same inanimate faces, and of hearing, over and over again, the same heartless platitudes. The Rev. Cream Cheese was getting a little mouldy, although she dared not say so aloud. Mrs. Settum Downe was unbearably uppish, Gauche Boozey a driveling bore, and Mrs. Gnu an old goose. She thought it high time to do a bold stroke of social privateering, and put fresh life into the sluggish veins of upper-ten society. Mrs. Potiphar had heard of a group of feminine characters, living she knew not where, and hardly cared to know, about whom poets and artists made no end of extravagant raving. Geography and chronology had never been her specialty. Without giving a thought to such trifling obstacles as twenty-five centuries in time, or twice as many miles of distance, she put her imperial foot down, and declared, that *her* Reception should be graced by the Women of Homer.

Kurz Pacha, the Sennaar ambassador, happened in soon after, and was consulted as to the whereabouts of said women of Homer. Mrs. Potiphar would be happy to call upon them, and make their acquaintance.

'A needless ceremony,' suggested the Pacha blandly. And quickly maturing his plot for a rare bit of fun, he volunteered to see that the cards were properly distributed. The Grace Church sexton would help him through, in case of a perplexity. But there would be none. He knew the ladies well. They were not sticklers for a small point of etiquette. Even if the matter made him a little trouble, that was nothing to the classical pleasure he looked forward to, of spending a social evening, *curis expeditis*, with Mrs. Potiphar and the women of Homer. A low bow hinted profound thanks, and the programme was settled.

It boots not now to tell what manifold persuasions were used by Kurz Pacha to wake up the ambition of his friends, in the matter of personating the women of Homer. The great trouble was, to organize his forces, and make a beginning. *C'est le premier pas qui coute.* Many and merry were the nights spent over Flaxman's illustrations and Pope's obscurations, before the several parts of the forthcoming Homeric drama were fitly assigned and thoroughly rehearsed.

At length, rosy-fingered Aurora, daughter of the Dawn, appeared, announcing to the world and Fifth Avenue, that the portentous day had come, when Mrs. Potiphar, by special effort, was to be 'at home,' and receive the women of Homer.

Nausicáa (by interpretation the Yacht-Gaited) was the first to arrive. She appeared a trifle after sun-down, about the time of early gas-light, seated in a covered carriage of primitive pattern, yet polished and 'well-wheeled,' and drawn by a span of mules that rejoiced in the skill of their mistress, as they tramped out an eager anapestic music beneath her steady hand. Nausicáa held the lines and whip gracefully, and showed a practised hand in guiding her mules through the tangled perplexity of omnibuses, carriages, and vehicles of low degree that crowded the street. Behind her, was a group of bright-eyed serving-girls, with neat, turban-like head-dresses, who were only less fair than their mistress. They kept their seats, when she reined in the mules and sprang to the ground with a bird's airiness. She rang the Potiphar door-bell, and turning back as the door opened, she told the girls in the covered carriage they must look well to the linen, when they got home, and see if it had been fully dried by the sun. Then she asked the door-maid if her mistress was in:

'I will be afther seeing,' was the Celtic reply.

Up-stairs crawled the Celtic door-maid. Nausicáa was left standing in the hall below. Mrs. Potiphar was taking an after-dinner nap, preliminary to the social tribulations of the evening, which, to her fashion-twisted fancy, was still a distant hill-side, with a wide foreground of dreams, toilettings, and ante-mirror rehearsals.

'Please, Ma'am, a woman below wants to see yourself, Ma'am. She's nate-lookin', but quare, Ma'am. I makes it out she wants to buy old rags, or sell home-made linen, or take in washin', Ma'am.'

'Tell her I am not at home,' fiercely growled Mrs. Potiphar, resuming the thread of her after-dinner ramble in the labyrinth of dreams.

'Not at home!' echoed the Homeric chip of an antique block of truthfulness, when the answer was drawled out to her. 'Then your mistress is not as good as her word. Here it is, in black and white, that Mrs. Potiphar is at home this Wednesday evening.'

'Blessed Virgin! then you have a ticket for the party. Plase to come this way, and lay down your things, Ma'am. You'll have time to grow old a bit, Ma'am, before the crowd comes in.'

Next came Andromache, the Hero's-Battle-Prize, on foot ; close behind her followed a well-clad nurse, with the boy, Astyanax, 'throned on her breast, like a radiant star.' As the door opened, both quietly slipped into the parlor. The Celtic maid, glad not to be sent up-stairs again, stood wondering whether the new-comer was up for a situation as wet-nurse, or one of a rabble of guests from by-lanes and cellars.

Arete, the Sought-For, soon after came in with her husband, Alcinous : the latter looking somewhat tired, and sleepy, and thirsty. You would not say he was hen-pecked, but conscious of inferiority, and perfectly willing to follow his wife's sweet will. Learning that the mistress of the house was elsewhere occupied, Arete insisted that no one should be disturbed on her account. Dropping into a chair in a corner of the parlor, she unrolled a package of sea-purple wool, which she began to twirl with her spindle, a wonder to look upon. Her white fingers quivered and flashed like the leaves of an aspen. Her husband pulled out a goat-skin flask, and drank his wine with the serenity of a god.

Hardly was Arete seated at her work, when Calypso, the Hermitress, entered. The uniqueness of the occasion had led her to break through a fixed habit of seclusion, and to pass an evening away from her weird grotto, so cheerful with its fragrant fire of split cedar and thyme-wood. Calypso was dressed more richly than her companions, yet with becoming simplicity and sober elegance. She wore a silver-white, sleeveless robe, finely woven, full, and graceful. About her waist she had fastened a girdle, elegant and golden. It was modelled after the embroidered cestus of Venus, wherein were inclosed allurements, and fondnesses, and lovers' talk, that steals away the wisdom of the wisest. Beneath her feet she had tied light sandals, and had thrown over her head a veil of foam-like texture. After a pleasant greeting to each of her Homeric friends, she followed the example of Arete, and undid a parcel containing simple contrivances for weaving. Nausicáa admired her shuttle of pure gold.

'Mrs. Potiphar has been quite a stranger to us heretofore,' said Calypso, glancing toward the door. 'Even now, she is slow to make us welcome.'

'True,' replied Arete ; 'but hospitality is better late than never. Every kindness, though small, should be gratefully received.'

Another guest now appeared, and, with her, what seemed like the purple splendor of a day-break in June. The room was suddenly filled with a strange radiance, that drew all eyes to the new-comer. Yet the sweetness of her countenance was interwoven with sadness and self-reproach. The brightness of her look seemed to struggle up through hidden sorrow, or to spring from the nutriment of tears, like a white lily with its roots in water. Calypso's greeting was abrupt and hearty.

'You all-conquering witch,' said she, rising and coming forward, 'not content with turning the heads of heroes, you are caught playing off your tricks of coquetry upon the hearts of trees. Near



to my grotto, I found a tall platan the other day, on whose smooth pale bark was cut in Doric phrase :

‘Σέβου μ’ Ἑλένας φυτόν ἐγώ.’

‘Do me reverence: I am HELEN’s tree.’

That platan owes allegiance to Calypso. It is guilty of high treason, and botanic misdemeanor. I give you fair warning, that the axe is laid at its roots.’

‘Do n’t hurt a leaf of the tree,’ replied Helen, with a pleading look. Think of its hamadryad, doomed to perish when the tree falls. You would be guilty of a double murder. So long as the platan is loyal to me, it cannot be false to you, whom I so much love and revere.’

Thus saying, she took a seat, and spread over her lap a large piece of embroidery. Already had many days of thoughtful and curious industry been expended upon it. It had the appearance of being intended for a soldier’s cloak, woven of rich, heavy stuff. She was patiently working upon it the crowded incidents of a battle between Greeks and Trojans. Quite likely she was elaborating a pictured history of heroisms exhibited for her sake on the tented field.

Nausicáa, the Yacht-Gaited, knelt beside her, with a child’s confiding freedom, and pointed to one of the completed figures.

‘Who is that plumed hero, so valiant and lusty; that one out-topping the Argives by his head and broad shoulders? If the kind gods would only send me such a man for a husband!’

Helen brushed aside a tear, and tried to speak. Her heart was in her throat. Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Polyxena, the Very-Hospitable, whom all were glad to see. With her came also Apseudes, Hater-of-White-Lies; Theano, the Heavenly-Minded; Kalianassa, Ruling-by-Beauty, (delicious despotism;) Kasandra, Sister-to-Heroes; Euryclea, the Widely-Praised; Rhexenor, the Man-Breaker, (her face full of gentleness and sunshine.) A good many others came, with names equally significant of praiseworthy qualities.

All grew tired of waiting. Kalianassa was so self-forgetful as to disfigure her countenance with a yawn. Apseudes declared, with a spice of indignation, that they were to be sold without a song or a supper. Rhexenor proposed that King Alcinous should issue letters of marque and reprisal against Potiphar’s larder. Alcinous lazily referred the matter to his wife, but rather favored the plan of a levy on the wine-cellar. His goat-skin flask was nearly empty. Supping with Duke Humphrey he had no relish for. At last, an up-and-down rustling was heard in the hall, like the sound of a muffled saw-mill. *Init* a hay-mow of silk flounces and furbelows, decorated as to its summit with ribbons, laces, nameless gew-gaws, and rouge. Kurz Pacha was close behind. Acting as pilot to this sailing tun of Heidelberg, he surveyed the scene, like Byron’s Corsair, with

‘A laughing devil in his sneer and look.’

As soon as the first buzz of astonishment had subsided, the *non-chalant* ambassador straightway addressed himself to the task of presenting to Mrs. Potiphar her invited guests. If his introductions were made with some superfluity of flourish and wordiness, it may be said in apology, that the whole affair had cost him a heavy outlay of reading, costuming, and some contrivance. It was no trivial undertaking to bring Mrs. Potiphar into the flesh-and-blood presence of beings who had lived so far away, so long off, and then it might be only in the wayward fancy of an itinerant Hexametrist. The hour for a set speech had fully come. While his Homeric hearers literally held their countenances, lest an ill-timed giggle should betray the Fifth Avenue frame-work of their assumed character, the Sennaar Ambassador stroked his moustache, exordially opened his mouth, and thus began :

‘ Mrs. Potiphar, allow me to make you acquainted with Miss Nausicáa, only daughter of Alcinous, King of the ship-renowned Phæacians. In spite of the royal blood in her veins, she thinks it no shame to ride down to the sea-shore with female slaves, and there to over-see that damp, starch-demanding horror of modern house-keepers, that comes so befittingly after Sunday’s renewal of the Christian graces. Current report has it that Nausicáa is up and about the house with the first blush of day : though fawn-like and elastic, her shape tells you she was born to do something useful, and to be something more than a piece of ornamental furniture.

‘ Miss Kalianassa, I know less than I would of your life and character, but if they are true to your name, the beauty that serves as your sceptre of authority must be something more than a thing of mere shape and color and costume. It must be a subjective quality, having its home in the heart : a beauty that keeps renewing itself out of the substance of generous qualities ; that is not too bright for human nature’s daily use ; that is not

‘ Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null ; ’

that smiles out in cheerful serenity, with gleams of celestial radiance, from the gray locks of sunny age.’

Mrs. Potiphar’s embarrassed eyes began to look at vacancy. Her facial muscles twitched uneasily. The Pacha proceeded as unconcernedly as a clock ticking off the last moments of a criminal.

‘ You will hardly believe it, Mrs. Potiphar, that Calypso there, so busy with the golden shuttle, and looking as though her thoughts were humming a pensive tune, always relies upon her own skilful industry and taste for replenishing her wardrobe. She always follows the same patterns too. Poor benighted rustic ! we must send her a monthly magazine, with colored fashion-plates at the end of it. You will be startled to hear of her singular whims on the subject of dress. She is obstinate in her conceit that there ought to be some relation between apparel and comfort. It is one of her pet paradoxes that clothing should be adapted to climate

and season, to individual character and social position. If she were tired of life, and wanted to throw it off, as a burden, it would be just like her to hit upon some off-hand process, without dragging through a tedious course of self-caused consumption. It never entered her unsophisticated fancy that one part of her earthly mission was to remind the human race of its mortality by moving about in the similitude of an hour-glass, with lungs so pinched and breath so short, that no great stretch of imagination would be needed to supply the scythe-bearing skeleton.

‘The lady in mourning, whom your door-maid, not being read in the classics, naturally mistook for a wet-nurse, is Andromache, wife of Hector. She will never cease thinking how her slain husband was dragged about the walls of Troy, with his feet lashed to the chariot of Achilles. Had you seen her when she parted from Hector, beneath the beech-tree near the Scaean gate, the sight would have haunted you for life. You could never forget her sobbing accents, heard during the pauses of the roaring battle, as she hung upon her husband’s hand, telling him he was to her both father and mother and brother, and begging him not to go again to that dreadful field of slaughter. Could you have seen how her head drooped lower and lower when Hector drew the dark picture of her possible future, in a distant house of bondage, plying the loom and drawing water at the bidding of another; or how her eyes ran over with a painful pleasure, when Hector laid aside his nodding helmet that had frightened their child, and taking him in his arms, prayed the gods would make him a braver man than his sire; or how her frame shuddered when their last adieux were said, and she moved homeward lingeringly, looking often back, with floods of weeping: you, Mrs. Potiphar, in spite of case-hardened sensibilities, would have been melted to sympathy; you would have half expected to see her petrify into another Niobe — into a marble, immortal execration of the horrors of war!

‘The lady in the corner, bending over a piece of Gobelin tapestry, (the genuine article, by the way, Mrs. Potiphar, and more epic in its vein than your unhappy rabbits with blue eyes and pink feet, chasing lubberly butter-flies over narrow necks of corduroy meadow, shaded by rheumatic willows;) the lady you are now looking at — notice her drooping eye-lids, Mrs. Potiphar — is either Mrs. Helen Menelaus or Mrs. Helen Alexander, I am not quite clear which. In fact, public opinion has been divided. There was talk of settling the question by a duel between the distinguished claimants of her heart and hand. To tell you the blunt truth, Mrs. Potiphar, without putting too fine a point upon it, Helen’s reputation is slightly cracked. She thinks so herself. She has been heard to call herself a ‘dog-faced’ individual. Mrs. Potiphar will be rashly foolish if she thinks the atmosphere of her parlor will be polluted by such a presence. Before thinking that thought, Mrs. Potiphar should have the charity to remember with Robert Burns, not alone what has been yielded to, but also what has been

resisted. She should read the eighth chapter of the gospel according to John, and inwardly digest the proverb that cautions people who occupy vitreous domiciles against the danger of converting themselves into temporary catapults for assailing passers-by with projectiles that are liable to be forcibly returned.'

Mrs. Potiphar began to grow red in the face, wondering to what end all this unbridled talk would carry itself. She felt greatly relieved at sight of the Celtic maid bringing in a delton or triangular note on a silver waiter. The note happened to be written in Greek, and Kurz Pacha was called upon to show the interpretation thereof. Mrs. Penelope, the Web-Raveller, had sent a regret. She was much occupied with domestic duties and cares. One of her tasks was the weaving of a shroud (in accordance with a custom of her people) for her father-in-law, the aged hero, Laertes. She hoped it would be long unneeded; already she had spent three years in weaving this shroud, and would be glad to spend as many more, if she could thus keep at a distance that coarse mob of roystering suitors who pretended to be anxious to take the place of Ulysses, now twenty years absent and reported to be dead. She hoped Mrs. Potiphar would not be in haste to think meanly of her weaving. She had private reasons for wishing to pull a little wool over the eyes of the suitors, who were so hearty and assiduous in their attentions to the chess-board, the dinner-table, and the wine-cellar. She was fully persuaded that any one of them was ready to marry the princely estate of Ulysses, even with the melancholy incumbrance of a grief-stricken widow, half-demented by sorrow, and so fascinated with the work of ornamental shroud-weaving, that she spent a part of each night in unravelling what it cost her a day's labor to make. She would not dwell longer upon private griefs. She was unfeignedly happy to be invited to share in the happiness of Mrs. Potiphar. Before her was what seemed to be a memorial tablet, announcing that Mrs. Potiphar was to be 'at home' that evening. She had not been able to learn the full particulars of what it meant, but her womanly instinct, that seldom went astray, led her to infer that either Mr. Potiphar, like her own Ulysses, had been absent on a long and perilous journey; or her first household had been desolated by fire, tempest, or war. Now she had reached the end of her troubles, and could appreciate the force of a remark once made by her long-lost companion: 'There is nothing sweeter or lovelier than for husband and wife to be keeping house, like-minded in their plans.' It was delightful to be safely 'at home' after unwilling absence or denial of its comforts. Home was the dearest spot on earth, and he was a profane wretch of a punster who declared that homely women were so named because their mission was to stay at home. She was glad to believe that no gifts of beauty or wit, no womanly accomplishment, no social or intellectual endowment could be too good for adorning the domestic fire-side. Though often spoken of by partial friends as one of the fairest of Homer's heroines, she the Web-Raveller, would prefer

to be kindly thought of as one of the homeliest of home-loving mothers.

It was plain that Kurz Pacha was improvising a kangaroo codicil to Penelope's brief regret. He saw he was detected, and hastened to resume his own character. 'I see that Mrs. Potiphar is disappointed.' (In point of fact, the tun of Heidelberg looked as if every inch of its vast circumference was full of amazement and vexation.) 'I supposed it would be so. Nearness is apt to disenchant. Familiarity breeds contempt. We are told by an old writer, whose name adorns one of the empty gilt covers in your husband's never-opened library that what is unknown passes for grand. *Ignotum pro magnifico*. Seldom is a lady angelic to her chamber-maid.'

What was said and done thereafter — shall it be told, or not?

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A M B I T I O N .

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'SPEAK for me but one word that is unspoken!  
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken!'

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'LET my spirit drink in something,  
Something from the well of lore,  
That no other soul has tasted,  
In the long years gone before.

This the craving of Ambition  
As the lamp of life burned low;  
This the earnest, wild petition:  
'Grant me something e'er I go.'

Ah! in vain the high up-lifting  
Of a soul on life's wave tossed:  
Toward eternity 't was drifting,  
To the world forever lost.

Thus it is: with wild aspiring  
To the hill-tops we would climb,  
With unsatisfied desiring,  
To transmit their names to time.

Vain the strife; for life's hours dwindling,  
Keep each from the long-sought goal,  
Though the fire seems newly kindling  
That so long has lit the soul.

Is there not a life eternal,  
Waning not with fleet years' flight,  
Full of knowledge deep, supernal,  
For such souls as seek the light?

## D R . F R A N C I S ' A D D R E S S . \*

MR. PRESIDENT SLOAN AND REGENTS OF THE COLLEGE HOSPITAL :

It demands a hardy constitution to address so formidable an assemblage of the learned, the liberal, and the philanthropic as I now see before me. Your courtesy has invited me, on this occasion, as one of your guests. I recognize the honor with the fullest appreciation. The circumstances which have led to this meeting of the friends of medical science and humanity, are of no ordinary character : it is the first time, I apprehend, that the patriotic and benevolent inhabitants of this distinguished city have gathered together in their strength and power to do especial honor to an event which, in its consequences, must prove of mighty benefit to the interests of precious knowledge and the efficient principles which philanthropy sustains. Your general circular address has most fittingly announced your beneficent intentions, to found a Hospital for the relief of physical suffering and for the promotion of the great art of healing. I have studied with care the plan of your work as set forth in your comprehensive exposition, and the rules and ordinances by which the government of your noble institution is to be regulated. I think they will receive a hearty recognition from all quarters. They are characterized by much knowledge in the premises, and are marked by a maturity of judgment to which the most experienced will give their assent. They reflect honor upon the heads and hearts of the disinterested projectors of the great measure. . Solomon has said there is a time for all things ; I believe that time has arrived when you may put into active operation the plans which doubtless have repeatedly absorbed your deliberations, and which you have but recently determined to make known to an enlightened community, for their patronage and support. You might have begun even earlier, but you are not too late. Prudential reasons are to be well scanned, and projects, however wise, when dependent for success on fiscal means, are never to be hastily entered upon. Yet your great and commanding city has long felt the want of an establishment, such as you this day have inaugurated, notwithstanding the benefits which you have long secured to the afflicted poor ; and the most skeptical must yield their doubts to the policy which at this time prompts you to the performance of so great and praiseworthy an undertaking as the organization of the Long Island College Hospital.

I am informed that Brooklyn exceeds considerably two hundred thousand inhabitants ; and where, tell me, will you find a city of that numerical population, in civilized society, without the organization of a hospital ? Inspect the numerous county towns or cities

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\* DELIVERED at the Inauguration of the Long Island College Hospital, Brooklyn, on the third of June, 1858.



of Great Britain, many of them even of far less inhabitants, and you will learn that provisions of a like Christian character proclaim the wisdom and humanity of their people. So, too, you will find like demonstrations on the Continent. What was the population of Philadelphia when the great American sage, Franklin, projected the foundation of the Pennsylvania Hospital in 1752? Not twenty thousand. What was the population of your neighbor, the city of New-York, when Bard and Middleton, with Lieutenant-Governor Moore, and the countenance of John Fothergill and other philanthropists, projected the world-renowned hospital on Broadway, the first institution of that character in that metropolis? Certainly in numbers at that period not twenty thousand people. On the score of numbers, therefore, you have not been premature in your operations.

Your mighty increase in inhabitants, your fiscal capabilities, your intelligence, your Christian character, the denizens of a city of churches, your kindly nature, and your moral culture, all cried aloud for the organization of the Institution we, at this time, are convened to celebrate. Moreover, there are other reasons which must work a happy influence in all time in behalf of your proceedings. You justly boast a city whose location seems blessed with almost every physical advantage. Your topographical situation is signally advantageous; your soil, your temperature, the very site and structure of your ample Hospital, give a very favorable verdict touching the sagacity and forethought that have controlled your achievements, and demonstrate that yours is no tentative measure. These are indeed striking facts, but too apparent to be longer dwelt upon, and what is self-evident supersedes prolonged discussion. Your enlightened head, with your Board of Regents, must have been well apprised of all these circumstances while selecting the grounds and modifying the edifice you have now at command for your public-spirited undertaking.

Yet there is another light in which I would look at your important work. The name you have assumed for your great charity is significant. Long Island is not unknown in our patriotic history, nor in the annals of American science, in medicine, in surgery, and in the kindred departments of knowledge. It is in a remarkable degree prominent as the birth-place of many of the most distinguished individuals who have, during the past two or three generations, flourished in our profession as able and enlightened cultivators of the divine art of healing. On this occasion I am necessarily restricted, and must be satisfied with the briefest notice of your native worthies who have signalized themselves in other walks of life. There is assuredly an intellectual atmosphere among you, judging from your products. You have given the nation men of high eminence in jurisprudence, and in legislation: Jones, Kissam, Colden, Furman, and your present representative at a foreign court, who has manifested in the most indisputable manner his claims to the title of a lover of American history, by his liberality in diffusing the early history of De Vries and other rare works il-

lustrative of our colonial condition. Your roll is ample with the inscription of many of our most renowned medical worthies. Some of those who have added to the glory of scientific and practical medicine, whose birth-place was Long Island, and others who by a long residence with you have become identified with your annals, men whose memories you delight to cherish, have flourished in that vocation with signal benefit to the common weal. For example, Ogden and Muirson and John Bard; the last named pre-eminent for great practical sagacity, and as the author of an elaborate paper on your fevers: the two former universally known for their active and successful innovation on the therapeutical management of the once formidable malignant sore-throat distemper. Then you justly boast as their birth-place of those two surgical worthies, Wright Post and Richard S. Kissam, so long in the foremost rank in surgical skill in New-York. You claim Valentine Seamen, the early and zealous promoter of vaccination in New-York, and as if to crown the column which records your indigenous worth, you summon to recollection the philosopher so prominent for varied knowledge and for excellence in natural science, the late Samuel Latham Mitchill, the prolific author on physical investigations, and whose reputation fills both hemispheres; and the illustrious surgeon, Valentine Mott, the founder of Clinical Surgery in America and still in the exercise of his great calling in the adjacent metropolis. Will you tolerate me if to these great names I add the honors you have received by your Island being selected as the chosen residence in their declining years of Lieutenant-Governor Colden, that *savan* of many sciences, the associate of Kalm and Bartram, and of Franklin, and who was the first who taught Americans the Linnæan System of Botany? Moreover, you can record that the last years of a long life were passed by the patriotic and incorruptible Judge Egbert Benson at your famed Jamaica; that here Rufus King, the statesman, sought repose from public cares; and that the late Governor Clinton, the founder of your vast system of internal improvement, deemed Long Island the most gratifying of residences, in his hours of leisure, if so be that this illustrious patriot could ever secure hours of relaxation from great public responsibilities.

Facts of this nature speak in loud accents of your healthy Island. But for a moment turn to another proof in behalf of your benignant soil and your salutarious clime. You cannot have forgotten the once flourishing Botanical Garden, established at Flushing, by William Prince, once rich in native and exotic plants, a place of familiar resort by the eminent naturalists of the time, and where scientific botany was furnished with the richest specimens for illustration of the then almost universally adopted system of the great Swede. Where did the naturalist, Alexander Wilson, find some of his richest specimens for ornithological illustration, but in your native woods? Was not the piercing eye of Audubon in like manner gratified? Where did Michaux obtain some of the proudest forest trees to enrich the botanical garden of Paris, but among your native oaks and lofty sycamores? Of the four or five thou-

sand varieties of the apple noticed by the pomologist, is not the Newtown pippin the first in excellence? And if the scientific ichthyologist penetrate the ample and beautiful waters which surround you, such a naturalist, for instance, as your late Dr. De Kay, do you not learn that the rivers and the bays within your sight are more prolific of the various tribes of fishes than perhaps any other region yet discovered?

It is now almost a century and a half since Dr. Colden, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor, wrote his account of the climate of this district of country. He pronounced it to be most excellent of its kind, pure, free from pestilential sources of disease, of surpassing efficacy for the relief of pulmonary disorders; and De Vries, lately translated from the Dutch by your Minister at the Netherlands, the Hon. Mr. Murphy, and other writers of an earlier date than Colden, promulgated similar doctrines. All this gives countenance to what has so often in our day been asserted, and justifies the policy of your selection for this site of your great charity. Many of this audience doubtless retain a strong recollection of the high estimation now perhaps some thirty or forty years ago, which the Bath House at Bath enjoyed, as a most fitting institution for the resort of invalids from even remote parts of the Union. The shore of Bath was selected as the spot for the institution which was there established, an institution of that nature among the earliest in our country. The late Dr. Richard Bayley had the sagacity to make the choice, and in his decision he received the countenance of those two practical men, Drs. John and Samuel Bard, and I know not that the topography of the place has forfeited its renown. Bayley, who may be deemed the originator of our quarantine system, was of all men best qualified to give a safe opinion, both from his professional knowledge and his minute acquaintance with contiguous localities. I state these popular facts, not in the possession of all, as still further tending to confirm your wisdom in recognizing Brooklyn as the very place for your College institution.

But I here pause. If in the economy of human affairs there be any thing like an elective affinity or an associate relationship, does it not seem apparent from even our hasty and imperfect review, that there is a remarkable fitness in your patriotic attempt to establish a hospital in a location so characterized in its topography, so bountiful in its products, so rich in healthy influences? Nature and art, God and man, seem to indicate the propriety of your proceedings, and to justify that wise energy with which you have consummated your labors. You need no laudations of mine in behalf of the work of beneficence you have erected. The apostolic principles which have controlled your movements have found an issue at which the Christian philosopher congratulates himself, and he who is a proper disciple of the Hippocratic art, rejoices with unspeakable satisfaction; for hospitals are an emanation of Christian promptings. I will detain you but a moment longer. You have, with professional discrimination, in your circular, stated the vast importance of your new institution as a school for clinical

instruction, and you have reëchoed the sentiments of every sound medical man that the safe and profitable knowledge which must govern the physician must be derived from clinical experience. The bedside is the fountain from which must flow that wisdom which the disciple of Hippocrates summons to his aid in order to fulfil the vast trusts confided to his care. Herein is it that the Hospital is to prove a mighty blessing to the people. Thousands, indeed, may enter it as a refuge from poverty and common infirmities; but your great triumphs are to be announced in the restoration of tens of thousands of the sick inmates who, in the progress of time, may occupy your wards; triumphs secured by a sound pathology and the clinical wisdom of your enlightened prescribers. Within your collegiate walls the student is to look for practical medicine and surgery, and the records of medical science receive new confirmations by the illustrations of your clinique, or be rejected as fabulous by the result of your bed-side revelations. You may receive collateral support in divers ways to sustain your charity: the rock upon which your Hospital is to stand, is clinical science: no other foundation, in this day of acute inquiry, will be safe either for the prescribed or the prescriber. The Hospital is the College for the physician and the surgeon, says John Abernethy. I have said on more than on one occasion, that you might as well attempt to teach practical navigation in a sylvan retreat as the art of healing without clinical instruction. Without the gift of prophesy I think I foresee that national blessings must be derived from the Long Island College Hospital, both to the professors of our high calling and to the afflicted participators of your disinterested bounty. The galaxy of female excellence which graces this meeting, gives a double assurance that the virtuous and the humane are enlisted in the support of your beneficent plan. I will add no more.

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N E C E S S I T Y .

No claims lay I unto the art  
Which make a poet's name divine:  
In idle moods I weave my rhyme,  
Nor hope to reach a single heart.

Where crimson blooms bend down the boughs,  
And lush and green the grasses grow,  
I see the brown-thrush come and go,  
And hear him chant his love-sweet vows.

I know he cannot help but trill  
His golden songs upon the air;  
The broad earth is so grand and fair,  
He cannot help it if he will.

And so I sing these useless songs,  
Although no rare and golden thought,  
Upon the tangled web is wrought  
That to the poet's work belongs.

R. A. OAKES.

## O U R P O R T R A I T .

OUR readers will agree with us in thinking that no more appropriate 'counterfeit presentment' could grace the KNICKERBOCKER than that of the benign, intelligent, and venerable features of a son of New-York, than whom no one has done more to illustrate her local history and signalize her public spirit. Those who desire a more elaborate portrait will do well to subscribe to Mr. Jackman's beautiful engraving just published. Dr. Francis was one of our earliest contributors, and has always been the staunch friend of MAGA. Some of his most genial and valuable reminiscences of character and famous men originally graced our pages; and to them we add, in the present number, the latest specimen of his felicitous improvisation on a recent most interesting occasion in a neighboring city. A written sketch of the traits and career of Dr. Francis is almost superfluous. During half a century of practice in the healing art, the lives of some of our most eminent citizens in exigencies of great peril, have been saved by his promptitude, sagacity, and vigilance; and two generations of mothers behold in him a benefactor in the hour of their greatest anguish and joy; and thus the name of the 'Good Physician' has become a household word, and his presence a familiar blessing; but, as caterers to the literary public, we recognize an enthusiastic cultivator of letters, and a disinterested lover of genius, in our favorite son of Esculapius, and cannot avoid accompanying his portrait with some account of his character as a man of society and authorship. Mr. Poe, in a graphic but slightly over-colored sketch, thus admirably paints the address and conversational powers of Dr. Francis:

'His address is the most genial that can be conceived — its *bonhomie* irresistible. He speaks in a loud, clear, hearty tone, dogmatically, with his head thrown back and his chest out; never waits for an introduction to any lady; slaps a perfect stranger on the back, and calls him 'Doctor' or 'learned Theban'; pats every lady on the head, and (if she be pretty and *petite*) designates her by some such title as 'My pocket edition of the Lives of the Saints.' His conversation proper is a sort of Roman punch, made up of tragedy, comedy, and the broadest of all possible farces. He has a natural, felicitous flow of talk, always over-swelling the boundaries and sweeping every thing before it, right and left. He is very earnest, intense, emphatic; thumps the table with his fist; shocks the nerves of the ladies.'

Our friend Dr. A. K. Gardner writes:

'Who does not know the venerable DOCTOR? — the mentor of the profession, the kindly assistant of the young aspirant in any pursuit, particularly in that most difficult of all in which to get a start, the medical! The DOCTOR is the centre of New-York, and his presence is necessary to every public meeting. The antiquarians, the printers, the politicians, the literati, the artist, the KNICKERBOCKER, gentle women, the men in rule, his own profession, all look to him as an essential to their counsels, their circles and their well-being. As an antiquarian, his long life, his acquaintance, friendly and professional, with all the men of note who have ever visited New-York, and his extraordinary memory of dates, persons, and



events, combine to place him, independently of his being the second oldest member of the Historical Society, at the very head of the antiquarians of New-York. As a printer, he has himself 'composed' his own composition, and has handled the composing-stick as deftly as subsequently the lancet. A politician, an uncompromising and straightforward CLAY and WEBSTER Whig, he is respected by all parties, and is consulted professionally by all grades, from Senator FISH to BANCROFT and SAUNDERS. His house is the general meeting-place for the literati, who in him have always found a ready friend, a liberal patron, and a judicious critic. While revolving in various orbs, here the DOCTOR is the centre. Perhaps a literary life, if it were necessary to eschew all but one, would be the most to the DOCTOR's taste. He is an exceedingly able writer; while strength of thought most characterizes his literary productions, few would pass them by without particular noticing the JOHNSONIAN elegance of his language. Somewhat polysyllabic in his words there is an aptitude of expression and an affluence of language which never wearies by its tautology, or tires by its sameness. His literary productions are as diversified as science, and almost as numerous as the days of his life.\* In almost all branches of human inquiry, he has roved with wandering foot, plucking here a flower to adorn his own mental cabinet, and there dropping a fruitful seed to be observed blossoming and fructifying by the next traveller in that region. To him might be applied with more than usual pertinence the old line :

'Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.'

'He is therefore an appropriate centre for the intellectual galaxy of this metropolis. Occasionally this position is held in public, when the distinguished are gathered together in solemn conclave, and daily at his hospitable board may be seen some visitor in New-York. But of an evening one may drop in and find a genial gathering, surrounded by the smoke of their own cigars. One is at home here — and so is the DOCTOR, if not professionally engaged. TUCKERMAN keeps his classicality for his ADDISONIAN books, and is full of anecdote and humor; GRISWOLD, fiery, sarcastic, and captious; DUYCKINCK critical; MELVILLE (when in town) taciturn, but genial, and when warmed-up, capitally racy and pungent; painters and sculptors, men of deeds, not words, and among them, rarely seen abroad, the friend of SHELLEY and BYRON. The DOCTOR himself is glorious, when no lumbago or fresh bronchial attack dispirits. We want to learn something respecting some person now dead and gone. We have but to start the hare, and he is soon run down: 'Born in 17 —, died in 18 —, married to Miss —, third daughter of —,' says the statistical and ever-prompt Mr. RAPELYE, (who, the DOCTOR remarks, is the lineal descendant of the first white child born on this island.) The DOCTOR professionally attended the family through several generations, and thus a stream of valuable information is poured out upon the desired subject.'

One of his friends, who will be recognized by his initials, has, in the following impromptu verses, written some years ago, in the album of one of the family, sketched very faithfully a portrait of the medical Nestor of New-York :

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\* DR. FRANCIS was a frequent contributor to the earlier volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE. In one of his articles there is a rich display of anecdotal matter touching the career of both COOKE and KEAN. The Doctor's epitaph on COOKE's Monument in St. PAUL's Church-yard is widely known and appreciated for its correctness. Dr. FRANCIS, in connection with Dr. HOSACK, edited the *American and Medical Register*, and with Drs. DYCKMAN and BECK the *New-York Medical and Physical Journal*. The *Family Magazine*, *Knapp's American Biography*, *Watson's Annals*, and *Dunlap's Histories of the Stage and Arts of Design*, also owed much to his fertile pen. The following is an incomplete list of the DOCTOR's writings. We have recently heard that his medical papers will shortly be gathered for publication :

*First* : An Address before the Horticultural Society, New-York, 1830.

*Second* : An Address delivered on the Anniversary of the Philolexian Society of Columbia College, New-York, May 15, 1831.

*Third* : Letter on the Cholera Asphyxia, New-York, 1832.

*Fourth* : Observations on the Mineral Waters of Avon, Livingston County, New-York, 1834.

*Fifth* : Discourse upon the opening of the New Hall of the New-York Lyceum of Natural History, New-York, 1851.

*Sixth* : Anniversary Discourse before the New-York Academy of Medicine, New-York, 1847.

*Seventh* : Inaugural Address before the Academy of Medicine, 1848.

*Eighth* : Address to the President-elect, VALENTINE MOTT, 1849.

*Ninth* : Old New-York; or, Reminiscences of the Past Sixty Years, 1853.



## THE DOCTOR.

' Who roams the town from morn till night,  
Dispensing health from left to right,  
And doing good with all his might ?

The Doctor.

' Who with facetious word and smile,  
The heart of patients doth beguile,  
More than the flute of Mr. KYLE ?

The Doctor.

' Who bears the living features strong,  
That to our country's sage belong,  
Whose praises are his constant song ?

The Doctor.

' Who by the hour can facts relate,  
Of men who ruled the schools or state,  
A votary of the truly great ?

The Doctor.

' Who old physicians by the score,  
With CLAY and KANE, or HANNAH MORE,  
In fond remembrance will explore ?

The Doctor.

' Who on the sick-bed oft hath seen,  
TRUMBULL and GARCIA, COOKE and KEAN,  
And other geniuses I ween ?

The Doctor.

' Whose head by waving hoar-locks crowned,  
With varied knowledge doth abound,  
And thoughts vivacious and profound ?

The Doctor.

' Who, on some memorable night,  
Gives mental epicures delight,  
And fills all envious rogues with spite ?

The Doctor.

' Who, with a never-failing zest,  
In pleasant intervals of rest,  
Gives hearty welcome to each guest ?

The Doctor.

' Who on the sofa loves to sit,  
And see his wife beside him knit,  
While scintillates her ready wit ?

The Doctor.

' And when the cruel bell doth ring,  
Who frowning from the couch doth spring,  
Doff his gray jacket and take wing ?

The Doctor.

' Who comfort often doth forego,  
And meet the rage of sun or snow,  
Because he never can say *no* ?

The Doctor.

' Who thinks that Pleasure comprehends,  
Books where great truth with reason blends,  
Green tea, cigars, and genial friends ?  
The DOCTOR.

' What ornithologist so strange,  
For all the birds that air do range  
His darling *Hawks* \* would ne'er exchange ?  
The DOCTOR.

' Who wears the academic bay, †  
For honor more than gold doth pray,  
And likes a chat with RAPELYE ? ‡  
The DOCTOR.

' *New-York, October 24th, 1850.*

H. T. T.'

## THE BLUE-BELLS OF NEW-ENGLAND.

THE roses are a regal troop,  
And humble folks the daisies ;  
But, Blue-bells of New-England,  
To you I give my praises :  
To you, fair phantoms in the sun,  
Whom merry Spring discovers,  
With blue-birds for your laureates,  
And honey-bees for lovers !

The south-wind breathes, and lo ! ye throng  
This rugged land of ours :  
Methinks the pale blue clouds of May  
Drop down, and turn to flowers !  
By cottage-doors, along the roads,  
You show your winsome faces,  
And, like the spectre lady, haunt  
The lonely woodland places !

All night your eyes are closed in sleep,  
But open at the dawning ;  
Such simple faith as yours can see  
God's coming in the morning.  
You lead me, by your holiness,  
To pleasant ways of duty :  
You set my thoughts to melody,  
You fill me with your beauty.

And you are like the eyes I love,  
So modest and so tender,  
Just touched with morning's glorious light,  
And evening's gentle splendor.  
Long may the heavens give you rain,  
The sun-shine its caresses,  
Long may the little girl I love  
Entwine you in her tresses !

T. B. ALDRICH.

\* Rev. Dr. HAWES.

† He was long President of the New-York Academy of Medicine.

‡ GEORGE B. RAPELYE, Esq., a venerable KNICKERBOCKER friend, of Huguenot descent and antiquarian knowledge.

## T H E   G O L D E N   I N G O T .

I HAD just retired to rest, with my eyes almost blind with the study of a new work on Physiology, by M. Brown-Sequard, when the night-bell was pulled violently.

It was winter, and I confess I grumbled as I rose and went down stairs to open the door. Twice that week I had been aroused long after mid-night on the most trivial causes. Once, to attend upon the son and heir of a wealthy family, who had cut his thumb with a pen-knife, which, it seems, he insisted on taking to bed with him. And once to restore a young gentleman to consciousness, who had been found by his horrified parent stretched insensible on the stair-case. Diachylon in the one case, and ammonia in the other, were all that my patients required; and I had a faint suspicion that the present summons was perhaps occasioned by no case more necessitous than those I have quoted. I was too young in my profession, however, to neglect opportunities. It is only when a physician rises to a very large practice that he can afford to be inhuman. I was on the first step of the ladder, so I humbly opened my door.

A woman was standing ankle-deep in the snow that lay upon the stoop. I caught but a dim glimpse of her form, for the night was cloudy; but I could hear her teeth rattling like castanets, and as the sharp wind blew her clothes close to her form, I could detect from the sharpness of the outlines that she was very scantily supplied with raiment.

'Come in, come in, my good woman,' I said hastily, for the wind seemed to catch eagerly at the opportunity of making itself at home in my hall, and was rapidly forcing an entrance through the half-open door. 'Come in, you can tell me all you have to communicate inside.'

She slipped in like a ghost, and I closed the door. While I was striking a light in my office, I could hear her teeth still clicking out in the dark hall, till it seemed as if some skeleton was chattering. As soon as I obtained a light I begged her to enter the room, and without occupying myself particularly about her appearance, asked her abruptly what her business was.

'My father has met with a severe accident,' she said, 'and requires instant surgical aid. I entreat you to come to him immediately.'

The freshness and the melody of her voice startled me. Such voices rarely if ever issue from any but beautiful forms. I looked at her attentively, but owing to a nondescript species of shawl in which her head was wrapped, I could discern nothing beyond what seemed to be a pale, thin face, and large eyes. Her dress was lamentable. An old silk, of a color now unrecognizable, clung to her figure in those limp folds which are so eloquent of misery. The creases where it had been folded were worn nearly through

and through, and the edges of the skirt had decayed into a species of irregular fringe, which was clotted and discolored with mud. Her shoes — which were but half-concealed by this scanty garment — were shapeless and soft with moisture. Her hands were hidden under the ends of the shawl which covered her head, and hung down over a bust, the outlines of which, although angular, seemed to possess a certain grace.

A nameless air of mystery which seemed to hang over this wretched edifice, created in me a certain curiosity. Poverty, when partially shrouded, seldom fails to interest; witness the statue of the Veiled Beggar, by Monti.

‘In what manner was your father hurt?’ I asked in a tone considerably softened from the one in which I put my first question.

‘He blew himself up, Sir, and is terribly wounded.’

‘Ah! He is in some factory then?’

‘No, Sir, he is a chemist.’

‘A chemist — why, he is a brother professional. Wait an instant and I will slip on my coat and go with you. Do you live far from here?’

‘In the Seventh Avenue, not more than two blocks from the end of this street.’

‘So much the better. We will be with him in a few minutes. Did you leave any one in attendance on him?’

‘No, Sir. He will allow no one but myself to enter his laboratory. And injured as he is, I could not induce him to quit it.’

‘Indeed! He is engaged in some great discovery, perhaps? I have known such cases.’

We were passing under a lamp-post, and the woman suddenly turned and glared at me with a look of such wild terror, that for an instant I involuntarily glanced round me under the impression that some terrible peril, unseen by me, was menacing us both.

‘Do n’t — do n’t ask me any questions,’ she said breathlessly. ‘He will tell you all you want. But do, oh! do hasten — good God! he may be dead by this time!’

I made no reply, but allowed her to grasp my hand, which she did with a bony, nervous clutch, and endeavored with some difficulty to keep pace with the long strides — I might well call them bounds, for they seemed the springs of a wild animal rather than the pace of a young girl — with which she covered the ground. Not a word more was uttered until we stopped before a shabby old-fashioned tenement house in the Seventh Avenue, not far above Twenty-third Street. She pushed the door open with a convulsive pressure, and still retaining hold of my hand, literally dragged me up-stairs, to what seemed to be a back off-shoot to the main building, as high, perhaps, as the fourth story. In a moment more I found myself in a moderately-sized chamber, lit by a single lamp. In one corner, stretched motionless on a wretched pallet-bed, I beheld what I supposed to be the figure of my patient.

‘He is there,’ said the girl; ‘go to him. See if he is dead — I dare not look.’

I made my way as well as I could through the numberless dilapidated chemical instruments with which the room was crowded. A French chafing-dish, supported on an iron tripod, had been over-turned and was lying across the floor, while the charcoal, still warm, was scattered around in various directions. Crucibles, alembics, and retorts were confusedly piled in various corners, and on a small table I saw distributed in separate bottles a number of mineral and metallic substances, which I recognized as antimony, mercury, plumbago, arsenic, borax, etc. It was veritably the apartment of a poor chemist. All the apparatus had the air of being bought second-hand. There was none of that lustre of exquisitely annealed glass, and highly polished metals, which dazzles one in the laboratory of the prosperous analyst. The make-shifts of poverty were every where visible. The crucibles were broken, or gallipots were used instead of crucibles. The colored tests were not in the usual transparent vials, but were placed in ordinary black bottles. There is nothing more melancholy than to behold Science or Art in distress. A threadbare scholar, a tattered book, or a battered violin, are mute appeals to our sympathies.

I approached the wretched pallet-bed on which the victim of chemistry was lying. He breathed heavily, and had his head turned toward the wall. I lifted his arm gently to arouse his attention.

‘How goes it, my poor friend?’ I asked him. ‘Where are you hurt?’

In a moment, as if startled by the sound of my voice, he sprang up in his bed, and cowered up against the wall like a wild animal driven to bay.

‘Who are you? I do n’t know you. Who brought you here? You are a stranger. How dare you come into my private rooms to spy upon me?’

And as he uttered this rapidly with a frightful nervous energy, I beheld a pale distorted face, draped with long gray hair, glaring at me with a mingled expression of fury and terror.

‘I am no spy,’ I answered mildly. ‘I heard that you had met with an accident, and have come to cure you. I am Doctor Luxor, and here is my card.’

The old man took the card and scanned it eagerly.

‘You are a physician?’ he inquired distrustfully.

‘And surgeon also.’

‘You are bound by oath not to reveal the secrets of your patients.’

‘Undoubtedly.’

‘I am afraid that I am hurt,’ he continued faintly, half sinking back in the bed.

I seized the opportunity to make a brief examination of his body. I found that the arms, a portion of the chest, and some of

the face terribly scorched; but it seemed to me that there was nothing to be apprehended but pain.

‘You will not reveal any thing that you may learn here?’ said the old man, feebly fixing his eyes on my face while I was applying some soothing ointment to the burns. ‘You will promise me?’

I nodded assent.

‘Then I will trust you. Cure me — I will pay you well.’

I could scarce help smiling. If Lorenzo de Medici, conscious of millions of ducats in his coffers, had been addressing some leech of the period, he could not have spoken with a loftier air than this inhabitant of the fourth story of a tenement house in the Seventh Avenue.

‘You must keep quiet,’ I answered. ‘Let nothing irritate you. I will leave a composing draught with your daughter, which she will give you immediately. I will see you in the morning. You will be well in a week.’

‘Thank God!’ came in a murmur from a dusk corner near the door. I turned and beheld the dim outline of the girl standing with clasped hands in the gloom, and projecting eager eyes through the dim chamber.

‘My daughter!’ screamed the old man, once more leaping up in the bed with renewed vitality. ‘You have seen her then? when? where? Oh! may a thousand cur ——’

‘Father! father! Any thing — any thing but that. Do n’t, do n’t curse me!’ and the poor girl, rushing in, flung herself sobbing on her knees beside his pallet.

‘Ah! Brigand! you are there, are you? Sir,’ said he, turning to me, ‘I am the most unhappy man in the world. Talk of *Sisyphus* rolling the ever-recoiling stone — of *Prometheus* gnawed by the vulture since the birth of Time. The fables yet live. There is my rock, forever crushing me back. There is my eternal vulture feeding upon my heart! There — there — there!’ and with an awful gesture of malediction and hatred, he pointed with his wounded hand, swathed and shapeless with bandages, at the cowering, sobbing, wordless woman by his side.

I was too much horror-stricken to attempt even to soothe him. The anger of blood against blood has an electric power which paralyzes bystanders.

‘Listen to me, Sir,’ he continued, ‘while I skin this painted viper. I have your oath. You will not reveal. I am an alchemist, Sir. Since I was twenty-two years old, I have pursued the wonderful and subtle secret. Yes! to unfold the mysterious *Rose* guarded with such terrible thorns, to decipher the wondrous *Table of Emerald*, to accomplish the mystic nuptials of the *Red King* and the *White Queen*, to marry them soul to soul and body to body forever and ever, in the exact proportions of land and water, such has been my sublime aim — such has been the splendid feat that I have accomplished.’

I recognized at a glance in this incomprehensible farrago the



*argot* of the true alchemist. Ripley, Flamel, and others have supplied the world in their works with the melancholy spectacle of a scientific Bedlam.

‘Two years since,’ continued the poor man, growing more and more excited with every word that he uttered; ‘two years since, I succeeded in solving the great problem — in transmuting the baser metals into gold. None but myself, that girl, and God knows the privations I had suffered up to that time. Food, clothing, air, exercise, every thing but shelter, was sacrificed toward the one great end. Success at last crowned my labors. That which Nicholas Flamel did in 1382, that which George Ripley did at Rhodes in 1460, that which Alexander Sethon and Michael Scudivogius did in the seventeenth century, I did in 1856. I made gold! I said to myself: ‘I will astonish New-York more than Flamel did Paris.’ He was a poor copyist, and suddenly launched into magnificence. I had scarce a rag to my back — I would rival the Medicis. I made gold every day. I toiled night and morning — for I must tell you that I never was able make more than a certain quantity at a time, and that by a process almost entirely dissimilar to those hinted at in those books of alchemy I had hitherto consulted; but I had no doubt that facility would come with experience, and that ere long I would be able to eclipse in wealth the richest sovereigns of the earth.

‘So I toiled on. Day after day I gave to this girl here what gold I succeeded in fabricating, telling her to store it away, after supplying our necessities. I was astonished to perceive that we lived as poorly as ever. I reflected, however, that it was perhaps a commendable piece of prudence on the part of my daughter. Doubtless, I said, she argues that the less we spend the sooner we shall accumulate a capital wherewith to live at ease; so thinking her course a wise one, I did not reproach her with her niggardliness, but toiled on amid want with closed lips.

‘The gold which I fabricated was, as I said before, of an invariable size, namely, a little ingot worth perhaps thirty or forty-five dollars. In two years I calculated that I had made five hundred of these ingots, which, rated at an average of thirty dollars a piece, would amount to the gross sum of fifteen thousand dollars. After deducting our slight expenses for two years, we ought to have nearly fourteen thousand dollars left. It was time, I thought, to indemnify myself for my years of suffering, and surround my child and myself with such moderate comforts as our means allowed. I went to my daughter and explained to her that I desired to make an encroachment upon our little hoard. To my utter amazement she burst into tears and told me that she had not got a dollar; that the entire of our wealth had been stolen from her. Almost overwhelmed by this new misfortune, I in vain endeavored to discover from her in what manner our savings had been plundered. She could afford me no explanation, beyond what I might gather from an abundance of sobs and a copious flow of tears.

‘It was a bitter blow, Doctor, but ‘*nil desperandum*’ was my

motto, so I went to work at my crucible again with redoubled energy, and made an ingot nearly every second day. I determined this time to put them in some secure place myself; but the very first day I set my apparatus in order for the projection, the girl Marian — that is my daughter's name — came weeping to me, and implored of me to allow her to take care of our treasure. I refused her decisively, saying that having found her already incapable of filling the trust, I could place no faith in her again. But she persisted, clung to my neck, threatened to abandon me, in short, used so many of the bad but irresistible arguments known to women, that I had not the heart to refuse her. She has since that time continued to take the ingots.

‘Yet you behold,’ continued the old alchemist casting an inexpressibly mournful glance around the wretched apartment, ‘you see the way we live. Our food is insufficient and of bad quality; we never buy any clothes; the rent of this hole is a mere nothing. What am I to think of the wretched girl who plunges me into this misery? Is she a miser, think you? or a female gamester? or — or — does she squander it riotously in places I know not of? O doctor, doctor! do not blame me if I heap imprecations on her head, for I have suffered bitterly!’ The poor man here closed his eyes, and sank back groaning on his bed.

This singular narrative excited in me the strangest emotions. I glanced at the girl Marian, who had been a patient listener to these horrible accusations of cupidity, and never did I behold a more angelic air of resignation than was spread over her countenance. It was impossible that any one with those pure, limpid eyes, that calm, broad forehead, that child-like mouth, could be such a monster of avarice or deceit as the old man represented. The thing was plain enough; the alchemist was mad — what alchemist was there ever who was not? — and his insanity had taken this terrible shape. I felt an inexpressible pity move my heart for this poor girl, whose youth was burdened with such an awful sorrow.

‘What is your name?’ I asked the old man, taking his tremulous fevered hand in mine.

‘William Blakelock,’ he answered. ‘I come of an old Saxon stock, Sir, that bred true men and women in former days. God! how did it ever come to pass that such a one as that girl there ever sprang from our line!’

The glance of loathing and contempt that he cast at her, made me shudder.

‘May you not be mistaken in your daughter?’ I said very mildly; ‘delusions with regard to alchemy are, or have been, very common ——’

‘What, Sir?’ cried the old man, bounding in his bed. ‘What? do you doubt that gold can be made? Do you know, Sir, that M. C. Théodore Tiffereau made gold at Paris in the year 1854 in the presence of M. Levol, the assayer of the Imperial Mint, and the result of the experiments read before the Academy of Sciences

on the sixteenth of October of the same year? But stay, you shall have better proof yet. I will pay you with one of my ingots, and you shall attend me until I am well — Get me an ingot!

This last command was addressed to Marian, who was still kneeling close to her father's bed-side. I observed her with some curiosity as this mandate was issued. She became very pale, clasped her hands convulsively, but neither moved nor made any reply.

'Get me an ingot, I say!' reiterated the alchemist passionately.

She fixed her large eyes imploringly upon him. Her lips quivered, and two huge tears rolled slowly down her white cheeks.

'Obey me, wretched girl,' cried the old man in an agitated voice, 'or I swear by all that I reverence in Heaven and earth, that I will lay my curse upon you forever!'

I felt for an instant that I ought perhaps to interfere, and spare the girl the anguish that she was so evidently suffering; but a powerful curiosity to see how this strange scene would terminate withheld me.

The last threat of her father, uttered as it was with a terrible vehemence, seemed to appall Marian. She rose with a sudden leap, as if a serpent had stung her, and rushing into an inner apartment, returned with a small object in her hand, which she placed in my hand, and then flung herself in a chair in a distant corner of the room weeping bitterly.

'You see — you see,' said the old man sarcastically, 'how reluctantly she parts with it. Take it, Sir, it is yours.'

It was a small bar of metal. I examined it carefully, poised it in my hand — the color, weight, every thing announced that it really was gold.

'You doubt its genuineness, perhaps?' continued the alchemist. 'There are acids on yonder table — test it.'

I confess that I *did* doubt its genuineness, but after I had acted upon the old man's suggestion, all further suspicion was rendered impossible. It was gold of the highest purity. I was astounded. Was then, after all, this man's tale a truth? Was his daughter, that fair, angelic-looking creature a demon of avarice, or a slave to worse passions? I felt bewildered. I had never met with any thing so incomprehensible. I looked from father to daughter in the blankest amazement. I suppose that my countenance betrayed my astonishment, for the old man said:

'I perceive that you are surprised. Well, that is natural. You had a right to think me mad, until I proved myself sane.'

'But, Mr. Blakelock,' I said, 'I really cannot take this gold. I have no right to it. I cannot in justice charge so large a fee.'

'Take it — take it,' he answered impatiently, 'your fee will amount to that before I am well; beside,' he added mysteriously, 'I wish to secure your friendship. I wish that you should protect me from Her,' and he pointed his poor bandaged hand at Marian.

My eye followed his gesture, and I caught the glance that replied. A glance of horror, distrust, despair. The beautiful face was distorted into positive ugliness.

‘It’s all true,’ I thought, ‘she is the demon that her father represents her.’

I now rose to go. This domestic tragedy sickened me. This treachery of blood against blood was too horrible to witness. I wrote a prescription for the old man, left directions as to the renewal of the dressings upon his burns, and bidding him good night hastened towards the door.

While I was fumbling on the dark, crazy landing for the staircase, I felt a hand laid on my arm.

‘Doctor,’ whispered a voice that I recognized as Marian Blacklock’s, ‘Doctor, have you any compassion in your heart?’

‘I hope so,’ I answered shortly, shaking off her hand — her touch filled me with loathing.

‘Hush! don’t talk so loud. If you have any pity in your nature, give me back, I entreat of you, that gold ingot which my father gave you this evening.’

‘Great Heaven!’ said I, ‘can it be possible that so fair a woman can be such a mercenary, shameless wretch?’

‘Ah! you know not — I cannot tell you! Do not judge me harshly. I call God to witness that I am not what you deem me. Some day or other you will know — but,’ she added, interrupting herself, ‘the ingot — where is it? I must have it. My life depends on your giving it to me.’

‘Take it, impostor!’ I cried, placing it in her hand, that closed on it with a horrible eagerness. ‘I never intended to keep it. Gold made under the same roof that covers such as you, must be accursed.’

So saying, heedless of the nervous effort she made to detain me, I stumbled down the stairs and walked hastily home.

The next morning while I was in my office, smoking my matutinal cigar, and speculating over the singular character of my acquaintances of last night, the door opened, and Marian Blacklock entered. She had the same look of terror that I had observed the evening before, and she panted as if she had been running fast.

‘Father has got out of bed,’ she gasped out, ‘and insists on going on with his alchemy. Will it kill him?’

‘Not exactly,’ I answered coldly. ‘It were better that he kept quiet, so as to avoid the chance of inflammation. However, you need not to be alarmed, his burns are not at all dangerous, although painful.’

‘Thank God — thank God!’ she cried in the most impassionate accents, and before I was aware of what she was doing, she seized my hand and kissed it.

‘There, that will do,’ I said, withdrawing my hand, ‘you are under no obligations to me. You had better go back to your father.’

‘I can’t go,’ she answered, ‘you despise me — is it not so?’

I made no reply.

‘You think me a monster — a criminal. When you went home last night, you were wonder-struck that so vile a creature as I should have so fair a face.’

‘You embarrass me, Madam,’ I said in my most chilling tone. ‘Pray, relieve me from this unpleasant position.’

‘Wait! I cannot bear that you should think ill of me. You are good and kind, and I desire to possess your esteem. You little know how I love my father.’

I could not restrain a bitter smile.

‘You do not believe that? Well, I will convince you. I have had a hard struggle all last night with myself, but am now resolved. This life of deceit must continue no longer. Will you hear my vindication?’

I nodded my head. The wonderful melody of her voice, and the purity of her features were charming me once more. I half believed in her innocence already.

‘My father has told you a portion of his history. But he did not tell you that his continued failures in his search after the secret of metallic transmutation nearly killed him. Two years ago, he was on the verge of the grave, working every day at his mad pursuit, and every day growing weaker and more emaciated. I saw that if his mind was not relieved in some way, he would die. The thought was madness to me, for I loved him — I love him still as a daughter never loved a father before. During all these years of poverty I had supported the house with my needle; it was hard work, but I did it — I do it still!’

‘What?’ I cried startled, ‘does not —’

‘Patience. Hear me out. My father was dying of disappointment. I must save him. By incredible exertions, sitting up all night, and working with enormous rapidity, I saved about thirty-five dollars in notes. These I exchanged for gold, and one day when my father was not looking, I cast them into the crucible in which he was making one of his vain attempts at transmutation. God, I am sure, will pardon me the deception. I never anticipated the misery it would lead to.

‘I never beheld any thing like the joy of my poor father, when, after emptying his crucible, he found a deposit of pure gold at the bottom. He wept, and danced, and sang, and built such castles in the air, that my brain turned to hear him. He gave me the ingot to keep, and went to work at his alchemy with renewed vigor. The same thing occurred. He always found the same quantity of gold in his crucible. I alone knew the secret. He was happy, poor man, for nearly two years, in the belief that he was amassing a fortune. I all the while plied my needle for our daily bread. When he asked me for his savings, the first stroke fell upon me. Then it was that I recognized the folly of my conduct. I could give him no money. I never had any — while he believed that I had fourteen thousand dollars. My heart was nearly broken when I found that he had conceived the most injurious suspicions against me. Yet I could not blame him. I could give no account of the treasure, I had permitted him to believe was in my possession. I must suffer the penalty of my fault, for to undeceive him would be, I felt, to kill him. I remained silent then and suffered.

‘You know the rest. You now know why it was that I was reluctant to give you that ingot — why it was that I degraded myself so far as to ask it back. It was the only means I had of continuing a deception on which I believed my father’s life depended. But that delusion has been dispelled. I can live this life of hypocrisy no longer. I cannot exist, and hear my father, whom I love so, wither me daily with his curses. I will undeceive him this very day — will you come with me, for I fear the effect on his enfeebled frame?’

‘Willingly,’ I answered, taking her by the hand, ‘and I think that no absolute danger need be apprehended. Now, Marian,’ I added, ‘let me ask forgiveness for my having even for a moment wounded so noble a heart. You are truly as great a martyr, as any of those whose sufferings the Church perpetuates in altar-pieces.’

‘I knew you would do me justice when you knew all,’ she sobbed pressing my hand, ‘but come. I am on fire. Let us hasten to my father’s, and break this terror to him.’

WHEN we reached the old alchemist’s room, we found him busily engaged over a crucible which was placed on a small furnace, and in which some indistinguishable mixture was boiling. He looked up as we entered.

‘No fear of me, Doctor,’ he said with a ghastly smile, ‘no fear. I must not allow a little physical pain to interrupt my great work, you know. By the way, you are just in time. In a few moments the marriage of the Red King and White Queen will be accomplished, as George Ripley calls the great act, in his book entitled, *‘The Twelve Gates.’* Yes, Doctor, in less than ten minutes you will see me make pure, red, shining gold!’ And the poor old man smiled triumphantly, and stirred his foolish mixture with a long rod, which he held with difficulty in his bandaged hands. It was a grievous sight for a man of any feeling to witness.

‘Father,’ said Marian in a low, broken voice, advancing a little toward the poor old dupe, ‘I want your forgiveness.’

‘Ah, Hypocrite! for what? Are you going to give me back my gold?’

‘No, father, but for the deception that I have been practising on you for two years —’

‘I knew it — I knew it,’ shouted the old man with a radiant countenance. ‘She has concealed my fourteen thousand dollars all this time, and now comes to restore them. I will forgive her. Where are they, Marian?’

‘Father — it must come out. You never made any gold. It was I who saved up thirty-five dollars, and I used to slip them into your crucible when your back was turned — and I did it only because I saw that you were dying of disappointment. It was wrong, I know — but, father, I meant well. You’ll forgive me, won’t you?’

And the poor girl advanced a step towards the alchemist. He grew deathly pale, and staggered as if about to fall. The next in-



stant, though, he recovered himself, and burst into a horrible sardonic laugh. Then he said in tones full of the bitterest irony:

‘A conspiracy, is it? Well done, Doctor! You think to reconcile me with this wretched girl by trumping up this story, that I have been for two years a dupe of her filial piety. It’s clumsy, Doctor, and is a total failure. Try again.’

‘But I assure you, Mr. Blakelock,’ I said as earnestly as I could, ‘I believe your daughter’s statements to be perfectly true. You will find it to be so, as she has got the ingot in her possession which so often deceived you into the belief that you made gold, and this you will certainly find, that no transmutation has taken place in your crucible.’

‘Doctor,’ said the old man in tones of the most settled conviction, ‘you are a fool. That girl has wheedled you. In less than a minute I will turn you out a piece of gold, purer than any the earth produces. Will that convince you?’

‘That will convince me,’ I answered. By a gesture I imposed silence on Marian, who was about to speak — as I thought it was better to allow the old man to be his own undeceiver — and we awaited the coming crisis.

The old man, still smiling with anticipated triumph, kept bending eagerly over his crucible, stirring the mixture with his rod, and muttering to himself all the time. ‘Now,’ I heard him say, ‘it changes. There — there’s the scum. And now the green and bronze shades flit across it. Oh! the beautiful green! The precursor of the golden-red hue, that tells of the end attained. Ah! now the golden-red is coming — slowly — slowly! It deepens, it shines, it is dazzling! Ah! I have it!’ So saying he caught up his crucible in a chemist’s tongs, and bore it slowly toward the table on which stood a brass vessel.

‘Now, incredulous doctor!’ he cried, ‘come, and be convinced,’ and immediately commenced carefully pouring the contents of the crucible into the brass vessel. When the crucible was quite empty, he turned it up, and called me again. ‘Come, Doctor, come, and be convinced. See for yourself.’

‘See first if there is any gold in your crucible,’ I answered without moving.

He laughed, shook his head derisively, and looked into the crucible. In a moment he grew pale as death.

‘Nothing!’ he cried. ‘Oh! a jest! a jest! There must be gold somewhere. Marian!’

‘The gold is here, father,’ said Marian, drawing the ingot from her pocket; ‘it is all we ever had.’

‘Ah!’ shrieked the poor old man, as he let the empty crucible fall, and staggered toward the ingot which Marian held out to him. He made three steps, and then fell on his face. Marian rushed toward him, and tried to lift him, but could not. I put her aside gently, and placed my hand on his heart.

‘Marian,’ said I, ‘it is perhaps better as it is. He is dead!’

## THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

BY ROBERT T. MACCOUN, U. S. N.

## I.

THE subtile fluid that was tamed  
By FRANKLIN'S magic skill ;  
That MORSE by Science has enchained,  
To serve the human will :

## II.

Whose lightning course has banished Space,  
And leaves slow Time behind,  
Is destined soon two kindred lands  
By closer ties to bind.

## III.

Old England and her goodly son,  
So near allied by blood,  
Are soon to press each other's hands  
Across the mighty flood :

## IV.

And through a slender nerve of thought  
Stretched from each kindred shore,  
Perpetual peace and harmony  
Shall flow for evermore.

## V.

The great Atlantic Telegraph  
A golden link will be  
In bold Progression's lengthening chain —  
A step in History !

## VI.

Yet this long cord stretched o'er the sea,  
By Albion and her son,  
Is but a tithe of that great work  
The world has just begun :

## VII.

Around the globe, from east to west,  
The electric road shall run,  
Spreading each day to all mankind  
The work that has been done.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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**THE PARA PAPERS.** By GEORGE LEIGHTON DITSON. Paris: FOWLER, 6 Rue Montpensier. New-York: MASON BROTHERS.

IN christening this delightful record of travels, the author gave evidence of excessive and unnecessary modesty; for a *pará*, as the reader will understand, is one of the smallest of Oriental coins. Such delicacy on the part of the author, however, shall not tempt us into under-valuing his pleasantly written-down experiences in France, Egypt, and Ethiopia. Mr. DITSON passes over ground that has been worn nearly smooth by pilgrim feet; but he gives us fresh and charming pictures of the familiar places. The fact is, it is not of so much importance where a man has been, as what he says about it! An observant man will be new and entertaining any where, whether he is fishing off of 'Pier Nine, East-River,' or walking around the Pyramids. Mr. DITSON, then, has managed to make a fascinating book out of materials that may be said to have 'a very ancient and fish-like smell.' He was wise enough to travel with his eyes wide open, and consequently (having a gift of pen) does not put his readers to sleep. We say this much for the present. The volume came to us as we were going to press, or we should have ventured on a criticism more commensurate with its many and peculiar merits.

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**THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE CITY OF ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.** By GEORGE R. FAIRBANKS. New-York: CHARLES B. NORTON.

THE ancient and *siempre fiel Ciudad de San Augustin* has found a most admirable historian in the Vice-President of the 'Florida Historical Society.' It was a happy suggestion which led the author to turn a brief lecture on the antiquities of the 'pleasante citie' into a volume like this. The events with which the author deals are among the most romantic passages of our early history. The wild search of PONCE DE LEON for the waters of perpetual youth; the discovery of Florida; the inhuman cruelty of the fanatical Adelantado, and the sad fortunes of RIBAUT, SANDONNIERE, and other noble gentlemen, have an enchanting air of fiction about them. Since PRESCOTT's 'Conquest of Mexico,' we have read nothing of the kind with such deep interest.

**A FEW VERSES FOR A FEW FRIENDS.** By JAMES T. FIELDS. Riverside Press: Printed by N. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY, Cambridge.

NEXT to being 'a dear, delightful poet,' we should most desire to be a printer like HOUGHTON. Was there ever any thing so dainty (if we except the poems) as this antique type, this ivory paper, and these distracting little tail-pieces? *Apropos* of the poems: we do n't know if we are quite at liberty to praise them. The volume is not published 'in the old orthodox way,' but was gotten up and adorned entirely by Mr. HOUGHTON, the Cambridge printer, as a specimen of his art. The fortunate author had no hand in it — only his 'poetical feet!' Even though we touch on delicate ground, and have to 'walk through Time' unpardoned, we must ask the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER if there is n't the tremble of dew-drops with the smell of young leaves in these delicious verses:

'Sir and talk with the mountain streams  
In the beautiful spring of the year,  
When the violet gleams through the golden sun-beams,  
And whispers: 'Come look for me here,'  
In the beautiful spring of the year.

'I will show you a glorious nook  
Where the censers of morning are swung  
Nature will lend you her bell and her book  
Where the chimes of the forest are hung,  
And the censers of morning are swung.

'Come and breathe in this heaven-sent air,  
The breeze that the wild-bird inhales,  
Come and forget that life has a care,  
In these exquisite mountain gales:  
The breeze that the wild-bird inhales.

'O wonders of God! O BOUNTIFUL and GOOD!  
We feel that THY presence is here:  
That THINE audible voice is abroad in this wood  
In the beautiful spring of the year:  
And we know that our FATHER is here.'

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**A HAND-BOOK ON PROPERTY LAW.** By Lord St. LEONARDS. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS.

IF we may credit the titles of several modern publications — 'Every Man his own Architect,' 'The Household Physician,' 'Greek without a Master,' etc., etc. — there will eventually be 'a dying out' of the professions. As far as the law faculty goes, this little book will not cause the suspension of that amiable body, though it is a useful work, conveying practical information on questions which arise daily in mercantile and domestic relations. In many cases, a careful reference to this volume would render legal advice superfluous. The author does not perplex his text with technical phrases, and any man who can read 'English undefiled' will be able to infer his meaning.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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LITERARY OCCUPATIONS OF SYDNEY SMITH'S EARLY YEARS. — The other day, while awaiting dinner at '*Brookside*,' the pretty name of a tasteful residence and liberal estate of a country neighbor and friend, we passed a pleasant half-hour in his small but well-selected library: and so it was that we came across a book, printed long ago, the contents of which came from the late SYDNEY SMITH's brain and lips, before we had emerged from the 'dim backward and abysm of time:' namely: his '*Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy*,' originally delivered before the Royal Institution of London. Eight years have elapsed since the book was published, yet we now saw it for the first time. Very eagerly did we devour it: for SYDNEY SMITH never wrote *any* thing which was not characterized by originality of thought and a felicity of execution altogether *sui generis*. Immediately after SYDNEY SMITH's death, his excellent widow, with a loving regard for her departed husband's fame, had the volume before us privately printed, 'in the hope that his remaining friends would feel some interest in the occupations of his earlier years:' whereupon many eminent persons counselled their publication; among whom was Lord JEFFREY, who had years before entertained a very different opinion: but in a letter to Mrs. SMITH, written only three days before his last sudden and fatal illness, he revises his former literary judgment: confesses that he finds the book much more original, interesting, and instructive than he had anticipated; adding: 'I cannot rest, until I have made some amends for the rash and I fear somewhat ungracious judgment which I passed upon it, after perusing a portion of the manuscript some years ago. I must have been unfortunate in the selection, or chance, by which I was directed to them. However that may be, I am now satisfied that in what I then said, I did great and grievous injustice to the merit of these Lectures, and was quite wrong in dissuading their publication.' Lord JEFFREY even goes farther, and frankly affirms it as his opinion that they were calculated, many of them, to do the author as much credit as any thing he ever wrote; conveying, as they did, a stronger impression of the force and vivacity of his intellect, as well as a truer and more engaging view of his character, than most of the world had yet seen of his writings: 'The book seems to me full of good sense, acuteness, and right feeling; very clearly and pleasingly written; and with such an admirable mixture of logical intrepidity, with the absence of all dog-

matism, as is rarely met with in the conduct of such discussions.' This 'tardy confession' was due not less to JEFFREY than to his friend; and it is greatly to the honor of the eminent reviewer that it was so cordially rendered. But proceed we to a consideration of the volume before us. In his opening lecture, announcing the character of the course, the 'moral philosopher' remarks: 'There is a word of dire sound and horrible import which I would fain have kept concealed if I possibly could; but as this is not feasible, I shall even meet the danger at once, and get out of it as well as I can. The word to which I allude is that very tremendous one of *Metaphysics*; which, in a lecture on Moral Philosophy, seems likely to produce as much alarm as the cry of fire in a crowded play-house, when BELVIDERA is left to weep by herself, and every one saves himself in the best manner he can. I must beg my audience, however, to sit quiet, till they hear what can be said in defence of Metaphysics, and in the mean time to make use of the language which the manager would probably adopt on such an occasion: I can assure ladies and gentlemen, there is not the smallest degree of danger.' Speaking of the vigor and acuteness which the science of Moral Philosophy is apt to communicate to the faculties, he observes: 'The slow and cautious pace of mathematics is not fit for the rough road of life; it teaches no habits which will be of use to us when we come to march in good earnest: it will not do, when men come to real business, to be calling for axioms, and definitions, and to admit nothing without full proof, and perfect deduction; we must decide sometimes upon the slightest evidence, catch the faintest surmise, and get to the end of an affair before a mathematical head could decide about its commencement.' This brief tribute to the science he was about to discuss in his lectures, closes his introductory:

'MORAL Philosophy gradually subjects the most impetuous feelings to patient examination and wise control: it inures the youthful mind to intellectual difficulty, and to enterprise in thinking; and makes it as keen as an eagle, and as unwearied as the wing of an angel. In looking round the region of spirit, from the mind of the brute and the reptile, to the sublimest exertions of the human understanding, this philosophy lays deep the foundations of a fervent and grateful piety, for those intellectual riches which have been dealt out to us with no scanty measure. With sensation alone, we might have possessed the earth, as it is possessed by the lowest order of beings: but we have talents which bend *all* the laws of nature to our service; memory for the past, providence for the future: senses which mingle pleasure with intelligence, the surprise of novelty, the boundless energy of imagination, accuracy in comparing, and severity in judging; an original affection, which binds us together in society; a swiftness to pity; a fear of shame; a love of esteem; a detestation of all that is cruel, mean, and unjust. All these things Moral Philosophy observes, and, observing, adores the BEING from whence they proceed.'

In the second lecture, opening the history of Moral Philosophy, allusion is made to SOCRATES, and a slight sketch is given of his moral doctrines, which comprehended no more than every person, of education, of the present era, has been accustomed to hear from his childhood:

'But two thousand years ago, they were great discoveries: two thousand years since, common-sense was not invented. If ORPHEUS, or LINUS, or any of those melodious moralists, sung in bad verses, such advice as a grand-mamma would now give to a child of six years old, he was thought to be inspired by the gods, and statues and altars were erected to his memory. In HESIOD there is a very grave exhortation to mankind to wash their faces: and I have discovered a very strong analogy between the precepts of PYTHAGORAS and Mrs. TRIMMER: both think that a son ought to obey his father, and both are clear that a good man is better than a bad one. Therefore,



to measure aright this extraordinary man, we must remember the period at which he lived; that he was the first who called the attention of mankind from the pernicious subtilties which engaged and perplexed their wandering understandings, to the practical rules of life; he was the great father and inventor of common-sense, as CERES was of the plough, and BACCHUS of intoxication. First he taught his cotemporaries that they did not know what they pretended to know; then he showed them that they knew nothing; then he told them what they ought to know. Lastly, to sum up the praise of SOCRATES, remember that two thousand years ago, while men were worshipping the stones on which they trod, and the insects which crawled beneath their feet; two thousand years ago, with the bowl of poison in his hand, SOCRATES said: 'I am persuaded that my death, which is now just coming, will conduct me into the presence of the gods, who are the most righteous governors, and into the society of just and good men; and I derive confidence from the hope that something of man remains after death, and that the condition of good men will then be much better than that of the bad.' Soon after this he covered himself up with his cloak and expired.'

This, while it embodies a truth not definitely considered by the majority of Christendom, is exceedingly characteristic of the playfully-satirical style of the author's later writings. To PLATO, the most celebrated disciple of the 'Academic school,' he renders due homage for the 'majestic beauty of his style, the vigor and the magnitude of his conceptions;' but his philosophical tenets are pronounced 'a ha' pennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack.' His 'philosophy' is thus set forth:

'His notion was, that the principles out of which the world was composed were three in number; the subject matter of things, their specific essences, and the sensible objects themselves. These last he conceived to have no probable or durable existence, but to be always in a state of fluctuation: but then there were certain everlasting patterns and copies, from which every thing had been made, and which he denominated their specific essences. For instance, the individual rose which I smell at this instant, or a particular pony upon which I cast my eye, are objects of sense which have no durable existence; the individual idea I have of them this moment is not numerically the same as the idea which I had the moment before; just as the river which I pass now is not the same river which I passed half-an-hour before, because the individual water in which I trod has glided away: therefore these appearances of the rose, and the pony, are of very little importance; but there is somewhere or other an eternal pony, and an eternal rose, after the pattern of which one and the other have been created. The same with actions as with things. If PLATO had seen one person make a bow to another, he would have said that the particular bow was a mere *visible species*; but there was an unchanging bow which had existed from all eternity, and which was the model and archetype and specific essence of all other bows. But, says PLATO, all things in this world are individuals. We see *this* man, and *that* man, and the other *man*; but *a* man — the general notion of a man — we do not and cannot gain from our senses; therefore we have existed in some previous state, where we have gained these notions of universal natures.'

The witty satirist would seem to have had no very exalted opinion of the Epicureans, and the doctrines which they taught: 'A set of grammivorous metaphysicians, living together in a garden, and employing their whole time in acts of benevolence toward each other, carries with it such an air of romance, that I am afraid it must be considerably lowered, and rendered more tasteless, before it can be brought down to the standard of credibility, and the probabilities of real life.' The absurdity of some of the pseudo-philosophical ideas of EPICURUS are admirably hit off: as for example: 'Sense, he was of opinion, could never be deceived; though the judgment founded upon the representations of the senses might be either true or false. For instance, if a person of imperfect sight were to mistake the head of a post for the head of a cow, EPICURUS would contend that the eye conveyed to the mind a notice of every ray of light that acted upon it in this instance, and that the mind had determined hastily upon the evidence presented to it. Every opinion he thought to be

true which was attested, or not contradicted, by the senses.' And thus with justice: 'If one boy abstain from taking away another boy's pie, it is not because he receives any pleasure from *not* taking away the pie, but because he wishes to avoid certain *consequences* which would follow the seizure. Such was the idea EPICURUS had of virtue.' In closing this lecture, there is a very characteristic 'touch' of the witty prebend: 'I might say a great deal more upon the philosophy of EPICURUS; but I must not forget one of his habits in philosophizing, which I dare say will meet with the hearty approbation of every body here present; and that was, never to extend any single lecture to an unreasonable period: in imitation of which Epicurean practice, I shall conclude, and finish the history of moral philosophy at our next meeting.' The condensed knowledge embraced in the ensuing lecture, will remind the reader of certain matter-full pages of quaint old BURTON. The beliefs of the entire race of so-called 'philosophers' pass in rapid but intelligent review. This was one of DESCARTES' theories: 'Rejecting the doctrines of the Peripatetics, he conjectured boldly that the heavenly bodies of our system are carried round by a vortex or whirlpool of subtile matter, just as straws and chaff are carried round in a tub of water. He conjectured, that the soul is seated in a small gland in the brain, called the *pineal gland*; that there, as in her chamber of presence, she receives intelligence of every thing that affects the senses, by means of a subtile fluid contained in the nerves, called the animal spirits; and that she dispatches these animal spirits, as her messengers, to put in motion the several muscles of the body, as there is occasion. By such conjectures as these, DESCARTES could account for every phenomenon in nature, in such a plausible manner, as gave satisfaction to a great part of the learned world for more than half a century.' Touching one 'principle' of the 'metaphysical lunatics' whom he had been discussing, as BERKELEY, COLLIER, and two or three others, he observes: 'Bishop BERKELEY says, 'There is a moon, an image coming from the moon, an idea excited by that image, and a mind in which that image exists. You allow that you do not see the objects themselves, but only certain representatives of those objects: therefore, as you never see the objects themselves, what proof have you of their existence? You have none: and all your notions on this subject are fallacious. There is no sun, no moon, no stars, nor earth, nor sea: they are all notions of the mind.' To which the acute lecturer replies, that such reasoning may be applied with equal justice to every radical truth: 'Who can prove his own personal identity? A man may think himself a clergyman, and believe that he has preached for these ten years last past: but I defy him to offer any sort of *proof* that he has not been a fishmonger all the time! All reasoning must end in arbitrary belief. We must, at last, come to that point where the only reply can be, '*I am so*: this belief is the constitution of my nature: God willed it.' I grant that this reasoning is a ready asylum for ignorance and imbecility, and that it affords too easy a relief from the pain of rendering a reason: but the most unwearied vigor of human talents must at last end there: the wisdom of ages can get no farther: here, after all, the Porch, the Garden, the Academy, the Lyceum, must close their labors.' Very impressive and beautiful, to our conception, is the subjoined tribute to the great British masters of the science of Moral Philosophy:

'We will allow to other countries the most splendid efforts of genius directed to this object; but they have passed away, and are now no more than beautiful and stupendous errors. We will give up to them the mastery in all that class of men who can diffuse over bad and unsocial principles, the charms of eloquence and wit; but the great teachers of mankind, big with better hopes than their own days could supply; who have looked backward to the errors, and forward to the progress of mankind; who have searched for knowledge only from experience, and applied it only to the promotion of human happiness; who have disdained paradox and impiety, and coveted no other fame than that which was founded upon the modest investigation of truth; such men have sprung from this country, and have shed upon it the everlasting lustre of their names. DESCARTES has perished, LEIBNITZ is fading away; but BACON, and LOCKE, and NEWTON remain, as the Danube and the Alps remain: the learned examine them, and the ignorant, who forget lesser streams and humbler hills, remember them as the glories and prominences of the world. And let us never, in thinking of perpetuity and duration, confine that notion to the physical works of nature, and forget the eternity of fame. God has shown His power in the stars and the firmament, in the aged hills, and in the perpetual streams; but he has shown it as much, in the minds of the greatest of human beings. HOMER and VIRGIL and MILTON, and LOCKE and BACON and NEWTON, are as great as the hills and the streams; and will endure till heaven and earth shall pass away, and the whole fabric of nature is shaken into dissolution and eternal ashes.'

In opening his lecture 'On the Powers of External Perception,' we find these peculiarly SMITHISH or SMITHY remarks: 'I promised, in the beginning of these lectures, to be very dull and unamusing; and I am of opinion that I have hitherto acted up to the spirit of my contract; but if there should perchance exist in any man's mind the slightest suspicion of my good faith, I think this day's lecture will entirely remove that suspicion, and that I shall turn out to be a man of unsullied veracity.' In the course of this division of his subject are mentioned several remarkable instances of the substitution of one sense for another: one especially of a blind man almost from infancy, who was at first a wagoner through intricate, snow-covered roads, and then a projector and surveyor of highways in difficult and mountainous parts of the country. The lecturer had often seen him, with the assistance only of a long staff, traversing roads, ascending precipices, exploring valleys, and investigating their several extents, forms, and situations; presenting afterward the most accurate estimate and exhibit of each. He constructed some of the most important roads in Great-Britain, and altered the line of others, such as that over the great Peak in Derbyshire. Speaking of the manner in which the blind were taught to read by raised letters, 'feeling their way through HOMER and VIRGIL,' the lecturer remarks, whimsically enough: 'Just in the same manner, I should not be surprised if the alphabet could be taught by a series of well-contrived favors; and we may even live to see the day when men may be taught to smell out their learning, and when a fine scenting day shall be considered as a day peculiarly favorable to study.' Adverting to the mode of discovering distance by the distinctness or indistinctness of color, as a reason why we mistake the size of objects in a fog, he remarks in the same amusing vein: 'A little gentleman who understands optics may always be sure to enjoy a temporary elevation in a fog; and by walking out in that state of the weather, will be quite certain of being mistaken for a man six feet high.' To which it might be added, that, intellectually speaking, many a small man has a similar fancy, whether there be fog or not — outside of his own head, at least. He omits to speak of 'the *mens*' method of measuring distances; the distance from home to school, in the days of our youth, being generally double the dis-

tance from school to home; and so with all other passions which quicken or retard the feeling of time.'

A fragment only is given of the lecture 'On Conception,' portions of it having been mislaid or destroyed. Enough, however, is preserved to make us lament the loss of the remainder. Observe the 'side-hit' contained in the following illustration of the comparative effect upon the mind of sound and light sleep: 'A person may, in some cases, sleep so soundly, that the firing a pistol close to his ear will not rouse him; at other times the slightest sensation of light or noise will rouse him. A sort of intermediate state between these two is that where the sensation comes to the mind in so imperfect a state, that it produces some effect upon the current of conceptions without correcting them. If there is a window left open, and the cold air blows in, the sufferer may think himself on the top of Mount Caucasus, buried in the snow; or the cat making a noise shall immediately transport him in imagination to the opera!' We trust that our old friend BARNUM's renowned LUMLEY Opera Troupe may disabuse the music-loving reader of this last impression, asleep or awake. In the division of his series which treats upon 'Memory,' SYDNEY SMITH expresses his lack of faith in the usefulness of habitually writing down facts and events which it is desirable to remember; that are taken down for future consideration, and consequently receive very little present consideration. He contends that we should carry our knowledge about with us, as we carry our health about with us: the one should be proved by the vigor of our thoughts, as the other should be exhibited in the alacrity of our actions. 'I would as soon call a man healthy,' he says, 'who had a physician's prescription in his pocket which he could take and recover from, as I would say that a man had knowledge who had no other proof of it to afford than a pile of closely-written common-place books:' a well-deserved rebuke of the habit of 'atoning for the passive indolence of the mind by the mechanical labor of the hands.' We make no apology for the space occupied by the annexed splendid passage, which concludes the lecture on 'The Conduct of the Understanding:'

'WHILE I am descanting so minutely upon the conduct of the understanding, and the best modes of acquiring knowledge, some men may be disposed to ask: 'Why conduct my understanding with such endless care? and what is the use of so much knowledge?' What is the use of so much knowledge?—what is the use of so much life!—what are we to do with the seventy years of existence allotted to us—and how are we to live them out to the last? I solemnly declare that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher, as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man here present: for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn in the mountains; it flames night and day, and is immortal, and not to be quenched. Upon something it *must* act and feed; upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions. Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coëval with life, what do I say, but love innocence; love virtue; love purity of conduct; love that which, if you are rich and great, will sanctify the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice; love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes; love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you; which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be your lot in the outer world; that which will make your motives habitually great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud. Therefore, if any young man here have embarked his life in pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event; let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she

springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the Angel that guards him, and as the Genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows, in all the relations and in all the offices of life.'

In his remarks 'On Wit and Humor,' the lecturer expresses a contemptuous opinion of puns, as being of a low order of wit, and held 'in bad repute in good company, as they ought to be.' He cites one 'good in its kind,' however:

'MISS HAMILTON, in her book on Education, mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful, that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs*; but whenever he met with it he always pronounced it *partridges*. A friend of the writer observed to her, that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was *making game* of the patriarchs. Now here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase: for to make game of the patriarchs is to laugh at them; or to make game of them is, by a very extravagant and laughable sort of ignorance of words, to rank them among pheasants, partridges, and other such delicacies, which the law takes under its protection and calls *game*: and the whole pleasure derived from this pun consists in the sudden discovery that two such different meanings are referable to one form of expression.'

With all his dislike of puns, our 'dissenter' sometimes sinned in that kind himself: as when (after having been 'bitten' by Pennsylvania stocks) he said, in reply to a friend who expressed envy of his eminent position in the church and in society: 'I would that thou this day were not only almost but altogether such as I am, *except these bonds*.' Another scriptural pun is contained in his reply to a letter from LANDSEER, the celebrated animal-painter: 'Is thy servant *a dog*, that he should do this thing?' We hold with SYDNEY SMITH, however: a 'play upon words' merely, is the poorest and easiest species of mis-called wit. In the same lecture, adverting to that species of humor which consists in the incongruous 'conjunction of objects and circumstances not usually combined,' or what would generally be considered as 'rather troublesome, and not to be desired,' he discriminates as follows: 'If a tradesman of a corpulent and respectable appearance, with habiliments somewhat ostentatious, were to slide down gently into the mud, and dedecorate a pea-green coat, I am afraid we should all have the barbarity to laugh. If his hat and wig, like treacherous servants, were to desert their falling master, it certainly would not diminish our propensity to laugh; but if he were to fall into a violent passion, and abuse every body about him, nobody could possibly resist the incongruity of a pea-green tradesman, very respectable, sitting in the mud, and threatening all the passers-by with the effects of his wrath. Here, every incident heightens the humor of the scene: the gayety of his tunic, the general respectability of his appearance, the rills of muddy water which trickle down his cheeks, and the harmless violence of his rage.' 'But,' he adds, 'I should like to know if any man living could have laughed, if he had seen Sir ISAAC NEWTON rolling in the mud? Where is the heart so hard that could bear to see the awkward resources and contrivances of the poor turned into ridicule? Who could laugh at the fractured, ruined body of a soldier? Who is so wicked as to amuse himself with the infirmities of extreme old age? — or to find subject for humor in the weakness of a perishing, dissolving body!' There ensues a 'slap' at 'charades,' the smallest kind of small humor, which we are glad to see, and in



the justice of which we cordially concur: 'I shall say nothing of charades, and such sorts of unpardonable trumpery: if charades are made at all, they should be made without benefit of clergy, the offender should instantly be hurried off to execution, and be cut off in the middle of his dulness, without being allowed to explain to the executioner why his first is like his second, or what is the resemblance between his fourth and his ninth.' Much more is there in the two dissertations upon wit and humor which we reluct at passing, but pass them we must: all save these admirable thoughts upon the uses and influence of true wit and humor:

'WHEN wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much *better* than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit; wit is *then* a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness; teaching age, and care, and pain, to smile; extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this, is surely the *flavor of the mind*. Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to 'charm his pained steps over the burning marle.'

In his remarks upon 'Taste,' 'Sir SYDNEY' takes occasion, in *his* way, to refute the doctrine of certain Scottish moral philosophers, that the senses, according to the scheme of nature, are the channels of intelligence, never the sources of gratification:

'I SHOULD like to try a Scotch gentleman, upon his first arrival in this country, with the taste of ripe fruit, and leave him to judge after that, whether nature had confined the senses to such dry and ungracious occupations, as whether mere matter could produce emotion. Such doctrines may do very well in the chambers of a northern metaphysician, but they are untenable in the light of the world; they are refuted, nobly refuted, twenty times in a year, at Fishmongers' Hall. If you deny that matter can produce emotion, judge on these civic occasions, of the power of gusts, and relishes, and flavors. . . . Is there here nothing but mere sensation? is there no emotion, no panting, no wheezing, no deglutition? is this the calm acquisition of intelligence, and the quiet office ascribed to the senses? — or is it a proof that Nature has infused into her original creations, the power of gratifying that sense which distinguishes them, and to every atom of matter has added an atom of joy?'

Alluding, in this connection, to sensations which are sometimes ludicrous, sometimes sublime, and sometimes pathetic, according to their associations, he says: 'So with a hiss: a hiss is either foolish, or tremendous, or sublime. The hissing of a pancake is absurd: the first faint hiss that arises from the extremity of the pit on the evening of a new play, sinks the soul of the author within him, and makes him curse himself and his THALIA; the hissing of a cobra di capello is sublime — it is the whisper of death!' How strikingly discriminative are these illustrative comparisons! The next lecture is upon 'The Sublime.' It is illustrated by many instances of true sublimity; and among the examples cited is this: 'The death of General WOLFE is sublime, from the love of life being so entirely swallowed up in the love of glory: toward the end of the battle he received a new wound in the breast; he was immediately conveyed behind the rear rank, and laid upon the ground. Soon after, a shout was heard, and one of the officers who stood by him exclaimed: 'How they



run!' The dying hero asked, with some emotion, 'Who run?' 'The enemy,' replied the officer; 'they give way every where.' 'Now, God be praised!' says WOLFE; 'I shall die happy!' He then turned on his side, closed his eyes, and expired.' Now we once heard, when a lad, a red-nosed toper, with a 'cold id his head,' represent this same scene, and in verse too, with the charm of 'difficult music' in addition: yet SYDNEY SMITH himself would scarcely have pronounced it sublime. It ran as follows:

'D'ne lifte'nd ump inz 'ead,  
N'wile the cad'nod'ns did rattle,  
Ad'nd tu hinz Nadekamp d'ne sayd,  
'N'dhow goes the Bantle?'  
D'niz Nadekamp re'mply'd,  
'Tinz id'n our fa-vor:'  
'N'do then,' brave WOLFE he sayd,  
'I die with much pled-zure!'

It would give us pleasure, in which our readers would share, to quote from the argumentative and closely-reasoned dissertation, in two 'sections,' upon 'The Beautiful;' but we must needs rest content with this exemplification, from the first, of the immense effect which it produces on human life:

'WHAT are half the crimes in the world committed for? What brings into action the best virtues? The desire of possessing. Of possessing what?—not mere money, but every species of the beautiful which money can purchase. A man lies hid in a little, dirty, smoky room for twenty years of his life, and sums up as many columns of figures as would reach round half the earth, if they were laid at length; he gets rich; what does he do with his riches? He buys a large, well-proportioned house: in the arrangement of his furniture, he gratifies himself with all the beauty which splendid colors, regular figures, and smooth surfaces, can convey; he has the beauties of variety and association in his grounds; the cup out of which he drinks his tea is adorned with beautiful figures; the chair in which he sits is covered with smooth, shining leather; his table-cloth is of the most beautiful damask; mirrors reflect the lights from every quarter of the room; pictures of the best masters feed his eye with all the beauties of imitation. A million of human creatures are employed in this country in ministering to this feeling of the beautiful. It is only a barbarous, ignorant people that can ever be occupied by the necessities of life *alone*. If to eat, and to drink, and to be warm, were the only passions of our minds, we should all be what the lowest of us all are at this day. The love of the beautiful calls man to fresh exertions, and awaken him to a more noble life; and the glory of it is, that as painters imitate, and poets sing, and statuaries carve, and architects rear up the gorgeous trophies of their skill—as every thing becomes beautiful, and orderly, and magnificent—the activity of the mind rises to still greater, and to better objects.'

And with the annexed illustration of an action, which to the lecturer, (as well, doubtless, to his auditors,) 'conveyed as distinct a feeling of the beautiful as any landscape whatever:'

'A LONDON merchant, who, I believe, is still alive, while he was staying in the country with a friend, happened to mention that he intended, the next year, to buy a ticket in the lottery; his friend desired he would buy one for him at the same time, which of course was very willingly agreed to. The conversation dropped, the ticket never arrived, and the whole affair was entirely forgotten, when the country gentleman received information that the ticket purchased for him by his friend, had come up a prize of twenty thousand pounds. Upon his arrival in London, he inquired of his friend where he had put the ticket, and why he had not informed him that it was purchased. 'I bought them both the same day, mine and your ticket, and I flung them both into a drawer of my bureau, and I never thought of them afterward.' 'But how do you distinguish one ticket from the other? and why am I the holder of the fortunate ticket, more than you?' 'Why, at the time I put them into the drawer, I put a little mark in ink upon the ticket which I resolved should be yours; and upon re-opening the drawer, I found that the one so marked was the fortunate ticket.'

'Now this action,' adds 'Sir SYDNEY,' 'is the *beau-ideal* of morals, and gives that calm yet deep emotion of pleasure, which every one so easily receives from

the beauty of the exterior world.' The anecdote reminds *us* (by parity) however, of a similar 'present' which *we* once divided with a twin-brother: two 'blank' lottery tickets, after the drawing had been held, of which present we had our first notice, after it had proved to be valueless. We pass, with reluctance, the lectures upon 'The Sublime;' the 'Faculties of Animals and Men;' the 'Faculties of Beasts;' the 'Conduct of the Understanding;' 'On the Active Powers of the Mind,' etc.: pausing for a moment, however, to cite this brief yet comprehensive passage from the closing reflections 'on The Passions:'

'WHAT we do see and know with certainty of any human creature, is, whether he is lodged in marble or in clay; whether down or straw his bed; whether he is clothed in the purple of the world, or moulders in rags. The inward world, the man within the breast, the dominion of thought, the region of passion; all this we cannot penetrate: we can never tell how a kind and benevolent heart can cheer a desperate fortune; the comfort which the lowest man may feel in a spotless mind; the firmness which a man derives from loving justice; the glory with which he rebukes the bad emotion, and bids his passions be still. Therefore, not to the accidents of life, but to the fountains of thought, and to the springs of pleasure and pain, should the efforts of man be directed to rear up such sentiments as shall guard us from the pangs of envy; to make us rejoice in the happiness of every sentient being; to feel too happy ourselves for hatred and resentment; to forget the body, or to enslave it forever; seeking to purify, to exalt, and to refine our nature.'

In some desultory thoughts on 'Surprise, Novelty, and Variety,' we find the following, in illustration of the disposition which exists to class objects together which affect the mind in a similar manner. It is hardly possible that we can see any thing, without likening it to something which we have seen or conceived before: 'The inhabitants of Owhyhee had no animals larger than hogs, and when they saw a goat on board Captain Cook's ship, they called it a bird. Some white travellers, seized by the natives in the interior of Africa, were immediately pronounced to be a species of the monkey; and as the Indian corn had been lately very much plundered by that animal, they well nigh escaped being stoned to death.' The effects of suddenness, contrast, variety, and novelty upon the mind, in a state of rest, are forcibly depicted in the subjoined passage from a letter describing the earthquake at Lisbon:

'I WAS sitting playing with my kitten, and just going to breakfast. I had one slipper on, and the other was in pussy's mouth; when my attention was roused by the sudden sound of thunder; the floor heaved under me, and I saw the spire of the church of the Holy Virgin come tumbling to the ground, like a play-thing overturned by a child. I rushed into the street, unknowing what I did, and where I went; and beheld *such* a scene, as made it come into my mind, that the end of all things was at hand, and that this was the judgment-day appointed by God! By this time the air was filled with the screams of the mangled and the dying. The dwellings of men, the trophies of conquest, the temples of God, were falling all around me, and my escape appeared quite impossible. I made up my mind for death.'

A single characteristic illustration, from the closing lecture 'on Habit,' must bring our already extended review to a close: 'If a person, by accident, had lived with a great number of snuff-takers, and had been accustomed to perceive that in any little pause of conversation, they all took out their snuff-boxes, the silence would immediately produce the idea of snuff; and this we should call association of ideas; but if he were a snuff-taker himself, the silence would probably animate him to a pinch; and this we should call habit.' We have thus brought a pleasant task to its conclusion; and have only to hope that our readers have enjoyed, as we have, a volume mainly new to us, and doubtless an equal novelty to them.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — If you happen to lose your port-monnaie in a rail-car or on board a steamer, while on your summer-travels, reader, don't make yourself *too* unhappy about it, unless it contained your 'little all:' but just open your travelling-bag, and take out '*Punch's Pocket-Book*,' which you will find *full*. We are assuming that the APPLETONS have supplied you with it before you shall have started. It contents present a curious medley, 'as you shall partly see' from the following desultory scraplings. A few paragraphs from the '*Young Lady's Dream-Book*' are in order: a work intended as a 'Dreamer's Manual,' and containing several new dreams by the editors, who arranged express night-mares, exclusively for this publication. 'No lady's dressing-table can be considered properly furnished' without the work:

'ANT EATER: To dream that you were taken to see it means that you will soon be invited to dinner with your cousins. The dream is therefore good or bad according to the terms on which you are with your relatives.

'BABY: To dream that you, being single, are affectionately caressing one in the presence of FREDERIC, implies that you are a prudent girl, and will ere long meet your reward.

'MOUSTACHES: To dream of, if the wearer be under forty, is good. If he be over that age, be warned: he is a traitor of the deepest dye.

'RHINOCEROS: To dream that you are seated in a silver car on the back of a, with Prince ALBERT holding a brown gingham umbrella over you, and Mr. HARLEY and the Lord Chancellor strewing sugar-plums in your way, and that thus you go riding to St. PAUL's to deposit in triumph a golden crochet-hook and a raspberry tart, means that FREDERIC's salary will be raised one-third, that his uncle will furnish the house, and that his dear old mamma will present you with such a dinner and breakfast service. But you will be very lucky to dream this dream in the exact order required.

'ZEBRA: To dream you see, means that FREDERIC has gone and bought himself such a lovely striped waistcoat, just because you said you liked the pattern. Isn't he a dear?'

There is a palpable 'letting down' of a celebrated naval hero, in the annexed moving' sketch:

'Among the numerous popular errors that descend from generation to generation, is the absurd notion that NELSON was always sea-sick in a naval engagement. We take leave to deny the preposterous supposition, for we defy any body suffering from sickness at sea to give an order for any thing — except perhaps a glass of brandy and water — which he might accomplish by a convulsive effort. If NELSON had really been sea-sick at the battle of Trafalgar, his celebrated speech delivered just before going into action, would have come down to posterity in the following form: 'England (*here Steward!*) expects (*a basin!*) that every man (*Steward, I say!*) this day will do (*Steward!*) his duty (*basin!*)'

Also, there is a sly but potent satire in the subjoined brief extract. There are cases, with both sexes, single and otherwise, in which its undeniable truth will 'bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder:'

'If he is irritated by any misfortune in his affairs, don't pursue the 'soothing system' with him, but put down his complaints by arguing that they are unfounded, and by ascribing his affliction entirely to his own fault. If, in one instance, he has been especially prudent, attribute the calamity to his over-caution; if enterprising, to his recklessness. Whatever line of conduct you observe him to pursue, blame it; so that when any disaster occurs to him, you may be in a position to tell him that it would not have happened if he had taken your advice. In all discussions wherein you may be engaged with him, if a word or action of his own can possibly be referred to either of two motives of opposite character, never fail to impute the meaner and the more foolish.'

The foregoing might be read to advantage in connection with this PUNCHISH

aphorism: 'Kindnesses are stowed away in the heart like bags of lavender in a drawer, and sweeten every object around them.' We have next some examples of '*Proverbial Philosophy*,' in imitation of that 'SOLOMON in ordinary to the British nation,' the immortal TUPPER, whose intensely platitudinarian 'utterances' contain few things in many words:

## I.

'AN umbrella upon thine arm may make it ache, but should rain come, the umbrella will preserve thy clothes. Choose betwixt a trifling pain and a tailor's bill.

## II.

'THE girl who is destined to be thy wife, although now unknown to thee, is sure to be living somewhere or other. Hope, therefore, that she is quite well, and otherwise think politely about her.

## III.

'O HOW good was Nature, that placed great rivers near great towns!

## IV.

'I do not say to thee, 'Marry, for it will exalt thee;' yet was there subtle meaning in those whose usage it was to say: 'Marry, come up.'

## V.

'BY a conceit, a certain red fly hath been called a Lady-bird, and bidden to fly away home. The counsel is good, even to her who is neither bird nor fly. There is no place like home.

## VI.

'THE weather-cock, working easily, can tell thee the way of the wind; but if the weather-cock sticks, the course of the wind will not be influenced thereby. Remember this.'

'Something too much of this:' much better though it be than its model. PUNCH himself, in his '*Rude and Crude Observations*,' has a score of proverbial sayings, which are worth the 'sum-tottle' of TUPPER's labored and pompous nothings. Take only two as an example: 'The TRUTH, with 'Pure Country Milk,' lies at the bottom of *a well*.' As a corollary from this, may be considered this stanza from 'The Song of the Milk-Jug:'

'I KNOW I am a mockery,  
I loathe my very name:  
Into the world of crockery  
I scarce know how I came.

'A milk-jug is an article  
We might as well put down:  
For, oh! there's not a particle  
Of genuine milk in town.'

This state of dubiety, among us, is not a little enhanced by the righteous crusade which has been waged against 'Swill-Milk.' This is the second 'proverbial' specimen, and it invokes and evolves a momentous truth: 'The dissipations that persons resort to, to drown care, are like the curtains which children in bed pull around them, to keep out the dark.' The hump-backed philosopher's poetical approval of 'Green-and-Black Mixed,' evinces an authentic taste. He 'hits the mark' to a TEA:

'YES! 'Tis in the tea-pot life's type may be seen,  
Reflection should on it be fixed;  
Existence is neither all black nor all green,  
Our joys and our sorrows are mixed.'

Our friends among the portrait-painters, especially if disposed to flatter their sitters, will be likely to appreciate this scale of prices, by one of their English brother-artists:

'A FASHIONABLE Portrait-Painter, whose name it would not be fair to his many

rivals to mention, when asked what are his terms, invariably answers: 'I have no scale of prices. In fact, I generally leave it open to the liberality of my patrons. I have but one rule to guide me in taking likenesses, and that, to be candid, is, 'Handsome *is*, who handsome *does*.''

Now, reader, we think we have made amends for the supposititious loss of your port-monnaie, unless, as we have hinted, there was *too* much in it, which, in these 'times,' is scarcely a supposable case. - - - The reader will doubtless regard the accompanying flash of the PEPPERIAN genius with some surprise, by reason of the very remarkable changes observable in the author's style. Sentiment will be looked for in vain, in this effusion. Happiness almost seems to have 'spilet' his genius, in so far as the power of moving and touching his readers is concerned. He consoles us, however, by the cheerfulness, nay, even sprightliness and vivacity of his manner, and his homely attempts at joking; all of which would nearly have shocked us, in any former composition of his. Possibly some sudden affliction may yet throw him back upon his former wretched stand-point. Mr. Podd informs us that Mr. PEPPER finds himself much exhausted; the result, as he infers, of the gradual increase in unctuousness, from the beginning of the poem; its best being its latest strokes. This is unusual, except, perhaps, with kindred geniuses, like MILTON or TUPPER:

P E T E :

AN AVERIG POME, (FOR LENGTH :) DEDICAT TO L. GALERD CLARK.

BY MR. K. N. PEPPER, ESQ

SING PETE, O Muse! — he bein mi litle Boy —  
Mi oanly sun — with short & strait wite hare,  
& (at present) the Mezels. wot he wil  
go into next, peraps you no, but I doant.  
His culler isent good, & the saim remarc  
Wil apli to his apetite. the Docter ses  
PETE hes got the moast Mezels he ever see  
onto a boy. he likewais ses, gudgin bi the *stoc*,  
Hele wip em, & giv em haf to start with.  
(Warein i agre with doc, and go him sum beter.)  
Now go it Muse — give us a good 1 on PETE.

—  
PAWS, strainger, & taik a looc at a Cradel  
about 1½ yere ago. wot do you se into it?  
(as the man sed wen he saw the feller a lookin into Futoority.)  
1st observ that lovly Form, a rockin ov it.  
thats HANAH GANE, a myld woman, weke as a fool,  
& thinkin ov Baby, ile bet 50 sents.  
theres a wooman, now, a man ken be proud ov.  
But taik a nuther looc into the ittel Cradel!  
Se suthin Red? thats the present PETE —  
Say 1 day oald! hes a yellin. taint much  
Fur a yel, but as good as moast yung yels.  
A smilin kind ov plesent, HANAH settels him,  
& presently gits him so he doant even grunt.  
Wot a uncomon lovly thing is a yoothfle infan!  
Droolin doant spile it for its pa & ma!  
its a kind ov Bud — a ignoran Bud —  
A no-nothink Flour, wich aint no Flour —  
A inosent Aingle, a chaingin into a Man  
& a gettin cuite smal wile a goin throo!  
its littel hed is al smooth; it haint no teth;  
its fechers aint worth menshunink, thaym so  
teanty. differen frum dog, it ken se  
to onct. (Cat doant se wel, long at 1st.)

Wot is rich, youm releved, the very 1st thing,  
 about thayr bein born Dum, &c. 4th.  
 How the littel cusses wil yel, sumtimes!  
 PERES a good exampel ov the yellin kind.  
 But thats pane in Bowls — Genuses complaint:  
 i hed it, this mornink, so i thought ide di.  
 thats wi ime a ritin this minit. But  
 to return, as the Comec sed.

TAIK a nuther vew. . ½ dozen at saim pris  
 (as the man sed wen he giv his boy a lickin.)  
 Wot doo you call that a wigglin onto the floor?  
 theres the Potry ov Moshun, dun up smal.  
 thats PETE, at 6 munths. How he crepes tho!  
 Few Babys air smart at 6 months.  
 its nothink but yel, yel, yel, with moast on em.  
 How diferen PETE! PETE *incuies*. PETE *lerns*.  
 Wot is he a lookin at now? a hole into the carpit.  
 He noas it otto be fixt. He almoast ses so.  
 fix it PETE, wile your hand is in. (He  
 dus it throo HANAH; hear she cums, with a nedel.)  
 industry & PETE! — wot a site for a farther!  
 the contemplashun of Babys at 6 munths is fine.  
 How interestin, to se a littel rip gro!  
 How Astonishin that Milk is al he wonts!  
 Wots ham & eggs, or sider, or a pipe to him?  
 He thincs ov nothink but groin. wot a pity  
 Hese got to go throo so much, incloodin Sicnes!  
 so much a goin throo him at the saim time.  
 HANAH GANE stics to it PETE sed *pa*  
 as plane as eny body, at 6 months. His  
 i's wos a kind ov blooish wite at that perid.  
 not a hare onto his hed eny wares.  
 HANAH sed his noas wos exacly like mine.  
 or wil be wen he gits a noas, i replide.  
 At wich HANAH laft moast mewsicle. But  
 to cum agin, as the Collery sed.

Looc onct moar, pervidin time aint presin.  
 Wot doo you se now? as the mise sed to the Owl.  
 in a corner ov the Gardin (the north corner)  
 A Angelis Form under a plum tre, hoaldin a  
 Baby. (PETE at 12 months.) looc twist;  
 2nd time a good wile, with boath i's.  
 Aint the Bud a cumin on Grand?  
 HANAH 2 is uncomon wel you se.  
 everythink is a smilin, incloodin the smal dog.  
 Sorry to trubbel you, but looc gest over-hed.  
 Without a strainin ov your i's much, youl probbly se  
 A clowd blacker than wot scairt ABNER, wen he cut.  
 thats cuttin teth and canker Rash, boath rayther haisty.  
 the clowd comes down: you se nothink: but  
 Mity! how you ken *here*, tho!  
 A rip with good lungs stans a good chans.  
 PERES chans is uncomon good. 1st clas.  
 Babys at 12 months air plesent to looc at.  
 Thair is sumthink fine in a yere oald Boy.  
 Hare cums on good; likewais teth & noas.  
 Thay begin for to swel! sumtims wock!  
 Thay say ma & pa cuite distinct! thay  
 Doant drool much; thay ete masht tater:  
 & engoy life pooty cumferbel, considerin.  
 Wot a gurl dus at 1 yere i doant rely no.  
 ef PETE now wos a gurl i supoas i shood.  
 i doant taik no interist in gurls. But  
 to leve that pint, as the man sed to the Bagnit.



TAIK 1 moar looc, as the drownin man sed  
 Wen he cum up fur the 3rd time.  
 thairs a Vew! (PETE at 18 months.)  
 Air you struc much? as the litenin sed to the man.  
 Wot a cus, at a yere & haf, aint he?  
 oonly 18 months! wot a chaing, in 6!  
 taik away the Mezels, & wair is his ekal!  
 How the Mezels spots a boy tho! How HANAH  
 laft, wen I ask ef GODFRYS Corjal wos good  
 fur the Mezels! opodildoc maid her agin.  
 i thinc i tooc sulfer & molasis, but aint shoor.  
 PETE is pashinitly fon dv Caster ile!  
 Becos i supoas it is sech an egspensiv drinc.  
 He rayther prefers coald Prest ile.  
 (Worm, with milk: i taik it coald without.)  
 At 18 months, Babys air a rich site.  
 With sum atenshun to noas, &c. 4th,  
 (not moarn a minit in a day at that,)  
 You ken maik em *shine*! thayr conversashun  
 isent wot you may coll instructiv; but  
 it kind ov melts into a parrens felinks,  
 & pleses al but uther parrens, with yung 1s—  
 Wich thins thay aint no grait shaiks after al,  
 Compaird with sum thayve sene. (HANAH  
 Herd Missis LEFFERS say them very werds  
 to Her Husban, wen thayd ben a collin hear,  
 Afore thayd farely got to the gait; thay  
 Hevin 2 or 3 squockers ov thare oan i beleve.  
 Youd thinc twos  $\frac{1}{2}$  dozen bi the nois.)  
 Wen thay git a littel oalder thayre kind ov handy  
 About a Hous; fedin pigs &c. 4th, fechin watter,  
 Splittin kindlin wood, & a dozen uther choars.  
 i shel fele bad the 1st time i wale PETE.  
 i rely doant no as i ever ken, hese so pooty.  
 i ges ile let HANAH doo it wen nessary,  
 & tri & kepe onto the rite side. But  
 enuf onto that hed, as the man sed wen hede  
 kild his wife. Muse much ableeged. Fairwel.

—  
 Wot doo you thinc ov PETE?

What do *you* think, reader? - - - CRUELTY could no farther go, it seems to us, than in the case of the young German rascal, the other day, in our city. He had swallowed three or four counterfeit bills, 'on a sudden,' and when he was taken to the station-house, no proof of guilt was found upon him; but a cunning official administered to his inner man two powerful emetics; and after a short time, lo! the spurious currency made its appearance among the *débris* of a luxurious dinner, just achieved at a fashionable restaurant. How 'worsen' far than the awful *nausea marina* must have been that medicinal 'operation.' Who can depict the reversed motions of his stomach, or the emotions of his mind! He was in as bad a 'fix' as the man who wrapped around his legs, under his 'over-alls,' sheets of zinc, stolen from on board a ship, where, with an accomplice, he had been at work putting down the leaden carpeting upon the cabin-stairs. In walking across the shore-plank, at night, by some unavoidable accident, 'accoutred as he was,' he plunged in 'the dock.' He did not reappear. 'Get a boat!' exclaimed the by-standers: 'the tide is going out: run to the end of the dock! He'll come up!—he'll come up!' His companion, whose own drawers were of the same 'heavy goods,' shook his head mournfully, and exclaimed, 'Never!—he's gone!' and the 'why and the

wherefore,' so well known to the thieving prophet, was distinctly shown, when the body was subsequently discovered. The friend who tells us this, says he never heard such expression given to a word before — 'NEVER !' But speaking of bills, and thinking especially of the unrolling of the undigested counterfeit lumps aforesaid, we are reminded of a circumstance once mentioned to us by an 'Old Country' legal friend. If we remember rightly, it was Lord ELDON who was presiding upon the bench of a London criminal court, before whom the incident occurred. A man was upon his trial for the murder of a man who was found dead on Hampstead Heath; and a bullet in his body showed the manner of his death. He had been last seen in company with the prisoner; but as there was no other testimony bearing against him, he stood with unabashed front before the judge, and smiled in ridicule at the attempt of the King's counsel to convict him of the homicide. Lord ELDON was holding in his hand, and listlessly rolling between his fingers, the ball which had been extracted from the body. Presently he beckoned to an officer to approach the bench, which he did: when his lordship inquired in an under-tone, if the man had been searched. 'He has, your lordship; but no money was found upon his person; nor is it known that the deceased had any money in his possession, beyond about a sovereign in change. The only thing we found was part of a street-ballad, from which a large piece had been torn.' 'Let me see it,' said the judge. It was handed to him by the officer. In the mean time, in manipulating the bullet between his fingers, his lordship detected a piece of blood-dried paper: moistening, and gradually unrolling it, it was found to be a three-cornered piece of a street-ballad; and on comparing it with the torn ballad which had been laid before him, it was found to fit exactly, and to complete the whole! This piece of paper, which had formed the wadding of the gun, was at once put in evidence; the man was convicted; and afterward made a full confession of his crime. We have never heard a more extraordinary confirmation of the truth of the saying, that 'Murder will out:' and it is an incident well confirmed. - - - From far-off Desmoines, in the 'late' State of Iowa, and from the auditor's office thereof, 'cometh greeting' the following bill, exhibiting the fact that the writer, a German wagon-maker, repaired a wheelbarrow, and put a hoop on an 'old oaken bucket that hangs in a well' thereby. It is a literal orthographic specimen of the 'sweet German accent:'

'DESMOINES the 8 of May 1858.

	Dr.
'Januar the 25 ei repert a Weehlbarrow for the Staat of Iowa	1.50
'and but a Hoobband on for a Weellpocket . . . . .	25
	<hr/> 1.75

JOHN N. HOHBERGER, Wagon-maker.'

'Seem-lich goot,' as our correspondent says: but *here* is a similar bill that 'knows not *seems*' — it *is* good. It was rendered by two Italian 'bust'—ers, for heads of WASHINGTON and SHAKSPEARE, which they had 'sculped' for the late lamented PHILIP HONE:

'MR. HUON, SQUAR, To JULIAN G — R, Dr.

'Busto VACCENTON,	\$2.00
'Busto GUISPIER,	2.00'

Pronounce the Italianized names quickly, and the 'intent of the bill' will readily be discovered. - - - BURNS has exhausted the *Poetry of the Tooth-Ache*, we think: and teeth-extraction seems to be a theme incapable of raising the 'divine afflatus.' We pity but slightly the writer of the crying lines to '*My Tooth*.' Instead of repairing to such eminent dentists as Dr. ELEAZER PARMELEE, or Dr. NEHEMIAH DODGE, our correspondent betakes himself to an 'operator' of the old-school, who uses the old-fashioned instruments. Observe the result:

'THE time had come: I sudden oped  
This mouth of mine, when in there went  
A TURNKEY! Oh! but I had hoped  
He would not use *that* instrument:  
But 't was too late to argue now;  
I glanced at him—he glanced at me:  
Big drops of sweat were on my brow,  
Upon my tooth a big TURNKEY!

'HE gave a turn, I gave a yell,  
And then he gave me one turn more:  
Another screech, and then I fell—  
Fell sprawling flat upon the floor!  
I thought he'd torn my jaw away—  
I *told* him so: he said, 'O pshaw!'  
I vowed he *had*—but all he'd say  
Was: 'Look o' here, none of your jaw!'

It was a fortunate accident, no doubt, that he *did n't* leave a portion of the sufferer's jaw in the fangs of his instrument of torture. Such things have been, and not long ago. - - - A CORRESPONDENT who evidently does not lack the 'native ore' in his composition, says, among other things, in a note to the EDITOR: 'Although held by inexorable fate in my unrising position, I have always had an upward sort of aspiration: I have longed, with a feeling beyond utterance, for that development and expansion which EDUCATION imparts to the most 'common mind.' Then perhaps I might have talked with WASHINGTON IRVING and his compeers, (to my mind he *has* no *peer*,) not as if telegraphing from an immense distance, but as a friend, consanguineous in the *appreciation* of 'divine things,' although not in creating or reārranging them; fearing no *lack* which should disparage a MAN in his own esteem. But ah, me! IGNORANCE!—how like the 'striped garment' and the 'heel-clog' of physical degradation! It pulls down one's ambition: it is like making one amphibious; putting him under water, yet permitting him to live, and even to see out into the ambient atmosphere, where MEN walk and talk, and enjoy themselves, but not prepared to permit *him* to breathe their air for a moment. Thus night-mared, do n't you think *you* would make one struggle for enlargement? And yet, how many thousands are 'under water,' who long to get out, but who struggle to as little purpose as would LEVIATHAN to escape the ponderous fluid that surrounds him! Do n't think me, however, altogether eel or sucker, satisfied with my native mud and cold-blooded companions; for I have lain on the surface a good deal, and secured not a few tid-bits 'found afloat,' and without the purview of fish content with the stream in which it was their fate to be spawned.' We were not at all surprised to learn, toward the end of this epistle, that notwithstanding the lack of 'advantages,' so feelingly deplored, the writer has 'scribbled,' and been 'honored by the perusal of *his* public.' He will do so again, doubtless; for he writes like one who has thoughts that 'must and will out.' - - - MICH has been said, but much more 'hinted in the journals,' touching the *Lady Lobby-Members at Washington*, during the past session of Congress. We hope, for the reputation of the sex, that those reports have been exaggerated. But that the 'gentle creatures' do *sometimes* improperly meddle with politics, partisan 'policy,' and public

and private pecuniary appropriations, there is very little doubt. 'T is true, 't is pity, and pity 't is 't is true.' *Apropos* of this, is an anecdote in point, told us by a New-England friend. Word was sent by Mr. H——, a defeated candidate, to a married lady, (who was supposed to have changed the expected vote of her husband, on election-day, to the opposite party,) to the following effect: 'Go and tell Mrs. F——, that I will send her, by the first opportunity, a *pair of pantaloons*, for her political services.' 'Go and tell Mr. H——,' was the reply, 'to send them along at once: do n't forget to tell him that I want a *new pair*—not a pair *that his wife has half worn out!*' This being told to Mr. H—— in his store, when it was crowded with customers, did not serve to enhance his equanimity, nor very greatly to lessen his repugnance against female political influence. - - - Of our friends the 'LITTLE FOLK,' the anecdotes and 'sayings' which ensue, are authentic: which is more than can be said of at least one-half of the inflated puerilities attributed to children by the would-be imitators of the juvenile contributions, heretofore, to the KNICKER-BOCKER. From the far south-west comes the following:

'DRIVING out one day last fall to see a relation of my wife, we took with us the little daughter of a particular friend, a child of some six years old. While my wife went into the house (the family being sick) I remained out in the garden with 'FAN,' and strolling into the summer-house, we sat down. I was whittling a stick and she was sitting alongside of me, very attentively watching the process. After a few minutes' silence, looking up in my face, in her inquisitive way, she asked: 'CHARLIE, what are you cutting that stick for?'

'Oh! just for fun,' was my reply, more to answer the child than any thing else.

'She said nothing for several seconds, but appeared to be intently thinking; evidently revolving some momentous question in her little brain. Finally, with a longing for information on every expressive feature: 'Well, if you are cutting just for fun, CHARLIE, why do n't you laugh?'

'Imagine the same question addressed to yourself! I fancy you would have done as I did—said nothing.'

'THE following incident (writes a correspondent, a pastor in a distant 'down-east' village) is less than a month old: Mrs. L—— had lost her little pet lamb—her only one—of only six summers, by scarlatina. Her neighbor's child, not quite so old, went over to spend a Saturday afternoon hour or two: and as she was the dead LIZZIE's play-mate, LIZZIE's play-things were brought out by the bereft mother for her young visitor's amusement; Mrs. L—— dropping frequent tears at the sight of the familiar sport. When at night, and at home, the little girl was going to bed, she asked her mother to let her for once say her prayers alone in her bed-room instead of at the maternal knee: and she did so. Coming back from her brief devotions, her mother said she should like to know what was the reason of her darling's unusual wish. Artlessly, as though a violet could speak, the almost-baby said: 'I asked the LORD to give Mrs. L—— a little baby like yours, Mamma, instead of LIZZIE, so she won't cry any more!' But the prettiest part of it is, that the first thing on Monday morning, our sweet little petitioner wanted to 'run right over to Mrs. L——'s, *to see if the baby is come,*' as prayed for! How would this do as an illustration of faith?'

'THE artless utterances of CHILDHOOD: its wild, fantastic imaginings of the incomprehensible,' writes a lady-correspondent from Northern Ohio, 'are a charm-

ing study for the thoughtful observer. A few days ago one of FRANK's play-mates, an interesting little boy, whose life had been but a joyous play-time of eight summers, was drowned while skating upon the river. The event brought mournful thoughts to all who were familiar with the circumstances, and to our little FRANK was peculiarly suggestive. 'Ma,' said he as he sat beside me on the evening of the day, looking earnestly into the fire, 'how long will it take CHARLEY to go up to heaven?'

'His little sister, much younger, yet very complacent in her ideas of things, hastily answered: 'Of course he won't go up till after the funeral.'

'How could I make plain to those little minds what was yet so incomprehensible to my own?'

'How shall I know CHARLEY up in heaven, unless somebody calls him out?' continued my little questioner. I tried to teach him, that he would recognize his little friend in another world. 'Then,' said he, 'I'm going right up to him and ask him all about it.' . . . AMUSING themselves one day with the pictures in the large family BIBLE, I over-heard them debating upon one engraving representing the descent of angels. ALICE persisted that they were 'dead people going up;' FRANK assured her that they were not, for people did n't have wings to go to heaven. She seemed quite vexed and puzzled at his version: and after a moment's pause, with a most characteristic toss of the head, exclaimed: 'Well, I an't going to heaven 'less I can have some wings.'

'I am often reminded, by these juvenile colloquies, of my own yearnings for the solution of this great enigma of the soul.'

'I HAVE, beside the BABY,' writes a friend nearer home, 'three children: MARY, about six years old; ANNIE, whom, from her way of looking intently at one, and opening and shutting her eyes, we call BLINKER; and FREDDIE, both younger. Not long ago I called BLINKER to take her morning bath: 'Come here, you little HEBE!'

'Am I HEBE, Papa? — what's sisser MARY?'

'She's PSYCHE.'

'What's FRED?'

'I went on, giving names to all the personages for whom BLINKER asked them, until my wife broke in: 'Why do n't you call any body JUPITER?'

'I replied that JUPITER was a hard case; and enlarged about his sins in the matter of EUROPA, of LEDA, etc. I did not notice that any of the children were listening. The next Sunday MARY came to me: 'Papa, read us up a whole lot of stories out of the BIBLE' — to them the treasure-house of all story.

'Whom shall I read about, MARY?'

'Oh! read about JUDAH.'

'About JUDAH! Who was he?'

'Why, the one who turned into a white bull and carried off the lady!'

'Each of the little girls has a 'Mrs. HARRIS,' whom she calls *her* JULIA CURRANCE. Not long ago my wife over-heard them. 'ANNIE,' said MARY, 'my JULIA CURRANCE is taller than yours. She is as tall as the top of the room.'

'My JULIA CURRANCE is as tall as the top of the house,' retorted BLINKER.

'But mine is as tall as the sky,' replied MARY.

'BLINKER was not to be put down so. Intently reflecting a moment, and most vigorously winking her eye-lids, she closed the contest thus: 'But my JULIA CURRANCE is so tall that her head goes through the clouds, and comes up at the foot of God's bed; so she can peek over the foot-board.'

'Both little girls seem greatly exercised to comprehend the idea of God. MARY lately brought me a picture, which she had made, of a house. Through a hole in the roof a large round face was peeping into the room below.

'What's that?' I asked.

'That's God!' replied the little girl, in a subdued tone. I was the more struck with this, as it recalled to me that my own early idea of God was the same — that of a BEING on His hands and knees, gazing through the top of the room.'

Little children, come again. - - - AN invalid New-Yorker, lying on his sick-bed in New-Orleans, was 'greatly relieved' by one dose of *Pun*, administered by a fellow-Gothamite on this wise: 'He had been reading to him the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER, and had just taken up the *Herald*: from which sheet he read, among other things, the account of the conversion of 'AWFUL GARDNER,' the pugilist, and of his having 'exhorted the multitude' at the John-street church. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'GARDNER has become an expounder, eh?' I was too weak for this: it prostrated me at the time: but the shock did me good.' — SINCE this was placed in type, we find the annexed in the '*Evening Post*,' daily journal: 'Among the numerous copies of the Bible in the American Bible Society's Library is the one used by the preachers of an African church in this city, which presents a very dilapidated appearance; it is literally worn to shreds by the blows which those fervid and sable divines have invested on its covers. The cause of this phenomenon is wittily chronicled in the following language, which is inscribed on the title-page: 'This is the Bible from which the pure WORD was literally expounded by our colored brethren in — street.' - - - THE '*Tribune*' daily journal of to-day, June the twenty-third, speaking of the recent tempest and tornado, remarks:

'An observer of this phenomenon says, that the storm seems to have collected on the mountains lying west of the Hudson, and was observed hovering for several hours over the northern part of the city. At three o'clock in the afternoon it had commenced its progress. In its van a large dusky cloud had gathered, in form somewhat like the head of a large elephant with its proboscis extending to the ground, as if feeling to find the proper route of the destroyer. A furious whirlwind attended its progress through the northern part of the city. It was of such a density, that the observer could scarcely behold any object which it had enveloped; and buildings too slightly put together, were torn down, unroofed, and in some instances transported to considerable distances, scattering along the way the ruins thus made. The course of the tempest was south-eastward.'

The editors should have seen this storm, 'pregnant with earthquake and tornado,' swoop down from the border-highlands of Rockland, the 'High Torn' and the 'Hook' mountains, upon Haverstraw Bay, and the broad Tappaân-Zee, on its way to the metropolis! Its march was grand: it was more — it was sublime! The dim blue-green mass of dense cloud, impenetrable to sight, swept onward, extinguishing as it were a lighted candle, all the sunny landscape before it; blotting out alike the glassy mirror of the Hudson, and its lovely shores, while the gray rattling rain hid its backward ravages from view. We knew, when we walked out upon the sanctum-piazza, to survey its course, what would be its wild mission in the near metropolis, whither it was hastening 'on the wings of the wind:' how it would at length dart upon the deep, and 'scoop the ocean to its briny springs.' That tornado and storm should have been seen in its sudden inception and terrific progress, to be *properly*



appreciated. *Apropos* of STORM: did you ever encounter the spirited lines which ensue? We read them while the tempest above described was brewing, or 'being' brewed, 'i the North,' before it proceeded onward, to 'serve its sovereign i' the South:'

'I AM STORM — the King!  
I live in a fortress of fire and cloud:  
You may hear my batteries sharp and loud  
In the Summer night,  
When I and my warriors arm for the fight;  
And the willows moan,  
And the cedars groan  
As they bend beneath the terrible spring  
Of STORM — the King!

'I am STORM — the King!  
My troops are the winds, and the hail, and the rain:  
My foes the woods and the feathery grain;  
The mail-clad oak  
That gnarls his front to my charge and stroke:  
The ship on the sea:  
The blooms on the lea:  
And they writhe and break as the war-cries ring  
Of STORM — the King!

'I am STORM — the King!  
I drove the sea o'er the Leyden dykes:  
And, a deadlier foe than the burgher pikes,  
To the walls I bore  
The 'Ark of Delft' from the ocean shore,  
O'er vale and mead,  
With war-like speed,  
Till the Spaniard fled from the deluge-ring  
Of STORM — the King!

'I am STORM — the King!  
I saw an armada set sail from Spain  
To sprinkle with blood a maiden's reign:  
I met the host  
With shattering blows on the island coast,  
And tore each deck  
To shreds and a wreck:  
And the Saxon poets the praises sing  
Of STORM — the King!

'I am STORM — the King!  
My marshals are four — the swart Simoon,  
Sirocco, Tornado, and swift Typhoon;  
My realm is the world,  
Wherever a pennon is waved or furled.  
My stern command  
Sweeps sea and land;  
And none unharmed a scoff may fling  
At STORM — the King!

'I am STORM — the King!  
I scour the earth, the sea, the air,  
And drag the trees by their emerald hair,  
And chase, for game,  
With a leap and a scream, the prairie flame,  
The commerce ark  
And the pirate bark,  
And none may escape the terrible spring  
Of STORM — the King!

Stirring pictures, these. - - - Our old friend and 'sometimes' gossiping correspondent, Mr. STEPHEN C. MASSETT, has arrived in our metropolis by a late English steamer; and 'when time and place shall serve,' our citizens will have the pleasure to hear him in his unique entertainment, '*Reminiscences of Travel in Many Lands*,' which we have reason to believe will afford to many a rich and rare treat. Mr. MASSETT observes well, and he records well: he has been every where, it seems to us: for he has written us from the wildernesses of Oregon; the mountains of California; the Sandwich Islands; Australia, (Melbourne, Hobart-Town, Sydney, etc.;) from Bombay, Calcutta, Cairo, and Constantinople; and we *did* expect to hear from him at Jerusalem; but circumstances changed the direction of his travels, and we heard from him last at London, whence he wrote: 'I suppose you heard that I was nearly 'done for' in Bombay — eh? My trip across the desert was delightful, and the Arab girls in Cairo fearfully enticing! I dined at the GARRICK Club dinner in honor of the birth-day of SHAKSPEARE, recently. CHARLES KEAN in the chair. He made a superb speech. DICKENS, THACKERAY, etc., were there. THACKERAY can't speak; but I *believe* he can write. DICKENS is a capital after-dinner speaker; and, 'which is more,' he is now pocketing five hundred dollars a night by reading his Christmas books. I am going to-day to see LEIGH HUNT. Just think how gently time deals with him! Seventy-eight years old, yet hale and hearty as a boy!' Our metropolitan public must give 'STEPHEN' a cordial welcome. His *repertoire* of songs, recitations, etc., has been largely augmented; he is in good 'condition' and voice; has elicited the applause and the more substantial guineas of the highest nobility and gentry of Colonial Britain

every where, as well as in the 'great Metropolis;' and the PRESS, wherever he has appeared, has been almost unanimous in his praise. Let us cheer COL. PIPES with 'a bumper!' - - - Among the entertaining and instructive features of *Forney's Philadelphia 'Press'* are the occasional sketches of prominent English notabilities, religious, political, legal, and dramatic. These sketches are from the pen of R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, Esq., whom long residence and professional and personal position in London, and close observation of 'men and things,' render eminently qualified for the task, if that may be called a task, which seems accomplished in so easy and pleasantly-gossipish a manner. In a late issue of the popular journal with which he is connected, Dr. MACKENZIE gives the readers of the '*Press*' some interesting items of the personal history of the '*Long-lived Law-Lords of Britain:*' of our Boston Lord LYNTHURST; of Mr. CANNING; of Lord CAMPBELL; and of Lord BROUGHAM: proving, in the case of the latter, that Sir EDWARD SUGDEN's satirical remark, that 'it was a pity BROUGHAM did n't know a little *law*, for then he would know a little of every thing,' was much more satirically witty than true. Does our friend remember this cockney verse upon his baronial title, (BROUGHAM and VAUX,) which appeared at the time of his elevation to one of his prominent dignities? If we remember rightly, it appeared as a squib in the London '*Morning Chronicle*;' for which journal, by the by, Lord CAMPBELL was for a long time, in early life, a parliamentary and theatrical reporter:

'VY is Lord GRAY like a sweeping man,  
Vot close by the crossing stalks?  
'Cause, ven he's made as good sweep as he can,  
He takes up his 'BROOM' and 'VAUX.'

The DOCTOR will 'take the idea.' - - - A YOUNG lady writing home from a female literary institute, in the southern part of New-York, thus indignantly discourses, in true feminine wise: 'You must know that there are limits fixed to our walks. 'Thus far can we go, and no farther.' I wonder that the exact number of steps we must take is not prescribed! All the feminine artifices to which we resort, to lengthen our walks, are of no avail. No representation which we can make, of the immediate, pressing necessity of ribbons, shoes, or even hoops, avails us in the least. We are either told to 'do without,' or to send by 'Mr. SMITH' for them. Mr. SMITH is our steward, and (happy man!) can go into town as often as he likes. I must n't omit to tell you that he is a very portly gentleman, almost PICKWICKIAN in size. Well, the other day I thought I had a 'splendid' excuse to go into town. I asked the matron if I could n't go out to the dress-maker's, to have a dress fitted, (my new blue dress, you know, which I am having for Commencement.) Now what do you think? She asked me if 'Mr. SMITH could n't do the errand!' I told her that I would trust him to get my hair-pins, handkerchiefs, hose, and hoops, but I *should* prefer to have my dresses fitted to myself, instead of him! Do n't you think me justifiable? He may be a model of manly beauty, but I am afraid *his* fit would n't quite fit *me*!' - - - WHAT a wonderful event is the first view of DEATH to children! We well remember — and it is as far back as our memory of *any* event goes — when two little twin-brothers, hand-in-hand, with new figured linen jackets and trowserlets that rustled as we walked, went to a funeral, and saw for the first time the work of the Great

Destroyer. It was the funeral of a good old man, a neighbor, who was kind to little boys, and had often given us to eat of the choicest apples in his abundant orchard, and of the most luscious melons in his mellow fields. Not a sight or a sound, seen and heard on that day, has ever departed from us: the pale, cold, immovable face; the sad looks and sadder moans of weeping relatives; the minister's solemn tones, 'deep-stamped on the dead silence;' the peculiar smell of the coffin; all are before us, or with us, now. So that we enter, through a child's experience, at once into the feelings of our own little people, when they talk of the good old Lady, that fine, affectionate, Friendly spirit, whose demise we recorded in our last number. We read, a few moments ago, these lines aloud:

'And she, the aged one, bereaved,  
Sat lonely in her old arm-chair,  
Submissive to God's will, yet grieved;  
Raising to Heaven her silent prayer:  
Her faith, and love, and hope were there:'

when two 'wee ones' immediately 'made the application.' Yet, as SPRAGUE has beautifully expressed it, they 'cannot make her dead.' They welcome her still to the cottage; they see the plain Quaker bonnet laid on the bed; the spotless pale-drab shawl spread over it; they clasp again the liberal hands that never came empty to her loved and loving pets; they recall that placid face under the thin lace cap, still beaming with affectionate interest in their little joys and sorrows: they 'cannot but remember that such things were, that were most pleasant to them:' and it almost seems a blessing that they should never have seen those living eyes closed in darkness, and those ever open hands pale and cold, cross-folded on the silent breast: for now, they 'cannot make her dead!' - - - BY-AND-BY, say by the beginning of early winter, our metropolis will be brought up very nearly to 'Cedar-Hill Cottage' by the '*West-Shore Railroad*,' which runs along the lovely inland region, back of the Palisades. Under the energetic management of the contractors, Messrs. SEYMOUR AND TOWER, it is advancing toward completion with rapid strides. The line is admirably located; much of it is now ready for the ties and rails, which are already contracted for; ditches, culverts, and stone bridges in progress, are observable along the line; so that the work, even now, seems to be a thing achieved. So good-by to any more winter passages by rail 'around the Horn;' farewell to short (and yet long) voyages through the thick-ribbed ice of the Hudson! When the 'West Shore' roars with the rush of its iron horses, we shall be able to do many things hitherto 'not convenient' in the winter-time: to foregather with our brethren of the Saint NICHOLAS Society, the 'Centurians,' and the Press-Club, for example; compare notes, and enjoy reminiscential reverie or confab. Few of our fellow-metropolitans are aware of the variety of natural beauty which prevails on the western side of the Palisades, whose perpendicular walls look down upon the Hudson. Distant ranges of hill and mountain; rivers moving seaward; and a rich and verdant valley spreading out between. 'Thousands of intelligent travellers,' says an able correspondent of the '*Rockland County Journal*,' 'pass continually up and down the Hudson-river, who little suspect that behind the stern, rocky walls of the Palisades there exists a secluded, happy little world, living in a paradise little short of Eden. Nearly the whole length, the line of

the road runs through one of the most charming, healthy, and fertile of valleys, covered with farms in the highest state of cultivation on the rising grounds of its gently-sloping side, with rich meadows and pasture-grounds toward the river. A survey of the beautiful landscape would almost lead to the belief that the respective owners of the soil were striving with energy and perseverance to rival one another in giving their places every possible appearance of improvement, neatness, beauty, and comfort. Poverty and want seem to be strangers to that prosperous region.' - - - We have been made possessed of a 'pome.' There is no doubt as to its authenticity: for it bears this introduction: 'These Lines was wrote concerning the Shipwrack of Schooner MAIL, and Captain COBB, and two of his Crew;' which heralds the name of POLLY S. WIXON, *ndc* BAKER, as the author. There are twenty-eight verses, in all, but the segregated stanzas below are the best:

'I NEVER did no lines compose,  
But these did come to me  
Early in the morn, as I awoke,  
About my brother lost at sea.

'And when that dreadful storm arose,  
How little did we know  
Of the awful doleful story  
That was brought to us and told!

'When AMOS R. BAKER did come home,  
And tell us the dreadful tale,  
Oh! how it made our hearts to ache,  
And how it made us feel!

'My brother did write home and say,  
Tell mother not to worry; a  
But, oh! no, he never thought  
He must go in such a hurry.

'There was a young man, neighbor to me,  
WILLIAM W. WIXON was his name,  
And I was always glad to see him  
When in my house he came.

'And now I think why it was so,  
And why he seemed so near:  
It was to be his dreadful fate  
To be lost with my brother dear.

'And to you I say, young friends,  
By this a warning take,  
And try to make a preparation  
For the future, future state.

'I often think of those dear ones,  
How dreadful they must feel,  
When the Sch. Mail did part in two,  
And they was clinging to the rail.'

It is with no design to cast ridicule upon the affection which forms the subject of the doggerel that we present it to our readers: for the writer, in advert- ing to the fact that she shall never 'hear the steps' of her brother's 'dear feet' any more; that when she worked for him, he never would 'find fault with her,' but would say that 'it was well done;' in these little domestic touches, she even awakens our sympathy: but what *could* have induced a sane young woman to fancy that such 'poetry' as we have quoted, was calculated to in- crease her reputation, or excite commiseration? And yet, after all, we *do* commiserate any one who could be so misguided, whether through vanity or affection: sorry for her. - - - THERE were some 'strong-minded women' speakers at a recent New-England reform-convention: one, especially, being a perfect brickess. She was very plain-spoken: and she 'aired her mind' fully — what there was of it. She manifested no little contempt for the entire male gender: and not a little reminded us of a scene which we once witnessed in the old Park Theatre. The play for the evening was that lugubrious pocket- handkerchief piece, '*The Stranger*.' Directly before us sat an elderly married couple. The gentleman, a narrow-shouldered, high-eared, long-nosed specimen, 'most meke of his visage:' the dame, a *very* plump lady, with head erect, cheeks glowing, and eyes wandering, beneath an exalted turban and above a ponderous 'burst,' which almost threatened escapement. The man was much moved at the distresses of Mrs. and Mr. HALLER. Tears trickled down his

long nose and white pinched nostrils; and ever and anon he would jog Madame, that she might assist his melancholy enjoyment of the scene with her own sad sympathy. But not so: she told him, three several times, to 'Hush!' — and at length responded to an appreciative 'punch' from the elbow of her lesser half: '*Do stop!* — 'f I'd a-known you was goin' to act in *this* way, I would n't ha' *fetch'd* you!' He smothered his reflected sorrow, and 'dried up' instant. - - - Upon the whole, we think we shall offer no apology for giving insertion, contrary, as our readers know, to our uniform custom, to the following. It may seem to savor of egotism: but it is only an act of gratitude. The second extract, we may farther remark, is simply a deed of justice to an obliging correspondent. The first is a passage from a gifted lady-correspondent in New-Haven, Connecticut:

'ONE day in a summer that is past, I was wandering down the Strand, London, when my eye was suddenly arrested by something familiar in the window of JOHN CHAPMAN, Number 142 Strand. 'I stopped; I gazed: it was! it was!' — the Old Gentleman of the KNICKERBOCKER, with the pipe in one hand and the pen in the other; Pussy slumbering at his feet, and all the accompaniments of a literary purveyor picturesquely grouped around. I instantly seized upon the old gentleman, paid on the spot for several fac-similes of 'His Excellency;' and forthwith 'Old KNICK' accompanied me in many wanderings by land and sea.

'I might tell you how many tedious hours of sea-sickness he enlivened, how many days of travel, in stage-coach and rail-road car, he brightened, for me and others; but time would fail me. I left him at last in the cozy library of a jolly old Professor at Leyden, who had enjoyed a 'feast of fat things' between his covers; inwardly resolving that if I ever survived to see New-York again, I would renew my acquaintance most cordially with the old gentleman.'

And *these* kind words, too, it would seem, proceed from a lady. They are sent to us marked in the '*Toledo Blade*,' a well-known journal, and are addressed to 'J. M. S —, Esq.,' of that flourishing city:

'DEAR friend, from my sick-bed I'm sending  
Full many kind thoughts after you,  
And prayers for your welfare are blending  
With memories faithful and true.

'Love may be forgotten in absence,  
But friendship, like yours, cannot fail;  
Since each month I receive a fresh token,  
Whose coming with pleasure I hail.

'While others, more favored, are straying,  
Enjoying some fair winter scene;  
At home I'm contentedly staying,  
Quite blest with the new magazine.

'When epicures loudly are praising  
Some triumph of cookery art,  
At the '*Editor's Table*' I'm feasting,  
And getting the rare-bits by heart.

'Though gallants may leave me unnoticed,  
My sanctum can never be dark;  
While congregate genius is near me,  
In the train of our GAYLORD CLARK.

'While artists, and poets, and sages,  
Appear 'tween those covers of blue,  
For the pleasure of seeing their faces,  
I must surely feel grateful to you.

'LOVE.'

'Very much obliged,' Ma'mselle! - - - THE letter from which the subjoined is an extract, was received (in a certain town in Iowa, which shall be nameless) in response to a somewhat urgent dun. It is the 'hottest day of the season,' thus far, as we write; yet this letter is as 'cool' as if it were mid-winter. It is hardly a month old:

'DEAR SIR: You talk like a book about *opus pecunia*, and all that; and you talk feelingly, as if from experience. It is well to have experience in the vicissitudes of life; it so enlarges our sympathies, and moderates our expectations: and

if your expectations are not moderate concerning the subject-matter of your letter, your realizations, I fear, will be, for :

‘ ‘FIRST: The ‘Company’ owe me over three thousand dollars for money expended for their benefit, which I have been in vain besieging them for, since last November. I’ll pay no more of their bills until I myself am paid: which time, to wit, the day of payment, may they speedily hasten.

‘ ‘SECONDLY: Those of the Company, to whom I have read your epistle, converse in a manner exceedingly unbecoming in Christians; using objurgatory ejaculations, and declaring dogmatically that ‘if it is adjudged honest and right for them to pay the fees charged for three days’ labor of an attorney, they will make a tender of the property to the court, and ask to be released from further liability!’

W. G. L.’

The collection of the ‘little bill’ in question will doubtless demonstrate the ‘pursuit of money under difficulty.’ - - - MANY good things have come out of brave ‘Old Virginia:’ but few that were better, in their way, than the ‘*Old Dominion Coffee-Pot*,’ in which you may boil coffee for any length of time, without a particle of the strength or aroma escaping. The taste of coffee made in this patent vessel is delicious. One third less of the ground material is required, while the full flavor of the berry is retained. It is exceedingly simple in its construction and action. Our friends of the ‘North Woods WALTON Club’ must have a half-dozen of these social and simple ‘improvements.’ What a cup of Mocha or Java, Commissary ‘ADAM SYGHE’ would turn out for his ‘Speckled’-devouring compeers, from the hissing spout of the ‘Old Dominion!’ Take good light bread, made of good flour, and raised with ‘Whatcheer Hop-Yeast Cakes,’ the *ne plus ultra* of ‘emp’tins;’ milk that has n’t lived, like TRUTH, in the bottom of a well; and good fresh butter, cold as ice from the ‘shanty’ spring — and with fresh trout! But the very *thought*, on this meltingly-hot day, is oppressive. - - - FEW readers of CHARLES LAMB will have forgotten his clearly-conceived exposition of the latent fun contained in the question asked by an Oxford scholar of a porter who was carrying a hare through the streets: ‘Pr’ithee, friend, is that your *own* hare, or a wig?’ ‘There is no resisting this,’ says LAMB: a ‘man might blur ten sides of paper in attempting a defence of it against a critic who should be laughter-proof’ Looking through the thick masses of red and white roses that shade and ‘shimmer’ the floor of our cottage-piazza this lovely June morning, we see ‘the girls’ a-shooting with bow and arrow a red-and-blue straw target, which rests in the lower branches of a deep-green cherry-tree, bending at this moment with its wealth of ruby fruit, on our little lawn. The elder of those laughing archers, in a second’s space, has disappeared in our backward-looking mind, from the family history. She ‘was not yet,’ at the time whereof we write, although daily ‘anxiously expected:’ insomuch that her prospective uncle, the lamented ‘OLLAPOD,’ wrote: ‘Write to me, L——, the moment the event takes place. I shall be stretched on the tenter-hooks of impatience, until I know whether I am an uncle or an aunt!’ Now, why did this come into our head, in connection with this thing of CHARLES LAMB’s? ‘By the mass, we cannot tell!’ yet it was suggested. - - - WHEN our old friend, President HALLETT, of the *Nautilus Diving-Bell Company*, went to Europe



with his great invention, we predicted his success in the vast enterprise. In England, as the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER have already seen, his triumph was complete. The 'NAUTILUS,' after 'doing duty' to entire acceptance, in the Thames, is now in Paris. It has been engaged by the Government to perform important subterranean services on the marine fortifications of the French seaboard. We find the following in the Paris correspondence of the *London Daily News*:

'AN immense crowd lined the western parapet of the Pont Royal this afternoon, to witness the performances of the 'Nautilus' diving-bell, which has lately been brought here from London. Mr. HALLETT, the President of the Nautilus Submarine Company, had issued cards of invitation to several French, English, and American gentlemen connected with science or literature, to 'assist' at the experiments. An awning was erected on the quay for the accommodation of the visitors. Several ladies were present, but the inexorable proportions of their crinoline made it impossible for any of them to get into the 'man-hole' by which access is obtained to the diving-bell. If any lady could be persuaded to divest herself of the ridiculous and uncomfortable costume which fashion ordains, she might undertake a sub-aqueous journey in the 'Nautilus' without the slightest derangement to her nerves. The interior is as comfortable as an opera-box, and the air breathed in it is much better. I was agreeably surprised to find myself at the bottom of the Seine, without any of that tingling in the ears which I remember feeling in the old-fashioned bell. The introduction of the air was so nicely managed, that no one was sensible of any difference between the atmosphere of the diving-bell and that outside. It would be a work of supererogation for me to attempt to describe the 'Nautilus' to the readers of the *Daily News*. I will only say that it is now the most attractive novelty in Paris.'

The Paris journals agree in this. - - - WHY are not OYSTERS permitted to associate with their fellow-citizens of the watery world, in a select 'aquarium?' Are they not received, every where, into the best society? Are they at all disposed to breed contention in a 'Happy Family?' Not at all: they are peaceable, quiet, tractable. They have their affections, their strong attachments: we have known a loving SADDLE-ROCK follow a friend all round a room: still they are 'not *too* tame, neither.' And yet these gentle creatures, if we are to trust JOHN HONEYWELL, cannot be received into an aquarium on terms of equality:

'WITHIN this narrow lake I see  
The life that ocean dwellers live,  
Where infusoria is the meat,  
The only meat their markets give:  
But, ah! I miss my bivalve friends,  
And search in vain the shallow sea,  
To find the high-born oyster maid,  
That loved a clam of low degree.'

The history of that bivalvulous 'subject' is however promised by our pleasant 'aquatic' bard. - - - 'You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend.' 'Yes: I have been *straightened* by circumstances.' PRENTICE, in his column of 'Wit and Wisdom' in BONNER's '*Ledger*' weekly journal, is responsible for this. But we know a man who was *bent* from the same cause. 'Why, what makes you so crooked?' asked a travelled New-Yorker of a fellow-Gothamite, on returning from Europe, after the late 'tin-panic:' 'how came your back so bent? When I went away, you were as straight as an Indian.' 'I know it: but I bent my back in lifting notes; and I do n't know that it will ever come straight again!' - - - CAN it be possible that so old and experienced a journal as the '*Edinburgh Review*' has not yet found out that

such slashing 'criticism' as the following utterly defeats itself by its over-adequate severity? It occurs in a short review of POE's poetical and prose writings: 'EDGAR ALLAN POE was a blackguard of undeniable mark. He was incontestably one of the most worthless persons of whom we have any record in the world of letters. Many authors have been as idle; many as improvident; some as drunken and dissipated; and a few, perhaps, as treacherous and ungrateful: but *he* seems to have succeeded in attracting and combining in his own person all the floating vices which genius had hitherto shown itself capable of grasping in its widest and most eccentric orbit.' Now 'these be parlous words,' Mr. Reviewer! - - - Our common relative, 'Uncle SAMUEL,' when he has any thing done, will always have it *well* done, if he only employs such conscientious, trustworthy agents as Mr. JOHN DISBROW, of Haverstraw, Rockland county. He has recently secured for the United States Navy-Yard at Brooklyn, a copious supply, present and prospective, of pure fresh water, for the uses of the yard, from a great Artesian well, which he is as skilled in boring, as 'his father before him.' Adjoining this, he is erecting numerous arches, exceedingly imposing in their architectural features, and so strong and massive, that they excite the 'solid' admiration of all who examine them. Upon these arches will rise and rest the *tremendous* iron reservoir, to be supplied from the well by a steam-engine, from which the water will be drawn for all the demands of the government locality. - - - 'The Burns Club of the City of New-York,' (JOSEPH CUNNINGHAM, Esq., President, and ROBERT BURNETT and JOSEPH LAING, Vice-Presidents,) have done themselves honor, in passing unanimously the following comprehensive preamble and fervent resolutions:

'WHEREAS, The meeting has heard with indignation that an attempt has been made by Mr. JAMES BAIRD, of Cambusdoon—the classic grounds embracing the scenery immortalized in TAM O' SHANTER, and in the deathless lyrics of Scotland's darling poet—to obscure the prospect and destroy the pictorial beauty of the Corinthian Monument erected to the memory of ROBERT BURNS in the place of his birth:

'AND WHEREAS, The meeting has marked with unbounded satisfaction the noble and manly stand taken by Mr. ROBERT CHAMBERS and others of our countrymen against this gratuitous and wanton act of high-handed and heartless Vandalism:

'AND WHEREAS, The meeting has learned, with deep regret, that in spite of all remonstrances, Mr. BAIRD persists in his unhappy resolution, and has given orders to push on the building now in course of erection to completion with all dispatch:

'RESOLVED, That the meeting not only unanimously approve and indorse the course taken by Mr. ROBERT CHAMBERS, but consider his warm-hearted and determined conduct in the whole matter worthy of all honor, and deserving of gratitude and admiration, not only from themselves, as admirers in a distant land of their national minstrel, but from all who bear the Scottish name, in whatever country their lot may be cast.

'RESOLVED, That the meeting waste no exertion in the shape of memorial, protest, or otherwise, to induce Mr. BAIRD to reconsider his ill-advised determination, but leave him to reap at leisure the fruits of the whirlwind he has sown—an unenviable notoriety, the scorn of his own age and the contempt of a generous posterity.

'RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by the Chairman to Mr. ROBERT CHAMBERS, also to the *Scottish American Journal*, and other American papers; also to the leading journals in Scotland.'

If this Mr. BAIRD is not *too* weazen; if he is not a man of metallic nerves and blunt entrails; if, in short, he has any 'withers,' they cannot remain 'unwrung' much longer. Was it not enough that BURNS should have been neglected by his countrymen, and half-starved while living, that a mean-spirited self-interest should desecrate his monument, and obscure the scene of his reflected and perpetuated glory?

## A Glance at New Publications.

**MR. JAMES'S NEW ROMANCE: 'LORD MONTAGUE'S PAGE.'** — We are glad to find the annexed literary announcement in FORNEY'S Philadelphia *Press*: 'Mr. G. P. R. JAMES, the English novelist, who is now British Consul in Virginia, announces a new novel—or rather CHILDS AND PETERSON, of Philadelphia, do so for him. Mr. JAMES has been several years in this country; has written two or three different novels upon American subjects; has voluntarily pitched his tent among us; and may claim to be an honorary, as he is an honorable, member of our Republic of Letters. His forthcoming work is a romance of the seventeenth century, entitled '*Lord Montague's Page*.' The book, in one volume, will have a fine portrait of Mr. JAMES, engraved on steel, with a vignette on the title-page, and will be put before the world in that elegant and tasteful manner for which his publishers are distinguished. With engravings, and handsomely bound in muslin, it will be sold at a dollar and a quarter: in London, spread over three volumes, without the engravings, and in fragile boards, the price would be a guinea and a-half; equal to seven dollars and fifty-six cents. Mr. JAMES is undoubtedly the most prolific of modern novelists. He has published nearly one hundred and fifty volumes of prose fiction, beside numerous biographical, historical, and poetical works. In all that he has written, there cannot be found

'One line which, dying, he would wish to blot.' .

His purity of language and plot has been among the leading causes of his popularity.'

**'THE NEW-ENGLANDER.'** — The last issue of this Quarterly well sustains the satisfactory reputation which was before increasing. It has three or four especially well-written papers; and particularly one upon '*Dr. Taylor and his System*.' Now of the 'system' portion of the article we do not consider ourselves qualified to speak; but the biographical sketch with which it opens is admirably simple, direct, and picturesque, if we may employ the latter term in such a connection. Permit the ensuing passage to prove the justification of our praise:

'**THERE** stands upon our table a bust which, had we seen it for the first time in the 'Hall of the Philosophers,' in the Museum of the Capitol at Rome, would have divided our attention with the busts of SOCRATES and PLATO. The extraordinary breadth and height of the forehead, the depth of arch in the brow, the fine symmetry of the features, the stamp of intellectuality and of benignity upon the face, would have commanded the homage we instinctively render to greatness. That homage is not in the least abated by the fact that this bust, which, if unknown, might stand unchallenged in the hall of the philosophers of antiquity, is known to be that of an ethical philosopher seated in the chair of Christian theology in a school of the nineteenth century. For those who know what an intellect was enthroned within it, and what a soul looked out through its portals, the ages could add no weight of dignity to that brow. But the brain does not throb beneath this arch, the eyes do not speak from these sockets, the words of wisdom and of power will not flow from these lips; and we turn away from the bust to remember sadly, that all which it would picture is now cold as the marble of the sculptor.

'Upon the wall of our study is a portrait, in which the engraver's art has well preserved — what the sculptor cannot give — the life-expression of the same countenance. The forehead, the brow, the mouth, the symmetry of feature are here, as given in the bust; and beside, the eye illuminating the face, and speaking from the inner depths of the soul, and an outline of the person, showing a vigor of the muscular system proportionate to the development of the brain. But this is the countenance in repose; and years of study, and physical infirmities, have traced upon it their ineffaceable ridges and depressions. This picture will not bring to us the man we seek.

'We go back a few days, and stand with venerable and reverend men — the teachers of our youth, the friends and counsellors of riper years — by the yet unclosed coffin; and look with lingering gaze, upon the repose of a great soul in death. All trace of labor and of suffering has passed away; and that forehead in its serene majesty, and those lips with their voiceless sweetness, still 'rule us from the sceptred urn.' But in this very room, where the relation of Disciple was absorbed in the higher relation of Friend, and where in familiar conversation, the Teacher and the Preacher were lost in a child-like enthusiasm for truth and its discoveries — in this room so animated by his presence that he lives in its every object — we cannot accept the silent though majestic impress of death, as the permanent recollection of him whom we shall meet on earth no more.

'We go back a little earlier, to look upon that countenance made wan and sallow by disease, and to listen to that voice broken and hesitating through weakness and pain; and though the

eye is not dim, nor the intellectual force abated, as he converts his bolstered bed into a didactic chair, and with clear discrimination and earnest emphasis recapitulates the grand points of Gospel truth elaborated in his lectures—we cannot bear to cherish the image of moral and intellectual strength over-mastering physical weakness, as the abiding impression of the departed sage.

'We must go back more than twenty years, and look upon him in his manly vigor, as with an eye that riveted whomsoever it glanced upon, and a voice that reverberated like a deep-toned bell, and an earnestness that glowed through every feature and fibre of the man, he first stirred our mind with the overwhelming argument and pathos of his sermons, or lifted us up into mid-heaven by the magnificent sweep and attraction of his lectures. An older pupil of his, at our side, insists that to know Dr. TAYLOR as he was, we should be able to go back forty years, and listen to him as he came fresh from the pulpit of the Centre Church to the chair of Theology in Yale College; that only his *first* class can fully appreciate his vigor of thought, his reach of intellect, and his power of inspiring others to tread with him the sublimest mysteries of divine truth. And one of his latest pupils insists, that no one of all his thirty-six classes could ever have known him so fresh, so intimate, so earnest, so clear, so thorough, so profound, as did that little circle who gathered in his parlor to read together his lectures, and then listen to his exposition. There could be no higher tribute to the intellectual and moral greatness of the teacher, than these rival claims of pupils nearly forty years apart, each to have known him best, and to have loved him most. No bust or picture can ever compare with the likeness cherished in these living hearts.'

Here is a succession of pictures, which bring the man, 'in his habit as he lived,' directly before us. The paper on PARTON'S '*Life and Times of Aaron Burr*,' is able and severe. '*Spiritualism tested by Science*' is another 'searching' article.

COLL'S RIG, FOR REDUCING AND FURLING SAILS FROM THE DECK. — Captain JAMES E. COLL, the author of a pamphlet before us, we apprehend, will be running his 'Rigs' upon many a sea-captain hereaway, before many months have gone by. The very title of his nautical, seaman-like publication, must awaken new and stirring thoughts in the minds of our sea-faring readers; nay, in the minds of ship-owners, and passengers, as well as in those of captains and their men. What! a *Rig*, by which all the sails of a ship, be it in calm or storm, can be spread to the wind, and quickly withdrawn from its influence, without a man going aloft, or any of the fatigue or peril of the system hitherto found to be unavoidable? Yes: a *Rig* by which the turning of a crank on deck quickly and effectually accomplishes what has hitherto tasked the muscles and periled the lives of seamen. There is no mistake: the pamphlet and the drawings leave no room for doubt. Practical experiment has confirmed the theory. Patents have been secured in this country and in England; and we hear that the British Board of Admiralty, on examining the 'Rig'—the description, drawings, and model—expressed their full conviction that it would work successfully. We have not room to expatiate on the humane tendencies, or on the commercial benefits of this new labor-saving machinery. We recommend the pamphlet, which is published by BARTON AND COMPANY, Number 111 Fulton-street, to 'all concerned.'

HOUSEHOLD EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. — It is our good fortune to possess a noble copy of the *Abbotsford Edition of Scott's Novels*, with its profusion of authentic and exquisitely-executed engravings; a treasured present from that open-handed, generous publisher, ROBERT CADELL: but our *reading* copy is TICKNOR AND FIELDS' exceedingly beautiful '*Household Edition of the Waverley Novels*;' convenient in size, admirably printed upon the best paper, and each volume illustrated with a fine engraving on steel. 'All things considered, it is the neatest and most serviceable edition which has ever been published, not even excepting the recent English editions in duodecimo. Not to mention the elegant manner of their publication, the fine press-work, smooth paper, clear type, neat binding, it may be said that they are very carefully edited, and comprehend all the additions of notes, prefatory letters, explanations, with which Sir WALTER SCOTT accompanied the issue of nearly every one of them from the press. To say one word in praise of works which are as original as was the '*Iliad*,' and which, after the lapse of many years, are still the best of their class, seems not merely useless but absurd; and yet, amid the flood of second-rate novels and romances with which the press for the last four or five years has teemed, it may not be wholly superfluous now and then to recall attention to the works of the acknowledged masters. '*Quentin Durward*,' which constitutes the last

month's addition to the Waverley series, is a romance which acquired a great popularity at home and on the continent, and has been included, in the world's judgment, among the half-dozen best of the Waverley series.'

'PEARLS OF THOUGHT.' — We recognize, in this small, neat volume, which reaches our table from the press of our friends Messrs. STANFORD AND DELISSER, Number 508 Broadway, the good taste and handiwork of the clever author of 'A Salad for the Solitary.' The religious and philosophical 'pearls' which the book contains, are gathered from numerous and various 'Old Authors,' and are selected and arranged with excellent judgment. The author has been a most successful gleaner in the old fields of sacred literature and learning. 'Sacred learning,' remarks the compiler, 'is among the most elevating and pure of intellectual pursuits: it qualifies us for both worlds; and these thoughts, maxims, and aphorisms, are among its spoils. Many a suggestive thought, long buried in the dusty folios of the school-men, is thus exhumed, and rendered fertile of interest to many appreciative minds.' These 'pearls' have been collected from the writings of such authors as JEREMY COLLIER, OWEN FELTHAM, Bishop HALL, THOMAS FULLER, Sir THOMAS BROWNE, JOHN DONNE, FRANCIS QUARLES, PASCAL, FENELON, JEREMY TAYLOR, etc. The 'Thoughts' herein embraced will supply *matériel* for reflection to all meditative minds: and such will reverently and lovingly cherish these relics of the past with grateful regard. Odd intervals of time cannot be devoted to better purpose than to these suggestive passages; while their variety constitutes them an epitome of good things—a library in miniature. Those who can appreciate the gift, will be inclined to adopt the words of good old Bishop HALL: 'Blessed be God, who hath set up so many clear lamps in His Church: none but the wilfully blind can plead darkness; and blessed be the memory of those, His faithful servants, who have left their blood, their spirits, their lives in these precious pages, and have willingly wasted themselves into these enduring monuments, to give light to others.'

URSULA, A TALE OF COUNTRY LIFE.' — This latest work of Miss SEWELL, author of 'AMY HERBERT,' 'IVORS,' etc., is from the press of the Messrs. APPLETON. It has met with general and well-deserved praise. Our well-endowed and capable contemporary critic of the '*Albion*' weekly journal says of it:

'THERE is nothing sickly nor sentimental in the book. On the contrary, it is written with a genuine appreciation of what is honest and true in the character of an ordinary mortal, after making due allowance for the irregularities and imperfections of human nature. URSULA is a life-drawn specimen of an energetic, sensible, healthful, and devoted woman—excellent as a friend, a sister, and a wife. An orphan, with two brothers, she is exceedingly jealous of the affection of the younger, ROGER GRANT, who ultimately falls in love with and marries a thoughtless and penniless but very pretty girl, one JESSIE LEE. A curiously constituted family, to whom ROGER acts as bailiff, is introduced among the principal personages; and under the name of MILLICENT WEIR, we recognize one of the masculine creations of ACTON BELL, a woman with the most tender feelings and the roughest hands, a village SHIRLEY, a rustic DIN VERNON. ROGER succeeds his blind and widowed brother in the management of the farm; marries, and is almost reduced to a state of hopeless misery by the foolish conduct of his wife before her marriage, which she conceals from him. An interesting delineation of sterling friendship and unselfish kindness brings one JOHN HERVEY on the scene. URSULA, thrown off her guard by an erroneous idea that he is engaged to a village friend, MARY KEMP, confides in him, respects, loves, and finally marries him; and we think the real charm of the work will be found in the gradual development of this honest and slowly formed attachment.'

'THE QUAKER SOLDIER: OR THE BRITISH IN PHILADELPHIA.' — The manly and outspoken preface to this book first attracted us to its contents. It is written with a good degree of ability. The 'Quaker Soldier' (an anomalous term) is the only son of a wealthy Quaker family, who is driven from home by his father's strictness. His experience, both at home and abroad, when he entered on a high career of fame, and his adventures in Philadelphia and in the American army during the war, reveal to the reader that part of our history in a new phase. The action of the tale commences with the entry of the British into Philadelphia, and closes with their departure: and we have in this interval a series of vivid pictures of the times.







*Eves Sargent*





# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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No. 8.

## SOMETHING ABOUT WINE.

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CONCLUDED.  
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WITHOUT being a *bon-vivant*, and simply by virtue of the association of ideas in which sensation and sentiment bear an equal part, the places of a traveller's sojourn are identified with certain wines, so that a special vinous flavor in after-days, conjures up the image of a favorite companion and the scenery of a picturesque locality. The very name of Orvieto revives the artistic companionship of the *trattoria* Lepri at Rome, or the pic-nic at Albano or Tivoli; *Vino d'Asti*, in its golden effervescence, whispers of the enchantments of Lake Como and the battle-field of Marengo; the glow of old Marsala is warm with memories of *Ætna*, or breezy evenings on the Marina at Palermo, whence we retired to a hospitable *palazzo* where, on a marble table, stood the decanters immersed in the old volcano's snow;

‘Son le nevi il quinto elemento  
Che compargono il verro bere.’

Whoso has studied in Germany, will greet the sight of an old emerald glass sacred to Johannisberg, and hear in fancy the Rhine song; the twang of choice Claret transports another to the *Trois Frères* or *Café de Paris*, or makes him respond to the poet's benediction:

‘Benedetto  
Quel Claretto  
Che si spilla in Avignone.’

Old Port beams with the reflected tints of London mahogany and coal-fires; Metternich and old castles reappear in the mirror of a dusty bottle of Hock; Burgundy inspires dreams of Southern France, the day at Nismes, or the quays at Bordeaux; Malaga is sweet with Spanish memories, and the nabob at home regrets the

zest of his Sherry at Calcutta. A vinous amateur could indeed designate eras by vintages, make landmarks of vineyards, and most vividly keep alive local memories by the diversified flavor of the grape. Lebanon wine would hallow Bethlehem to his imagination more than monastic relics; his London banker's Port, the Duke of Nassau's Steinberg, the bottle of St. Peray hastily purchased while the steam-boat tarries on the Rhone, the Brousa of Stamboul grown under the snows of Olympus, blend with and identify these scenes forever to his epicurean reminiscence; and Beaume and Chambertin are names as classic in his estimation as Racine and La Fontaine; he knows the Dukes of Burgundy only as the Princes des bons Vins; and honors Madam Cliquot more than the Maid of Orleans, because she is the largest Champagne grower of Rheims; the amber of Muscat is more precious in his eyes than that found in the torrent's bed; and he descends into a crypt of Nazareth to choose a jar, escorted by some modern Miriam or Ruth, with more zestful expectancy than Belzoni an unexplored catacomb.

The French speak of a Bordeaux which talks; the ruins of the Rhine are, as it were, set in an ever-renewed garland of vineyards and mellowed, in the retrospect, by the song, the flavor and cheer of the wine. Burns' John Barleycorn; Faust in the cave; the Dutchman's Schnapps; the Englishman's 'Old Particular;' the Jerseyman's Cider; the Buckeye's Catawba, and the Bavarian's Beer; all places and poets, all nationalities and literature exhale this convivial element, more or less refined and characteristic. From the wine-stain yet visible on a Pompeii slab to the silver punch-bowl which in some of our few remaining country mansions is the heir-loom of families; from Cleopatra's pearl dissolved, to Clarence drowned in wine; from Horace to Tennyson; from Noah to Metternich — history and humanity are reflected in wine.\* How *apropos* to these two last *convives* are Müller's quaint verses: \*

'We forfeited by eating —  
Not drinking — Paradise:  
What once we lost through ADAM,  
And his confounded vice,  
Good wine and jovial chorus  
Abundantly restore us.

'And when again, in vileness,  
The world corrupted sank,  
And every earthly creature  
Death in the deluge drank,  
To NOAH life was granted,  
'Cause he the grape had planted.

'Within his biggest cask he  
With wife and children did get:  
It floated on the waters,  
And not a soul was wet;  
All saved by wine so oddly  
From watery graves, the godly.

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\* Translated by C. T. BROOKS.

‘And when the flood abated,  
 There stood the round house then,  
 High and dry on the top of a mountain,  
 And all came out again,  
 Thanks for deliverance chanted  
 And straight new grape-vines planted.

‘The cask for a memento,  
 Stood on the mountain’s brow ;  
 At Heidelberg on the Neckar,  
 You all can see it now ;  
 It needs no further guessing  
 Who gave us the Rhine-wine’s blessing.

‘And whoso dares disparage  
 The sacred wine we drink,  
 He in a watery deluge  
 Shall miserably sink !  
 Sing, brothers, ’t is before us,  
 Brave wine and jovial chorus.’

Noah planted a vineyard ; Solomon and David praise wine ; and in Job it is prescribed for the weary. The grape is the most ancient of Egyptian symbols ; Montaigne calls its juice, the ‘last pleasure of life,’ and says ‘it takes the place of natural heat ;’ while Liebig declares it the ‘milk of the aged.’ Hear Redi :

‘Se dell ’uve il sangue amabile  
 Non rinfranca ognor le vene,  
 Questa vita é troppe rabile  
 Troppo breve é sempre in pene.’

The Tuscan proverb says :

‘Il vino é la poppa de vecchi.’

There is a curious analogy between the process whereby wine reaches its perfection, the vicissitudes to which it is liable therein, and human life ; a mysterious blending of original elements, the pure but crude juice, when new, like childhood’s unadulterated aspect ; then the hazardous fermentation, parallel with the impassioned development of youth ; the product, if weak, liable to become sour and vapid, and if strong, reaching through time and change, a mellow richness, like the genial force of a noble character, or the mature grace of a vigorous mind.

Within a few years those indigestible mixtures which, under the name of punch, made our ancestors dyspeptic and bilious, and the strong wines that detained gentlemen so long from the drawing-room after dinner, have given place to the more salutary hygiene, long prevalent in Europe, that makes the light and pure wines of France and Germany the accompaniment instead of the *finale* of the chief diurnal banquet. As nervous stimulants, tonics, and aids to digestion, the milder and least adulterated juices of the grape are sanctioned by adaptation to climate, individual constitution and states of health, under the best medical counsel. In France especially, the science of nutrition in this regard has reached a bright



point of discrimination ; the best quality of cheap red wine, blended with mineral waters, has been prescribed with excellent effect. Alsatico and biscuits prove a salubrious regimen for invalids in Tuscany ; and a popular writer of Paris remarks that '*Le vin Champagne frappé, non point après, mais pendant le repos, serait, pour la plupart des estomacs un précieux auxiliaire de digestion.*' The arbitrary succession of wines ordained by custom at American dinners, is a serious interference with the personal hygiene so desirable in a luxury which should be used according to the taste and requirements of each guest ; limited quantities of various species is the rule ; whereas those who consult health and inclination prefer adequate supplies of one kind, a privilege which is often unattainable under the present code of prandial entertainments. An American traveller entertained at the grand ducal table of Weimar, records the custom dictated by enlightened hospitality in this regard : 'No sooner was a glass emptied than it was replenished by the watchful attendant. Through this silent savory sign your preference, if you had one, was learned and hospitably indulged. You had, for instance, but to leave your Claret and Rhenish and Champagne unfinished, and to drain your Burgundy glass ; so often as it was found empty it was re-filled with Chambertin or Clos Vougot, to the number of a dozen or more fillings, should any guest be rash enough to trust his head with so many.'

It is with wine as with other luxuries of life, association has more to do with relish than either quality or quantity. The poor artist with whom I used to clink glasses of *vino nostrale* at Florence, which cost five-pence a pint, when he had risen to fame and married a fortune, slyly indicated to me across the table at his first banquet, his little flask of our frugal beverage, concealed behind a splendid array of aristocratic wines. The taste acquired in those days of self-denial survived the advent of prosperity. Few casual visitors at the Tuscan capital, however, understand how to procure even the cheap common wine in perfection ; the wine-shop and the restaurant are not to be trusted ; but the good graces of some Principe's steward must be won, and he will furnish from his perquisite of the family vintage cobwebbed flasks, passed mysteriously through the stone loop-hole of the cellar ; and when you have pulled out of its slender neck the wisp of tow, and dashed away the thimble-full of oil that has kept it from the air, you taste that pure juice of the purple grape of whose virtues Redi has sung with a melodious eloquence, that links its remembrance with the hills around Florence, the winding Arno, and the handsome peasants, in one harmonious picture of rustic plenty, grace, and cheer.

'Il Dio del vino  
Fermato avea l'allegro suo soggiorno  
A i calli Etruschi intorno.'

Gensano gives a 'local habitation and a name' to a wine that your Roman padrone believes, when taken warm with roast apple, is an

infallible remedy for the *forestiere's* catarrh. The bard of Italian wines calls Montepulciano *manna*, and of Chianti sings:

‘ MUESTOSO  
Imperioso,  
Mi passeggia denteo il cuore,  
E ne scaccia senza strepito  
Ogni affano e ogni dolore.’

One of our countrymen has sung the praises of a wine encountered at a little town in Provence, and a sagacious wine-merchant of Gotham has made the cordial stanzas a matter for the arabesque label of his favorite brand:

‘ WHEN to any saint I pray,  
It shall be to Saint PERAY;  
He alone of all the brood  
Ever did me any good.’ \*

The social relations of wine have an interest for the conservative as well as the jovial. The cobwebbed bottle produced on rare occasions and in honor of a favored guest, or household festival; the ‘dozen’ preserved as a birth-day deposit against the bridal-feast; the ancestral relic of mellow wine with the memories of the loved and noble who quaffed its virgin juice, appeal to something beyond the mere gusto of the palate. I once heard an honest and benevolent veteran declare that, could he dictate a tribute to his memory, his friends, instead of useless tears and idle regrets, should talk cheerfully of him over a bottle of his choice old wine, and thus consecrate a genial and hospitable hour to pleasant recollections. The peculiar intellectual flavor of those admirable criticisms which insured its dawning fame to ‘Old Ebony,’ sprang from the *abandon*, freedom, and conviviality of the intercourse over which Kit North and the Ettrick Shepherd so memorably presided. As we read them, despite of modern temperance fanaticism, we recall with zest Plato’s extravagant declaration, that a sober man to no purpose knocks at the door of the Muses; and, with another philosopher of antiquity, recognize Bacchus as the good deity who mollifies the passions of the soul, restores to young men their good humor, and to old men their youth.

Therefore has art and literature celebrated the vine. From Anacreon and Virgil to Tom Moore and Béranger, its praises have been memorably sung; Bacchus, when he ceased to be a recognized divinity, became the myth which statuaries loved to embody and poets to revive. The convivial is an essential element of modern romance and old English dramas, as exhibiting the convivial side of genius, the freaks of imagination and outbreaks of heart otherwise inconceivable to our restrained civilization. What were Horace uncheered by Falernian; Falstaff’s wit bereft of his sack; Don Quixote without the adventure of the wine-skins; the Vicar of Wakefield’s hospitality devoid of Mr. Primrose’s gooseberry-wine; Ivanhoe without Friar Tuck’s flagon? ‘*La vigne*,’ says a French writer, ‘*a surtout, depuis bien des siècles, fait fleurir en*

*France, la chanson. Le vin et la chanson sont comme frère et sœur.* Among the acknowledged hygienic properties of ripe grapes are, to cool the blood, facilitate its circulation, remove obstructions from the liver and kidneys, and impart vigor, tone, purity, and freshness to the vital principle.

The act of taking wine together, like the Eastern superstitions regarding salt, hath in it a domestic significance, and, as it were, a challenge of love and loyalty. 'If Bacchus often leads men into quagmires deep as his vats,' says Douglas Jerrold, 'let us yet do him this justice—he sometimes leads them out. Ask your opponent to take another glass of wine.' '*Un poco de vino?*' mellifluously asks your Italian neighbor, and then he wishes you a life of a thousand years and *figli maschi*—a sentiment born of the old feudal primogeniture; the *viva* which precedes the draught is responded to by its own vital glow: how perfectly has Donizetti embodied in music the festive idea of *abrindisi*, in the famous song of 'Lucrezia Borgia!' Ben Jonson's yet current ditty, 'To Ladies' eyes around, boys,' is instinct with sentimental jovialty; and of American lyrics, few have been greater favorites than the 'Health of Pinkney.' 'Port, if you please,' says the English girl, when you ask her to join in a glass of wine; how long the draught of the Catalonian peasant, as he keeps poised, in silent content, the collapsing wine-skin! and what a picture of animal epicurism is a venerable English squire, seated in his comfortable parlor, with a boon companion, holding up to the light, and then to his lingering lips, the glass of Madeira, whereof, between the sips, he tells the 'adventurous tale.' Not less enjoyable, and far more generous, is the sight of a group of Tuscan peasants at their noon repast beneath a tree, passing round the red *vino*, with ready carol and greeting.

It is with wine as with scenery, pictures, and love, as with all the rare elements of human pleasure—the best, or at least the most enjoyed, is often encountered unawares, and, as it were, by some happy accident. At a pension initiated by the first Italian opera company that visited New-York, for years could be found the most pure and cheapest claret, annually exported in the wood, by an old friend of the house. Who does not remember the agreeable surprise given him in his travels, by some complacent native, who, in out-of-the-way nooks, has caused to appear the choicest vintage? Almost all statesmen have been connoisseurs of wine: Fox and Webster, Sheridan and Talleyrand knew the twang or recognized the age at a sip. 'The wretchedness of human life,' said Sydney Smith, 'is only to be encountered on a basis of beef and wine'—an unspiritual precept, born of a national instinct. Addison's constitutional reserve, we are told, could only be thawed by wine. One of the relics of Washington's campaigns, presented by a member of the family to Leutze, in honor of his noble painting of the 'Passage of the Delaware,' is a silver can, bound with leather—the drinking-cup of the rare and moderate official entertainment; the bottom is scratched with the sword-points used to mash the sugar: it is probably the only

trophy of those men and times unassociated with privation. There is an effervescent Hock identified with the banks of the 'Blue Moselle,' as much as the pensive-eyed and gray oxen are with the Tuscan vintage, St. Julien with Paris suburban cabarets, or Steinburg with a Rhine estate. The favorite lunch of one of our most gifted and genial artists, was Chablis and oysters; no one who ever shared it with him failed thenceforth to associate the wine with intellectual fellowship. Dr. Franklin philosophized over a fly found in a bottle of old wine; and that kindly bard, John Kenyon, says:

'LILY on liquid roses floating,  
So floats yon foam o'er pink Champagne:  
Fain would I join such pleasant boating  
And prove that ruby main,  
And float away on wine!'

Of native Anacreontics, none is comparable with 'Sparkling and Bright'—a song, which to hear from the author's lips on a moonlight night by the Hudson, with a chorus of good fellows, is memorable, and is now endeared as the eclipsed hilarity of a shattered harp. Tennyson indicates with a line the hour of thorough English self-content and 'breathing-time of day,' of retrospect and ideal comfort, as 'over the walnuts and the wine.' Modern science has detected, and popular journalism exposed, the adulteration of wine: the Greeks mixed with it resin, tar, cypress, and almonds; chalk, alcohol, sugar, and sulphur are modern expedients, and to destroy the taste of the latter, cloves, thyme, cinnamon, and other spices are added; putrescence and acidity are the conditions it is thus attempted to neutralize or avert. Chemistry has analyzed the normal qualities of wine, only to demonstrate that there is scarcely such a thing in commerce as pure grape-juice.

From the calcined leaves of the vine is made the ink wherewith bank-notes are printed. Franklin was assiduous in his endeavors to introduce the Rhenish grape into our nascent horticulture, doubtless anticipating, from his experience in France, the temperance and invaluable economy involved in successful vine-culture. The accounts of the early colonists agree in representing the wild-grape as abounding in our forests; Bishop Berkeley, in his letters from Rhode-Island, alludes to its luxuriant growth in that region; the French colonists cultivated the vine in Carolina before the Puritans came to New-England; there were flourishing Jesuit vineyards among the first settlers, and vigneronns were imported into Virginia as early as 1630; Penn attempted wine manufacture in his province fifty years after; and about a century ago, it is recorded that a band of *emigrés* made a hundred hogsheads of wine in Illinois. Numerous experiments, in widely distant localities throughout the country, have resulted in producing it on a small scale, and as a matter of curiosity rather than luxury and profit. The great desideratum was to fix upon the best quality of grape which could attain perfection in the open air, and then to invest

enough in land and labor to warrant liberal and successive vintages. Thus far the enterprise has been adequately realized only on the banks of the Ohio; statistics there indicate a regular staple, and profitable as well as very extensive interest in the wine manufacture of Cincinnati. 'At last,' says a genial authority,\* 'our national vines have become so far popularized, that the value of the home production exceeds that of the consumption of foreign wines in the proportion of nearly two to one, and that with a constant increase in the home market:'

'For the richest and best  
Is the wine of the West,  
That grows by the Beautiful River.'

Crabbe eulogizes Port, Prior Claret, Moore Champagne, Boileau Burgundy, and Redi Mulptepulciano: how analogous these preferences with their respective genius! The comic writers of Charles the Second's time, we are told, 'worked on Claret;,' and a cask of this wine always stood in the hospitable halls of old Scotland. Sack, Canary, Sherris, Malmsey, are the familiar drinks in the old English plays: 'Set a deep glass of Rhenish wine' is a phrase in Shakspeare; and coffee has been lately called 'the *coup d'état* to drinking after dinner;,' Sherry, ginger and biscuit is a favorite lunch in British India, and Chablis and oysters in France; thus universally is wine identified with places and periods. Byron, although he sang of the Samian wine, and spurred his flagging muse with gin, declared that the most exhilarating of draughts to him was a dose of salts; Dr. Johnson's favorite stimulus was tea, and so was Cowper's; De Quincey has made opium and its effects the subject of memorable psychological revelations; Schiller wrote under the inspiration of Champagne; and Malibran gained spasmodic voice and heart by means of porter and Cologne-water; while the most affecting of homilies is Lamb's 'Confessions of a Drunkard.' These and countless other 'infirmities of genius' indicate, on the one hand, the exhaustive conditions of intense mental life, and on the other, point a moral in regard to the weakness inherent and inalienable, of the most nobly endowed human beings, appealing both to sympathy and to science; for the latter has interpreted the physiology of man in its relation to that craving for and addiction to these means of renovation and excitement, common alike to the savage and the most highly endowed of the species. Perhaps no writer has more fully brought out the philosophy of the subject than Shakspeare: Rodrigo's self-reproach and reprobation of that invisible spirit of wine; the effects of that cask that came unbroken to shore in the 'Tempest;,' Falstaff's excess; Bardolph's nose; and especially the incidental allusions of the great poet, as when he speaks of treachery 'false as vows made in wine,' and while he calls wine 'a good familiar creature, if it be used well,' explains a quarrel by, 'it was excess of wine that set him on,' and makes disenchanted and forlorn Macbeth exclaim: 'The wine of life is drawn.'

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\* COCKENS' 'Wine-Press.'

It is owing to these charming though often vague associations, that the vine is so pleasing an object in rural scenery, whether it covers rude angles on the stone cottage, twines as the emblem of conjugal devotion around the stately elm, spreads its leaves of lucent emerald between the sunshine and the lattice, wreathes the hospitable porch with graceful ornaments, whence the finest of architectural devices is borrowed, rears itself on stakes, as in France, as if to assert its capacity for homely productiveness, festoons ‘from tree to tree’ in scenic beauty amid the mulberry orchards of Italy, or twines in gigantic convolutions around the prone and massive temples of Central America, it is always in the exuberant flexibility of its growth, in the exquisite contour of its leaf, as well as in the poetic and recreative ideas it suggests, one of the loveliest and most endeared phases of vegetable life. What ornament for the brow of the fair, or the arabesque of an urn, or the crowning of a column — for wreaths, sculpture, robe-pattern or dish excels the vine-leaf? With what more beautiful emblematic token do the *pietra-dura* artists of Tuscany inlay their marble than amethystine grapes? The very dying foliage of the vine detached by autumn’s breath is golden; and the shadow of a fluttering vine, its picturesque stalk, finely outlined leaf, and curling tendril is the perfection of evanescent photography.

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S H A L L I B E C R O W N E D ?

If I, ‘along the cool, sequestered vale of life,’  
 Shall ‘keep the noiseless tenor of my way:’  
 If I shall shun the scenes of earthly strife,  
 And only live to meditate and pray:  
 Or if, contented with an humble lot,  
 I shun the busy city’s tempting round,  
 And seek seclusion in a cave or grot,  
 Shall I be crowned?

If I shall be content to carve a selfish way  
 To golden gates, and hope at last to stand  
 In the full brilliance of eternal day,  
 Not having lent a brother once a helping hand,  
 Not having dried a tear, or caused a smile  
 On the wan faces which on earth abound,  
 Nor felt for any sin the siren’s luring wile,  
 Shall I be crowned?

Not so: I must of strife and labor bear an honest part:  
 ’Tis not by cowards that the laurel’s won;  
 The while I keep a pure and spotless heart,  
 ’Tis sin and not temptation I must shun:  
 I must, while here, maintain the faithful fight —  
 In the front rank of God’s array be found:  
 Live in the world a champion of the right,  
 And then be crowned!

L. S.



## J U B A L ,     T H E     R I N G E R .

## I.

HIGH in the brown belfry of the old Church of Saint Fantasmos sat Jubal the Ringer, looking over the huge town that lay spread below. A great black net-work of streets stretched far away on every side — the sombre web of intertwined human passions and interests, in which, year after year, many thousand souls had been captured and destroyed.

Sleeping hills with clear-cut edges rose all about the dark town, which seemed to be lying at the bottom of a vast purple goblet, whose rim, touched with the whiteness of approaching day, looked as if they were brimming with the foam of some celestial wine. Deep in the distance rolled a long river, musical through the night, and shaking back the moon-beams from its bosom as if in play.

It was an old belfry, the belfry of Saint Fantasmos. It sprang from a vaulted arch with four groinings, which hung directly over the altar, so that one above in the bell-room could see, through the cracks in the stone ceiling, the silver lamps that lit the shrine, the altar-railings, the priest, the penitents below. Old flat mosses clung to the weather-beaten sides of the belfry, and the winds went in and out through it wheresoever they willed. From the very summit, which was pointed, there arose a tall iron rod, on which stood a golden cock, with head erect to catch the morning breeze, with feathers spread to bask in the morning sun. A golden cock, I said: alas! golden no longer. Wind and weather had used him badly, and he had moulted all his splendor. Battered, and gray, and rusty, with draggled tail and broken beak, he was no more the brave cock that he had been of yore. He had a malevolent and diabolical aspect. He looked as if he had made a compact with the demons of the night.

How blame him, if he had ceased to be an amiable cock? For years he had done his duty bravely to the town in all weathers, telling the points of the wind with unerring sagacity. The winds furious at having their secrets betrayed, would often steal softly down upon him in the disguise of a delicate breeze, and then burst upon him with the roar of a lion, in the hope of tumbling him from his sentinel's post. But they never caught him, for he was then young and agile, and he glided round at the slightest breath, so that the winds never could succeed in coming upon his broad-side, but went off howling with anger to sea, where they wrecked ships, and buried them under the waves.

But the town neglected the poor cock, and he was never regilded or repaired, so that in time his pivots grew rusty, and he could no longer move with his former agility. Then the storms persecuted him, and the Equinox came down on him savagely twice a year, and buffeted him so that he thought his last hour was come; and those who passed by Saint Fantasmos on those tem-

pestuous nights heard him shrieking with rage, through the wild aërial combats, till thinking it the voice of a demon high up in the clouds, they crossed themselves, and hurried home to bed.

So the cock, and the belfry, and Jubal the Ringer grew old together ; but Jubal was the oldest of all, for the human heart ages more quickly than stone or copper, and the storms that assail it are fiercer and sharper than the winds or the rains.

## II.

JUBAL sat in the window of the belfry, looking over the black town, and moaning to himself. The day had not yet risen, but was near at hand.

‘This morn,’ he said, shaking his long hair, which was already sprinkled with gray, ‘this morn she will be wed. This morn she will stand in front of the altar below, the light from the silver lamps shining on her white forehead, that I love better than the moon ; and her lover will put the gold ring upon her finger, and the priest will bless her with lifted hands, while I, through the cracks in the vaulted ceiling, will behold all this : I, who adore her : I who have loved her for years, and followed her with my eyes as she wandered through the fields in May, toying with the hawthorn hedges, herself more fragrant, whiter, purer than the blossoms which she gathered. I, who used to spend the early dawn traversing the woods, gathering the red wild strawberries while the silver dewes still lay upon them, in order that I might place them secretly at her door ! Ah ! she never knew how in the cold winter nights I sat in the fork of the apple-tree outside her chamber-window, watching her light, and gazing on her shadow as it fell upon the blind. Sometimes the shadow would seem to lengthen, and come across the walk and climb the tree, and I would strive to fold it in my arms, as if it was my beloved in person ; but it would suddenly recoil and elude me, and I could do nothing but kiss the branches where it had fallen, with my cold lips.

‘One day, she went to gather white and yellow water-lilies, that swam on the surface of a pond. She held a long crook in her hand, with which she reached out and endeavored to bring them to shore. But they were cunning and slippery, and did not wish to be captured, by even so fair a maid as she ; so when her crook touched them, they ducked their pearly and golden crests under the waters and escaped, coming up again all dripping and shining, and seeming to laugh at the eager girl. Being vexed at this, she stretched out her crook still farther, when the treacherous bank gave way, and my Agatha went down into the deep pond. I was near — I was always near her, though she knew it not — and I plunged in, and sought her amid the loathsome weeds. I brought her to shore, and chafed her fair forehead, and revived her. Then when she had recovered, I said to her : ‘I am Jubal, the Ringer : I love you Agatha : will you make my lonely life happy forever ?’

With a look of wild horror she broke from me, and fled to her home.

‘And I am despised, and she weds another. While the blessings are being given, and the church is white with orange-wreaths, and the poor wait in the porch for the nuptial bounty, I, who adore her, must sit aloft in this old belfry, and ring out jubilant chimes for the wedded pair.

‘Aha! they know not Jubal, the Ringer. I can work the spells my mother worked, and I know the formulas that compel spirits. Agatha, thou false one, and thou, smooth-cheeked lover, who dreamst perhaps of her now, and thou, sacred priest, who givest away to another that which belongs to me, beware, for ye shall perish!’

Then Jubal laughed horribly, and spread his arms out as if he would embrace the night, and muttered certain strange sentences that were terrible to hear.

As he muttered, there came from the west a huge cloud of bats, that fastened themselves against the sides of the old belfry, and there was one for every stone, they were so numerous. And presently a ceaseless clicking resounded through the turret, as if myriads of tiny laborers were plying their pick-axes; a hail of falling fragments of mortar tinkled continually on the tin roofing of the Church of St. Fantasmos; and the bats seemed to eat into the crevices of the old belfry, as if they were about to sleep forever in its walls.

Presently the day rose. The sun-beams poured over the edges of the hills as the molten gold pours from the caldron of a worker in metals. The streets began to pulse with the first throbs of life, and Jubal, the Ringer, laughed aloud, for not a single bat was visible. The entire multitude had buried themselves in the walls of the belfry.

### III.

THE street leading to the Church of St. Fantasmos was by nine o'clock as gay as the enamelled pages of a pope's missal. The road was strewn with flowers, and the people crushed the tender lily of the valley and the blue campanula and the spiced carnation under their feet. In and out between the throng of loiterers ran persons bearing boughs of the yellow laburnum in full blossom, until the way seemed arabesqued with gold. The windows on either side were filled with smiling faces, that pressed against the panes, like flowers pressing toward the light against conservatory casements. The linen of the maidens' caps was white as snow, and their cheeks were rose-red; and each jostled the other so as better to see the wedding procession of the fair Agatha and her gallant lover on its way to the altar of St. Fantasmos.

Presently the marriage cavalcade came by. It was like a page from a painted book. Agatha was so fair and modest; the bridegroom was so manly; the parents were so venerable with their white locks, and their faces lit with the beautiful sun-set of departing life.

As the procession passed beneath the windows, bunches of ribbons and flowers and bits of gay-colored paper, on which amorous devices were written, were flung to the bride and bridegroom by the bystanders; and a long murmur swelled along the street, of 'God protect them, for they are beautiful and good!' And this lasted until they entered the gates of the church, where it was taken up by the poor people of the town who awaited them there. So, with benedictions falling upon them thick as the falling leaves of autumn, they passed into the Church of St. Fantamos; but as they gained the threshold the bride looked up to the belfry, and there she fancied she beheld a man's head glaring at her with two fiery eyes, so that she shuddered and looked away. The next instant she looked up again, but the head was gone.

The people who were not invited to the ceremony loitered in the yard without, intending to accompany the bride home when the sacred rite was concluded, and cheer her by the way with songs composed in her honor. While they waited, the chimes in the belfry began to peal.

'How now!' cried one. 'It is too soon for the chimes to peal. The couple are not yet married.'

'What can Jubal be dreaming of?' said a second.

'Listen,' cried a third; 'did you ever hear such discords. Those are not wedding chimes. It is the music of devils.'

A terrible fear suddenly fell over the multitude as they listened. Louder and louder swelled the colossal discords of the bells. The clouds were torn with these awful dissonances; the skies were curdled with the groans, the shrieks, the unnatural thunders that issued from the belfry.

The people below crossed themselves, and muttered to one another that there was a devil in the turret.

There was a devil in the turret, for Jubal was no longer man. With his eyes fixed on the crack in the vaulted ceiling, through which he saw the marriage ceremony proceeding, and his sinewy arms working with superhuman strength the machinery that moved the bells, he seemed the incarnation of a malevolent fiend. His hair stood erect; his eyes burned like fire-balls; and a white foam rose continually to his lips, and breaking into flakes, floated to the ground.

Still the terrible peals went on. The tortured bells swung now this way, now that, yelled forth a frightful diapason of sound that shook the very earth. Faster and faster Jubal tolled their iron tongues. Louder and louder grew the brazen clamor. The huge beams that supported the chimes cracked and groaned. The air, beaten with these violent sounds, swelled into waves that became billows, that in turn became mountains, and surged with irresistible force against the walls of the turret. The cock on the summit shivered and shrieked, as if the equinoxes of ten thousand years had been let loose on him at the same moment. The stones in the walls trembled, and from between their crevices vomited

Africa, etc., having their apex at the south ; while the oceans are consequently of the same form, with their bases south. Mountains have a cone shape. There are but three pure colors — blue, red, and yellow. In history, the Triumvirates were striking. The battle of Horatii and Curatii was decisive. Richard the First was admonished by Curate Falk to give up his three favorite daughters (vices) — Pride, Avarice, and Voluptuousness ; and the truce between Richard and Saladin was concluded for three years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours. A signal is given by three claps. When a duel is fought, the order is given : ‘ Five ! one, two, three, halt ! ’ Who does not recollect his first lesson in Cæsar : ‘ Gaul is divided into three parts. ’ The nose is one-third the length of the face, so with the forehead. Three notes constitute a chord in music, the fourth being the octave. It is a curious fact that the finest airs in music are in waltz time. In grammar we have active, passive, and middle voices ; verbs, regular, irregular, and defective ; first, second, and third person ; masculine, feminine, and neuter gender. The simplest sentence must have three words, a noun, verb, and object. Franklin felt complimented at being called a man of three letters, (fur ;) and Horace proclaimed the praises of his Lydias by ‘ three times three. ’ Man comes of age at twenty-one — three times seven ; and woman is *freer* at eighteen — three times six. Do we not all revere our grand-fathers’ three-cornered hats ? And what effect was produced at one time by the ‘ tricolor. ’ Three criminals are placed in the same cell to prevent a conspiracy. Mephistopheles requested Faust to call him three times. Columbus sailed in three ships, and made three voyages. A ship has three masts. Sailors, when pulling ropes on a man-of-war, are only allowed to say, one, two, three. A dog turns round three times before lying down. Court is opened by ‘ Hear ye ! hear ye ! hear ye ! ’ And a criminal is sentenced to be hung till he is ‘ dead, dead, dead ! ’ Only three of the Sybilline books were saved. The three witches of Shakspeare are famous. Who does not, when pleased with a political speech, exclaim, ‘ Three cheers ! ’ without the ‘ tiger. ’ The banns of marriage are published three times. The famous speech of Mr. Burke was followed by ‘ I say ditto ! ’ Mother Goose, in reply to Wordsworth, wrote about three jolly Welsh men. A horse, it is said, lives three times the age of a dog ; a man three times the age of a horse ; a camel three times the age of a man ; and an elephant three times the age of a camel. Napoleon’s last words were, ‘ *Tête d’ armée !* ’ The celebrated words on the wall were, ‘ *Mene, Tekel, Upharsin !* ’ The last words of our SAVIOUR were, ‘ It is finished ! ’ What credit Cæsar received for his laconic ‘ *Veni, Vidi, Vici !* ’ ‘ *Punch* ’ has one also, *Peccavi*, ‘ I have (zind) sinned. ’ In France the watch-words of the Revolutionists were, ‘ *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité !* ’ Trajan’s famous saying is worthy of remembrance : ‘ *Pro me ; si merear, in me.* ’ There is another evasive reply : ‘ *Non mi ricordo !* ’ And our own national motto is, ‘ *E Pluribus Unum !* ’

## F A R A N D N E A R .

Sitting by my open window,  
 Looking out where day is waking,  
 I remember him who left me,  
 As a gloomier dawn was breaking.

Here before me, green and fragrant,  
 New-mown lawns stretch into distance,  
 While the elm-trees, wooed by breezes,  
 Palpitate with love's resistance.

Trembling to the zephyr kisses,  
 All the dewy foliage glistens,  
 And the oriole sings his matin  
 Where the charmed thrush sits and listens.

Birds of gay and glittering plumage  
 On triumphant wings are soaring,  
 Songs of joy and exultation  
 Over all the young dawn pouring.

Soft translucent clouds are floating,  
 White as wool, or amber-tinted,  
 Where celestial robes of wonder  
 By their lustring folds are hinted.

Far beyond the skyward warblers,  
 I can hear angelic voices :  
 Through the blue my vision reaches,  
 And my lifted soul rejoices.

All sublimed, up-springs my spirit,  
 Mounting on seraphic pinions,  
 Gazes on the loved and lost one,  
 Meets him in supreme dominions.

There, in Love's eternal mansion :  
 There, where Death is lost in distance,  
 I can see my own sweet darling —  
 I can join his new existence.

Thus my strayed but cherished first-born,  
 Gone, I could but wonder whither,  
 Draws me with electric forces  
 From earth's grossness upward thither.

His the hands that mine are clasping ;  
 His the voice that hails my greeting ;  
 His and mine the olden rapture,  
 The remembered joy of meeting.

. . . . .

Waking from that radiant vision,  
 Shrinking into saddest musing,  
 All around are jarring noises,  
 My bewildered brain confusing.



Comes again the fruitless yearning,  
 Comes the sound of woe and warning,  
 Comes the thought that chills existence,  
 Comes the cloud that darks the morning.

Birds may charm the ear with music,  
 Blue skies bend in beauty o'er me;  
 Meadows, rich with buds and blossoms,  
 Wave their starry plumes before me;

Sun-rise on the waters quiver,  
 Floods of crimson bathe the mountain;  
 But my day is shut in darkness,  
 Life is hindered at the fountain.

G. H. G.

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T H E M E D D A H O F S T A M B O U L :

O R T H E O R I E N T A L S T O R Y - T E L L E R .

Nothing is more erroneous and unjust than the idea that the Orientals are indolent or inactive. The apparent idleness which some persons have attributed to them, is more the effect of a spirit of resignation to external circumstances, than of a desire to be unemployed. Indeed *inactivity* is against the spirit of the Ottomans, for with them there are no *rentiers*, but every one must have a calling; even the Sultan is traditionally supposed to belong to the *tooth-pick trade*!

Although there is no national drama in Turkey, the love of the marvellous is too powerful in the warm and imaginative nature of the people of that sunny clime, to remain without some development.

There are professed story-tellers, called *Meddahs*, who acquire the most wonderful popularity, and who are not destitute of dramatic power, entrancing their attentive audiences by the magnetism of highly-wrought fiction and exaggerated descriptions. They exercise certain *coups de théâtre* of their own, and are, by the excited fancies of the people, invested with a genii-like power, as they condense into the passing hour the scenes of an eventful life, or detail the enchantments of fairydom. Yet their tales generally have some good moral, and their comicalities hold up some popular vice to public derision.

On festival occasions the *Meddahs* provide a most welcome part of the entertainment. We happened to be present at the palace of Adilé Sultan, the sister of the present Sultan, and the wife of his late Highness Ahmed Fethi Pasha, on one of these days of pleasure. As usual, the side of the spacious apartment of the *Selamlak*, adjoining the harem, was partitioned off by a latticed screen, behind which were assembled the Sultana and her suite,

with many other ladies, to enjoy the entertainment. The gentlemen were also present on the other side of the screen; this being the only style of *mixed assembly* in the East, the advantage being always on the side of the ladies.

The hall was beautifully illuminated by large chandeliers, whose brilliancy was reflected in the sparkling gems that adorned the persons of the distinguished Effendis and the beautiful amber mouth-pieces of the long chibouks, from which they wafted ambrosial gales.

After the performances of a number of Circassian dancing-girls, a large arm-chair was placed at the end of the hall, opposite the lattice, and an individual was conducted to this temporary seat of honor.

He was a man of middle age; his gray beard was carefully trimmed; and he wore the modern costume in the European style, with the national fess upon his head. Having seated himself, he carelessly threw his large painted muslin handkerchief over his right shoulder, so as to be ready for use, and taking his wand of office, which lay by, much resembling an aldermanic staff, gave three portentous knocks on the floor.

Rising from his seat, he now made a profound obeisance toward the lattice, where was supposed to be the presence of royalty, and then resuming his former position, slowly clapped his hands three times, uttering the invocation *Hack-Dost*, Allah befriend us!

A breathless silence pervaded the apartment, for this was the famous Meddah!

We will attempt to relate the story which fell from his lips, with only such modifications as may render it acceptable to Western ears:

‘Who has not heard of the wonderful cream-tarts of Beder-Eddin Hassan and his mother, whereby hangs a tale, which fell from the lips of the enchanting Schehrazadé?’

‘But once upon a time, in the seat of felicity, this city of Stamboul, there was sold a more exquisite, a more incomprehensible, a more soul-stirring, in a word, the most exquisite confection of which we have ever seen any record.

‘The history of this wonderful pastry has often been the theme of the Meddahs, and is worthy of repetition, for it teaches all the world the great necessity of possessing some practical trade, which may some day be useful to either rich or poor.

‘KASSEM PASHA beöreyee  
Tup-tup eder yüreyee.

‘KASSEM PASHA’s pastry sweet  
Pit pat makes the heart beat.’

So cried a famous Beörekgee as he travelled along the quiet thoroughfares of this metropolis; poising on his head a great round tray, upon which lay tempting heaps of the far-famed pastry manufactured only at Kassem Pasha.

‘Selim was tall, young, and handsome; his eyes were dark and

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G. H. C.

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## THE MEDDAH OF STAMBOUL:

### OR THE ORIENTAL STORY-TELLER.

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'Selim was tall, young, and handsome; his eyes were dark and

piercing, his nose aquiline, his moustache undefiled by any razor, soft as silk, and the ruddy glow of youth was upon his countenance.

‘His muscular arms were bare almost to the shoulder, the ample sleeves of his white gauze shirt being carefully secured, so as to expose the most elaborate tattooing, the insignia of the Janissary corps.

‘He used to wear ample trowsers of crimson broadcloth, with a splendid vest of the same hue, both gayly embroidered with gold thread; and an immense Persian shawl was round about his waist.

‘His turban was made of a *taraboulous*, or long and heavy silk scarf, of the most brilliant hues, from Tripoli, which was fantastically wound round a high fess; his legs were bare and muscular, and his large shoes of bright red morocco.

‘Right boldly and confidently the handsome Selim glanced on every side, as he sang out in full round tones:

‘KASSEM PASHA beöreyee  
Tup-tup eder yüreyee.’

Strange praise that ‘Pit pat makes the heart beat!’ Mouths have been known to water for a delicious morsel, the mere odor of a savory mess has been next to a taste thereof; but why should *this* pastry make the heart to palpitate! Was it the song of Selim which broke upon the stillness of the thoroughfares like the musical cadence of the muezzin? Was it the bold, dare-devil beauty of the gayly-accoutred vendor himself? or was it really the taste of the pastry? Who can tell?

‘A jewelled hand taps at the latticed casement, and Selim tarries a moment at the portal, at the adjoining dwelling he stops, over the way, every where, until the last morsel is disposed of, and he wends his way back to Kassem Pasha for a new supply.

‘They taste, they look at each other, taste again, until their hearts really beat with anxiety. ‘How delicate, how melting, how unsurpassed!’ every one exclaims; ‘but why do our hearts tremble?’ Yet day after day Selim appears, always singing out the same incantation, always dealing to eager customers the same entrancing morsels.

‘There is mystery, but intrinsic excellence also, rare compound! Incredible! yet all classes of the great community are astir about this pastry; wondering, talking, partaking.

‘When Ahmed entered his lowly dwelling at night, of course bringing his loaf of bread for the evening meal, and a candle, thus providing for his family according to the rules of the sacred Koran, Fatma said: ‘All day long have I been dying to taste that pastry.’

‘‘But, my dear soul, I have just twenty paras in my purse.’

‘‘It matters not, Allah Kerim, God is powerful, the morrow will take care of itself.’

And the humble couple feast upon the far-famed pastry.

‘Yes, beggars eat of it, artisans taste it, Effendis swallow the fascinating morsels, Pashas regale themselves, and ladies of all ranks and classes tremble and eat.

‘The royal palace is not exempt from the mania. The Sultan and the fair Sultanas declare all the confections of their own hitherto unrivalled professors of gastronomy unworthy to be matched with the Kassem Pasha beöreyee. Every day increases the demand; all are enraptured with this morsel of delight, and without ever knowing the reason why

‘KASSEM PASHA’s pastry sweet  
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‘Half way up the Golden Horn, just after passing the Old Bridge, there is a sort of bay right opposite the city, on the Pera side, the shores of which form the quay for three different quarters of the city, namely Pera, Tataula, and Kassem Pasha. The Divan, or Hall of Admiralty, stands prominently on one point of the bay, and upon the other are the Dry Docks; between these buildings are the Marine Barracks. The principal Navy-Yard of the Ottoman empire is located all along this shore, as far as the village of Haskeöi; while the new Naval Academy is conspicuous on the ascent of the neighboring hill. As these places are government property, they are bordered by a wall which extends from the Old Bridge to the village of Haskeöi. Passing through the gate-way of this wall, which is always closed at night, you come upon a ravine, inclosed by the hills upon which the above-mentioned suburbs are built. In this ravine a famous Turkish dignitary once erected a mosque, which was called by his name; indeed the whole quarter has ever since been known by the same title of Kassem Pasha. Yet we may safely aver that all honor was concentrated in the little spot of *terrá firma*, upon which the temple of Allah stood; for no odor of sanctity pervaded the adjacent localities.

‘Here live the families of the reckless sailors and of the laborers and mechanics of the Navy-Yard, forming a noisy, independent, care-for-naught community, untrammelled and untainted by the restraints of civilization. The rain, mud, and filth pour down from the adjacent hills, carrying in their course all the refuse of the houses into the bed of the ravine, creating a stream foul, black, and disgusting. Upon the banks of this dark river, are innumerable dingy coffee-shops, low eating-houses, green groceries, dry groceries, fruit-stores, and other marts of commerce. Here love to congregate all the outcasts of society; the ill-designed to prey upon the vices and follies of humanity, and the low and vulgar to indulge their dispositions in sympathy with their kind. The astrologer loiters here, pipe in hand, ready to reap his harvest from the superstitious multitude; not to trace the hand of destiny by the far-off evolutions of the stars, but to tell the issue of earth-born passions as they dash tumultuously, like tempest waves over the great ocean of human life.

‘In the darkest corner of the dimly-lighted shop, closely huddled



together, sit a group of evil-looking men, in cautious whispers and flash jargon plotting their coming misdeeds of theft, assassination, blood, and death, when darkness shall cast its mantle over the great city. In these purlieus the more wary villains find ready tools, bold men who reckon gold more precious than any man's life, and for a price, will unhesitatingly accomplish any desired scheme of ruin or of death.

'Once in this atmosphere, once in the company of these devils in human form, no one would travel further in search of the infernal regions.

'Here then, strange to tell, among these shops and these inhabitants, stood the famous establishment whence emanated the delicious pastry once so popular among all classes of the great metropolis. Notwithstanding the reputation of Kassem Pasha, by degrees this shop became a place of resort from all quarters of the city for those whose epicureanism and curiosity overcame all other obstacles. All the shops in the East are unincumbered by windows or panes of glass, and the one in question, though otherwise most conspicuous, in this respect resembled all others. Its whole façade was open, being only protected by movable shutters, which were suspended by hinges from the top of the cornice. These shutters, when raised in the morning, were hitched upon the projecting eaves of the shop, forming an external ceiling, or sort of awning above the heads of the customers. This awning was gayly painted in the most diversified hues, as well as the whole exterior and interior of the popular establishment; the garb of most gaudy Oriental fresco strangely contrasting with the dingy and sombre surroundings. Just within the front of the shop, and extending as far as the door-way, there was a wide counter, made of black walnut, which was much deepened in hue, and polished in surface by its gradual assimilation to the nature of the wares it constantly held, namely, great trays of the tempting pastry, hot and unctuous. A few feet from the counter was the oven, the front of which was fantastically covered with tiles of Chinese porcelain, while below the door was a slab of pure white marble. Over the oven, on one side, was an aperture, through which trays of prepared pastry were continually issuing to be baked. Between the counter and the oven were some half-dozen men, with arms bared to the shoulder, variously employed. Two were shoving fresh trays into the oven and removing those that were already baked; and the others were near the counter, serving the impatient customers. Each man held a pair of scales suspended by bright brass chains three feet long, while with a semi-circular knife he cut up the pastry and weighed it. Long and constant practice had made them so dexterous, that one cut of the knife seldom failed of the requisite measure, while the regularity and uniformity of these movements produced a sort of mechanical music, constantly vibrating, click, clack, click, clack. Along one side of the shop there was a raised platform, about two feet high, for the accommodation of those who could afford to sit down awhile and prolong their

epicurean tastes. There were several active boys who found constant employment in serving these customers; while Mustapha, the presiding genius and lucky proprietor, paraded to-and-fro in attire of crimson and gold.

'The crowd in attendance was motley and numerous; men in loose robes and huge turbans of every hue and form; men of quiet respectability and of busy haste; men of *piastres*, and men of *paras*. Women in white veils and green, yellow, pink, and blue *feradgées*, of somewhat dubious rank and caste. Boys and girls, with the undisguised enthusiasm of childhood; all in their way discussing the products of the establishment. Some were outside, some within; some greedily swallowing the morsel in hand, smacking their lips, and licking the clinging fat and savor from their fingers, so absorbed in eating, and regardless of publicity; while others, more fortunate or more dainty, were seated upon the platform in the shop, with small trays before them, and with more pretension to epicureanism; but one and all graphically and practically demonstrating the assertion of the wisest of men:

'' There is nothing better than to eat.''

The Meddah here personated the various greedy characters in this group with wonderful aptitude and comicality, with such a varying expression of countenance, such life-like intonations and idiomatic phrases, that one would have supposed the whole crowd before Mustapha's shop had suddenly entered the hall.

There was created the most dramatic effect, to the perfect satisfaction and exceeding merriment of the august company. The applause having subsided, the Meddah thus continued:

'A little distance from the crowd two persons had for some time been lingering, apparently well amused by the eagerness of this multitude. Tall caps, in the form of sugar-loaves, constituted their head-gear, and ample cloaks of coarse brown cloth, fell in graceful folds about their persons. They wore striped vests of Damascene fabric, with full trowsers of Angora shalley, and their waists were girdled by shawls of unpretending value, in which were displayed the long-handled ebony flesh-combs generally used by the members of their order. Their feet were encased in yellow buskins, over which they wore the customary *pabooches*, or yellow slippers. From this external appearance it was evident they belonged to the order of the Mevlevee dervishes.

'By degrees they drew nearer to the shop, and entering, seated themselves with the rest of the company upon the elevated platform, and a tray upon a low stool was placed before them containing the famous pastry, fresh and hot.

'There was a remarkable lightness, an incredible expansion of the delicate fibres of the mingled flour and butter, as it lay in innumerable flaky folds, inclosing the most delicate force-meat; indeed, the dervishes were more than ever delighted with their favorite pastry, and could not refrain from expressing their satisfaction to each other. After discoursing some time as to its ingredients, they at last called Mustapha and began to question him as to how

it was manufactured. But the Beörekgee, with a solemn face, only admonished them to suppress all curiosity, and enjoy the repast before them. Supposing the man was afraid of competition, one of the gentlemen answered him, that they had no idea of setting up a rival establishment, but were only desirous to have it made at their own houses. As Mustapha was inexorable, they tried to overcome his reluctance by the offer of a goodly sum of piasters. Whether the refined appearance and polite demeanor of these dervishes, or the apparent length of their purses, suddenly changed the word of the man of the wonderful pastry, is uncertain; but he promised to show them the peculiar process after they had finished eating. Much amused by the prospect of having their curiosity gratified, the dervishes soon arose, and were conducted to the fountain for the purpose of washing their hands. This fountain was in the back part of the shop, behind the oven, within a closet so small that but one person could enter. After some time had passed, the dervish who was awaiting his turn outside, gently opened the door to see what his friend was about, when lo! he found the closet deserted. Much alarmed at the disappearance of his companion, he summoned the Beörekgee, who assured him that there was no cause for alarm; his friend had only gone to the place where the pastry was prepared, and that if he had the same curiosity, he had only to perform his ablutions, and he would also be conducted there. He accordingly entered the closet, and as he was washing his hands, suddenly the floor beneath his feet seemed to give way, and in a moment more he found himself in a large subterranean hall. The atmosphere was humid, cold, and redolent of noxious vapors, too heavy to breathe, where terror alone almost sufficed to stifle respiration.

‘Several lamps suspended from the ceiling cast a lurid light on the scene before our trembling dervish; huge figures flitted before him, now and then a deep sigh or stifled groan came heavily to his ears; yet there were no human voices. Almost paralyzed with fear, he tried to call out for his friend, but his speech failed him. What were those naked forms hovering about, knives and hatchets in hand? What meant those severed limbs, those scattered hands and feet, those trunkless heads with starting eye-balls? He stepped forward into a pool of blood! he reeled back over a dead body! he listened, and only caught the echoes of the axe or the knife!

‘Bound hand and foot, he saw several men standing, of so marble-like hue, that he doubted whether they were men or corpses; among these he discovered his own companion.

‘Along one side of this charnel-house was a long table, at which several individuals were busily employed, and at one end was a vast heap of human bones, which were gathered together by a man who seemed to be in attendance for no other purpose.

‘The famous pastry-maker now appeared, and taking our two terror-stricken dervishes by the hand, began to initiate them into the mysteries of his work-shop. Selecting a man from the group, he summoned the principal butcher of these regions, who, in a

twinkling, with his glittering axe, severed the head from the body to which it had so many years belonged. Fearful silence prevailed, and an icy shiver pervaded the life-blood in the veins of the lookers-on. They now turn to the tables, where the men dexterously strip the yet quivering flesh from the human limbs, freeing the bones from the clinging morsels, and with wonderful dispatch creating but two heaps of the late body: one a pile of flesh, the other of bones. This meat is now carefully chopped up and placed on trays, which are borne away.

‘‘Here, then, my Effendis, is the secret of the Kassem Pasha Biðrekjee,’’ said the proprietor of this famous establishment. ‘Nothing so savory, nothing so delicate, nothing so meltingly delicious as the flesh of a gentleman — a well-fed, fat, pampered gentleman. Does he not live on the rarest viands, quaff the purest wines, sip the most cooling sherbets? He is never wearied with the toils of life, nor does his body suffer from fatigue. He strolls in sweetly-perfumed gardens, and lingers by cooling streams, or reposes on silken couches. The pastry you eat just now,’’ continued Mustapha, ‘pleased you well, my friends; it so surpassed all you had ever before tasted, that prudence was overcome, and curiosity became a passion in your breasts. No wonder you liked it, it was the pure white flesh of the Mir Akhor, or Master of the Horse of the Palace, they called him Abdullah, which, enveloped in a tissue of flour, so tickled your palates.’

‘‘Hafiz Allah!’’ (God preserve us,) exclaimed the dervishes in a breath: for they knew Abdullah very well, and a sudden faintness almost overcame them. ‘Take all our money, all we have,’ they cried, ‘only send us away from this awful place.’

‘‘None go from here alive,’’ said the Beðrekjee. ‘What! to tell my secret, to spoil my business! Your money is mine, and your bodies too. Mashallah! you will make even better mince-meat than Abdullah himself. You look very tempting, your flesh is firm, and will surpass any I have ever had,’’ said this connoisseur in human meat, as he rudely pressed his fingers upon the rounded forms of our dervishes. ‘Oh! no! to-morrow my gay Selim will have good reason to sing out:

‘‘KASSEM PASHA’S pastry sweet  
Pit pat makes the heart beat.’’

‘Now the names of our dervishes were Ali and Hassan. Ali seemed to be of superior rank, if one might judge by the deference rendered to him by his companion; but Hassan was very shrewd, and in this awful emergency began to consider in what manner they could be saved from their impending fate. After a little pause, he thus addressed the Beðrekjee.

‘‘Master, to kill us would be of little use to you, compared to the great profit you might make by keeping us alive. Our dead bodies could only serve for a tray or two of pastry, but by saving us, your gains would be prolonged, and constant from day to day.’

‘‘It cannot be,’’ said the stubborn Mustapha. ‘To let you escape

from here is impossible, unless, like your predecessors, in the form of minced-meat and pastry, to regale the subjects of our great Padischah, the sultanas, the houris of the harem. By Allah, you shall be sent direct to the royal palace: a special order has come for a supply of Kassem Pasha's *bœoreyee* for the Sultan's harem.'

'Hassan almost lost his *sang-froid* at this new threat; but life was too sweet to be parted from without another effort.

'Now, friend, let me tell you,' he again said to Mustapha, 'how you can make your fortune much sooner than by manufacturing pastry. My companion, Ali, is a man of surprising skill; he knows how to weave a certain style of carpet which excels the finest tapestry in curious and exquisite workmanship. Now, only keep us alive a few days, and try how much you will gain by selling these carpets as fast as Ali can weave them. If you do not find them profitable, you still have us in safe keeping, and can then make us into any thing you like. Get the loom, the silks, and let Ali make but one; take it to the bazaars, and you will get more for it than for a whole year's work at pastry.'

'Ah! you think to cheat me,' said Mustapha; 'I have seen too many men like you, full of expedients to spin out the thread of life, even for a few short hours. No, I can't afford to let your fine flesh deteriorate by staying here: to-morrow's pastry must be the best that was ever made at Kassem Pasha's;' and, so saying, this hard-hearted monster left our dervishes to all the agony of anticipating their awful doom.'

The Meddah here rose from his seat, announcing that he was somewhat fatigued, and would take a moment's repose. He accordingly withdrew to an adjoining apartment, where the eager attendants served him with a pipe and coffee, over which he seemed to linger most unreasonably, much to the chagrin of the ladies, who began to be clamorous, declaring that the Meddah was too long refreshing himself.

For aught we know, he might have tarried till morning, had it not been for the appearance of the black eunuchs of the Sultana, holding in their hands the most persuasive arguments, in the form of sundry embroidered handkerchiefs, in the corners of which were tied up certain valuable pieces of gold. These having been presented to the Meddah in the name of the Sultana and her ladies, did not fail to remind him that his tale was not yet finished; so taking one last long puff of the all-inspiring weed, he again repaired to the hall, and resumed his seat and his story, saying:

'The situation in which we left the dervishes is not to be envied, and we shall learn in the sequel what destiny was in store for them. The unfortunate Ali and his ingenious companion spent all the wearisome hours of this horrible day in bewailing their fate; now cursing their too fatal curiosity, and anon deprecating the unparalleled depravity of Mustapha: even Hassan, with all his shrewdness, all his apparent *sang-froid*, felt a deep despair taking possession of his soul. Were they indeed to be sacrificed? *they?* Could it be that Ali, the redoubted, the honorable, the powerful



Ali was thus to perish in this execrable den, by the hands of these cold-blooded wretches ?

‘*Istah fur-Ullah ! La vé la, illa koovet ul-Ilah !*’ devoutly exclaimed Hassan, folding his hands upon his breast, as all human resources seemed to fail him.

‘God forbid ! There is none, none, no power but in God ALMIGHTY.’

‘It was now evening, and the dervishes thought their last hour was approaching. They seemed to hear the fluttering wings of Azraël, the Angel of Death ; they felt as if the shadows around them were deeper, the darkness more profound ; and excluding the world from their thoughts, as it seemed to be from their bodily senses, they commended their souls to the keeping of Allah. Falling on their knees, they solemnly repeated the ‘Fatiha,’ or the Lord’s Prayer of the Mussulmans.

‘Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures ; the most merciful, the King of the Day of Judgment. THEE do we worship, and of THEE do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom THOU hast been gracious ; not of those against whom THOU art incensed, nor of those who go astray.’

‘Then addressing the Angel of Death : ‘Take not our souls in a rough and cruel manner from the inmost recesses of these our bodies, as the souls of the wicked, but as the souls of the Faithful, gently, and without violence.’

‘Ali and Hassan, without any more lingering desires after earthly objects, now calmly fixed their thoughts upon the joys of Paradise, which await all true believers.

‘They had almost forgotten their real condition, when suddenly another visitor was introduced into this hall of horrors — a youth of the noblest proportions, and in the beauty and freshness of perfect health, and evidently of high rank. Mustapha made his appearance also, and immediately ordered him to be sacrificed. Ali and Hassan now expected that their time had come ; but the Beörekgee had determined otherwise.

‘You are to live a few days longer,’ said he, addressing them. ‘I shall make a trial of your skill.’ The loom and the silks were procured, and the work was commenced by Ali. He was most assiduous ; for with the boon of life, even for a few days, hope again returned. One beautiful shade was mingled with another in varying tints : there were exquisite intertwinings of threads of gold and silk in fantastic shapings, and around the whole a rich border in arabesque, until by great diligence, working day and night, the carpet was soon finished. It was a *seddjadé*, or small praying-carpet, such as the faithful use in their devotions, and excited the highest admiration of Mustapha, who was almost tempted to keep it for himself ; as if such as he ever addressed the throne of Allah.

‘But avarice was too strong a passion in his breast, and according to Hassan’s directions, he took it to the Bezesden, to be sold at public auction. It was there examined and admired for



some time, until at last one of the 'Hodjakees,' or licensed stall-keepers, ventured to offer an enormous price, as a start. The bidding was now kept up pretty lively, much to the astonishment and delight of Mustapha. There was great emulation, as each one of the Hodjakees was desirous to carry the carpet to the palace; for they considered it one of those gems of art which ought to pass into the possession of royalty itself. Perceiving this, Mustapha resolved not to part with it at any price. The Hodjakees then offered to accompany him, if he would take it himself to the palace, assuring him that his majesty would remunerate him highly, even for a sight of it, if he did not choose to part with it. They accordingly repaired to the royal residence, where their arrival was announced to the Lord Chamberlain, who ordered that they should be ushered into his presence. After requesting them to be seated, he evinced the greatest anxiety to know whether they had brought him any important tidings. One of the Hodjakees, making a respectful salutation, thus addressed his Excellency:

'We are not the bearers of tidings, my lord; but it has been our good luck to fall in with a beautiful praying-carpet at the Bezesten. As it is of the most exquisite workmanship, we were anxious to purchase it for the use of his majesty. But the owner,' and he pointed to Mustapha, 'by some caprice or other, having changed his mind, concluded not to part with it. We have persuaded him to bring it here for the royal inspection.'

'So saying, he unfolded the carpet, and held it up to view. When the Lord Chamberlain saw the carpet, he was astonished and agitated; for he knew but one person who possessed the skill to weave such a wonderful *seddjadé*.

'Can it be?' he suddenly thought: 'if so, there must be some characters interwoven among the figures, which would be unobserved by vulgar eyes.'

'He then eagerly approached the carpet, and seemed to touch it with an indefinable reverence. He anxiously scanned it, while all regarded him in profound silence. Then suddenly he seized it from the hands of the Hodjakee, and rushed from the apartment into the presence of the Silihdar, or Sword-Bearer, and spreading it upon the floor, pointed to the arabesque characters in the border. They both knelt, and began to decipher the inscription, with frequent exclamations of: 'Hafiz Allah! Hafiz Allah!'

'The Sword-Bearer now anxiously said: 'But is he yet alive?'

'We shall soon find that out,' said the Lord Chamberlain, and returned to the room where were left the Hodjakees.

'Friend,' said he to Mustapha, 'since you refuse to part with your carpet, can you not procure me another just like it?'

'Mustapha replied: 'That depends on circumstances, my lord; there is no limit to the munificence of our august sovereign.'

'He again left the room, ordering the attendants to offer refreshments to Mustapha and the Hodjakees, stationing a guard at the door with injunctions to let no one pass.

‘ ‘By Allah! no time is to be lost, he is yet alive,’ said he to the Sword-Bearer.

‘ We will leave the Hodjakees and Mustapha regaling themselves in the Royal Palace, and proceed to the charnel-house at Kassem Pasha. There was great consternation in that locality, for the far-famed establishment instead of being surrounded by the ordinary crowd of customers, was now encompassed by troops of soldiers. To their great surprise all the inmates of the shop were made prisoners, the flooring was forcibly torn up, and a body of armed men, headed by the Lord Chamberlain, rushed into the subterranean hall, to the amazement of the busy fiends, whose deeds had never borne the light of heaven, and to the glad surprise of those who were awaiting their awful doom. The Chamberlain frantically rushed to-and-fro over the pavement all slippery with gore, over the heaps of bones, rolling before him the truncated heads like foot-balls, and anxiously peering into the faces of all who had life in them, until in a distant corner he spied our dervishes. Like lightning he sped on, and fell prostrate at the feet of Ali, the doomed, the rescued Ali! the skilful weaver! One shrill cry of joy burst from them: ‘Elhamed Allah. HEAVEN be praised!’

‘ They now conducted the dervishes to the palace, where our Beorekgee was awaiting the reëpearance of the Chamberlain. For, although he expressed his desire to depart, he was assured that he could not leave the palace without again seeing the Lord Chamberlain. Whereupon he swore to himself, that he would be sure to make mince-meat of that Chamberlain if he ever caught him at Kassem Pasha.

‘ His anxiety did not last much longer, for the Chamberlain himself now entered and summoned him and the Hodjakees to the presence of the Sultan. His heart bounded within him at the prospect of the royal patronage. High-sounding titles were sweetly whispered by excited fancy, visions of palaces and houris suddenly floated before him, and his soul blessed the enchanted carpet.

‘ He seemed to tread on air as he walked along the corridors of the palace.

‘ He entered the audience-hall, and raising his eyes to the throne, suddenly became of the hue of death, and with one long shriek of wild despair, ‘ Mercy, oh! mercy!’ fell to the floor.

‘ For he saw before him, upon that throne in those regal robes, the dervishes of his own charnel-house, the all-powerful, absolute Sultan and his Grand Vezir.

‘ The truth is, that as was customary in the days of Haroun al Reshid, so it had continued to be for Sultans to perambulate the city incognito. Sultan Murad and his Grand Vezir had personated the dervishes of our story, and penetrated into the secrets of the Kassem Pasha pastry.

‘ We have seen how they would have perished like many others, if a wonderful ingenuity had not, by the interposition of Allah, been

the means of their preservation. For the Sultan had in a curious manner interwoven the history of his awful accident among the arabesques upon the carpet, which was carried to the palace where it only could have been deciphered.

‘My story is done,’ said the Meddah, ‘and doubtless you are all convinced of the value of the mechanical arts.

‘The Sultan himself would have perished if he had not possessed the art of weaving, and the world would never have known why

‘KASSEM PASHA’S pastry sweet  
Pit pat made all hearts beat.’

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## THE NAMING OF THE BABY.

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BY DIX GUMVIDI.

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PILGRIMS, Eblis-bound, like VATHEK ;  
Scholars, vexed with metres Attic ;  
Patients, stretched on rack rheumatic ;  
Fathers, plagued by sons erratic :  
When such pains would be beguiled,  
Try the naming of a child.

Bards propose sweet names undying,  
History with song is vying,  
Romance to be heard is trying,  
Holy Writ brooks no denying ;  
Oh ! what dire perplexity  
Brings the baby on your knee !

Blessed aunts and rich grand-mothers,  
Cousins, friends, and countless others,  
Each with name that suits, yet bothers ;  
How the list appals and smothers,  
Till you fear, with all the fuss,  
Babe will stay anonymous.

Then how much of joy and grieving ;  
Poet’s rage, soft lyrics weaving ;  
Lover’s hope, all others leaving,  
So a maid’s name may be cleaving :  
Sure the christening of the elf  
Costs more pain than baby’s self !

Could a name but hint the story  
Of thy blue eyes’ oratory,  
And thy new smile promissory  
Of ripe beauty’s coming glory,  
Love and lore should meet to frame,  
Sweetest babe, thy fitting name !

## THE DEATH OF VIRGIL:

A PHILOSOPHIC FANTASY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

IN a spacious mansion in the suburbs of Rome, at the twilight of the day preceding the nones of March, in the year of the city 734, sat two noble and thoughtful men. The eldest, who was about fifty, was clad in a white tunic. He was thin and tall, with a scholarly stoop in the shoulders; his face was pale and worn, but more, it seemed, with sensibility than time. His companion, who was some five or ten years younger, was wrapt in a purple toga. Between the two was a small table of citron-wood, the legs of which were of ivory, and curiously wrought. Upon this table stood a basket of fruit. The walls of the apartment were covered with pictures and statues; the spaces between were filled with carvings in wood, some of cypress and box, others of ebony, inlaid with tortoise-shell and pearl. The floor was of different colored marble; the ceiling was adorned with ivory, and richly painted and gilded. It was the Corinthian room of Virgil, the poet and magician, who was conversing with the knight Publius, his friend. They had finished the cœna a few minutes before, and adjourned from the triclinium, bearing their frugal desert.

‘I have been looking at the sun-set, and thinking of my past life,’ said the poet, after a brief pause. ‘It has not been altogether wasted, like the lives of so many; still, I cannot but reproach myself, I have accomplished so little. A tree bears in its time hundreds of baskets of fruit; the great deeds of the greatest men can be counted on the fingers. Why should man be so sterile, and Nature so prolific?’

‘The lower the life,’ the knight answered, ‘the more lavish its issue. The oak sheds a thousand acorns, each one of which contains a germ of itself; the bird that sings in the oak lays but a few speckled eggs. Life narrows as it ascends. Birds and trees, the grass of the fields, the sands of the sea-shore — these are the base of the pyramid, the apex of which is man.’

‘So we flatter ourselves, Publius. But did we know what the birds and trees think of us, we might not be so proud. ‘I can fly over land and sea,’ methinks the bird sings; ‘over miles of field and wood, and the long, long leagues of water. I soar in the great arch of the sky, up, up to the clouds. What is this thing called man, who creeps so slowly on the ground, and is so driven about by the waves?’ ‘I grow broad and high,’ the oak murmurs with its oracular leaves; ‘ever broader and higher, wedding the years with my rings. I hold out my great brawny arms, and wave my green flags in the sun-shine. I laugh at the wind and the rain, and fear nothing, not even Jove’s thunder. It is a fearful bolt that slays the mighty oak. But these pigmies around me, who cannot span my bole with their arms, I outlive whole genera-

tions of them.' Then there are the rocks and hills, Publius, and the seas and skies. They could tell a tale of longevity which would humble us, their betters. Your figure of the pyramid is not a happy one. But if you must use it, let it be inverted. Life should not narrow, but broaden as it ascends.'

'I was not thinking of man's body,' said Publius, 'when I placed him above the lesser intelligencies, but of that mysterious something which we call his soul. That he should have that, and not have the hardy life of the animals, which he needs so much more than they, puzzles and saddens me. Why should the inanimate oak endure a thousand years, and the most god-like man scarce three-score and ten?'

'There are reasons, Publius,' said Virgil, handing the knight a peach from the basket on the table before him; 'many excellent reasons why the life of man is so short. And not the least is this: we eat too little fruit. The animals follow their instinct, and it leads them to their proper food; we follow our debauched appetites, and gorge ourselves with poisons—the fore-runners of disease and death. Thou hast supped with Lucullus, and know what beasts we Romans can make ourselves. We drag the sea for its fish, and empty the air of its birds. We bake and roast and boil them, and huddle them together, course after course, washing the compound down with draughts of fire. Instead of cooling our parched throats with grapes, we press out their juice, and hoard it away in our cellars until it becomes maddening and murderous. I loathe our Roman banquets; there is nothing innocent or natural about them, except the roses which crown our cups. And they, poor things, soon fade, blasted by the foul breath or fouler jests of the drinkers.'

'It is easy,' Publius replied, 'for you poets and philosophers to live on fruits, delicate and spiritual thinkers that ye are; but the tillers of the soil, the ploughmen of the waves, the stout harvesters of battle-fields, the workers of the world, need, methinks, a stronger diet—something that will make blood, and bone, and sinew.'

'The vitality of flesh,' the philosopher answered, 'is weaker than that of grain, because it was originally derived from grain. It is life at second-hand. We know nothing of grain. It germinates mysteriously in the soil, quickened in the bosom of our Universal Mother. She brings her life to bear upon it in darkness; it is fed with secret moisture, warmed with internal fire. Is it not reasonable that it contains more of the life of the earth than the beasts which feed upon it? There is a slave on my farm at Mantua, an old man, whose years more than equal our two lives, who has never tasted flesh, but has lived on fruit from his birth. There are no signs of age about him, except his white locks; he stands as straight as a man of thirty, and is as broad-shouldered as the Grecian Hercules. Match him for bone and sinew among thy flesh-fed athletes. I have seen him fell an ox with one blow of his fist. We are degenerate fellows, we Romans of to-day; even our

slaves excel us. If this continues much longer, what will become of Rome? Ah! Rome! Rome!' he murmured, 'if I should never see thee again!' He threw himself back on the couch and gazed upon the scene before him.

It was a grand and beautiful sight, that sun-set picture of Rome. A wilderness of roofs, palaces, temples, and baths, with glimpses of gardens and groves. Here was the palace of Cæsar, built of white marble, and adorned with statues and porticoes; there the forum of Augustus and its gilded pillar, at the base of which all the roads of Rome ended; and there the steep ascent of the Capital and the temples of Jove, Juno, and Minerva. Beyond were the theatres of Pompey and Marcellus, the stadia and hippodrome, and the Circus Maximus, a city in itself. Here and there rose a triumphal arch, dedicated to some great general or emperor; the public squares were peopled with colossal statues, and lifting its shaft serenely in the air stood the great obelisk which Augustus had brought from Egypt — a gigantic needle of granite, covered with hieroglyphics. On the north lay the Tiber, a dark and sluggish stream; and around all was the great wall of Rome, with its multitude of gates. Beyond this, stretching into the country on every side, were the public roads, the great highways of the empire. And over all, like a low-hung dome, was the deep blue Italian sky. The west was red with sun-set, but the veil of darkness was descending in the east, where a few faint stars were twinkling.

'Is not Rome beautiful, Publius?' exclaimed the poet in rapture. 'I am never weary of gazing upon it. I know every inch of its soil, every stone in its streets. I have travelled in foreign lands, in Greece, Egypt, and India; have seen Athens, and Alexandria, and the famous cities of the desert, but nothing like old mother Rome. She is the queen of cities, the mistress of the world. Her atmosphere is divine.'

'That Virgil should love Rome, is no marvel,' said the knight, with a smile, 'for all the world knows what he has done for her. I have heard the barbarians of Gaul speak of his statues. 'The magician has made,' said they, 'as many statues for Rome as there are kingdoms tributary to her. And around the necks of these statues hang bells of magical power. For when a kingdom revolts, the statue which represents that kingdom strikes the bell, and summons the Roman legions to arms. And these statues are called The Preservers of Rome.' I have heard, too, of his lamp, by which the whole city is lighted, (Per Bacche! but there have been nights of late in which it was needed,) of his blooming orchards on the banks of the Tiber; and of the palace he built for the Emperor — that dangerous but convenient palace in which Augustus sees and hears whatever is said and done in Rome.'

'It is not by things like these that I would show my love for Rome. I have written a poem, Publius, in honor of Æneas, our great ancestor, and, unless I deceive myself, it will preserve her glory when my statues shall have crumbled into dust. Follow me



to the library, and I will show it to thee. Thou shalt read it, if thou wilt: if not, we will converse till mid-night. I have something I would say to thee.'

He summoned a slave, who entered with a bronze lamp, and led the way into the atrium. The oiled log was blazing on the hearth, and by its flickering light they saw the Lares and Penates. From the atrium they proceeded to the library, which was already lighted. From the centre of the gilded ceiling swung a massive silver lamp, of a fantastic pattern. It was shaped somewhat like a boat, with the head and fore-legs of an ox on each side. On its deck were a couple of swans, looking to the prow and stern, which were slightly raised; through their arching necks ran the chain by which the lamp was suspended. Under this lamp was a couch, and a table of Egyptian marble. The floor was inlaid with mosaic, and here and there were mats of grass, brilliantly dyed. Statues of marble and alabaster stood on the shadowy niches, like ghosts, and in the corners of the room were dusky figures of bronze.

But the glory of the library was its manuscripts, which were lying round in all directions; strewn on the couches and the floor, and piled up in their cases. Here were the writings of the Greek poets and philosophers, and there the mysterious lore of Egyptian and Indian sages: volumes of papyrus and parchment rolled on ebony cylinders, and sheets of vellum fastened with leather thongs. The name of each work was emblazoned on its back in red letters. The voluminous authors were bound with ribbons, and preserved in boxes and cases. Upon a small desk by the window stood a silver ink-horn, and beside it lay an Egyptian reed, and some half-written sheets of parchment.

'I sent for thee to-night, Publius,' said the poet, when the pair had seated themselves, 'as a man sends for his friend when he feels that his end is near. Start not when I say that my last hour is at hand. It will be here at mid-night.'

'Thou art to die at mid-night?' inquired his companion anxiously.

'I said not that.'

'True: I had forgotten. To us, philosophers, there is no such thing as death. It is merely change. We change our bodies as we do our garments, putting off our old, worn-out robes for a new suit, fresh from the wardrobe of the gods. You assume the spiritual toga at mid-night then? I am sorry for it. You will doubtless gain by the change, for they say we have nothing in Rome like the Elysian fields. Still, I prefer Rome, and, Jove willing, I do not mean to quit it for many a long year.'

'In my new epic,' said the poet, 'I take Æneas through the kingdoms of the dead. I follow the priests in my description of his journey through the shades, partly because it would not be safe just now to question their stories, and partly because I have nothing better to offer in their stead. Invention is a rare gift, even among the poets. But, under the rose, dear Publius, Hades and Elysium are fables. That the soul of man exists after this

change which we call 'death,' I believe ; but beyond that, I know nothing. We may guess, but we cannot know ; knowledge is the fruit of things seen, not of traditions and dreams. You will see what I have written as a poet ; what I shall write as a philosopher thou wilt know hereafter.'

'I doubt not, Virgil, but that thou wilt walk with Plato in the world of souls, and interpret his wisdom cunningly. But the dead know already what thou wouldst teach them. It is not the dead, but the living, from whom the secret of death is hid.'

'Listen, Publius, for what I am about to say to thee has never been breathed to man. From my earliest youth, as thou knowest, I devoted my life to philosophy ; not merely studying what the philosophers have written, but travelling in many lands. I have listened to the Greek philosophers in Athens, in the very grove where Plato taught : questioned the priests of Egypt in the shadow of the Pyramids, and even traced the stream of thought back to its fountain-head in the East. I have learned something from all, but more, Publius, from myself. I studied at first the nature of the gods, for upon that, I was taught, all knowledge is based. I mastered all the known systems of mythology — a thousand different charts of the same sea. I could track my way through the pathless forest of Error, under which the Truth lies buried, and erect its fallen columns with a semblance of their ancient beauty. I saw the gods of the world, Jove, Osiris, Brahma, sitting above the clouds, in the serene regions of the air, but I could not worship them, majestic though they were, for I felt there was something beyond them. As they did not go back to the beginning, they could not endure to the end. There was another God to whom the end and the beginning were one. Of this God I knew nothing. HE was, is, and ever will be, THE UNKNOWN. Unlike Jove, whom we figure to ourselves as a bearded, majestic monarch, we cannot embody or conceive HIM. HE is a Cause, a Principle, an Essence.

'Here I stopped, and wisely, for this is a shoreless sea, and turned my thoughts to man. It matters little in this world, I sometimes think, whether our conceptions of gods are true or false, but it is essential to us to understand men. We have but one life in which to do our duties to ourselves ; we shall have many to worship the gods in. I studied man profoundly in his spiritual and physical nature, and much that was before obscure became clear.'

'What a strange dream,' said Publius musing, 'this life of ours is ! Yesterday we were children in our nurses' arms, to-day we are strong-limbed men : to-morrow we shall totter about on our staffs, the next day all will be over. The life of man is the buzzing of a summer fly.'

'It was not so in the early ages,' answered Virgil. 'There was once a time, we read in the poets, when men lived a thousand years. The world considers this a fiction, but I hold it to have been true. When I was in India I saw a Yogi who was said to be two hundred years old. He lived on fruits, and drank from a

brook that ran past his hut: his bed was the bare ground. The earth strengthened him, as it did Antæus. You should be initiated into the mysteries of Eleusis, Publius, if you would learn the virtues of the earth. There is a deep meaning in the myth of Ceres and Proserpina. Would men but live on grain instead of flesh, they would live longer; could they but know themselves and their powers, they need not grow old and die. Our bodies grow old in a few years, because we break the laws which govern them. The matter of which they are composed takes a new form, because its old one will endure no longer. The guest that violates the mansion that harbors him, as we do our bodies, must be ejected. The slaves that have hitherto obeyed him (I mean his passions) grow riotous, and thrust him from the banquet; away from the lights, and the wine, and the laughing faces of his friends, out into the terrible night. Such is the doom of the fool, but the wise man can escape it. The truth which has baffled the world for thousands of years, will one day appear suddenly, and remain forever. It is this, Publius: Men need not die!’

The knight started at these wild words as if a thunder-bolt had fallen at his feet.

‘Thou thinkest me mad,’ said Virgil with a pitying smile, ‘but thou art mistaken. I repeat it: Man need not die. The UNKNOWN, of whom he is an emanation, makes him at his birth the lord of the body in which he is inclosed. This body has its laws which cannot be broken, (for matter, Publius, is not created, as many think, but is eternal and self-existent;) but to obey these laws is to master them, and render them powerless. ‘But what are these laws?’ I asked myself. ‘That is Nature’s secret,’ my soul replied, ‘and we must wring it from her.’ Then I began to study the Earth. I planted my garden, and watched the germination of seed. I stocked my ponds with fish, and watched their spawn. I filled my aviaries with birds, and watched their incubation. I learned much, of which our naturalists are ignorant, (I believe my pastorals are praised,) but not the secret of life. It evaded me for years. But my pursuit of this Proteus was not without fruit. For out of my baffled studies, my sleepless nights and days — now prying into the earth in the gloom of caves, and now filtering the rivers at their source — burning in the hot noon sun on unsheltered plains, and freezing on the tops of mountains in the cold nights of winter — in my library poring over ancient scrolls, or in my laboratory melting rocks and metals; from all this, Publius, and from dreams which were vouchsafed to me in answer to my prayers and fasts, came glimpses of what I sought, like flashes of lightning at night. But how stands the clepsydra? The slave of the night has neglected to give me the time.’

‘It will not be mid-night for an hour.’

‘Much may be done in that time. I will give thee a specimen of my knowledge.’

He opened a casket and took out a handful of seed which he planted in a vase. Then he sprinkled the vase with water, and

muttering an incantation, waited for the charm to work. In a few seconds the seed germinated, and a tuft of light green shoots pushed its way through the soil. At first the stalks were single, like spears of grass, but ere long they put forth branches and leaves, rising and spreading the while until they reached their full growth, and were crowned with buds. 'Behold this flower,' said he, plucking a blowing rose, and handing it to his wondering companion.

'It is indeed marvellous, if it be not a delusion; but I dare not trust my eyes.'

'Trust them, they do not deceive thee: the rose is real. Smell it.'

'Its odor is delicious. But what else canst thou do? Turn the rose back into a seed?'

'Nothing easier, as thou shalt see. But since thou hast doubted the naturalness of this flower, step into the garden and pluck one. I am no priest that I should juggle with thee.'

The knight soon returned with a lily.

'Thou hast selected a flower whose virtues are potent at night; so much the better for my art.' He shut the lily up in his hand, and muttered the charm backward. 'What is it now?'

'By the gods, Virgil, it is a seed!'

'This is only child's play to an adept in the art of magic. Our necromancers can do this, and more. There is one now in Rome, I am told, (he is probably an Egyptian,) who can instantly turn an egg into a bird. I can do better than that.'

'Canst thou change a bird into an egg?'

'Better than that even. I can kill a bird and bring it to life again. But how is the clepsydra now?'

'It is still half an hour to mid-night.'

Behind a screen in a corner of the library hung a cage, tenanted by a pair of sleeping sparrows. Virgil opened the cage-door softly, and taking one of the birds from its perch, bore it to the light where it awoke with a sudden chirp. 'Kill it, Publius.' The knight wrung its neck, and handed it to the magician. He sprinkled it with water, and breathed into its bill. The bird stirred and opened its eyes: at last it rose and flew about the room. A peculiar chirp brought it to the hands of its master, who kissed it and placed it back in the cage.

'Canst thou recall the dead?'

'No, Publius, I cannot restore the dead to life, but I can save the living from death. Or rather, they can save themselves, when they learn the laws of their being. What the Universe is to its MAKER, man's body was meant to be to him—not a garment which waxes old with time, but a palace built for Eternity. That we have ruined these noble palaces of ours, is the sorrow which burdens the world. But there are means of rebuilding them, Publius, and making them immortal. We can repair the ravages of our passions, the decay of time. Did not the enchantress Medea restore her father to youth, in the infancy of the art? I

know the herbs that she used, and much beside that she was ignorant of. I met a Brahmin in the East in my travels, who could die and come to life again. He let me shut him up in a tomb once for thirty days, without food or water; at the end of that time he was alive and merry. He taught me his secret so that I too can die at my pleasure. I mean to die to-night, this beautiful spring night, when the earth is full of life. It rises from the rich, damp mould, and falls from the mists and clouds. It breathes in the scented wind, heaves in the swelling river, throbs in the far-off stars. What the Soul of the World is doing with the world around us, my soul can do with my body. As I have preserved it from decay for years, I can preserve it still. As I moulded it once from dust, I can mould it again and into a diviner form. It will be plastic in my hands. Follow me to my laboratory, and when I bid thee, depart and shut the door. Then seal it with wax so that no one may open it. When nine days are past, (it will then be the Ides of March,) I will rejoin thee.'

'But if thou shouldst not?'

'Then I have deceived myself, and deserve the death I shall have found. Bury me in the tomb of my ancestors at Naples, or throw me into the Tiber, I care not which: I shall not be worth a thought. Burn my manuscripts, especially my epic. In the mean time read it. It is yonder in that cedar scrinum: the last sheets are lying on the desk. If it prove tedious, turn to Homer instead. When I shall have corrected my story of *Æneas*, it will rival the Wars of Troy. But we shall see. I have commanded my slaves to obey thee in every thing. Thou shalt have banquets, if thou wilt, even of flesh, although I detest them. There is still some Marsian wine in the amphora. Eat, drink, and be merry. But see, the last drops of the clepsydra proclaim the mid-night. Come.'

He lighted a taper at the lamp of swans, and they proceeded to the laboratory. It was in the *cœnaculum*, or upper story of the house. They passed through a range of chambers crowded with furnaces and crucibles, and stopped at a small door. It was made of iron, and seemed to have been let into the wall after the house was built. As Virgil touched a secret spring, it flew back, and showed a dark room beyond. This room was without a roof, for on entering, Publius felt the night-air, and saw the stars above him. The floor was strewn with earth, and exhaled a rich, damp smell. What with the unexpected sight of the stars, and the uncertain light of the taper trembling in the hands of the poet, it was some time before the knight could realize where he was. He stood in a circular chamber representing the celestial spheres. The wall was divided into twelve compartments — the number of signs in the Zodiac — and adorned with astronomical figures. Between these compartments were ciphers, composed of numerals, and the letters of various alphabets, and above and below were belts of mysterious signs — the lotus of India, the winged globe of the Egyptians, and the sacred triangle of the Cabbala. If the figures

on the wall were calculated to astonish Publius, what must have been his bewilderment when the wall itself seemed to move! He rubbed his eyes to make sure that he was not dreaming, and looked again. Again it moved! He was in a revolving chamber! Looking at the floor, which he feared would open beneath him, he saw at his feet a sarcophagus. It was half full of earth, and beside it was a basket of plants and two large braziers for burning incense.

‘My hour is come,’ said Virgil faintly. ‘Place me in the sarcophagus, and cover me with the magic herbs. Light the braziers and stand them at my head and feet. Then leave me. Seal the door, as I commanded, and expect me on the Ides of March.’ A sudden tremor ran through his frame, and he sank back in the arms of his friend.

He was placed in the sarcophagus and covered with the plants, and the braziers were lighted. ‘Vale! Virgil, vale!’ said Publius, and retreated from the chamber. In the laboratory he found a jar of wax, with which he sealed the door. He stamped the seal with his signet-ring, and retraced his steps, starting from his own shadow which the dying taper threw on the wall. At last he reached the library, and, to distract his mind from what he had heard and seen, he took the manuscript epic and began to read it. He fell asleep in the sixth book, leaving *Æneas* in the infernal regions, and wandered in a labyrinth of dreams. Now he was in the Chamber of the Zodiac, lying in state in the sarcophagus, drenched with the dew, and stifled with the smoke of the incense; anon he was a ghost in the awful world of the dead. He stood on the farther bank of the Styx beseeching Charon to carry him back to the earth, but the grim old ferryman was inexorable. He was awakened in the morning by the sparrows. ‘The bird that was dead is singing,’ he said; ‘and the rose, I see, is living. There is hope for Virgil.’

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On the third of the nones there came a message for Virgil from the Emperor. The messenger was admitted into the atrium, where Publius received him. ‘The poet,’ he said, ‘cannot be seen.’ He was followed by a second messenger, and then Augustus came.

‘How is this,’ he demanded, ‘that Virgil denies himself?’

‘Be not angry, Cæsar, it was I who dismissed thy messenger. I told the truth. Virgil cannot be seen till the Ides of March.’

‘But where is he? and why do I find thee here in his stead?’

Then Publius related to the Emperor all that had happened; Virgil’s conversation in the Corinthian room; the marvels that he performed in the library; and his immolation of himself in the Chamber of the Zodiac.

‘This is a strange tale,’ said Augustus thoughtfully. ‘Where is the room in which you say he lies?’

‘I dare not show it, Cæsar, for I have sealed the door for nine days.’



‘Show me the room ; I must see him.’

‘He will appear on the Ides of March.’

‘Slaves!’ shouted Augustus to the domestics of Virgil, who came hurrying at his call, ‘lead me to the laboratory of your master. I am the Emperor.’

The terrified slaves obeyed him.

He tore the wax from the door, and not finding the spring which opened it, he bade them break it down. They battered it with beams until it gave way, and drew back for the Emperor to enter. He found the chamber as the knight had described it: there were the signs of the Zodiac on the wall, and there the braziers and the sarcophagus. The Zodiac, however, had ceased to revolve, and one of the braziers was overturned. The sarcophagus was empty! ‘He is not here, after all,’ he thought. ‘It must be that Publius hath murdered him.’

But now one of the slaves drew his attention to a pile of withered plants on the farther side of the chamber. He ordered him to scatter it that he might see if there was any thing beneath ; but before he could do so, he was suddenly confronted by the figure of a naked child. It stamped its feet, and tore its hair, and shrieking, ‘*Lost! Lost!*’ disappeared. At that moment the wall fell in. The Emperor sprang through the door and escaped, but the slave was crushed in the ruins.

When Augustus returned to the library of Virgil he found Publius burning a roll of parchment. ‘I am obeying the last wishes of the dead,’ he said sternly, ‘as thou shouldst have done. Hadst thou but hearkened to me, the dead would soon have been living, and Rome would not now deplore her poet. But it is too late, and I have burned his manuscripts.’

‘Madman! thou hast not destroyed them all?’

‘No! I could not destroy this, it was so beautiful,’ and he held out the cedar scrinum.

It contained the *Æneid*.

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H Y M N O F T H E E A R L Y C H R I S T I A N S .

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Ὕμνῳ σε μάκαρ  
καὶ δε φωνᾷς κ. τ. λ.

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O BLESSED GOD! to THEE I bring  
My humble voice THY praise to sing;  
And when my voice I cease to raise,  
I will THY name with silence praise:  
For voice and silence both are heard  
Alike by THEE, thou SOVEREIGN WORD:  
FATHER divine, ineffable,  
Almighty God unsearchable.

M. N. V. S.

## ' R H Y M E R S ,   Q U A C K S ,   A N D   H U M B U G . '

SOME bards collect and give the world their verse,  
 So middling bad 't were better if 't were worse ;  
 But, puffed in papers by their private clique,  
 The first edition scarcely lasts a week ;  
 A second's called for — and so, out it comes  
 With a new rattle of admiring drums.  
 Then certain honest persons, green and good,  
 Go buy the book, because they're told they should :  
 But that is all — it were too much indeed  
 To ask that any should both buy *and* read.  
 The bard, elated, elevates his nose  
 At common persons, who converse in prose ;  
 Looks wild, abstracted, wanders through the town,  
 And, *à la* BYRON, wears his collar down —  
 Lets his beard grow and never combs his hair,  
 Talks to himself and gestures to the air,  
 Till sober lovers of the public peace  
 Esteem him mad and summon the police.  
 Mistaken men ! who never learned the rule  
 By which to tell a maniac from a fool !  
 Of fools the shallowest, idiots most complete,  
 Wiser than wisest in his own conceit,  
 Victim of puffs and dupe of partial praise,  
 Like some vain hen, he cackles o'er his *lays* ;  
 Till Time has addled his poetic eggs,  
 Pulled off his wings and set him on his legs.  
 Convinced at last that poets are not made,  
 He rails at letters like a new JACK CADE ;  
 Or if perverse, he still keeps twisting prose  
 Into loose lines like onions strung in rows ;  
 Makes songs for prizes, candy-curing rhyme,  
 Mottoes for kisses, which with 'blisses' chime ;  
 'Breeze' follows 'trees,' and ever after 'love,'  
 Comes the soft cooing of the plaintive 'dove.'  
 Ah ! luckless bard ! had he not known 'the Muse,'  
 He might have furnished valuable shoes,  
 And, when his days of usefulness had passed,  
 Still proudly turned and pointed to his *last*.

PLATO, the golden-minded, in his youth,  
 Loved trifles better than pursuit of truth :  
 He wrote two tragedies and several songs  
 Full of such nonsense as to verse belongs ;  
 But when on wisdom he resolved to bend  
 His mind, and con our being's aim and end,  
 He broke in pieces his poetic lyre,  
 And wisely threw his verses in the fire.  
 Oh ! that small poets in our modern times,  
 Would make a bonfire of their early rhymes,  
 To serious tasks their faculties compose,  
 Study philosophy and write in prose !

No age in literature was ever known  
 One-fiftieth part so 'gifted' as our own :

At least you 'll think so, if you but believe  
 The journals critical, that ne'er deceive.  
 One that with care I've conned these six years past,  
 (Long may it flourish! ever may it last!)  
 Precept on precept, line succeeding line,  
 Has told its readers every book was fine.  
 The latest volume was the very best,  
 Until one more exceeded all the rest.  
 O brilliant era! in so long a time,  
 Not to produce the least poor prose or rhyme!  
 'Tis surely *golden*, not a bit of brass,  
 And wholly lighted by the sun, not gas!

Not only authors, but our statesmen, too,  
 Are splendid fellows, and they're not 'a few.'  
 Each country village does the most it can  
 To have its one *remarkable, great man*.  
 Ah! there he goes! the wonder of his age!  
 Tremendous talents! yes — he's 'all the rage!'  
 Strong with the pen and stronger at the bar,  
 Of biggest magnitude — a first-rate star!  
 See what profundity his looks express!  
 Of manners heedless, sloven in his dress,  
 Wears his slouched hat upon his hinder head,  
 Seeming just risen ready clothed from bed:  
 Went once to Congress; there he won renown,  
 Bullied the speaker, knocked a member down;  
 Now he's reposing on his laurels here —  
 'We're going to make him Governor next year!'

Another portrait, now my hand is in,  
 Here will I draw before the paint grows thin;  
 Should it lack coloring to the common eye,  
 Who knows the sketch can all the hues supply.  
 Some folk there are by Nature doomed to prove  
 That man was born incessantly to move.  
 Such is that biped, rather tall and slim,  
 Who deems few places good enough for him;  
 No spot contents him but a year or so:  
 Ask where he is, you're answered, 'On the go.'  
 Where he was 'raised,' and dwelt some years at least,  
 Is that queer country which is called 'down East';  
 Thence on a 'shingle' was he known to glide,  
 A human waif on Time's resistless tide.  
 First through Connecticut his way he took,  
 Retailing something which he named 'a book' —  
 A book, half bound, with lines that looked like ruts,  
 And illustrated with distressing 'cuts';  
 Serious and stupid, moral, mean, and mild,  
 With useful reading for the littlest child.  
 Ask next what occupies his busy brain:  
 He goes conductor of a railway train.  
 But soon, grown weary of the rushing car,  
 He 'hires' at taverns and attends the bar.  
 Ere twelve-month passes he resumes his wings,  
 Scorning to mix perpetual punch and slings.  
 The next you hear, he's settled calm and cool,  
 Pursuing physic while he teaches school,  
 After some lapse again he stirs his stumps  
 Through various cities, lecturing on bumps,

Or hydropathy, or some other cure,  
All very different, but very sure.  
At length comes out 'New Work by Dr. Snooks!'  
Begins with peddling; ends with making books.  
'A self-taught genius!' cries the weekly press;  
'His book on babies meets with vast success;  
The regular faculty are much perplexed;  
His life and portrait will adorn our next!  
By every person be his notice read  
On our last page: 'No HUMBUG!' at its head.'

Immortal Humbug! at thy call arise  
Shapes without number, forms of every size:  
Produced by thee in denser throngs they sweep  
Than e'er were summoned from the 'vasty deep.'  
The very mention of thy name invokes  
The puff, the brag, the falsehood, and the hoax;  
Each a Pandora with a jar in hand,  
To scatter worse than evils through the land:  
Notorious nostrums, candies, drops, and pills,  
(Take them, O friends! but first indite your wills;)  
New creeds, new codes, new systems of expense,  
(Adopt them all, and say 'farewell' to sense.)

How dolts and dunces love transparent lies!  
They trust assertion sooner than their eyes;  
To them one promise is worth twenty acts;  
Imagination takes the place of facts;  
Folly their pleasure, nonsense their delight,  
To those they dedicate each day and night.  
Where they abide, Truth's lamp is never lit;  
'The curfew tolls the knell of parting' wit;  
Reason, disgusted, flies where Humbug rules,  
'And leaves the world to darkness and to' fools.  
Yet things like these have long ceased to amaze;  
No more astonishment can Falsehood raise;  
'Tis grown too common; Truth were much more strange,  
If it were only for the sake of change.  
Few marvels now the busy mind engage  
In this gold-seeking, gold-discovering age,  
Where Love himself forsakes his bowers for mines,  
And all our fire-sides turn to MAMMON's shrines.  
I used to wonder at the strife for wealth,  
The reckless sacrifice of peace and health,  
The tireless treading of the daily mill,  
Incessant work, and all of it up hill.  
But that was when my years were young and green,  
And through a glass mankind were darkly seen;  
Since older grown, distincter views I trace,  
And see my fellow-sinners face to face.  
This truth I've learned — a truth of sternest stuff,  
There lives no man, who ever had *enough*;  
Enough — the horizon that forever flies,  
Recedes in distance as you near the skies;  
Enough — the rainbow, whose alluring hues  
Fade as man gazes, melt while he pursues.

## A COMMON WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

A WRITER in some modern magazine, speaking of his heroine, has said: 'She had an ideal of life and love, as all women have; but, like almost all women, had neither the courage nor the integrity to cleave to that ideal.'

It is a truth. He was a subtle student in woman nature. And, had he generously added that woman may not go forth and search out her ideal as man may, and may not openly strive to win it as man may, we women would have read his words without writhing.

I live in a quiet, inland town, and know no people whose histories are called romantic and thrilling. Still I know stories of common lives which prove how difficult it is for women, unless they be surpassingly beautiful, or wealthy, or gifted, to obey their best impulses of action, and to live up to the code of conduct laid down for them by men who think finely but have never suffered.

If Amelia Hall had not the beauty which belongs to the complete woman, she had her nature and her peculiar genius. And I hold it is the most poetic order of genius which makes home a beautiful and happy place. The painter and the writing poet have always exquisite and abundant material with which to work. But woman (we speak of her in common homes, not of her in a palace) has often dingy things and doled supply with which to deal; but if she has genius, she always creates a place to which man comes for rest.

All women are said to resemble some flower, as all men some tree. Amelia Hall was like a rose, one of those roses which have a centre of faint star-color and single circle of pink petals as they spring up wild on road-sides and meadows, but which burst out with gorgeous, golden hearts and prodigality of crimson corolla if they are transplanted to cultured gardens.

She was an English girl, an orphan, and a dependent on the bounty of her uncle, a rich old man who lived in my native town.

I think it is a trait of all girls, whether gay or pensive, to tell to each other their aspirations and ambitions.

'How often I remember what Amelia Hall used to say,' remarked a friend last week, recounting to me the fates of various dreamers. 'While some of us hoped to be poets, and one a queen, and one an actress, and another a traveller, and many content to be rich men's wives with splendid wardrobes and jewel-cases, the foreigner used to say: 'O American girls! None of you speak of your homes nor of your husbands, unless to say they must be rich and handsome. Hear how I could be happy. I would have a home in a village of white houses, wide, cool streets, parks, and many gardens and fountains. Half a mile from the village each way, there should be woods, and every where streams of water and rustic bridges. I wish I might have a husband dark, tall, fine, and athletic as an Arab chief, chivalric as an olden knight, tender in

heart as a gentle page, and gifted as the Grecian poets. And unless I can have such a home and husband, I will always remain Amelia Hall, and work in uncle's dairy-room.' I remember how we used to laugh at the English girl for being prosy and domestic.'

Until she was twenty-four, Amelia Hall waited for her noble lover to arrive from the picturesque village. She was content the while to make butter and cheese, and to chat with the rustic young men of the adjacent farms. Until then she was content, sandalled with the fairy shoon of fancy, to walk in the folding parlors of her porticoed and balconied future home, to arrange the flowers, pictures, and furniture, and at twilight to sit in the white-pillared portico, or to go down the avenue of trees and watch at the Gothic gate for the noble one beloved. As firmly and coolly as if already affianced, she refused offer after offer from the wealthy and honest farmers.

At this period her uncle lost his property, and then his wife. Then they two were penniless — he an invalid old man, and she a poor, poor orphan. On her twenty-fourth birth-night, as she walked in the orchard as usual at sun-down, her uncle, lame and querulous, joined her and leaned on her arm. She saw hope on his poor old face. His voice was cheery as he began: 'Well, Millie. Feel old maid-like? Twenty-four this minute and no loser! Is it well, lassie?'

Millie smiled in her subdued fashion. She looked down at her face in the mirror of the brook. It was oval, smooth, and delicately rosy.

'I see, I see. You English keep well,' said the old man quickly. 'But you'll alter, lassie, when you have to work night and day for bread and calico. What do you mean to do to get these two things?' and he eyed her cunningly.

'I shall work at something and take care of us. I could teach, I think,' she replied.

'Keep school for eight or ten shillings a week? Starvation wages, girl. It would n't keep us both. If I was out of the way it might do. But I've a much better way, Millie. Old Yale's son — the one with horses, and chariots, and farms, and mills, and houses — wants you for a wife. He's been to-day talking with me about you. Why don't you smile, girl?'

'I never could marry a man like George Yale,' she said.

'He's the comeliest young man in town,' the old man continued. 'He'd worship a little lady-like woman like you. You could wind him around your little finger easier than you can that ribbon. He'll always be a home man. Consider him.'

She considered the stalwart farmer six feet high, with his sun-burnt face and still, constrained demeanor. 'I dislike to think of him,' she said.

'Consider him, I say. I can't bear to see you a slave for me; you'll soon be a miserable old woman. Marry him and have a home, and let me have a quiet room to die in. Yes, I've heard the girls tell how you was going to marry a grand talking gentle-



man. But I'll warn you you'll live a disappointed old maid if you wait for this fancy man. Stop, not a word. Think of it, think of it, before you make a vow,' and he hobbled to the house muttering.

Instead of Fancy, Reason spoke that evening to Miss Hall. 'Romantic young woman,' Reason said, 'do you know that you have never even seen this man whom you prettily call 'mate'? There are no such men in your town, and I assure you, you will never be known beyond its boundaries. Better accept the most eligible offer you have while it is open.'

'But it is not in me to guide a man to beauty and wisdom,' the heart earnestly plead; 'I would be led to higher summits. I shall only go back into the low-lands if I obey you, for I *know* I am infinitely superior to George Yale and all his comrades.'

'Do n't talk metaphysics to me,' said Reason coldly. 'I had rather know what you think of working day and night to support yourself and your uncle while you wait for this fancy man. What do you think of your old uncle's dying in the alms-house? What do you think of becoming a faded, old maid, eh? — a faded old maid, at whom, if he should meet her, the great gentleman would not look?'

Millie sighed wearily. More softly Reason continued: 'Is it not better to be mistress of that comfort-full establishment? Is it not better to give your poor uncle a home, even at the sacrifice of a few fine sensations? Would it be too much for his years of care for you? Be assured,' Reason concluded in an awful tone, 'be assured I have looked every way, and there is no wonderful knight on the road coming to rescue you.'

Amelia Hall walked once more 'sad and slow, sad and slow,' through that porticoed and balconied house of the future; she paced once more down the avenue of maples, and bathed in tears the hand of the prince-like one who would have led her back to sit with him in the white-pillared portico. She locked the Gothic gate, and brushed from the mystic sandals the dust of the cool, wide streets of that lovely village, and laid them away in a lonely room of her heart, whose doors she barred.

Then she prepared to marry George Yale. She wore no sacrificial air. Her old uncle laughed like a boy and blessed her with tearful eyes. She was womanly and sympathetic with her lover. She interested herself in his roughly-told plans. He lost some of his ruggedness of manner under her touch, and a little poetry latent in his heart flamed into life beneath her gentle breath. With some pleasure she mused: 'I can change him. May be my life will not be so dreadful.'

She was married to him, and smiled as some intimate friend reminded her of her ideal home and husband.

In beautifying and keeping her home beautiful, in infusing her delicate tastes into her husband's nature, Mrs. Yale found a real and womanly pleasure. But she ever grew pure and angel-like.

She was not strengthened ; she did not develop into the luxuriant double-rose.

They had been married three years when they were visited by a distant kinsman of Mr. Yale. Stanwix Mason was a professor in a Southern academy. He was a man of genius, and also a thorough man of the world. He was like Amelia Hall's ideal husband.

Of course he at once read the peculiar disposition of the husband and wife. Then he noticed the lady's still blue eye kindle at a picture he drew of a Southern scene. He watched the veins throb in the white, swelling temples as he talked on in the picturesque style which characterizes his books. A temptation glided to his side.

He saw how little her beautiful arts of house-keeping were appreciated by her husband, (who, though he did love his wife, was extremely matter-of-fact,) and he dared to talk to her in this wise as they sat in the parlor one day : ' I think you are an exquisite artist, Cousin Amie. Do you know I have been admiring the drapery of your rooms and your vases ever since I came ? I seldom see their like, save in pictures. I can read dreams of yours in every bouquet you make for me. Poets compose other things than poems. I know something of your nature and your history perhaps from that special little library in yon white-draped cabinet that looks like a chapel where a lovely, lonely lady might go to weep and pray.'

' I do not know why you talk to me so strangely,' said Mrs. Yale coldly, her pride starting up in arms before the locked doors of her heart.

' Pardon me, fair cousin,' he responded. ' Become acquainted with me, and then, if I am worthy, confide in me.'

There were many evenings in which the three sat together on the stoop, Mr. Yale balancing his books, and the cousin reading aloud to the lady of the house from the Greek of Homer, and from Shakspeare and the Brownings. The young wife was exhilarated in the new atmosphere. She grew gay and beautiful. Her husband was happy of the change, and the guest grew more genial.

One night, when this cousin had read and talked to her until she was bewildered by the beauty and light he poured upon her soul, and when at parting for the night, he raised her hands to his mouth and kissed them, and murmured : ' Poor, poor little Amie ;' that night the thrilling truth burst upon her. She was beloved by her cousin.

' Too late, too late !' she cried sharply as she fled along the passage to her room.

An hour later, Stanwix Mason, pacing up and down the garden-walks, as was his wont, saw through the open casement Amie kneeling by her bed-side in prayer. He saw her rise serene and kiss the swarthy brow of her husband. He understood the peace in her eyes and turned away with a thwarted face. The next day he smilingly bade them adieu for the South ; and the husband and

wife took up again the even tenor of their still-gliding lives; the honest husband happy and contented with his home and wife, living his best possible life, and she with half her nature in chains and darkness — her greatest happiness that she has made others happy.

And multitudes of women like Amelia Hall are called cowardly and mercenary, while they are really brave and unselfish. They are true to what they deem duty, if not to the instincts of their hearts.

### T H E   C H R I S T I A N ' S   R E V E I L L É .

Why in anguish  
Dost thou languish,  
Christian! while such bliss awaits thee?  
Why lamenting,  
Though tormenting,  
Cometh oft the foe that hates thee?

Jesus liveth!  
Strength He giveth  
To the soul that needful prayeth:  
Lo! He blesses  
Him that presses  
Strong his suit, and ne'er delayeth.

Oh! to-morrow,  
No more sorrow  
Shall with awful weight oppress thee,  
If not grieving,  
But believing,  
Thou wilt ask Him to caress thee.

Be not fearful,  
E'en though tearful  
To Him now thine eye upturneth:  
Cloud-drops lighten,  
Dark souls brighten,  
When in Heaven His glory burneth.

Oft His finger  
Near will linger  
In the hour of death's fierce trial,  
Backward tracing  
Shadows chasing  
Moments graven on life's dial.

Or if ever  
Life must sever,  
O'er the yawning grave He hovers,  
And the spirit  
Takes t' inherit  
Homes where saints are guests and lovers.

Child of Heaven!  
Though thine even  
Ever be to darkness leading,  
Still life's zenith  
Star-lit leaneth  
O'er thy soul some radiance spreading.

May, 1858.

Make petition  
In contrition  
O'er thy sins the past inhumeth;  
For thy spirit,  
Through Christ's merit,  
See! in future glory bloometh!

Bright suns rise on  
Thy horizon,  
And thine, though veiled with warning,  
Joy-beams catcheth,  
While it watcheth  
For the promised light of morning.

Rise, and arm thee!  
If alarm thee  
All the threats of Time while fleeing:  
Never drooping,  
Never stooping,  
Spurn the weights of present being.

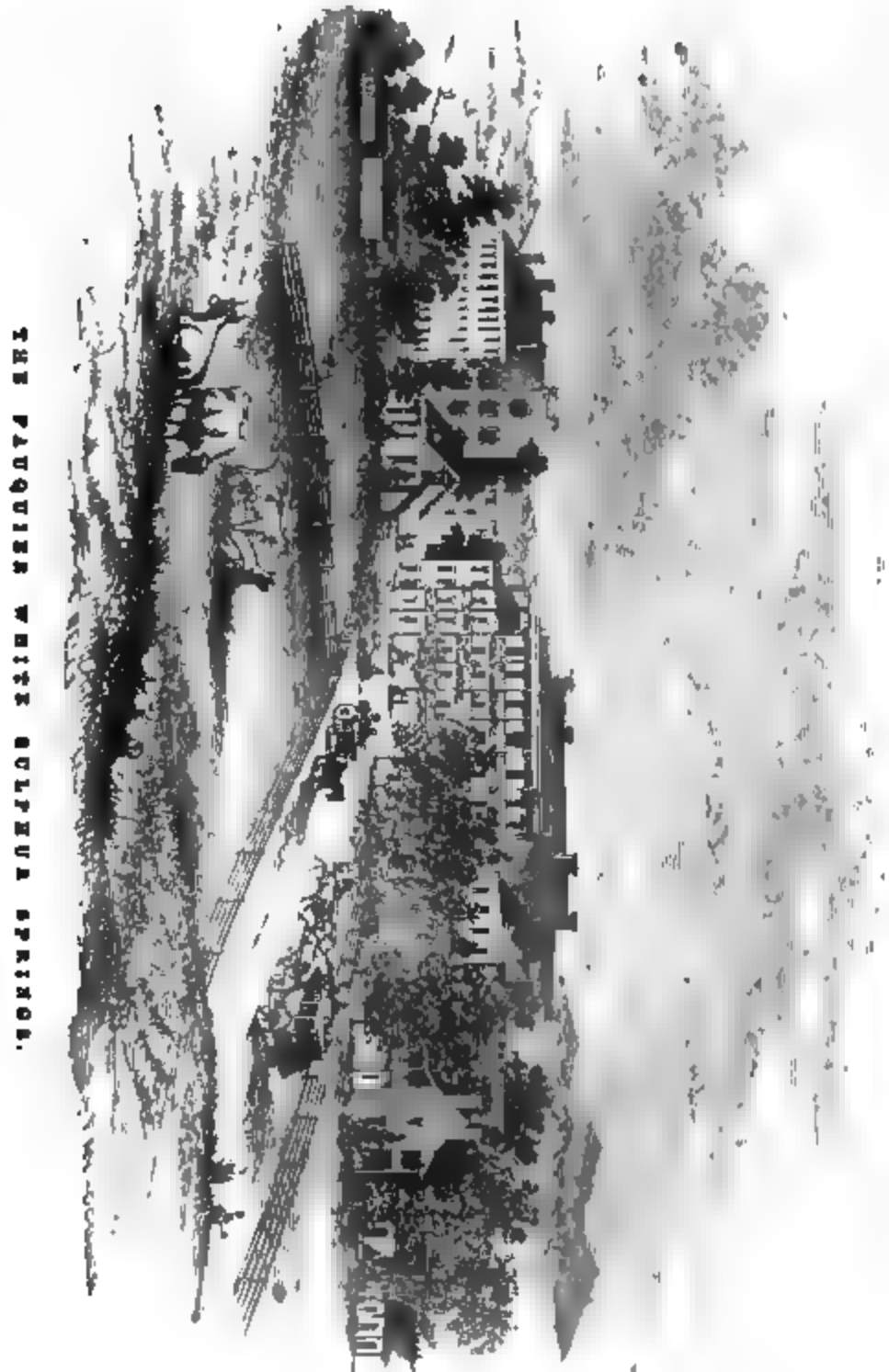
Neither weeping,  
Neither sleeping,  
Be thou found when Christ appeareth:  
Seek thy pleasures  
Where its treasures  
Heavenly Hope in wisdom beareth.

Ever fighting,  
Though affrighting  
Satan's shafts around thee rattle,  
Stand thou steady,  
Bold and ready —  
Drive him from the field of battle!

For life gasping,  
God's sword grasping,  
And thy loins girt, keep thy station:  
Never flying,  
E'en though dying,  
Wear the helmet of salvation!

Onward ever!  
Faint thou never,  
Though thy brow be dimmed or hoary;  
Till in Heaven  
Shall be given  
To thee harp and crown of glory!

## L I F E I N V I R G I N I A .



THE PLANTATION HOUSE, FAUQUIER SPRINGS.

To A. C. R. —:

*Fauquier Springs, 15th July, 1858.*

MY DEAR FRIEND: You ask me to write you a very brief sketch of my Impressions of Country Life in Virginia. How can you make so unreasonable a request to a man who for thirty years of his life has been accustomed to prose in three volumes? Had you not put in that little word 'brief,' I might perhaps have made something of it. 'Impressions of Country Life in Virginia, in two

volumes quarto, by etc.,’ would have been much more in my way, and would have been an imposing title: but a *brief* sketch! Good Heaven! it is a frightful undertaking! Moreover, there are a thousand other objections. I have no amanuensis here — no living pen — and my own hand-writing is so delicately fine, that printers have the greatest difficulty in discovering whether ‘Constantinople’ means ‘Kamtschatka, or if ‘St. Petersburg’ is intended for ‘Sebastopol.’ Beside, where is the story?

‘Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir;’

and what can I do without a story?

Again, consider the variety of phases in Virginia country life: the farm life; the village life; the watering-place life; the negro life; the Eastern Virginia life; the Western Virginia life; the Pan-handle life! My dear friend, it cannot be done! You might as well call the history of a Ring-tailed monkey ‘brief tale.’

Above all, am I not the laziest man in the world, especially in hot weather? It is true, I am here in one of the calmest and sweetest spots in the world, where the beauty of the scenery, the gentle but well-marked undulations of the landscape, sink quietly into the spirit, and dispose to peaceful thought; where the gay, musical carol of the ‘miserable, down-trodden,’ happy, contented slave gives that vein of thought a far more calmly-cheerful turn than can ever be received among the sons of toil in great cities. True, also, that at Fauquier, cool shade from ancient trees can always be found without going five steps from your cabin-door, and that a delicious breeze plays in and out continually among the unencumbered trunks, while the fallow deer in the park sport about close by, as if they wished every one near to come and sport with them. True, the eye and the ear receive nothing but what is lovely from the hand of Nature. But alas! with me, this disposes only to greater laziness; and it is in the din of cities alone that I am disposed to shut out horrid sights and sounds, by the creations of fancy and art, or by the memories or treasured stores of the past. What makes me like this place so much — far more than any watering-place I have seen in Virginia — it would be difficult to say. Probably it is the shade and the trees. I remember, some twenty years ago or more, writing a little piece of verse on my thirty-fifth birth-day. It was composed — if that can be called composed which cost no trouble — in a fine grove of well-grown trees standing upon clear turf; and the beginning, if I remember rightly, was as follows:

‘Now half through life’s allotted space,  
I stand upon the brink  
Of latter days’ sere autumn-tide,  
And pause a while to think:  
To think and ask, of all that I  
In the long past have seen,  
What, had the choice been left to me —  
What, what I would have been?  
Of all conditions and degrees, on this side of the flood,  
Oh! make me a king’s forester in some old shady wood!’

The same tastes have remained with me. I love the shady wood as well as ever; and if I am to be any body's forester, let me be a king's. Not that I would imply that Fauquier is seated in the bosom of a forest, for there are wide fields and sunny glades between; but there are trees enough, and those well enough disposed, to afford shade at every hour to every walk. If there be salamanders, they can find sunshine enough, Heaven knows, to warm even their cold natures. For my part, give me the shade from beneath which, on 'the tall eastern hill,' I can see the wide expanse of glowing landscape in its rich harvest dress, and catch sweeps of the Blue-Ridge, with its magical and ever-varying gleams of light and shadow.

The Rappahannoc, too, gliding along in its fair valley, just beyond the park-like Tournament-ground, ought to make thought run sweetly on along with its flowing waters; but this, with me, only induces greater idleness. A running stream always does so. I am inclined to sit upon the bank and let time flow with the river: not without thoughts, not without fancies; but without the energy to put them down. Vague impressions of beauty and pleasure come over the spirit, without the aid of Hachiz; and the mere lapse of pleasant moments seems to bring us nearer to that Heaven, where the mere consciousness of the glory and goodness of the ALMIGHTY may form the beatitude of those who have served HIM faithfully on earth. Moreover, the comforts of this place, the absence of those wants and necessities which afflict one in many other watering-places — the scramble for a bed that one can sleep upon, or a dinner that one can eat, or a pitcher of water that one can drink, or a towel wherewith one can wash — leads to the same lazy result. Delicately fed without paying the waiters for every dish; promptly attended without feeing the servants beforehand; civility amounting to kindness; and readiness instead of dull indifference, render these Springs 'a pleasant land of drowsyhead,' to use good old lazy Thomson's words, into which I would not advise any one to enter who is bent upon labor, but where the spirit freed from the load of business, or the mind absolved from the load of care, may find a month's Sabbath, and return refreshed to the duties and the toils of life.

And yet you ask me to write 'a brief sketch of, etc.!' How can I do it? How can I write at all in such a place? The only way, I suppose, will be to fall into the old strain, and make a picturesque story of it, thus:

'One beautiful summer's evening when the movement of the gentle waters of the Rappahannoc brought a sweet refreshing gale to temper the heat of the July sun, and the over-hanging trees of the lovely valley afforded shade to the temples of the weary traveller; when the singing of the birds and the murmur of the doves spread a pleasing and musical tranquillity around, and the slowly-moving masses of light cloud, throwing blue flitting shadows as they passed, gave infinite variety to the fields golden with the



wheat, or verdant with the yet immature corn, *a solitary horseman*——’

Stop: that will never do. I intend to make some capital out of that solitary horseman yet, if it be but in favor of my good-nature: but I must not bring him in here; and while the pen is still running on upon the paper, I will try to give a few of my impressions of Virginia Country Life in a more sober and solemn form.

VIRGINIA COUNTRY LIFE.

PLANTATION LIFE.

HOSPITALITY, in one shape or another, is spread over the whole United States; but its form varies much, according, I believe, to the different races from which the adjacent population sprung. In great cities, indeed, there cannot be much true hospitality shown by any citizen, unless he be enormously wealthy, or one of those benevolent persons who loves to entertain the pertinacious *drop-per-in at dinner-time*. It is a curious thing that the near proximity of human beings, like the approach of the reverse ends of magnets, produces repulsion and not attraction; but so it is. The country is the only real scene of hospitality, and this is very general, I might say universal, throughout these States. In the North, peopled principally by the descendants of the old Lollards after they had gone through the phase of Puritanism, it is a more square and angular virtue, sometimes impinging a little upon other people's rounds and curves. But still, from Maine to Connecticut, I suppose there are few men who would refuse some entertainment to the weary wayfarer. In the far West there is not a cabin where, as long as there was a place left upon the floor, the traveller might not lie down to rest, and be welcome to a meal, if it were to be had.

The Virginians, sprung for the most part from the old Cavaliers, retain the more frank and profuse spirit of their race. They will in general eat with you, drink with you, fight with you, or let you do the same with them, without the slightest ceremony. To them hospitality seems a mere matter of course. There is no ostentation about it, no parade. Every now and then there may be a formal dinner-party, it is true; and it is possible, nay, I think it is likely, that every one at the board feels himself more or less uncomfortable at a certain degree of ceremonious restraint. But the usual course is quite different. In every well-to-do planter's house there is a dinner provided for the family, which may consist of five or six. Now, in this quarter of the world, what will do for five or six will do for five or six and thirty, and there will be no want. There is always *plenty*, though perhaps we could not add *no waste*. There is a lavish abundance, which in some degree smacks of the olden time in the green island, and still farther back was not unknown in England. The day's round is simply this: all rise early; then, in most families, come prayers; then the ample breakfast, to which the household drop in one by one, as it

suits them ; and then the separation to various pursuits, according to the various seasons of the year. The studious man takes up his book ; the sporting man shoulders his gun ; the mistress of the house seeks her basket of keys, and puts her household in order ; the master or his sons go out to see that the blessed labors of the

THE PAVILION: REAR VIEW.



plough or the hoe are not neglected by the servants in the field ; the daughters have the piano or the song. About, or rather after noon, the visitors begin to drop in — sometimes neighbors and intimate friends, sometimes strangers with letters in their hands. 'Then comes the universal 'Will you not stay to dine ? Of course you are going to remain the night.' It is to be remarked,

that Virginia houses and Virginia tables are all made of india-rubber, and stretch to any extent. I speak of course of the country, where you are not 'cabined, cribbed, confined' by strange masses of brick and mortar.

The walk, the ride, the book, are often varied, it is true, by special business or amusement. It may be a fox-hunt; it may be a drill of volunteers; it may be a public meeting; for Virginians, God save the mark! are not free from the curse of politics, or the drudgery of self-imposed and often infructuous functions. Beside, I think there are some six or seven hundred elections in the year, from watchmen up to Governors, where few men of public spirit would fail to exercise the inalienable rights of American citizens, even were their devotion to cost their health, wealth, and repose. If some wise person had not devised the plan of putting a dozen or two of candidates for various offices upon a party ticket, the poor citizens would have had nothing to do all their lives but to *elect*.

There is no lack of amusement, however, in a Virginian country house. Many, indeed most of the country gentlemen are well read, though not profoundly learned; and the character of the popular mind, discursive and expatiating, renders conversation lively and interesting. There is, beyond doubt, a fondness for abstraction, but it is by no means carried to the extent which some of their Northern fellow-citizens impute to the people of this State; and one great blessing is, that we never find that tendency lead to discussion of *free grace and predestination*.

Thus, in easy toil and pleasant amusement pass the hours of summer day-light. The autumn — the finest but least healthy season of the year — has also its enjoyments. More exercise can be then taken, either on horse-back or on foot, and life runs as smoothly on the large plantations as it does in any country of the earth. True, the intense heat of the summer, musquitoes, and every winged pest that lives, detract a little, especially from the enjoyment of foreigners; and sometimes, toward night, a little dulness comes upon the march of Time. But then, for the gentlemen, at least, and sometimes for the ladies also, come the 'coon-hunt or the 'possum-hunt. Both must be pursued at night, and are full of sport. For the latter, the party must set out in the early darkness. Dogs, gentlemen, negroes, all assemble at the house or near it, and then forth they issue to the spots most frequented by the cunning vermin. On they go upon the darkling path, till suddenly the sharp eyes or sharp scent of the dogs discover the night-wanderer, and they rush after him, tracking every step. The opossum does not usually run far, but betakes himself speedily to the first little tree he meets with, after he has found out that he is pursued. Up he goes to some thin branch above, and clings, well satisfied to think that his four-footed enemies cannot come after him; but there are the cunning bipeds too upon his trail. He is besieged in his fortress; the little tree is either bent down to the ground, so shaken that he can hold no longer, or cut down by the blows of

an axe. Down flounders Master 'Possum, and lies quite still, as if he were killed by the fall: not a sign of life in him — hands, feet, tail, all still — on his back, on his side, just as he fell. But he is only 'playing 'possum;' and the negro gourmand or experienced hunter knows the trick right well, and they soon carry him off to grace the spit the following day.

The raccoon hunt is pursued in much the same manner; but good *coon-dogs* are indispensable, and the chase takes place in the early morning. More active and more game, he gives more sport, runs faster and farther, and when brought down from his tree, shows fight, to the detriment of his canine, and sometimes his human pursuers. But 'Coon's fate and 'Possum's are both the same in the end, and the skin is the trophy of the victory.

But a Virginia marriage is perhaps the highest exemplification of the country life in this State. Form, ceremony, are abandoned, though many a good old custom still prevails. Friends, relatives pour in from all quarters: no regard is had to the size of the house or the sort of accommodation. Abundance of every thing is found, and if there be a defect, it is never noticed in the universal hilarity that prevails. Nor are the rejoicings restrained to one day! I have known them last the week, and the whole bridal party cross a broad river to renew on the other side of the water the merriment of the preceding day, with some distant friend or relation.

But enough of plantation life. We need only pause to remark that there is a class of smaller planters, who represent the sturdy yeomanry of England, from whom, in all probability, they spring, as happy probably as their richer neighbors, not so learned, but endowed with that good, hard common-sense which is the best every-day wear in the world. They have competence and ease, if not wealth, and most of them feel with the merry statesman who exclaimed: 'Give me the *otium*, hang the *dignitate*.'

There is another phase of Virginia country life, where we do not have *rus in urbe*, but rather where the town finds its way into the country. Let us call this, Village Life. At some particular spot, the crossing of two or three roads, a rail-road dépôt, the passage of a river, or the neighborhood of a tavern, the solitary house takes unto itself a companion; another and another follow. Then must come a store, generally furnished with a vast variety of heterogeneous articles, such as hard cider and buttons, tape and butter, bacon and pins, to say nothing of needles, thread, and calico. Moreover, there is a little store of the most commonly-used medicines: tincture of ginger, hive syrup, and castor oil, a good deal of laudanum, and a barrel of whiskey. But in the constant mutations of this transitory world, the store is found wanting in some respect for the needs or caprice of the neighbors. Mrs. Perkins declares that she never can get any thing she wants at the store: 'Really, Mr. Catskin, who keeps it, should be better supplied.' In the end, down comes a rival to Mr. Catskin — 'a nice young man, just married.' He builds himself a house; and the new store is greatly patronized, especially if 'the nice young man, just

married,' adds the faculty of preaching to that of selling bobbin and other dry-goods. The place becomes popular; more dwellings are added; the tavern grows into a hotel; a bar-room gives the opportunity and inducement to drunkenness; a row or two takes place; and the magnates of the village meet together, and consult as to what is to be done. They are not at all ambitious: they would prefer being in the village condition still; but they are becoming populous; there are at least a hundred and fifty souls in the place, including women and children; something must really be done to keep order; and nothing can be done, till an act of incorporation is obtained, and the village turned into a town. Now there is not a single legislator in the whole State, who has the least objection to its being a town, the moment that it likes it: but a mighty fuss is made over the matter; the member for the district is intrusted with the passing of the measure; it is brought forward, debated, argued, speeches are made *pro* and *con*; and the inhabitants are delighted with the importance attached to their bill. At length the *measure* is carried, and the good souls obtain the right of electing their own officers, regulating their own affairs, and managing their own business as unto them seemeth good. Next comes the first election; and only fancy the dignity and satisfaction of every man, woman, child, and little dog in the *Town*. There are eight officers to be elected, seven trustees, the chairman of whom is mayor, and one sergeant, and the number of electors is eighteen. But, alas! the contest is neither fierce nor exciting. Good Virginian common-sense comes into play. A gentleman of high literary attainments, a good knowledge of law, and a house with two wings, is the choice of his fellow-citizens for mayor; and after a proportionate amount of mint-juleps, the very best men, probably, who could be selected, are named for the various offices.

It is a very curious fact, and one worthy of notice, that such in Virginia is the virtue of mint, an amount of brandy which would obfuscate the intellect if imbibed in a crude state, is so corrected and directed by the salubrious herb as to accimate the perceptive faculties. There must not be too many glasses, however; and who shall say that too many are not sometimes drank?

In the mean time, while the election has been going on, neighbors and friends have been pouring into the town of Doodledumville; the evening shades fall round; the bar stands invitingly open, and sundry minor offences are committed which might call for interference on the part of the mayor; but happily for himself and the public, he is not yet in a position to exercise his magisterial functions. But those functions must soon be exercised: municipal laws are enacted, municipal taxes are determined, and the awful face of justice is unveiled. Now, with the lady of the scales and weights, as with other people, it does not do to show her teeth without biting. Some public assemblage takes place, Heaven knows for what; Mr. Jeremy from the neighboring country gets drunk—very drunk—exceedingly drunk indeed.

He becomes pugnacious; sets mayor and sergeant and even justice of the peace at defiance; he draws a bowie-knife; cares for nobody; swears he will cut somebody's throat — no matter whose. The mayor is determined to do his duty; he will have no throats cut there. The sergeant is equally determined, and, after a stout but

TOURNAMENT-GROUNDS ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER.



ill-directed resistance, Mr. Jeremy is arrested. What is to be done with him? Heaven knows. There is neither prison, cage, nor lock-up in the whole place. There is not a house strong enough to keep in a sparrow. The sergeant cannot keep holding on to his neck all night. But a bright thought strikes the mayor. Luckily there is the rail-road hard by, and eke the tavern. The



mayor, with a grave and determined countenance, walks up to the delinquent and thus addresses him: 'Mr. Jeremy, you have committed a serious offence, which cannot be tolerated in the town of Doodledumville. You have got drunk, and misconducted yourself: you have damned the chief magistrate, cursed the trustees, and assaulted the sergeant. The majesty of the law must be vindicated. Sir, till you are sober I shall commit you to prison.'

Then responds Mr. Jeremy: 'Go to h—ll, you old coon, (hiccup.) Prison! I should like to see your prison, (hiccup;) where the devil is your prison? I care no more for you than for that nigger boy, (hiccup.) You've stolen my knife, or I'd give you four inches of steel medicine. Did n't I fight in the Mexican war?—tell me that (hiccup)—and d'ye think I care a cuss for you or your prisons? Where's your prison? You han't got such a thing, (hiccup.)'

The mayor then replies with dignity: 'Sir you stand committed! But as the whole spirit of our laws requires us to temper justice with mercy, I give you your choice, whether you will be incarcerated in the ice-house or shut up in the box-car of this depot.'

MR. JEREMY: 'I do n't care a straw. Shut me up where you like, and keep me in if you can.'

The box-car is judged preferable, and Mr. Jeremy is marched off with all the honors; but alas! for the impotence of even official will. Mr. Jeremy had not only served in the Mexican war, but he had worked on a rail-road, and the next morning the box-car is found empty, and Mr. Jeremy is 'over the hills and far away.'

Such is one phase of Virginia village life. There are others and fairer ones where the native kindness of heart and true Christian benevolence, which find no where greater room for exercise than in those small communities, are displayed in their brightest light. I must needs hurry on, however, or fail in obeying your behest.

The negro life of Virginia differs very little, I believe, from the negro life all through the South. In return for food, clothing, house-room, medical attendance, and support in old age, about one third of the labor which is required of the white man in most countries is demanded of the black. He performs it badly, and would not perform it at all if he were not compelled. The rest of his time is spent in singing, dancing, laughing, chattering, and bringing up pigs and chickens. That negroes are the worst servants in the world, every man, I believe, but a thorough-bred Southern man, will admit; but the Southerner has been reared amongst them from his childhood, and in general has a tenderness and affection for them of which Northern men can have no conception. Great care is taken by the law to guard them against oppression and wrong; and after six years' residence in the State, I can safely say, I never saw more than one instance of cruelty toward a negro, and that was perpetrated by a foreigner. That there may still be evils in the system which might be removed by law, and that there may be individual instances of oppression and even bad treatment, I do not deny, but those instances are not so

frequent as those of cruelty to a wife or child in Northern lands, as displayed every day by the newspapers; and in point of general happiness, it would not be amiss to alter an old adage and say: 'As merry as a negro slave.'

I must not pursue this branch of the subject farther, for I can pretend to no great love for Doctor Livingstone's friends, the Makololos. There are, beyond all doubt, some very excellent people among them; but, as a race, the more I see of them the less do I think them capable of civilization, or even fitted to take care of themselves.

To give any general view of Virginia country life in a brief space, is impossible, on account of the great variety of character which the various parts of the State present. It is only to be done, if at all, by separate sketches, like that which I have attempted to give of the rise and progress of a Virginia village in the east. As a pleasant *pendant* to that picture, I may give you the portrait from more western life in the State, furnished to me by a friend who knows well the district of which he speaks, premising merely that the great Valley of Virginia, stretching nearly from one side of the State to the other, is one of the richest districts that the sun ever shines upon. He may be a little prejudiced perhaps; for according to the old Italian proverb,

'Ad agne uccello  
Suo nido e bello;'

but let us see what is his portrait of

#### THE VALLEY FARMER.

THE Western and Eastern Virginian, he says, differ as absolutely from each other as either does from the New-England Puritans. Their lineage, their tastes, their habits are directly opposite. A Valley farmer is a noble specimen of the yeoman. He has little Latin and less Greek, having derived his education in an 'old field school-house,' from a stern Scotch school-master, who was contented with hammering into his knowledge-box the three great keys to other knowledge, reading, writing, and arithmetic. But though not learned, the Valley farmer is shrewd, sensible, and refined, with just views of human affairs, generous to others, but frugal himself; industrious and attentive to business, but full of fun in his hours of leisure; a Democrat in politics, a Presbyterian in religion, and a colonel in the militia.

As you approach his residence, you will be struck with the neatness and cleanliness of his system of farming, so different from the more slovenly course pursued on a large Eastern plantation. His gates, his fences, his out-houses, are all substantial and neat. His barn is always three times as large and handsome as his house. He is hospitable without display, and you would wound his feelings to the quick, if you refused to accept it. His table is loaded with abundance, and almost every thing is the product of his own farm. Even the liquor which, though temperate as he is, he presses upon

you with no sparing hand, is whiskey, or '*Apple-Jack*,' distilled on his own or a neighbor's estate. His dress, too, is made of domestic cloth, unless on Sunday, or on some important occasion, such as court-day, election, or muster. On these, he appears with a well-kept blue coat, glittering with brass buttons, and surmounted by one of those immense, stiff collars, which belong to the style of the court of George the Third.

He hardly ever leaves home, except on the occasions above referred to, and now and then to 'the store,' where, with a few old cronies, he discusses the crops, the weather, and the news from Richmond. On Sunday,

' At church, with meek and unoffended grace,  
His looks adorn the venerable place.'

But the church itself is worthy of some notice. One of the oldest of these buildings, in that part of the Valley which I have in my eyes, is built of the native blue lime-stone. It is large and substantial, and has a great antiquity for this comparatively new land, having been erected more than a hundred years ago. All the iron work, the glass, the sashes, were, they say, carried across the Blue-ridge from Williamsburgh on pack-saddles: and, situated just on the edge of a noble forest of oak, walnut, and hickory, it presents a very picturesque appearance to the passing traveller. Here, every Sunday, appears the Valley farmer, to thank God sincerely for blessings past, and pray with hope and trust for others to come.

A remarkable contrast to this quiet life of useful moderation is afforded by the watering-place life of Virginia, and as Virginia has probably more watering-places than any other of the United States, this sort of life is peculiarly characteristic of the people and the country. Some people go to watering-places in search of health, but many more go for change of scene, and still more for amusement. To the Greenbrier White Sulphur, multitudes, especially from the far South, have resorted, during the summer, for very many years. Doubtless the water of that Spring is highly beneficial in a number of cases. I cannot, however, think it so to all who drink it; and I imagine that the great amount of advantage is derived from the gay society, the fine scenery, and the pure air — not omitting to mention the enforced hardships which every visitor has to bear. But scattered over the State are springs of every quality, and the searcher for health may always find some suited to his peculiar condition. Not so those who go to the watering-places for amusement. There is a good deal of sameness in the daily life of the Springs, and the variety must be produced by the visitors themselves, and depends somewhat upon the taste and urbanity of the proprietors. The morning walk, the conventional drinking of a certain quantity of water, the idling through the hotter hours of the day, the ball at night, with flirting and coquetry, are common to all watering-places. But certainly the more substantial comfort (the good food, the comfortable rooms, the attention of the servants) varies very much. The most comfortable

Springs I have been at are the Old Swab and the Fauquier, and, as I am at the latter now, I may as well give some account of it as a good specimen of a Virginia watering-place. The house itself is one of the finest buildings I have seen in the country, large, well-built, with spacious and lofty rooms, a splendid ball-room, with large ante-rooms, good parlors, an extensive dining-room, and chambers such as can hardly be found in any gentleman's dwelling in the land. The cabins, too, are much more spacious and convenient than at most of the Springs; and then there is, stretching before the eye, down to the very valley of the Rappahannoc, that beautiful open grove, which, with its herds of fallow deer, has very much the appearance of a gentleman's park in England. The spring is one of sulphur-water, light, easy of digestion, and certainly powerful in its effect; but surely, that which does the most good is the fine, free air, the morning walk to the well or the baths in that octagon building on the other side of the grove.

After the walk, and the drinking of the waters, comes the breakfast at one of the innumerable little tables in the dining-hall; and there, every thing that the skill of excellent cooks, served with quiet but unremitting attention by well-taught servants, can do to refresh, is put before you. Oh! the mutton! the excellent, tender mutton! would that it could be had in Lower Virginia! Mutton is the favorite food of Englishmen, and a literary friend once aptly remarked, after a visit to the little island where he was received and fêted as any American *gentleman* will, I trust, always be: They ought to call my countryman 'John Mutton,' rather than 'John Bull;' for it is only when he is very much provoked, that he shows his horns.

After breakfast, comes the stroll again, or, better still, the ride: and here we know no impediments. Good saddle-horses are to be procured at any time, and in abundance. Mr. A—— is never required to stop till Mr. B—— has done his ride; but the horse is ordered, and the horse comes, so that the exercise of which Virginians are so fond, is always at hand. Games at bowls, and perhaps a little sleep, diversify the day, and then, with the shades of evening, comes the merry dance, with the best music Washington can afford.

To quiet and sober people, whose toes are neither 'light nor fantastic,' conversation, light or serious, fills up a part of this time; and happy is he who is permitted to hear the words of wisdom fall from the venerated lips of a Taney — varied, often playful, but always full of that quintessence of wisdom, common-sense. Having mentioned the name of the Chief-Justice in his favorite retreat, I cannot but remark, that two of the most remarkable men whom the United States have ever produced, have sought to wile away their leisure hours at Fauquier. Chief-Justice Marshall's cabin stands nearly opposite that of his great successor, and the good taste and good feeling of the proprietor of the Springs has left it untouched, though it does not altogether harmonize with the plan of the grounds, or the luxurious finish of the other buildings.

There it stands, however, with an empty dog-kennel at the door, and brings pleasant remembrances of the simplest but most acute of the great lawyers to which this country has given birth.

In their general outline, the amusements of Fauquier are those of the other Springs, with all those advantages which greater shade, and proximity to Washington, can superadd. One can enjoy one's self here in weather when there is no enjoyment any where else. But there is one peculiarity in the way of amusement, which must not go without notice. It is true, that what is called the Tournament is not confined to Fauquier; but where can such another tournament-ground be met with? A broad, flat arena, of several acres, surrounded by high banks, shaded by embowering trees, under which the judges and the spectators sit, would inspire to something like the ancient feats of arms, and we might expect to see the lances shivered, and the helmets dashed away, were not the age of chivalry really past. The tournament, however, of the present day, is confined to one of the minor sports of the olden time—mere running at the ring; the amusement of novices and pages. Some opportunity is afforded for the display of good horsemanship; but the really attractive part of the scene is the display of youth and beauty beneath the green boughs, and the happy faces that look on, fondly thinking that they gaze upon the sports of those chivalrous ancestors, whose deeds of gallantry and daring civilized dark ages, and gave the sublime to wars often unjust and barbarous.

I have now, my dear friend, given you what you asked, a brief sketch of my impressions of Virginia country life. Those who know it better, might have done it better, and the only value it can have, lies in the fact that it is a picture of the impressions of a foreigner. Even I may be prejudiced; for, when one has received so warm and hearty a welcome in every house, hard must be the heart, ungenerous the mind, that does not view every phase of society through a pleasant medium. I would fain have given one sketch more—that of the militia-muster; but alas! I have never seen one; and I dare not venture to go beyond my depth. I remember, in years long gone, when I was a mere lad, hearing inimitable old Mathews, in one of his 'At Homes,' describe most humorously the scene; but times have changed since then, and I little thought, in those days, that the warm-hearted kindness of Virginians, to which he did full justice, would ever be personally witnessed and enjoyed by

Yours ever,

G. P. R. JAMES.

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#### HUMAN LIFE.

'OUR life is but a winter's day :  
Some only breakfast and away ;  
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed ;  
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed :  
Large is his debt who lingers out the day  
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

## T H A N A T O S .

—  
LINES WRITTEN IN THE NEW CEMETERY AT KINGSTON, MASS.  
—

How common, how inscrutable is DEATH !  
We meet him every day,  
We see our fellow-travellers by the way  
Resign to him their breath ;  
We know he is not far from any one :  
That, ere the set of sun,  
This body he may turn to lifeless dust,  
(And brief the longest time before he must!)  
We see the child go to his out-stretched arm,  
As if it feared no harm ;  
And lusty Manhood render up his strength,  
Beauty her rose-hue, and Old Age at length  
Sink at his touch as on a mother's breast.  
Death ravages and pauses not to rest.  
But, present and familiar though he be,  
No other mystery  
Rises stupendous to the human thought  
So veiled in triple folds of darkness wrought !

And yet the Soul has seasons  
When doubt-dispelling reasons  
Come forth like stars upon the vault of night :  
Has, in its secret sessions,  
Ineffable impressions,  
Illumined with a flood of tender light,  
Making the very grave a portal bright !

Even as the bird has instincts for the sky  
Before it dares to try  
The empyrean's slope :  
So the immortal hope  
Lies folded in an instinct of the Soul !  
And clouds of unbelief may o'er it roll,  
The speculative intellect reject  
All that the Soul securely may expect ;  
And yet its very life-spring be supplied  
By that most precious hope, faithful even when denied !

Were it not so, O grave !  
We could not stand so brave  
Beside thy verge, and mark the narrow room  
Where, when this mortal mould  
Is motionless and cold :  
It shall be laid to help the wild flowers bloom.  
Were not the Soul upheld  
By inward confirmations :  
Refreshed, inspired, impelled  
By heavenly ministrations,  
Making its immortality a part  
Of present life — heart of its very heart  
The dread of utter death would surely be  
Itself death's agony !



Ever to righteous souls the voice divine,  
 Above all doubts, and dangers, and alarms,  
 Hath whispered, 'Peace! the everlasting arms  
 Are underneath thee: cease then to repine!'  
 Nearer the voice and surer  
 As the pure heart grows purer.  
 This, through the long procession of the ages,  
 Has been the stay of prophets and of sages:  
 Without it SOCRATES had never spoken  
 A word too true for Greece:  
 And PLATO, wanting an immortal token,  
 Had lacked the sought-for peace.  
 But high beyond their blind and feeble gropings,  
 Their glimpses and their hopings,  
 A fuller measure of the truth of heaven,  
 God, through HIS seers of purer eyes, had given:  
 Heralding HIM whose perfect revelation  
 Shall make HIS people wise unto salvation:  
 Whose word celestial spans  
 The seraph's duty and the humblest man's;  
 Who the last foe o'ercame,  
 That we, through faith in CHRIST, might do the same;  
 Who died, that we the life divine might live;  
 Obedience to whose law of love shall give  
 Faith, confident as sight,  
 And asking no more light;  
 Who to the Soul's eternal needs shall bring  
 All its progressive destiny can crave;  
 Who takes from death the sting,  
 The victory from the grave!

The grave! the bound where mortal vision ends,  
 Which faith alone transcends!  
 Oh! well it is life's mortal goal should stand  
 Where Nature decks it with no sparing hand:  
 'Mid groves, and dells, and fair declivities,  
 Sacred to thought, and grateful to the eyes;  
 Here Meditation fondly shall retreat,  
 And measure every path with devious feet,  
 Winning, ANTRÆUS-like, new power from earth —  
 From death the promise of a second birth!  
 Up through embowering trees the eye shall glance,  
 Where clouds are floating on the blue expanse —  
 Floating like sails that bear  
 Returning spirits through our upper air!  
 The oak shall wave aloft its varnished leaves,  
 And waft no discord to the heart that grieves:  
 These pines shall whisper only words of cheer:  
 The evergreen, beneath the winter snow,  
 Shall typify that inner prescience clear,  
 Which, underneath all thoughts of death and wo,  
 Confirms God's promise to the soul sincere.  
 The little Mayflower\* shall its head uprear  
 (Ere yet the wintry winds have ceased to blow,)  
 And make the sod all sweetness where it lifts  
 Its flushed corolla through the melting drifts,  
 And, in these woods, ere flowers and birds are rife,  
 Preach of the resurrection and the life!

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\* THE *epigæa repens*, sometimes called the ground-laurel, also the trailing arbutus, is known as the *Mayflower* in the neighborhood of Plymouth and Kingston, Massachusetts. It is often found blooming through a thin covering of snow, and is remarkably fragrant.

Then shall this hollow vale  
 Be luminous with glory to the eye  
 That looks beyond to immortality,  
 Where amaranths bend before the heavenly gale !  
 Then shall the soul, uplifted and serene,  
 Piercing the sensual screen,  
 Know that our lost ones find an ampler sphere :  
 We call — they answer not — but they may *hear* !

And so shall hope be quickened, like the rose,  
 From roots that find their nurture in decay ;  
 So shall the sepulchre itself disclose  
 A path all radiance to diviner day ;  
 So shall we see in Death, as he draws near,  
 No threatening monster with an upraised spear ;  
 But a kind pitying angel, with a palm  
 And sainted looks and calm ;  
 Who, as he beckons, whispers of the dear  
 Departed ones, impatient to appear,  
 And lead us with our ever-marvelling eyes  
 Up to the purple hills of Paradise :  
 With whom it shall be ours to see revealed  
 All that the mortal senses have concealed :  
 To wander through the cities of our God,  
 By saints and seraphs trod ;  
 To have the purpose of the INFINITE  
 Unfolded to the increase of our sight ;  
 To find in countless worlds for evermore  
 New cause to love, to wonder, to adore.

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T H E R O S E .

THE Sun, who smiles wherever he goes,  
 Till the flowers all smile again,  
 Fell in love one day with a bashful Rose,  
 That had been a bud till then.

So he pushed back the folds of the soft green hood  
 That covered her modest grace,  
 And kissed her as only a lover could,  
 Till the crimson burned in her face.

But wo for the day when his golden hair  
 Tangled her heart in a net ;  
 And wo for the night of her dark despair,  
 When her cheek with tears was wet :

For she loved him as only a maiden could ;  
 And he left her crushed and weak,  
 Striving in vain with her faded hood  
 To cover her guilty cheek.

## S O N N E T T O — .

THINE is an ever-changing beauty ; now  
 With that proud look, so lofty yet serene  
 In its high majesty, thou seem'st a queen,  
 With all her diamonds blazing on her brow !  
 Anon I see, as gentler thoughts arise  
 And mould thy features in their sweet control,  
 The pure, white ray that lights a maiden's soul,  
 And struggles outward through her drooping eyes ;  
 Anon they flash ; and now a golden light  
 Bursts o'er thy beauty, like the Orient's glow,  
 Bathing thy shoulders' and thy bosom's snow,  
 And all the woman beams upon my sight !  
 I kneel unto the queen, like knight of yore :  
 The maid I love : the woman I adore !

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## H O M E W A R D B O U N D F R O M C A L I F O R N I A .

DEAR reader ! have you visited California, or listened to a truthful description of a trip to, or from, the golden shores of the El Dorado of the world ? The voyage is so long, and attended with so many annoyances, if not actual dangers, that we never think of it as one of pleasure ; yet one cannot take a more profitable tour, if desirous of learning the good and evil of human nature. Many travel in search of knowledge the world over ; but few, however, visit California, except to retrieve a ruined fortune, or in search of *gold*. The Californians are also proverbially selfish, but where will you find on record such noble, *self-sacrificing* generosity, as exhibited on board the ill-fated 'Central America ?' Lion-hearted men perished, that those helpless beings, the women and children, might be saved. They did not leave them to their fate, as on the 'Arctic.' How great the contrast !

Now turn aside from this sad picture, and, in imagination, behold the beautiful Bay of San Francisco — the most splendid harbor in the world. Before you lies the city — a city of hills, thickly studded with small white houses — the wharfs lined with large and small vessels of every description, receiving and discharging cargoes. You see moored along-side, the commodious steamer, 'John L. Stevens,' advertised to sail. The effect is novel and pleasing.

The day of our departure is pleasant, and not so hôt as you sometimes find it in June, in New-York. We are somewhat surprised to find the crowd greater than usual, and, upon inquiry, learn that a number of those distinguished gentlemen, who have

rendered themselves obnoxious to the good and quiet citizens of San-Francisco, are to be honored by an escort of the Vigilance Committee, and sent home to their friends, with strict injunctions not to return, unless they aspire to a yet higher honor.

Time speeds on ; the hour is at hand ; yet no sign of leaving. The crowd increases, and every body begins to show symptoms of impatience at the delay. The clock strikes four, and a loud cheer announces the arrival of the captain. Soon a carriage is seen driving rapidly down on the wharf ; out step two of the distinguished gentlemen, to whom we have referred ; then another carriage, and another, until the number of fourteen completes the company. They walk in silence up the plank — each one under a special escort — and several of them ornamented with very pretty steel bracelets. When asked, ‘If they will sign a paper, confessing a perfect readiness to come on board, and that they will behave properly until they reach New-York,’ they give ready assent — who would not, with the pleasant prospective of a hemp-cravat in view ? — the bracelets are unclasped ; they all sign their names ; and now we are ready to depart.

As we move out in the Bay, the loud-mouthed cannon boom out a farewell ! Now, indeed, we feel that we are homeward bound ! How many glad hearts throb with joy ! — long-absent ones returning to the loved home, to settle down in peace, and enjoy the rich reward of honest toil ! The husband, perchance, going back to his devoted wife and darling children, to return with them, and cheer his humble ranch among the mountains. All seem happy. The view from the glorious Bay is imposing. Telegraph-Hill to the left rises from the surface of the water, bristling with cannon, and surmounted by a light-house, while beyond, Angel Island looms up to the height of nine hundred feet. We pass the Presidio, and are soon abreast of Fort Point. Passing the Golden-Gate, we see Point Boneta and Lobos. On gazing back, old Monte Diablo rises up grandly from the distant waters. This is the highest point, and the most remarkable peak, of all the coast-range, having an elevation of almost four thousand feet. There is a curious old Spanish legend attached to this king of the mountains.

It is quite impossible to describe the scene of confusion on board the first night, and the ensuing day. If one happens to claim an acquaintance with the purser, and has the forethought to secure a seat at the captain’s table, he is fortunate. Not that he fares any better, only (aside from the honor) he receives a little more attention from the waiters, who dare not show the slightest neglect under the keen eye of our captain.

Among the passengers we have some singular personages ; for instance, a strong-minded woman, well known in our city — if one can judge from the glowing description of the lady herself. Next worthy of notice, is a clown — some think him ‘a jolly good soul ;’ he is constantly displaying his wit at the expense of every one around him. We have an Ex-Governor — a real Governor — not

one of those titled gentlemen, whom every body dubs as 'Governor' or 'Colonel.' We have also among us missionaries, physicians, and a worthy divine. Lastly, those fourteen professional gentlemen of different grades, from the trifling occupation of relieving the pockets of loose change, to the accomplished and talented 'Faro Dealer.' They are genteel in appearance, some of them quite fashionable, sporting a long mustache of rather singular appearance — a long, wiry appendage, with a graceful curl at the end, which seems to serve two purposes — one, the adornment of the upper-lip; the other, to keep the fingers busy, in cultivating an elongated style. But as they have signed the parole of honor, they are permitted to mingle freely with the 'upper ten' on board. The keen eye of our polite captain, however, takes note each day of their bearing.

It is really quite amusing to witness the drill of our amateur Fire Company. Out of politeness, we ladies must attend, as the most trifling amusement on board is sometimes very acceptable to break the monotony. To change the programme, now and then the fire-bell rings out a loud and startling yet false alarm; the cry of 'Fire!' is heard; up rush the firemen, with a large hose, and most manfully battle with an imaginary foe; while men labor hard at the pumps, others patrol the deck, and two are stationed near the life-boats, with drawn swords, to defend them against a rush, until they are lowered and ready to receive their precious freight.

Sometimes we have lectures. A strong-minded woman has given us one on Spiritualism: she is not only an enthusiast, but a strong devotee! Our clown follows suit, but lectures on a graver subject: 'The learned men of America!' Only think of it! On Sabbath-days, our ecclesiastical friend reads that most beautiful and inspiring service, the Liturgy of the Episcopal Church.

When the weather is fine, the evening is the most charming part of the day. The little ones have frolicked all day, and, glad to seek their resting-place, soon sleep soundly, the noise of the machinery, and the surging of the waters, soothing them with a sweet lullaby. The company gather in groups, some promenading the decks; others smoking segars; others singing home-ballads; but all happy.

Among this multitude, we must not omit to notice a gentleman, who, from his dignified mien, is conspicuous among all those who surround him. He is well known at home, and noted, not only for his wealth, but urbanity of manner, and genuine benevolence. Many will recognize his noble bearing — that frank and beaming countenance, on which the soul is stamped so plainly; in person tall, well-proportioned; dark hair and thoughtful eyes, that light up in conversation; lofty forehead; splendid teeth — the ladies pronounce him handsome; in truth, he is one of nature's noblemen, and numbers, perhaps, more warmly-attached friends than any other merchant in the mercantile community. Thanks to his great generous heart, he is one of the few who deem it a pleasure to contribute to any thing that will promote the good of others.

A phrenologist would pronounce his head worth a 'king's ransom.' He abides by his friends through evil as well as good report. Attractive as this portrait may be, it is not so beautiful as his character.

By chance, it is mentioned to this gentleman, to whom we have alluded, that there is a poor boy on board, homeward bound to die. Consumption has marked him out as a victim, and the seal of death is stamped on his white forehead. When our friend first saw him, he was walking slowly through the saloon toward the deck. The sufferer was very pale, emaciated, and rather shabby in dress; yet bore a respectable appearance. Our friend inquired his history, and learned that his name was Francis — from San-Francisco; that his brother had come down with him from the mines, given him all he had to give — money to purchase a ticket home in the steerage, and ten dollars in gold. His means did not permit him to accompany the sick brother, and thus they parted; poor Francis hoping to reach his boyhood-home before he should grow worse. Gradually his strength forsook him. Manfully he battled with the 'fell destroyer.' Sad, very sad, grew the poor sufferer's heart, and he began to fear he would die alone, uncared for, in this crowd of human beings. Is there no one to pour consolation in that distressed heart?

Mr. A—— (by this name we must designate our friend) saw how fatigued the poor boy seemed, and kindly addressed him; proposed that he should go with him to his state-room and lie down to rest, where he could enjoy the cool, refreshing breeze. The sufferer looked up in perfect amazement, doubting if he heard aright. As soon, however, as he was conscious that he had found a real friend, he sank like a helpless child, and Mr. A—— obtained the services of a young man to watch by the couch at night, and carry him in his arms up-stairs in the morning.

We reach Acapulco at ten o'clock on a beautiful evening, enter the harbor, and anchor to await passengers from the city of Mexico, six hundred miles distant. The harbor is one of the best in the world, protected on all sides by mountains rising almost from the water's edge. We gaze with admiration and wonder on the beautiful landscape before us. The moon shines in this tropical climate as it shines no where else, tinging all with an indescribable golden hue — indescribable, not that silvery brightness seen at home.

Yonder lies the city: we hear the distant shouts of the natives, see the glimmer of lights, and soon perceive the small canoes push from the shore. Hurried preparations are made by those who will avail themselves of the opportunity to leave the vessel, and once more step on *terra firma*. The river is soon dotted with a multitude of small boats. Strange, discordant sounds salute our ears, like the chattering of monkeys and parrots. We are greeted with the salutation of 'Hombre! hombre, boat!' 'How much?' we ask. 'Hombre, two dime, four dime,' is the reply — two dimes



for each passenger, being the usual rate. We must of course go with the crowd. We descend the ladder, and step into the little boat.

A few minutes bring us to the low sand-beach, and several young natives plunge in to push up our frail bark. We permit the civil boatman to take us up like dainty dolls, and place us on the dry ground.

A novel sight here meets our view. The long ranges of low adobe houses, tile-roofed and weather-stained, with latticed verandahs in front; the long line of booths, exposing for sale fruits of every description — cakes, coffee, and specimens of their handiwork, in shape of cups, curiously carved; the motley group of natives, many-hued and fantastically-attired; all these interest and delight us.

The fair and dark *Senoritas* have their hair braided in two long locks, that hang down behind, very fancifully decorated with flowers or beads; the fashionable lady wears satin-slippers without stockings. Some of them have the gaudy '*rebosa*' thrown carelessly over the head. 'Saah *Senorita*, buy?' exclaims a little dark-eyed damsel of seven summers, holding up a tiny white muslin bag. We inquire what it is. She unties the thread, and carefully empties in her dark little palm the most beautiful shells imaginable.

The doors of the queer little houses are all open, as it is a sort of holiday to the inhabitants when a steamer arrives. In all of them you will see the hammock suspended between the front and back entrance, to catch the cool evening-breeze.

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T H E B R I D A L .

Once in a quiet country town,  
All in the month of May,  
Two lovers dreamt the sweet old dream  
That haunts the world for aye.

But oft did the lilac droop its plumes,  
And the sumach leaf turn red,  
Oft was New-England wrapt in snow  
Ere the patient pair were wed.

Time came, and the bridal roses blew,  
And the robins sang like mad,  
And the little brown rabbits leapt in the field,  
And the summer-time was glad!

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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**TWO MILLIONS.** By **WILLIAM ALLAN BUTLER.** New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, 846 and 848 Broadway.

THE popular author of 'Nothing to Wear' has presented the public an epic of ninety pages in heroic verse, full of trenchant satire upon the follies of the day, and especially those characteristic of New-York society. The metre is more appropriate to the subject than the tripping dactyls of 'Nothing to Wear,' enabling the author to accommodate himself to the grave and the gay, the pathetic and the ludicrous. A genial play of humor and polished invective are alike indispensable to the satirist; and in these qualities no American poet excels Mr. BUTLER, if indeed any one equals him. The hero of the story is a certain magnificent FIRKIN, who rejoiced in the possession of Two Millions, a merchant of renown, whose name was a luminous act of credit, and whose praise was in all the banks. His portrait is drawn in a few burning couplets:

— 'In his principality,  
Worse than high treason was all liberality;  
No ray of bounty, with unselfish cheer,  
Threw its bright beam across that dark frontier,  
Where every friendly grace of heart or hand  
Was seized and forfeited as contraband.  
You read it in his eye, dull, dark, and stern,  
Which clutched the light, but grudged a kind return,  
In genial glances, through the open day,  
And with a shrewd suspicion turned away.  
His hard, square features, like an iron safe,  
Locked in his thoughts; no chance, unnoted waif  
Of fugitive feeling, unawares betrayed  
The inner man, or mental stock in trade.  
The portly figure, with its solvent air,  
Proclaimed to all the world the Millionaire,  
His purse and person both at fullest length,  
And even the higher law which he obeyed,  
With all his heart and soul and mind and strength,  
To love his maker, for he was SELF-MADE!  
Self-made, self-trained, self-willed, self-satisfied,  
He was, himself, his daily boast and pride:  
His wealth was all his own; had he not won it  
With his own cunning skill? There shone upon it  
No grateful memories of another's toil,  
No flowers of friendship graced its sandy soil,

No ties ancestral linked it with the past,  
As in his hard, close hands he held it fast.

• • • • •  
‘He had a coat of arms, a very grand one,  
Bran-new besides, and not a second-hand one ;  
A coat of many colors and devices,  
One of the kind which bring the highest prices,  
Bought at a Heraldry slop-shop, where they take  
One’s measure for such coats of every make,  
And give the pick of all the crests and quarterings  
Of ancient Barons, famous for their slaughterings,  
And modern Dukes, famous — for nothing at all,  
With points and bars and bearings, great and small,  
Lions and unicorns, and beasts with wings,  
And all the sinister bends of all the kings.  
To pay his way, he thought he scarce could miss,  
Into the best society, with this  
Depreciated scrip of sham gentility ;  
And, really, the artist showed a great facility  
In cleverly managing to put as much on,  
As could be crowded upon one escutcheon :  
Instead of flaming shield, with fancy pattern,  
And golden gules, bright as the rings of Saturn,  
He chose a Silver Dollar, freshly minted,  
And with bold touches and designs unstinted,  
Traced with all manner of mystical free-masonry,  
Made it a rampant, stylish hit of blazonry.

• • • • •  
‘His creed was simple as a creed could be,  
FIRKIN believed in things that he could see ;  
Things that were palpable to sight and touch,  
That he could measure by the test ‘how much,’  
And grasp securely in his mental clutch.  
He had a lively faith in the Five Senses,  
They never cheated him with false pretences,  
Nor put him off to doubtful evidences ;  
These and his mother wit were all his light —  
What could be safer than to walk by sight ?  
‘He had been young, and now was old,’ he said,  
‘But never had he seen the self-made man  
Forsaken, nor his children begging bread,  
Provided they pursued their father’s plan,  
All through their lives, as he himself had done,  
And kept a sharp look-out for Number One !’  
A golden rule, FIRKIN had early learned,  
And every hour to good advantage turned ;  
This, and such precious maxims as abounded  
In that pure word of riches, wisdom, health,  
According to poor RICHARD, as expounded  
By Doctor FRANKLIN, in his *Way to Wealth*,  
Served him for law and gospel and tradition,  
And he himself their luminous exposition.  
These were the fiscal lights, in whose clear ray  
He could divide the Universe, straightway,  
Into the things that would and would n’t pay.  
By these he steered through all the straits of trade,  
Where something must be risked, or nothing made ;  
These oft through Wall-street, with its reefs and rocks,  
And phantom ventures, launched from fancy stocks,  
Had brought him safe from many a hazard rash,  
His compass — caution, and his pole-star — cash.

• • • • •  
‘It was his boast, he never lost a penny,  
And the old boy, the brokers would repeat,  
Was quite the keenest shaver in the street.

Thus active practice kept his faith alive,  
 Faith in himself and in the senses five,  
 The almighty Dollar, and its powers incessant,  
 In ready money and a paying Present;  
 However fair, he trusted no futurity  
 Which could not give collateral security;  
 Some men, he knew, believed, at least professed,  
 Faith in hereafters, which they dimly guessed:  
 The substance, he preferred, of things possessed!

‘And yet, he seemed devout: without much search,  
 You might have found, on any Sunday morning,  
 His visible coach outside the visible church,  
 With green and gold its sacred front adorning.  
 A gorgeous coachman, somewhat flushed with sherry,  
 A footman, portly with perpetual dinners,  
 Waited, while FIRKIN in the sanctuary,  
 With many other ‘miserable sinners,’  
 Cushioned the carnal man in drowsy pews,  
 Dozed over gilt-edged rubric, prayer and psalter,  
 Rose with the music, looked with liberal views  
 On prima donnas, never known to falter  
 In chant or solo, hymn, or anthem splendid,  
 And still enchanting when the chant was ended;  
 Then sat or knelt, grave as the altar bronzes,  
 And went through all the usual responses.

‘His politics took on the Neutral tints,  
 A safe complexion for a Merchant Prince,  
 Who valued Government for its protection  
 To wealth and capital against insurrection.  
 He thought that legislation should be planned,  
 And the great Ship of State equipped and manned,  
 Solely with reference to the property owners,  
 Those cabin-passengers, our American Peerage;  
 While you and I, and other luckless JONAHs,  
 Who work the ship, or suffer in the steerage,  
 He reckoned dangerous chaps, who raised the gales  
 Which roared and rattled through the spars and sails.  
 As for the rest, his hate was warm and hearty,  
 Against all politicians and each party.  
 No club or council held him in communion;  
 No doubtful canvass lured him into bets;  
 He never even helped to save the Union,  
 Or to pay off our greatest Statesman’s debts;  
 Those fields of Golden Cloth, on which, ’t is said,  
 The Wall-street heroes very often bled!’

FIRKIN was childless. His wife drooped and died; but before her death, had adopted an orphan child, whom the Millionaire determined in good time to marry to some Bank-Director:

‘She was a fair New-England maiden, born,  
 Not where broad fields of yellow wheat and corn  
 Through sun-lit valleys wave, and gayly tinge  
 The quiet homesteads with their golden fringe,  
 While Nature blends their warm and genial flush  
 In girlhood’s budding glow and virgin blush;  
 Nor on the hill-sides of the distant North,  
 Where, from the unfenced forests gushing forth,  
 O’er rocky beds, sweep the swift mountain-streams,  
 Whose sparkling torrent, as it leaps and gleams,  
 Is kindred to the keener flash that beams  
 From laughing eyes on pure unsullied faces,  
 While, like the Naiads, crowned with fabled graces,  
 They haunt and gladden those dark maple shades,  
 Our fairer wood-nymphs, the Green-Mountain maids!

But on the Eastern shore, where the waves break  
On rocky headlands, and the night-winds wake  
The mournful echoes of the forest pines,  
Which stretch along the coast their dreary lines;  
And the sea-breezes, as they come and go,  
On beauty's cheek have left a deeper glow,  
And the eye kindles like some far-off ship,  
Struck with a sudden sunbeam, and the lip  
Wears the sad smile of those whose calmer moods  
Are nursed by Ocean sands and solitudes !'

RACHEL is spurned from the door, and retires to a miserable garret where, in time, she is discovered by FIRKIN, when looking after his tardy tenants. Want of space precludes farther extracts, but the supposed death of the heart-stricken millionaire with the torn will in his hands, the premature quarrel of the heirs, the watching of RACHEL by the lonely bed-side, and FIRKIN's return to life, and the tenderness with which he afterward cherishes the lovely and faithful being he had driven from his door; these and many other touching as well as ludicrous incidents woven into the plot, have brought out the best qualities of the gifted author.

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THE DUTCH AT THE NORTH POLE, AND THE DUTCH IN MAINE: a Paper read before the New-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY. By J. WATTS DE PEYSTER. Poughkeepsie: Press of PLATT AND SCHRAM.

THE excellent pamphlet, briefly noticed in our July number, upon 'The Dutch Battle of the Baltic,' by the author of the production before us, will insure for it attention, and its perusal will secure for it deserved praise. Mr. DE PEYSTER says truly, (and, after all, the statement is a gratifying one, although tardily *made* true,) that it is only recently that the people of the United States have been awakened to a just appreciation of the marvellous deeds, stirring enterprise, and indomitable spirit, which actuated that glorious little nation, the Netherlands, or Hollanders, in establishing their independence. We have yet to learn how much of the world's progress is due to their example, and the practice of every manly virtue. In the course of their attempts in the Polar Seas, they found their way to our Atlantic border, and thus became aware of the advantages presented by the rich lumber districts of Maine; and made several attempts, by peaceful colonization and by force of arms, to place themselves in a position to share the prolific fisheries; the unsurpassed masting and lumbering facilities; and, at that time, the rich fur-trade afforded along the coasts and upon the shores of the rivers and estuaries of Maine, then the province of Acadie. It would seem that the Hollanders were among the earliest colonists of Maine, and at one time displayed their ensigns, victorious in all the four quarters of the globe, at more than one point of that then remote province. HENDRICK HUDSON, before he landed 'hereaway,' scraped his keel on the shores of the Penobscot, and remained a week in that bay, cutting and 'stepping' a new fore-mast, repairing his rigging, damaged by previous tempestuous voyaging, and holding frequent and friendly intercourse with the

natives. And thirteen years before this, BARENTZ, another indomitable Hollander, defied the terrors of a polar winter, and planted the blue, white, and orange stripes of the United Provinces on Spitzbergen, the most northern group of European islands, and on Cape Desire, the almost inaccessible extremity of Novaia Zemlia. To BARENTZ is conceded the honor of having been the first to winter amid the horrors of the Polar cold: deprived of every comfort which could have ameliorated the sojourn; dependent even for vital warmth on the fires which are kindled in an indomitable heart; and uncheered from the beginning to the end by the sight of, or intercourse with, any human visitors. Our lamented KANE often refers to this early Dutch navigator and explorer, and always in terms of admiration and praise. The reader of the beloved explorer's narrative may perhaps recall this passage: 'BARENTZ's men, seventeen in number, broke down during the trials of the winter, and three died, just as of our eighteen three had gone. He abandoned his vessel as we had abandoned ours, took to his boats, and escaped along the Lapland coast to lands of Norwegian civilization. We had embarked with sledge and boat to attempt the same thing. We had the longer journey, and the more difficult, before us. He lost, as we had done, a cherished comrade by the wayside: and, as I thought of this closing resemblance in our fortunes also, my mind left but one part of the parallel incomplete — *Barents himself perished*. Dr. KANE gives BARENTZ the credit of having foreshadowed, to some extent, by actual discovery, an open sea, or basin, near the Pole. It is established, to the satisfaction of authentic writers, that the old Hollandish ship-masters penetrated through icy barriers beyond the eighty-ninth degree of latitude, and to within twenty miles of the North Pole itself. Connected with an Arctic expedition which sailed from Holland in 1594, the following anecdote is related:

'One incident of this voyage is so amusing, that it is well worthy repetition here. Although beaten in a pitched battle against the sea-horses or sea-cows, at the Orange Isles, the Hollanders appear to have had but little conception of the ferocity and power of the Polar bear: one of which, having been wounded, they succeeded in securing, in the idea of leading him about like a dog; and eventually carrying him back as a trophy to Holland. They found, however, that they had caught a *Tartar*; for the furious animal not only routed the party, but boarded and made himself master of their boat. Luckily for them, his noose became entangled in the iron work about the rudder: and the crew, who had been actually driven over the bows, preferring to trust themselves rather to the mercy of the icy sea, than to the jaws and claws of the monster, finding him caught, mustered courage, fell upon him in a body, and dispatched him.'

The danger and suffering experienced by BARENTZ and his men, when driven into a small Arctic haven, now known as 'Icy Port,' scarcely fall short of the hard experience of Dr. KANE and his party. Take the subjoined as an example:

'No sooner was the Hollandish bark within the jaws of that harbor, which they deemed a place of security, than the pursuing ice closed up the entrance, and even followed them within it, and lifting up the one end of the beleaguered vessel, threw it into an almost perpendicular position, with the other extremity nearly touching the bottom, so that it was partially submerged. From this critical and extraordinary attitude, they were providentially rescued, the very next day after it occurred, by changes in the ice-fields, brought about by the influx of fresh masses, driven in by



the pressure of the outer bergs, which soon formed a complete encompassing bulwark; and precluded all hope of ever being able to rescue the vessel, even if the crew should survive to the ensuing spring. Gradually, by jamming in of successive cakes of ice, over or under the original field, first one side and then the other of the vessel was raised by the insertion of these ice wedges beneath the bilge; until, first canting to port, and then to starboard, the groaning and quivering ship was raised to the top of the constantly-increasing ice-elevation, as if by the scientific application of machinery. While thus the minds of the crew were agitated by the ever-present dread of the instant and complete destruction of their frail bark, they were stunned and deafened by the noises made by the ice without, around them, throughout the harbor, and upon the adjacent shores. The thunder of the icebergs, hurled against each other by wind and tide, mutually crushing their mighty masses together, or toppling over with a din as if whole mountains of marble had been blown up by some explosive force; together with the creaking, cracking, and groaning of the ship itself, arising from the freezing of the juices of the timber and liquids in the hold; all this created such a *churme* of confusion that the crew were terrified lest their ship should fall to pieces with every throe, which seemed to rack it from deck to keelson.'

Whoso pauses to contemplate the position of the mariner of Amsterdam and that of our own country's Arctic hero, can hardly fail to note the close resemblance of their situations, although occurring at epochs centuries apart: a resemblance heightened by the similarity of their vessels and crews, both as to burthen and number: a parallel more perfect than that presented by any other recent polar expedition. Like KANE and his party, BARENTZ and his feeble company braved an Arctic winter and a Polar night; and this too in a hastily-constructed hut, short of provisions, fuel, and every thing which could make their existence hopeful: all the while patient, and all the gloomy while relying with unabated faith upon the overruling care of a merciful PROVIDENCE. Every true KNICKERBOCKER should regard the Patriarch of Arctic navigators with scarcely less affectionate remembrance than that which warms his bosom toward KANE. 'A three-fold cord should bind the New-Netherlander's sympathies to BARENTZ, whose corpse, bedewed with manhood's burning tears, sleeps tombed within the Arctic Circle: his trophy, obelisk, and sepulchre the undissolving glacier and the eternal iceberg: his dirge, the howling of the polar bear and roaring of the fearless walrus, the thunder-tones of the ice conflict, and the wild music of the Arctic gale, amid the monumental ice!'

But we must bring our notice to a hasty conclusion: not, however, without yielding our meed of praise to a father-land spirit, and an unwearied, indomitable research. We are glad to learn, as we do from a friend, that our author is engaged upon another and somewhat kindred pamphlet, which will relate to the most stirring periods of Dutch history, and place in an entirely new light the greatness of the Hollanders of old times: to whom, by-the-by, England thrice owed her preservation: first, in 1840; second, in 1458; and third, in 1688: and 'what is more,' a Dutch sailor himself made one of the CÆSARS coëmperor of Rome, and sovereign of England. Is n't this 'glory enough' for a little country, which appeared so *very* insignificant to Sultan AMURATH the Third, that when told of the immense losses sustained by the Spaniards in their contests with Prince MAURICE, he remarked that had 'he been the King of Spain, he would have sent his pioneers, and shovelled Holland into the sea?' Since the Anglo-Puritan history of the New-Netherlands has been

written, and ably written, and since that of the *Saxon Knickerbocker* remains to be written, we nominate for historian of the latter the author of the pamphlet before us: for he will exhibit the desiderated 'faithful and laborious research,' and is evidently endowed with ability commensurate with the subject, combined with the fidelity and ardor of a matured judgment.

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LECTURES OF LOLA MONTEZ, INCLUDING HER AUTO-BIOGRAPHY. New-York: RUDD AND CARLETON, 310 Broadway.

THE enterprising firm of RUDD AND CARLETON have recently published the lectures of the celebrated Countess of Landsfeld, including the 'Heroines of History;' 'Beautiful Women;' 'Gallantry;' the 'Comic Aspect of Love;' the 'Wits and Women of Paris;' 'Romanism;' and a short but racy sketch of the singular career of the authoress, purporting to be an auto-biography. LOLA is doubtless a better woman than the world has been willing to believe her; and her book, issued in the best style of RUDD AND CARLETON, may be read from cover to cover without the least harm. Many of her 'points' are excellent and well expressed. We select the following at random:

'The great evil of Paris is, that there is no such institution there as home: as a general fact, that sanctifier of the heart, that best shelter and friend of woman, that beautiful feeling called 'home,' does not exist. The nearest approach to this deplorable state of things, is found among the business people of the United States. I have noticed this particularly in New-York, where the merchant is never at home, except to sleep, and even then his brain is so racked with per cents, advances or depressions in prices, the rise and fall of stocks, etc., that he brings no fond affection to his family. The husband's brain is a ledger, and his heart a counting-room. And where is woman to find, in all this, the response to a heart overflowing with affection? And this is as true in New-York as in Paris. Indeed, as for intrigues, New-York may almost rival Paris. There is no country where the women are more fond of dress and finery than in the United States; and history shows us that there is no such depraver of women as this vanity. A hundred women stumble over that block of vanity, where one falls by any other cause; and if the insane mania for dress and show does not end in a general decay of female morals, then the lessons of history and the experience of all ages must go for naught.'

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GEORGE MELVILLE: an American Novel. New-York: W. R. C. CLARK AND COMPANY, APPLETONS' Building, 346 and 348 Broadway.

WE have in this sprightly and readable novel the first issue of a new firm in the worshipful craft of publishers. We have also reason to believe that it is the first publication, in book form, of the author. Yet many an experienced hand has written a less interesting book than 'GEORGE MELVILLE.' A great number of characters are introduced in the somewhat involved plot, but the interest is sustained to the last. The scene is laid chiefly in Central New-York. 'GEORGE MELVILLE,' we think, will become a favorite with summer tourists.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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A GOOD LESSON IN 'THESE HARD TIMES.' — We incline to the belief that we have many readers in the metropolis, as well as many readers elsewhere, who will agree with us, that there is a lesson in '*A Letter to Jonathan from his Brother Samuel*,' which, especially in 'these times,' will be found worthy of heed. Let a few passages from the epistle alluded to, decide the matter. 'SAMUEL' is certainly plain-spoken, as well befits his theme :

. . . 'I HAVE learned, brother, that the crops on your estate have been large during the last year, and that the prospect for the harvest of this year is equally encouraging. I am right glad to hear it ; for after the great financial storm which has passed over the land, and which has proven so destructive to so many a field of promise, it is but right and proper that we should have a brief resting-spell ; that the crops should prove abundant ; and that the times should become easy once more. . . . You know that when we were boys, our father scarce allowed us the sum of money in one year that your sons and daughters now spend in one week ; that any habit of extravagance would have kindled 'holy horror' in the breasts of our good parents. You say, 'Times are sadly changed,' and ask : 'How will it end ?' Now you know as well as I do, JONATHAN, what the *finale* will be. You know that unless you are made of gold, (I have no doubt your family think you *are*,) that you will not be able to stand it. And let me ask you, what do you want with servants in livery, and a box at the Opera, so seldom used ? Your house is a sham ; your equipage, pictures, and library are all shams ; and *you* are the greatest sham of them all. If what I say seems harsh, recollect that it is only because it is true. It makes me sad to see in how many ways you are cheated and humbugged. I remember the time when you would sooner have cut off your right hand than to do a wrong thing ; when your life might be summed up in the words : 'Honesty and Fair-dealing.' Examine your present career, and see if you can *now* justly claim that proud distinction. You have repeatedly told me in private, that you felt 'lost' in your great free-stone mansion ; that the people received there were not the people you *liked* to see ; that there was too much affectation, too little sincerity, in their social intercourse ; that you felt ill at ease while in their company : yet you still 'keep the ball in motion.'

'You know as well as I do, dear brother, that when Mrs. JONATHAN gives her weekly Tuesday *soirées*, they are not given for the purpose of strengthening the bonds of social good-feeling with her acquaintances, but with the object of displaying her handsome house, her diamonds, her wealth ; and that those who

come there, who dance, break your furniture, eat your suppers, and criticise your pictures, care not a copper for you, but only curse the luck which made you richer than themselves. Do n't you know that the moment your back is turned, young ALPHONSE DE NOBLE (your daughter VIRGINIA's beau-ideal of a gentleman, and bosom-friend of your eldest son) commences to laugh at your attempts at gentility, and pretensions to 'aristocracy?' It is a fact. Young TYRE, who is causing the vivacious Miss SIMPER nearly to explode with laughter, has this very moment perpetrated a '*bong-mot*' (as your eldest daughter calls it) at your expense. Such things as these, as I have said, make me sad. I am vexed to see a person of your naturally good sound sense so imposed upon.

'You say that such things must be, that your children may be well established in the world. Now I ask you, in all seriousness, would you like to see your daughter VIRGINIA married to young PERCENT? — especially when you shall have learned that he is a profligate, idle vagabond, who drinks, gambles, and 'sprees,' and has not one spark of manly feeling about him? . . . Your children have always been taught to feel that they were rich, and *being* rich, that there was no need of any exertion or stimulus on their part toward their future advancement. They have consequently grown up 'fine' and listless beings, who if cast upon the world to gain their livelihood by their own exertions, would assuredly fail. Now, JONATHAN, is this the proper basis upon which to build an education? When your daughters grew older, you placed them in Madame DE BOULEVERSEMENT's 'Finishing Academy,' where young ladies were taught, as Madame's card announced, 'History; Mental and Natural Philosophy; Ethics; Mathematics in all its Branches; Chemistry; French, Italian; and all the Accomplishments necessary for a highly Finished Education:' where, after remaining three years, they were returned to you as having 'completed their education!' Now do n't you *know*, that to become really proficient in only *one* of these sciences or 'accomplishments,' would require all the time that your daughters have given to *all* of them? And what has been the result? Why, only ask your daughters the simplest question of common life, and they can't give you a rational answer. They speak French and Italian in such a manner as to cause natives of those lands to open their eyes in well-bred astonishment. And as for their musical proficiency, a musical friend has told me ('in confidence,' of course,) that 'it gave him the nightmare to think of it!' And in those very things wherein women should most excel, they are lamentably deficient. In fact, the utmost they are fit for, is to sit in the drawing-room, read novels, and talk sentiment to one-idea'd young men, and simpering misses, whose intellectual powers are on a par with their own.

'It comes hard for me to speak disparagingly of my nephews; but if the truth must be told, I never saw any other young men, in their sphere, so ignorant. To be sure, they are well versed in the mysteries of horse-racing, poker-playing, and drinking. There is your eldest son: I have no doubt you think him a model of propriety. Do you know how his days and nights are spent? I could preach you a sermon from this text, which would open your eyes. In *our* days, boys and girls were taught solid things solidly; and the consequence was, that when they grew up to maturity, they were ornaments to society: they were people upon whom you could place reliance, and with whom it was a pleasure to associate. There was more cordiality and good feeling manifested toward each other in those days than at present. In short, there was more honesty, and less dissimulation, then than now.'

For wealth well dispensed; for true art and true art-culture; for 'accomplishments,' *properly* so called; for literature, science, *knowledge*: for these,

as well as for the means of their procurement, we desire to infer that our correspondent is a not indifferent advocate.

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A VOICE FROM THE 'NORTH WOODS.' — Right cordially do we welcome the new correspondent who addresses us from the far 'North Woods;' from a tangled solitude, 'where NATURE is just entering her teens of cultivated countryhood.' He evidently describes what he *saw*, and expresses what he *feels*: and our own experience enables us to testify that he does both with a rare faithfulness:

'THIS is a new country; and, like all new countries, nature and the inhabitants are in that poetically-visioned state, so captivating to the student of geography; the half-savage, half-civilized; where you miss every thing, want little, and find much. For instance, I miss the mercury at a hundred in the shade — 'shade' of cities! I miss the use of ice; but lie down to any rivulet, and drink always a cold draught. Shade! Here is shade: enter it, and the outside world seems suddenly to suffer an eclipse; but you know the sun shines there, and you know you are cool, with wood-scents about you, even at noon-day; for here moisture is perpetual. The sand and evergreens and mosses which cover every thing, appearing even in the field for the strawberries to lie on, and ferns that reach to your throat, keep the brooks cool and full; and the little venturesome trout knows it, and knows his safety here, in the slightest runnels, where he is found. He slips from your notice like a dart; yet he is autocrat of the brook. What brilliant insects are his! Large and gaudy, he attacks them with a tiger-like ferocity, and their beauty is gone. Such dainties are his; and to look at him you would almost say, he is worthy of them. What ferns bend over him! What flowers look at him to view his turtle-green back and spotted sides, and his eyes, great eyes that look forever! His floor is sanded. White and yellow and crimson roots of herbs, like the hair of Nereids, tuft his habitation. I lie and watch him for hours; note the unceasing motion of his jaws, the soft slight movement of his tail, and his tiny fin-hands feeling his element, and — splash! like a shot, spattering the drops on your face — an insect life has ceased.

'Let the tiny tribe beware of him: day and night he watches for his prey: his vigilance is unceasing. At night, often, I hear his splash, when moths are abroad. Those eyes see every thing at all times. Yes, for hours I watch him, with none to reproach the sluggard: 'in solitude there is no crime.' This sight you miss in Gotham. You have live fish — in your jars — it may be Trout, even: 'but you did not bring home the river and sky.' The fern scent is not in your nostrils, nor the breath from sun-lit dells of raspberries. The spruce and the larch open no glimpses of blue sky to you and at night-fall pour their odors upon you.

'One hundred FAHRENHEIT, say the papers, and many sun-strokes. Here you are almost in darkness at noon-day, so close is the net-work of leaves. Talk of sun-stroke here! This is the high ground where spring, on a mere patch of earth, most of the large water-courses of the State; on your left coursing down to the St. Lawrence, on your right to the Mohawk: in front, to the Lake George country. In this common home the Hudson has its birth: *has*, I say, for is it not constantly born, ever new? Are they not all ever new? You would say so, in witnessing this doubtful birth-place of the streams; doubtful, for they might have

changed their mind, and the St. Lawrence streams gone to the Mohawk, and *vice versa*. But the parent Power wisely distributed them: and now we have Trenton Falls, and Watertown, and the finest trout, in the head-waters of Black River, that ever sounded the ancient music of *Salmo Fontenalis*: great black-backed fellows, the crimson-and-gold spots on their sides intense in the dark setting, with a snow-white line running through the centre of the dusky-saffron belly, the whole body shining with a bronze lustre, bright as metal!

'So much for the trout of this region: now for the water. Of all earth's water-pictures, none can approach the coves of the Black River here: secluded, smooth as glass, and black as ebony. The foliage around them is dense, the cones of the various evergreens—spruce, balsam, tamarack—conspicuous; but all softened down by the prevailing green of the maple and birch and wild mountain-ash, yet in blossom, fringing the water's edge, water and blooms often meeting. You are surprised to see such beauty: you fall in love with the extreme loveliness of nature, with these mirrors. This is the home of the trout: do you wonder at his beauty? I include the feeder (of the Black River Canal) running parallel with it. Not even the 'raging' traffic can contaminate its pure current, unimpeded by locks. What is Venice to this? Ah! I will yield to the gondolier (when I think of our own 'craft') not the canals—not even with the spell of the great misanthrope upon them—of 'Adriac's gondolier.' I am located upon the banks of this Venice for the season. I am denied every thing—so goes the prescription—pen, paper, books, newspapers; yet I now and then hear from the world. A printed leaf looks well among green leaves: it is white; we love to see white things. And then you have the world's events acting before you—human nature there in your hands. If you would value a newspaper, read it in the woods, by chance, once in a week or two, far from the advantages of intelligence. Even advertisements are welcome. It is then, if ever, that you appreciate your author.

'A thunder-storm passing over the wilderness, and you at an elevated distance to note it! This is a sight. You have heard the crash of thunder: but did you ever hear its echo in the wide forest? It is a cadence like the sound of a hundred locomotives, lessening in the distance, and extending in all directions over the forest, permeating it, dying at last in the leaf-spaces and rock-clefts.

'Of one thing here one never gets tired: the odor at night-fall; so various and blended, that I have found it only here. There are most of the evergreens, the mosses, ferns, a variety of spices, and the red raspberry, which covers every thing not occupied by the plough. You never fail to be reminded of these the moment you step out of your door; and, unconsciously, you are drawing copious inspirations. How soon a friendship is formed for your invisible visitor, conversing with so delicate a sense! What then of the morning, with the dew and the birds (now silent with maternity) and the great bright sun, and buoyancy, and freshness, with the aroma of oxygen-breathing vegetation—all in the dead forest, ever shaded, ever still: for even the soaring effulgence of the sun, the great animator, cannot wake the echoes, dormant from the creation: even in the wind and babbling of waters is silence: under all is the deep, pervading stillness. Man alone makes a noise. The neighing of his steed, the low of his herds, speak of him: not so the cry of the puma, nor the scream of the loon. This is the *silence* of the earth, as yonder the *music* of the spheres. This silence is a characteristic of the wilderness, and most emphatic to the newly-initiated.

'To-day, July the fifth, the strawberry is in its prime—long since out of season with you. Tardy is the season here, with frost, at this high elevation, in every month of the year, often: frost the last night of June, just past, and the



first of July. In winter the snow is five feet deep, driving the deer into the recesses: the fly now drives them out, and we see them repeatedly cross the clearings, usually at morning or night-fall. Shots are frequently made by the unpractised, and are unsuccessful. No *hunter* goes abroad now. And the deer are tame: you can pass them within a few yards in their coverts. Not so in winter, when the greatest care must be combined with the bullet. But the great depth of snow here is a bar to the sportsman, while it greatly aids the slaughtering pot-hunter.

'The air and the sky are purer here than elsewhere generally. Oh! the loveliness of such a sky over such affluence of foliage, having the fresh appearance of mid-June! The grass in the meadow-clearings is tender, the clean timothy contrasting with the blackened stumps, and waved by the slight July breeze, the two clovers blending their strong scents, even at noon-day. Here nestle strawberries unmatched, at least in quantity; tall stems with large fruit,<sup>9</sup> picked but one. They are every where; every body uses them; and the consequence is, they are so-so, fully ripe, served (partly from necessity) without cream or sugar, and I sometimes think it an improvement. But the berry must be ripe, thoroughly ripened *in the sun*, till it reaches that point of 'dissolving nature' which makes it nectar, so well appreciated by the ant. The insect is a test. Then sugar fails to improve: and the flavor, the aroma of a ripe strawberry! — you touch it only to injure it: you cannot improve it; improve the most exquisite flavor by the product of the dairy? It will do to aid an unripe berry. We 'season' our food too much, I fear. Habit is potent: equally so when applied to simplicity of food, as one at least can testify from experience. Have I (unintentionally) wearied you?

'R. G.'

**THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.** — A correspondent of the *Richmond (Va.) 'Whig'* pays a high and well-merited compliment to the *New-York Historical Society*. The writer should also have visited the *Astor Library*, one of the noblest and most complete institutions of its kind in America: and which, under the capable supervision of Mr. Coeswell, is constantly enlarging its rare and precious acquisitions:

The New-York Historical Society is one of the oldest and most successful of the many Historical Societies of America. Its success has depended mainly upon the energy and activity of the gentlemen most prominent in supporting it. It has gone forward under the management of such men as Governor BRADISH, Mr. FOLSOM, Dr. JEWELL, Dr. FLEMING, Mr. MASON, Mr. RICHMOND, Mr. SMITH, and many others of distinction, until it stands far, far in advance of any similar institution in the country. A wonderful instance of perseverance and success was manifested in the erection of the new Library Building for the Society, on the corner of Twenty-first street and Second Avenue, an edifice which is an adornment to the city and creditable to the whole country. The building was commenced without one dollar, it was prosecuted without interruption, and it about two years from the date of laying the corner-stone, it was opened with great ceremony. And what do you suppose was the cost? Upwards of eighty thousand dollars. This is an instance of energy and enterprise, without a parallel in the whole country. The building is faultless in every respect. It is one of the most interesting and elegant places to visit by strangers in the city. The question may be asked by some of my Tuckahoe friends, how they manage to keep up the interest. I will tell you. Once a month there is a regular meeting. The halls, galleries, etc. are thrown open and brilliantly lighted, so as to afford opportunity to examine the fine gallery of portraits of distinguished Americans, an interesting paper or two is read, the ordinary business transacted, and then the Society adjourns. The entire audience, embracing generally the representatives of the literary world of New-York with many ladies, repeat, by invitation of the President in a large hall, where an appropriate entertainment awaits them.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — We have lately come into the possession of a rare literary performance; a production such as is seldom met with, in our present era. It had its origin in Great-Bend, Tennessee: and is entitled '*The Romance of Reform*:' its author, EDWIN H. TENNEY. With the aid of the excellent friend and time-honored correspondent from whom we receive it, let us proceed briefly to consider its extraordinary claims upon the wondering admiration of our readers. 'Dictionary JOHNSON,' 'Rambler JOHNSON,' 'Rasselas JOHNSON,' 'Hebrides JOHNSON,' once wrote a tract entitled, 'Taxation no Tyranny.' Great writers, like himself, more especially those who flourish now-a-days, are often said, by a figure of speech, to tax the powers of the English tongue, or to 'wreak their thoughts upon expression:' CARLYLE, for example, who cannot be bored by what is American, more than we are by his English. Some, like CARLYLE, are said to have 'a despotic power over language.' It is, however, no tyranny, but rather an attempt at the same: because the great Republic of Letters, before tolerating any such Act, by GEORGE, or any body else, will first throw all its T's overboard, whether in possession of the said THOMAS, or TENNEY, or TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE. To set constitutional law at defiance, and to levy arbitrarily on the capabilities of that great store-house whose treasures have been laid up by our forefathers for the necessities of all, is done in various ways, some of which we may mention. *Imprimis*, by a sort of sequestration of epithets, turning them away from their original sense, and slipping them into a new collocation: which, when ingeniously effected, adds grace to style, and is a practice alluded to in the '*Ars Poetica*' of HORATIUS. Again, our 'Mother Tongue' is taxed: but this is called 'murdering the King's English,' by straining its flexibility, or by an art of re-coinage. This was done in old-fashioned times by Mrs. SLIPSLOP, (who had a tongue of *her own*, which she exercised with great *control*, not in the sense of controlling it,) in JOSEPH ANDREWS, when she used frequently to say, 'I am *confidous* that JOSEPH,' etc., etc. Those excellent ladies, Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM and Mrs. PARTINGTON, may be referred to, in illustration of the same. Some members of Congress even now might be mentioned, if we could think of their names: one especially, whose private letter was recently indecorously published — politicians, it seems, having little delicacy in such matters — for its violations of the English tongue, very properly took up the pen in his own defence: 'I *writ* it,' said he, (a form of expression a little antique, but to which no exception can be made,) 'I writ it, but it is d — bly *mucilated*!' We have some poets among us also, who, intending to be most exquisite, lay a tax on the dictionary for all the poetical words which it contains. Poetry, it is well known, has its own distinct *verbiage*, without which it can neither be crystalline, diaphanous, nor luscious: its darling pet syllabifications; 'its lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon:' nor have common words availed even a single fig, except in such compositions as GRAY's Elegy, and the poems of ROBERT BURNS, now pretty well out of date, and buried in the hearts of those who have read them. We have read a little book of poems by a Mr. CHIVERS, (what a crisp, sparkling name!) which is a casket overbrimming with the most incomparable gems that ever sparkled in HEAVEN's light. The author re-

marks in his preface, which is itself a prosaic bewilderment of all that is most precious in the verbal domain: 'As the diamond is the crystalline Revelator of the acromatic white light of HEAVEN, so is a perfect poem the crystalline revelation of the Divine Idea. There is just the difference between a pure poem and one that is not, that there is between the spiritual concretion of a diamond, and the mere glaciation of water into ice. For as the irradiancy of a diamond depends upon its diaphanous translucency, so does the beauty of a poem upon its rhythmical crystallization of the Divine Idea.' We concur with the author in these views, although we never had the power to express them. A single verse from Mr. CHIVERS, which is all we shall quote, as we would not violate the copy-right, will show that he does not lay down principles by which he is not himself guided:

'On the beryl-rimmed rebecs of Ruby  
Brought fresh from the hyaline streams,  
She played on the banks of the Yuba  
Such songs as she heard in her dreams.  
Like the heavens when the stars from their eyries  
Look down through the ebon night air,  
Where the groves by the Ouphantic Fairies  
Lit up for my LILY ADAIR,  
For my child-like LILY ADAIR,  
For my heaven-born LILY ADAIR,  
For my beautiful, dutiful LILY ADAIR.'

There is immortality in these verses, unless immortality is 'a figment.' Many of our writers are wont to press all the *aequipetalia verba* into their compositions, leaving nothing but paltry monosyllables to others. But notwithstanding this immense drain, the great well of pure English undefiled is abundant for common use, or extraordinary occasion. On some Fourth-of-Julys we have thought that it would be exhausted of epithets: but there are plenty more when any great effort is to be made; as is always the case in our winter lectures; for we have heard no lectures for some years past which were not too great for their topics, while we hardly know of any topic great enough for such treatment. We have sometimes written with a pen made from an eagle's quill, but according to the 'Romance of Reform' we must hunt about for the pinion of an Archangel. The pamphlet is a perfect cataract of forensic eloquence. It was requested of its accomplished author for publication by the young gentlemen of Great-Bend, and characterized in their note as both able and eloquent. We did not extend our western journey so far as that locality: but it is at one of those sudden turning-points of the great Mississippi, which go by the name of 'Bends,' as for instance, 'Little Bend,' 'Big Bend,' 'Shirt-Tail Bend,' etc. It is no wonder that those on such a bend should be proud of their Tenney-son, with such an orator 'in their midst.' To speak as he has done, in an obscure place, is an absolute waste of verbiage. If that oration had been delivered in New-York or Washington, or in any other place where *assembles* are congregated, there is no roof which would not have been torn off by the most thundering acclamations: but in such an audience as must have been found at the 'Bend,' it is not probable that there was a single individual who understood it. A poorer vindication of the capacities of the Anglo-Saxon tongue does not exist than in the numerous periods of this magnificent composition. Although it is a little too metaphysical for our taste, (which, from the

preceding remarks, it will be seen is a very plain one,) and its richness of language is so great, as we are borne along on its voluminous swell, that we hardly pause to take in the ideas; yet we would not invidiously detract from merits which have no parallel in the whole range of classic oratory. In proof of which, let extracts be submitted to a candid world. In his second division, he says:

'ROMANCE of Reform being revolutions commenced in the fanciful bounds of human probabilities, without recognizing the standard of national worth, which are effectuated by convictions ever accompanying a distorted fancy is *ethically unwarrantable*. The commission it arrogates, the aggression it fosters, or the cogency it wields can not vaporize its resentment or mitigate its severity. If you indorse its authority you must ratify its prowess; if you descant on its efficiency you must concede its usurpation; if you file off its acerbity you must christianize its resentment; and if you analyze it, nothing but the cold equity of retaliation will dissolve it. It is then that the casuist ashamed at vindications of reform from wonder and curiosity opens his immortal scroll. He reads in vain of a JONAH leaving in penitence his oily cavern for the dreaded rebels beyond the sea: no waving flag or booming cannon hailed his resurrection; no martial band or Hebrew brother proclaimed his welcome, ere he announced with stirring eloquence their awful doom. He reads in vain of ELIJAH with his mantle dividing the Jordan; to his son bequeathing his spirit, and to the grinding teeth of the forest he resigns his scoffers, to be wafted by steeds of fire to mansions of bliss. He reads in vain of SAMPSON with his fatal jaw and fire-brands entering upon that reform for the sake of which he lost his sight, and was bound in brass; for the sake of which he was robbed of strength and laughed to scorn; and for which he laid down his life in that temple whose massive columns he was hugging when its bellows were lost mid dying howls!'

Contrast with this clear exposition, the 'puffing arrogance' and 'nimble hopes' which 'no theodolite can span' of a pseudo REALITY, 'oscillating' mid *etherealities*, and 'things of that description, of that sort:'

'REALITY to the student tumbling the lumps for a whiskey toddy, and reforming his class-mate by holding his head; reality to the savage picking the leeches from his crural net trappings to reform by their bites foul-blooded humanity; reality to the gambler pickling his dice in infamies bottles to throw double sixes from romance his bowl; reality to the sailor trifling with the whirlpool on lifes' giddy ocean to be wrecked with the waves for his feelingless home; reality to the warrior tossed by the rockings of times furrowed billows to garnish his sabre, with romance his goal. To some this stands to our theme as the marrow to the bone, as the setireme to the beetle, their motor and major: as the cloud by day and pillar of fire by night to the host of ISRAEL in the ancient wilderness.'

If our orator is grand in his lingual displays, he is sublime in the figurative department. Listen to his illustration of an 'unyielding aspiration.' We commend the passage to the especial attention of our rail-road friends:

'It may answer as the *wood* to death locomotive; but oil and water are lacking. This oil and water, the worm-wood of their hopes, and gall of their fears, are a nullity to their commodities of inseparable fruition; they are the clergymen in their paradise of intoxicated bliss; they are the cholera in their summer of vigorous bloom. To the *true* patron it is a pacificator which checks the cries of restless frenzy, mounts the waves of battered grief, and stems the tides of error. They would feed death's locomotive with oil and water; and when with nimble wheels, limber joints, and snorting pipes, it is fired for the track of glory, as the draw-bridge of life is closing, they would fly for the glassy portals; and when with shivering fear, aching hope, and pallid cheek, they approach mortalities Junction, they would join the express of Jordan, and having entered immortalities depot, they would wrap them in the icicles of deaths cold mantle, and lay them in the grave-yards of endless wo.'

The entire address is more Miltonic than MILTON, more Byronic than BYRON, more Websterian than WEBSTER, and more transcendental in its obfuscated didactics than all three of them put together: and if the author will send us the pen with which it was written, though made of a common goose's quill, we will

have it set in gold, and encased in a casket of porphyry. The 'Romance of Reform' is a good subject. May we suggest to the eloquent author, as another suitable theme for the expenditure of his genius, at such time as he shall leave the Great-Bend — where he may take our word for it he will never be appreciated as he should be — **THE REFORM OF ROMANCE**, so as to 'reform it altogether?' Masculine authorities are fast protruding it into the ground-work of elaborated immoralities, absorptive of adult progressiveness, and of adolescent proclivities, not only excoiating to the mental aliment, but actually deterrent to the fine-strung fibres of the moral sensibilities, while a febrile action discovers no prophylactic in all the range of its prolusiveness, and no diuretic in all the conglomerations of its pseudo-philosophical arbitraments. Feminine paraversations have not meliorated, on the other hand, the prostrating tendencies of its engendered corruptibilities, nor modulated the twang of its harping philanthropies. It is **HYPERION** to a satyr. Let Mr. **TENNEY** dissect and cauterize it to the very depth of its amphibious volubilities, tracing it through all the streams of its arterial circulations, and gerrymandering it into all the procreativeness of its diurnal vicissitudes. From **HYLAX** to **ALDEBORONDEFOSTIFORNIOSTICOS**, let him sway it into the category of diluted immaterialities, and sweep it as with the wing of a Gorgon into the boiling abyss of demolition. Then shall we have a literature which the country may be proud of, and orators who will enchant us like the wand of a **JULLIEN**. We have done: our eliminated extractions, above promulgated, with prelusive and intermingled commentarial scintillations and idiosyncrasies, 'it is hoped may please.' - - - 'NEAR the office where your dainty 'TABLE' is monthly spread,' writes a welcome town-correspondent, 'is the business-place of the King of the Shoe-dealers. Years ago, when living at Milford, not half as rich as he is now, and of course not half as respectable, he went to a militia-training at Wooster. The Maine Law was not thought of then in the 'Bay State,' and the liquor circulated freely. Our friend entering into the spirit of the scene, 'treated' every body — himself not excepted. Two or three days after, he returned to Milford, and putting a bold face on the matter, walked into Deacon T ——'s shop and cried out: 'Well, Deacon, I made one hundred and fifty dollars by going to Wooster!' The strong Yankee curiosity kept back the solemn lecture in store; and looking at him, as his appearance gave more signs of an aching head than a full pocket, the Deacon asked, 'How?' 'Why,' said the returned prodigal, 'I had a spree worth two hundred and fifty dollars, and it only cost me a hundred.' (He does n't take account of stock in that way now-a-days.) Speaking of this: there are some 'hard cases' in that same shoe-trade. A large dealer, not celebrated for much piety, lives over the East River, in one of those 'Places,' so numerous in the 'City of Churches.' An effort was being made to erect a church for the poor, and a gentleman, ignorant of his character, called on him for a subscription. Being ushered into the parlor, conversation upon the weather and business was quite lively for a few minutes, when the subject of the visit was named, and the subscription-book presented. He took it, and looked at it anxiously; then hastily paced the floor two or three times, ending by thrusting the book back into the hand of the astonished solicitor of charity, saying as he did so: 'No' — 'won't give a red cent; there an't half as many people go to h — il now as had ought to!' Rather a singular reason for declining to take stock in a moving-house! Do n't you think so?'

*Apropos* of the *locale* of the subject of the foregoing anecdote, (the Leather Mart of the Great Metropolis,) is this tribute to '*The Swamp*,' which we clip from the '*Evening Post*' daily journal. We have a shrewd suspicion as to who is the author, but we will insinuate naught 'at this present writing.' '*THE SWAMP*,' a name well known to all old residents of New-York, and not unfamiliar in business circles, is a region which Jacob, Cliff, Ferry streets, and the easterly part of Beekman and Frankfort streets, traverse. Within twenty-five years it was covered with tan-yards, and it is still the head-quarters of the hide and leather trade. The high commercial character of its business people is well indicated by the lines which ensue. In earlier times it was called '*BEEKMAN'S Swamp*.' Some of the oldest and most genial of our friends are business-residents of this locality; and not a few 'good things' have found their way thence to our readers. Forgather for half an hour with L —, or the P —s or Y —, or F —, and it will 'go hard' but you shall be made the recipient of much that is worthy of remembrance. There, in that same '*Swamp*,' are men whose liberal purses, conjoined with refined and educated tastes, have done as much for art as any others in Gotham. There, too, are the open-handed benefactors of our public charities; and eke captains of '*Centurians*,' '*Column*'-nar supports, and old '*Sketch-Club*'-ers, honored and honoring alike. A great '*institution*' is '*The Swamp*,' and greater still the Swampites:

'*This* is the Swamp. On maps of old New-York  
'Tis laid down '*Beekman's Swamp*,' and  
Beekman-street  
Runs through it now. The Leather Trade  
has here  
Its home; and piles of '*Sole*' and '*Upper*'  
fill  
The shops, into which mild cart-men back  
their drays,  
And swear the while not much. Preten-  
tious stores  
Are absent here. The men and their  
demesnes  
Do wear no airs: and Broadway swells  
come here  
But rarely. Yet, I like the place and  
men:  
And, on my way to printers GRAY and  
HARPER,  
And the seldom-coming CLARK, who  
writes  
The KNICKERBOCKER, this leathery maze  
I thread content; and meet the men in  
scores  
Whose notes are good as gold: who with  
good sense  
Have made their money, and whose money  
has  
Not made fools of them. Financially they  
Are solid and substantial men,  
But, for the most part, corpo-*really* slim:  
In this unlike the '*solid men of Boston*,'  
Whom I've seen shake the flags State-  
street along,  
With slow fat tread, and swinging sweep  
of watch-seal:  
Withal a little wheezy in the breath.  
This sort of men i' the Swamp would go at  
what  
They're worth, and not at Boston prices.

'The HARPERS have encamped  
Hard by, behind the printing-house of  
GRAY,  
And vex the quiet air with noisy hum  
Of presses, which print their *Monthly* in  
its course,  
And *Civilization's Journal* also:  
They're scarcely held as regular denizens  
Of the old Swamp, but squatters only on  
its outer marge,  
Who may, perchance, by long behavior  
good,  
Get rank among the favored of that ilk,  
And come to be directors in S. KNAPP'S  
Mechanics' Bank. Smells multifarious  
Herefrom ascend to Heaven. Of which  
the chief,  
The scent of honest commerce, breathes  
i' the breath  
Of ruddy sole-leather: and next to this,  
And far more questionable, the odors  
strong  
That rise from hides of all sorts, fresh and  
dry,  
Of cattle wild and tame, as well the beasts  
That frisk upon the Pampas of Brazil  
As those that come athirst, close-packed  
and hot,  
Over the wide-gauged Erie, killed on  
Bergen Hill,  
Or sold at the Bull's Head, whereof there  
is a bank  
And three-cent stages upon Avenue Third.  
Other smells there are, and smells of  
power, that rise  
From gutters which the Croton Board de-  
cline  
To wash; where Celt and Teuton, sallying  
forth  
From basement and high story, eke spill  
slops





one of the auditors, 'I *thought* there was some repetition in the remarks!' 'Ah!' said another, 'that might have been very good sport to their reverences, but it was death to 'the frogs' in the pews!' By the by: 'Speaking of lectures, reminds me that 'Parson JACK,' a colored celebrity of this 'ilk,' intends to enlighten this community by a lecture on '*Missions*,' as he says: missions generally: admissions, omissions, commissions, permissions, and intermissions.' - - - If any one of our readers, male or female, young or old, has at any time considered it within an 'honorable province' to sneer at '*Old Maids*,' and to bring reproach upon their class, let him or her draw near, and peruse this sketch of '*Aunt Sally*,' who, we may presume, is only an exemplar of thousands of the great fraternity to which she has the honor to belong:

'As I repeat the name of 'AUNT SALLY,' a vision of the neat old lady in a muslin cap of spotless snow, surrounding a face beaming with kindness and a glow with good humor, rises before me. A black apron is tied neatly about her waist, from beneath which fall the graceful folds of a dark bombazine frock, containing an immense pocket, which to us children is a perfect marvel; the teeming store-house whence issue the most delightful candies and raisins, fennel and caraway in abundance; the prettiest little cookies, with seeds in them; together with all the appurtenances of a doll's wardrobe. But I need not enumerate: any one who has ever had an 'Aunt SALLY' (and I do pity the one who has not!) knows as well as I what that wonderful magazine contained. And yet, even in our younger days, Aunt SALLY's charm lay not so much in her pocket — a perfect cornucopia though it were: the generous heart looking out from that dear face, with peculiar tenderness, on the little ones, was the true magnet.

'Now as I pretend to give a faithful sketch of this good Aunt of mine, there is a word which must be spoken: she was and is an OLD MAID. She is my Grandmother's sister, and loved my mother as if she were her own child. She would often say to her, by way of advice: 'Never be in a hurry, EMILY, to marry: a good husband is worth waiting for; and if you get a *bad* one, you will have quite long enough to live with him.' It has been suggested by a mischievous belle cousin of mine, in her curls and teens, that she may yet live in anticipation of the advent of her liege lord: but I *know* 'Aunt SALLY' has never indulged in any melancholy sentiments upon that subject.

'I *do* think, of all the exhibitions of ingratitude in the world, one of the greatest is that of deriding unmarried ladies of 'an uncertain age.' *The Old Maid!* What a void would there be in the world without her! Who covers all the balls for the boys, and dresses all the dolls for the girls? Who turns aside the rod of correction from the little culprit, with the assurance that she knows 'he did not mean to do any thing out of the way?' Who mends the ugly rents in new dresses, without letting 'mother' know any thing about them? Who 'do n't believe sugar-plums hurt children,' and always knows where the sweetmeats are? Who knits warm stockings for poor little ones, and lends a cheerful helping hand on every busy occasion? Who arranges the bridal dresses? — and who so faithfully watches by the bed-side of the sick, or smooths the pillow of the dying so tenderly?

'Aunt SALLY's home is an old neat, trim, white Connecticut farm-house, nestling beneath the shadow of tall elms with graceful sweeping branches. There she lives, where she always *has* lived, with a bachelor brother and maiden sister. My earliest recollections picture forth the ancient mansion, with all its attractions,

so fascinating to my budding childhood. The pantry abounds with delicacies never to be found elsewhere. The kitchen rejoiceth in a bright rag-carpet and fiddle-back chairs. The garret is rich in relics of by-gone years. In the barn we tossed the hay, and hunted for eggs; in the farm-yard the chickens flew to eat from our hands; and in the brook at the foot of the hill, we sailed our tiny boats, or fished with a tin cup tied to a pocket-handkerchief. How vividly all these scenes glow in my memory! Those who have not yet forgotten the joys of childhood, can appreciate 'Aunt SALLY,' with her kind face and gentle words. She stands ever near, ready to help on my happy sports. She lives yet in the old place: and although eighty-one years have stamped their impress on her brow, and cast their frosts upon her hair, she is still just as happy, and her heart bounds just as cheerfully, if not as lightly, as when in by-gone years *my* mother sought her side for sympathy in *her* childish sports, or poured into her tender bosom her childish joys and sorrows. Who enjoys more love on earth than 'Aunt SALLY?' and who with her noble self-forgetfulness and broad mantle of charity, has a brighter prospect of happiness in the 'Land of the Hereafter?'

If it be indeed '*A School Girl*' who sends us the foregoing, 'Aunt SALLY,' if she be yet in the land of the living, will surely appreciate the heart-warm tribute: as will many another 'Old Maid,' who has '*seen* the time, when she was as good as ever she was.' - - - We find in this morning's papers the sad announcement of the death of our old friend and contemporary, WILLIAM T. PORTER, of '*Porter's Spirit of the Times*.' Mr. PORTER has not been in good health for many months: and although apparently in no critical situation, it was yet evident to his friends, from the paleness of his face, and the clear watery-blue of his failing eyes, that his days were not long in the land. WILLIAM T. PORTER was a kindly, courteous, generous GENTLEMAN. 'I have wintered and summered with PORTER,' said the lamented INMAN to us one day, not long before his death, 'and I know that a truer or more generous spirit does n't exist among us.' And this will be the cordial testimony of all who had the pleasure well to know the lamented deceased. From an obituary in the '*Times*' daily journal, we take the annexed life-sketch and just tribute to his memory:

'TWENTY-SEVEN years since, Mr. PORTER started a paper, devoted to field-sports, racing, hunting, fishing, and the like, called *The Spirit of the Times*. Its success for some time was doubtful: but the energy displayed by its editor, and the talent which he engaged in its pages, soon gained it a wide and ultimately a permanent reputation. Mr. PORTER (who was a native of Vermont, born in 1806,) was the second of four brothers, who were all distinguished for their literary ability. His eldest brother, Dr. T. O. PORTER, about the year 1845, in connection with Mr. N. P. WILLIS, started a weekly paper called *The Corsair*, which did not meet with the success it merited. Another brother, GEORGE PORTER, connected himself with the New-Orleans *Picayune*, and died in that city. After his death, a still younger brother, FRANK PORTER, previously connected with the revenue service, repaired to New-Orleans to supply his place, but fell sick there; and after a voyage to Europe, in search of health, returned and laid his bones by the side of his brother. Of all the family, only the subject of our present notice survived. He had been assisted by his brothers in the establishment of his paper, and had also enlisted the best talent of the country in its aid. *The Spirit of the Times* obtained a reputation second only to that of *Bell's Life in London*. Its circulation extended to England, India, and Australia, and was distinguished in those countries for the originality of its articles, especially those devoted to the field

and river-sports of the Western world. For twenty-five years Mr. PORTER devoted his attention to this paper, and retiring from its management about three years ago, started on September sixth, 1856, another publication of a still higher character, but devoted to the same interests, which he called *Porter's Spirit of the Times*.

'Mr. GEORGE WILKES was his coadjutor in this enterprise, which, from the first, commanded public attention, and speedily became a decided success. For a few weeks past, Mr. PORTER was unable to write more than a simple paragraph for each number of his paper. The work which he had in hand, and to which he intended to devote himself, was a biography of his friend, HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, (FRANK FORESTER,) whose melancholy suicide, about two months ago, must be fresh in the recollection of our readers. He had been gradually failing for three or four years past: when, on Thursday of last week, he was seized with chills, repaired to his bed, and never after left it. Mr. WILKES, and other friends, remained with him during his sickness. His last words were: '*I want to go home.*' He died without pain, unconscious of the presence of those who were gathered about him. Few men have had truer and warmer friends, and fewer men have deserved them more. WILLIAM T. PORTER, it is scarcely too much to say, was beloved by all who knew him. His tongue never uttered a word of scandal. Two or three times in his life it has been his lot to differ with some of his acquaintances: but never, although he ceased to communicate with them, was he known to censure them.'

His funeral, on the afternoon of the day on which the report of his decease reached our country-sanctum, was solemnized at St. THOMAS', after the beautiful service of the Episcopal Church. The edifice was crowded by friends of the deceased, who desired to honor his memory, as they had honored him while living. Rest in peace, gentle and endeared Spirit! - - - LIKE unto THACKARAY, who fell dead in a never-to-be-forgotten love with a Hibernian wench 'a-scouring of her kettle' in Skibbareen, our Mobile bard has 'fallen a-flame' touching a certain '*Maiden at the Well*,' in years gone by. He 'lets on' how it was:

'T WAS on a sultry, summer day,  
I asked for drink; she gave it me:  
'T was but a simple act,' you say,  
And so, no doubt, thought she.

'Long, weary years have passed since  
then,  
And all their various changes wrought:  
I've striven with my fellow-men,  
As every true man ought.

'I've mingled in Life's stirring scenes;  
I've heard the glorious shout of MARS,  
And breathed the sulph'rous cloud that  
screens  
His horrors and his scars:

'I've wandered far in foreign lands,  
To where the cruel Ganges flows;  
I've trod Zahara's burning sands,  
And Alps' eternal snows.'

Yet it seems that go where he would, the '*Maiden at the Well*' followed him. Well, what is going to be done about it? We trust 'K.' has not wedded *another* maiden: if so, we shouldn't like to stand in her shoes. She might better have 'trod' with him 'Zahara's burning sands,' or accompanied him to the 'cruel Ganges,' and joined the unappreciated wives who have populated with their corpses that renowned stream. - - - We cannot resist the inclination to quote the following passage from a recent letter of an old-time friend and fellow-student, delightfully resident in one of our noble midland counties: 'I was recovering from sickness lately, and needed something to tempt my appetite. I thought woodcock, well cooked and served, would move my dormant palate. My Irish servant was told to go down and purchase a pair. Mrs. B—— said to him: 'I suppose you know what they are?—those birds with very long bills?' 'Yes, Mem, I do.' Then turning to the cook, she gave directions for their preparation for the table. After the lapse of an hour, the man returned

with the change. 'Well, JIM, did you get the woodcocks?' 'I *did*, Mem.' 'But how is this?—how much change have you brought? What did they cost?' 'Sixteen cents, Mem.' 'What! sixteen cents for *the pair*?' 'Yes, Mem.' 'Why, that is extremely cheap!' He stood in a hesitating way for a moment, and then asked Mrs. B——if she would not step down and see them. She walked down to the kitchen, and JIM stepped up to the table, took up a small package, which he unfolded, and handed out a couple of the longest kind of *wooden faucets*! 'Why, bless you, man, these are not woodcocks! Didn't you hear me give directions about *cooking* them?' 'I *did*, Mem.' 'But do n't you see that I could not cook one of *these*? I might keep them in the pot a whole hour, and they would not be cooked.' 'I see, Mem: I made a mistake. Shall I take 'em back, Mem?' 'Certainly!' Was there ever any thing so thoroughly Irish? - - - We would respectfully advise Mr. MYRA S. ISAACS, who writes for the '*Jewish Messenger*,' to lay aside his sham-'pen.' He is a plagiarist of the meanest type: for he steals that which is good, alters and 'mixes it up' with his own feeble platitudes, until it is ridiculous, and then palms the whole upon the public as original. In the '*Messenger*' for the eighteenth of June, is a piece purporting to be by Mr. ISAACS, entitled '*The Remembrance of the Dead*.' Open IRVING's 'Sketch-Book,' reader, at '*Rural Funerals*,' and make the subjoined comparisons, commencing with the very first sentence:

## IRVING.

'THE love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul.'

'WHEN the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart?'

'THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude.'

'THOUGH it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright eye of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry?'

'WHO can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?'

## ISAACS.

'THE love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul.'

'WHEN our sudden anguish and convulsive agony are softened into pensive meditation on the being whose loss we mourn, our sorrow becomes, as it were, healing and sacred. It teaches us that though we grieve, though our regret can never be stifled, he for whom we feel and is enjoying a state of bliss, and knows no sorrow.'

'THE sorrow we feel for the dead is the only affliction for which we refuse to be comforted. Every other trouble we strive to forget; we exert every means to dispel. But the memory of the departed we cherish. A voice within us seems to warn us that now the substance is gone, the remembrance remains, and we should not seek to cast it off.'

'THOUGH the remembrance of the deceased throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of pleasure, though it engender sadness at a time we intended to be mirthful, it nevertheless possesses a charm more potent than gayety or ephemeral pleasure. We could not attach more value to our present pleasure than to the memory of those who were wont to share our joys.'

'PERCHANCE it was one with whom we had been at enmity; whose death, when we saw him in the enjoyment of life, we may have wished for. Yet, when we look upon that poor piece of clay mouldering before us, we then reflect *how wrong it was to act as we did!*'

Our 'Original ISAACS' has 'no connection' with the 'party over the way,' (now reading his morning paper on the shady western piazza of 'Sunnyside,') so far as style is concerned. - - - We beg to remind our esteemed friend and correspondent, JOHN PHOENIX, that THE PROCK was first brought to the knowledge of American naturalists by the KNICKERBOCKER. Yes, Sir — years ago: and now here comes us up a United States Topographicalist, who affirms, of his own motion, that this singular animal was discovered long before it was beheld sidelining along one of the Rocky Mountains, by our old-time correspondent. Hear him:

'If I recollect rightly, the first person who made mention of 'THE PROCK,' although not by name, was Captain JONATHAN CARVER, whose voyage to the Rocky Mountains in 1665, is quoted by Mr. GREENBOW, and in whose book the name of Oregon was first given to the river now known as the Columbia. CARVER, in his appendix, describing the various animals inhabiting that region, states that: 'In the country of Osnobians (Assinobains) there is a singular beast, of y<sup>e</sup> bigness of an horse, and having hoofs, whereof two legges on one side are alwaies shorter than y<sup>e</sup> other, by which means it is fitted to graze on y<sup>e</sup> steep slopes of the mountains. It is of amazing swiftness, and to catch it the salvages doe head it off: whereby it cannot run, but falleth over and so is taken.' And further: 'I was also told of one which I did not see. This is like unto a bear in size, but covered with a shell, as is y<sup>e</sup> tortoise, with many hornes along its back. It has great claws and teeth, and is exceeding fierce, eating man and beast.'

We join issue with our new philosopher. We deny, stimultuaneously, that 'recently-discovered' specimens of 'THE PROCK' demonstrate that the existence of the animal, as described below, 'is in entire accordance with the usual laws of Nature, and its singular adaptation to the circumstances under which it lives.' Let any surgeon tell us, if the *os humeri* can be elevated and depressed by the *biceps muscularii* in the manner described. A weak invention:

'THE PROCK (*Perocketus Oregonienis*) is about the size of a mule, and like the quagga and zebra, is properly to be included in the genus *equus*, having entire hoofs. Its structure differs, however, from that of any known animal in the mode of articulation of the shoulder and hip-joints. This peculiar formation allows to the limbs a degree of lateral motion, enabling the animal to elevate or depress them at will: thus, when standing upon a sloping surface, giving it the appearance of obliquity, as described by CARVER, and enabling it to run with singular swiftness along steep mountain-sides, where otherwise an animal of its size would find no foothold. In fact, it is hardly surpassed in agility by the Bighorn, or Rocky Mountain goat. I need scarcely say, that the tradition of its being unable to turn, and the consequent method of capture, are mere inventions.'

When a jack-ass shall be discovered standing on a steep declivity of one of the Rocky Mountains, to illustrate this theory, he will be seen shrugging his shoulders, like a Frenchman, and pulling down the under-lid of his left eye (*par la gauche*) with his right hoof, and at the same time will be heard, in musical tones, to exclaim, 'Do you think that led will grow shet?' But 'to the argument.' The alleged CARVER would be right, if he were not an antique male 'Mrs. HARRIS.' We hold, with BETSEY PRIG, that 'there aint no sich a person.' The KNICKERBOCKER's PROCK, is *the* PROCK! - - - We gather the following from a correspondent who writes us from Princess Anne, Maryland: 'Yesterday, during the session of our County-court, his Honor, Judge S—— felt a craving for something to appease his hunger. Beckoning to one



of the tipstaves of the court, he requested him to go to a neighboring hotel, and tell the landlord to send him a sandwich. 'A *what?*' asked the tipstave — 'a sangaree? Oh! yes, of course: certainly, Sir, with pleasure.' 'No, Sir — a sandwich.' 'Oh! yes: a little sugar-and-water: certainly, Sir, with pleasure.' 'No, Sir: a *sandwich*: do n't you know what a sandwich is?' asked the Judge. 'I beg your Honor to pardon my ignorance.' So the Judge was obliged to explain what a sandwich was: and off the tipstave went to the jovial BONIFACE, and 'told the tale as 't was told to him: 'His Honor, Judge S —, desires that you will send him a sandwich.' 'What's that?' inquired BONIFACE. 'Just you tell Judge S — if he wants any of his law-books, he must come and get 'em: I do n't know nothin' about 'em!' An explanation ensued: and His Honor finally got his sandwich. 'Smart' court-officials in those 'diggings!' - - - It was a 'right pleasaunte' trip which we took the other day, in company with a small but most agreeable party, to '*The-Battle Grounds of Saratoga*.' Our main object, too long deferred, was to visit an esteemed friend, residing at the beautiful homestead of his boyhood, in old Stillwater, county of Saratoga, a short distance only from BEMIS' Heights; a name rendered famous by great events in our Revolution. '*The Commodore*' steamer bore us delightfully and delightedly, on a lovely night, up the Hudson; but a slight 'aground' in the morning, above Albany, prevented our reaching Troy in time for breakfast before the Saratoga train was to take its departure; so that we were presently off, 'with a rush, a roar, and a rumble,' for the neat little village of Mechanicsville, on the Saratoga road, where we were to take one of the half-dozen kinds of excellent private conveyances of our friend S —, for his most enjoyable residence near the village of old Stillwater, 'in the county aforesaid;' a homestead with 'all the modern improvements,' added to clustering associations that the PRESENT could not furnish, and scenery of such variety, extent, and magnificence, that no ART could ever approach it: as we shall endeavor to shadow forth, in a few sentences descriptive of the famous BEMIS' Heights, (which rise with a very gentle inclination some two or three miles to the northward,) by-and-by, when we come to them. For the present, reader, you will please to group our little party under the 'shady shadow of umbrageous trees' on the lawn, watching now the distant landscape; now scanning the beauty of the nearer views; now marking the happy little girls swinging in the adjacent arbor; all the while having such recreation and varied converse among ourselves, that it will long be pleasant to remember. Toward night — an evening of Saturday it was — there came up from the dim-blue, thundery west a storm of wind and *thick* rain, a big rain, a prolonged rain, such as had not before had its equal this season. Very glorious it was to look out upon, yourself meantime luxuriously housed: it was a mischievous kind of sublimity, however, in the detail; for the 'floods came' so suddenly, that grain was prostrated, streams fearfully swollen, bridges carried away or greatly injured, etc. But Sunday morning dawned clear and balmy; and after hearing a good sermon at the village, (it was '*The Fourth*,' the Sabbath-Day of Freedom,) delivered on 'holy ground' in our history, with an old building close by, which was pierced with British bullets in the Revolution, we returned; and after dinner, 'in the cool of the day,' we visited a 'Fall,' on a stream in an adjacent wood, swollen with the recent rain, which in

the depth of its gorge, and picturesqueness of its tumbling descent, is second only to some of the lower falls of the Genesee, below our neighbor Colonel SILAS SEYMOUR's marvellous Bridge at Portage. On our return to the mansion, we repaired, after tea, to the parlor, where we listened to, and 'j'ined in' with several old sacred airs, which brought 'the light of other days' around us. There was a deep-toned parlor-organ, and a most effective base-viol, both well performed upon; well-trained voices 'carried' all parts: and it awakened almost the old emotions, to hear again old 'Windham,' 'Limehouse,' 'Wells,' 'Brattlestreet,' 'Old Hundred,' and — last, but by no means least — 'Norwich.' While we listened to these lines, sung so often on Sunday evenings by maternal lips, long since dust in the grave, tears, unbidden and irrepressible, swelled to our eyes:

'GENTLY glides the stream of Life,  
Oft along the flowery vale;  
Or impetuous down the cliff,  
Rushing roars, when storms assail.

'T is an ever-varied flood,  
Always rolling to the sea;  
Slow or swift, or wild or rude,  
Tending to ETERNITY !'

Find old 'Norwich,' if you have LOWELL MASON's ancient collection, and if there are singers enough in the family, *sing it*, with all the 'parts:' if it should be Sunday evening, ah! so much the better. It is wonderfully pathetic to us, and melodious also, to our poor taste. But let us hasten on. A brighter or lovelier day never dawned upon our glorious heritage, than that heralded by the dawn which broadened and brightened over old Saratoga, on the morning of the Fifth of July. In the cool breezy air from the North-west, our party started on a short ride to BEMIS' Heights, in a conveyance scarcely less luxurious than it was spacious and 'accommodating.' As we rode along, we could not but again and again remark and admire the beautiful forms of the rounded green or yellow grain and grassy slopes, terminating in level plateaus on the eastern bank of the Hudson. It was fortunate, that on our arrival, by a scarcely-perceptible grade, at the summit of the Heights, we had the excellent good fortune to meet, and to be presented to, CHARLES NEILSON, Esq., as he was just departing from his residence; itself so marked a feature in the revolutionary history of the neighborhood; and *him-self*, we may add, a fine representative-man of the patriotic 'men of mark' of that day; six feet five in height, as we should judge, and erect as a statue. From this silver-haired patriot (who several years since, as we learned, wrote a valuable and reliable work upon the great deeds hereabout enacted) we derived most intelligent and interesting information; which, on our return, we solicited him, by letter, to assist our memory in recalling: with which request he very kindly complied, in the communication which ensues. Let us, however, before presenting it to our readers, join our distinguished correspondent, in the hope, that no long time will elapse, before a Legislature of the Empire State shall cause a *Monument on Bemis' Heights* to uplift the glorious deeds of our fathers to all eyes which shall survey the vast region round about. If any member of our next Legislature should desire to do an act which will reflect honor and popularity upon himself, let him introduce a bill for the erection of such a monument.

Propose it, Sir: 'do something for your *country*,' while your associates are working for *party*. Let them

'TALK! talk! talk!  
Till the trickling windows swim:  
Talk! talk! talk!  
Till the lights in the hall wax dim:  
Clause and section and line,  
Line and section and clause;  
Till on their benches they fall asleep,  
And dream of making laws:  
Amend, divide, and report,  
Report, divide, and amend:  
Till each 'Section's a riddle, the 'Act' a maze,  
And 'a muddle' from end to end!'

Let *them* do this, while *you*, Sir, bring forward the proposed bill. Our word for it, it will, as it should, meet with a hearty response: but we keep our guests waiting:

'L. GAYLORD CLARK, ESQ.:

'MY DEAR SIR: In reply to your note of the ninth instant, I will, by way of prelude, give you a brief descriptive account of a few of the interesting views from my place of residence on this hallowed eminence, some of which you probably might have noticed on your flying visit to this prominent locality on the fifth: as follows:

'In giving a descriptive account of the numerous and splendid prospects from this great '*Observatory*,' commanding as it does, an extensive view of almost every variety of feature necessary to the perfection of a beautiful and picturesque landscape, I would remark, that from this spot the eye of the spectator can compass a circuit of more than three hundred miles in circumference. What a splendid site for a monument! At its foot the noble Hudson rolls on in all its pride and beauty, winding its way from small lakes at the north till it mingles itself with the waters of the Atlantic. At its foot, as it were, like a beautiful panorama, lies the antique village of Upton, or modernized Stillwater, with its numerous churches, its flourishing Academy, and its greatly-improved private dwellings in view, indicating the existence of a liberal spirit of well-directed enterprise. At the north and north-west, a distance of some forty miles, and in plain view, are the lofty mountains around Lake Horicon, the Sackindaga or Scandanaga Mountains; and still onward in the dim distance, the azure summits of the cloud-capped Adirondacks terminate this very romantic scene. Often when viewing this extensive wilderness of wonders, where dame NATURE, in some of her mad freaks, seems to have turned every thing within the sphere of her fancy 'topsy turvy,' I can almost imagine to myself that at some former period of the world this must have been the great battle-field of the enraged ELEMENTS, and in their fury, for the want of less powerful engines of wrath, must have torn up the rocks in their feverish strength, and hurled them at one another in almost immeasurable masses, and with such terrific force, that

'WHEN rock met rock 'mid battle ground,  
They fell in heaps with thundering sound,  
Till the towering peaks which now we see,  
Reared up their heads in majesty:  
While in the vales from whence were torn,  
These massive 'chunks,' and off were borne,  
Are awful gulfs sunk far below,  
Where maddening streams in torrents flow.'

On the east, and stretching far in the distance to the north and south, and terminating the view in that direction, is the long chain of the Green Mountains, the most prominent of which is the much-noted *Mount Tom*, whose towering peak seems to point out to the far-distant spectator the very romantic locality of that renowned seat of literature, known and distinguished by the appellation of *Williams College*.

'Then, in the north-east, is the smoke-encircled Bald Mountain, from whose ruptured sides the ponderous rocks are rolled down into the numerous lime kilns surrounding its huge base, the dazzling splendor of whose bright fires, in a dark night, glitter in the distance like sparkling brilliants around the chaste bosom of some rich Hindoo's bride. About six miles farther south is *Willard's Mountain*, so distinguishingly noted on the historic page, as the lofty eminence from which an American spy, by the name of WILLARD, with a good glass, watched the movements, and ascertained the probable force in BURGOYNE's camp, some four miles distant; and from time to time, through messengers employed for that service, made his reports to General GATES, who was thereby enabled to anticipate almost every movement of the British army. About equidistant from this enduring Monument, and the great 'Index,' or Mount Tom, and in plain view from the great Observatory, (BEMIS' Heights,) is that very celebrated ground called *Bennington Heights*, where the indomitable General STARK so triumphantly captured a thousand of BURGOYNE's mercenary troops, and saved his beloved MOLLY from becoming a widow that night.

'Within the broad circle, or rather semi-circle of this extensive prospect, an apparent plain, spreading even to the base of those mountains, and covered with highly-cultivated farms, neat mansions, and thriving villages, presents to view to the delighted beholder one of the most beautiful and picturesque landscapes to be found, perhaps, in the world.

'Then again, on the west, is another beautiful, variegated, and extensive view of a rich and highly-cultivated portion of country, including the memorable ground where the first and most important battle was fought, on the seventh of October: I say, the most important, as its result not only dampened the ardor of the British, and inspired the Americans with renewed courage, but was the first *bright dawn* of American Liberty.

'On the south, and in front of this venerable mansion on the 'Heights,' where your humble servant first saw the light of day, is a broad expanse of country, spread out before the astonished spectator, like a rich and beautifully-variegated carpet, and terminated only by the lofty range of the Catskill Mountains, or 'Kaatsbergs,' stretching away in the dim distance some ninety or an hundred miles, where the far-famed Mountain House is distinctly to be seen with a good glass, like a pearl in its lofty crest, at an elevation of some three thousand feet above the level of the Hudson. A little to the right of this line of observation, and bearing away to the north-west, is seen a spur of this lofty range called the 'Helderbergs,' so famed as the seat of the late *Indian War*!

'Then, on a less distant view, the eye of the delighted spectator roams in endless gratification over farms, villages, and towns, and takes into the scope a goodly portion of the oldest city in the Union, 'Albany on the Hill;' and if the windows of the Capitol should happen to be raised to cool the ardent temper of some fiery politician, he can take a peep into the legislative hall, and see the representatives of the people, in their parliamentary discussions, contending more for the 'loaves and fishes' of office, than for the good of the country.

'Thus I have endeavored to give a general though brief outline of the most prominent views, so richly and numerously displayed within the circumference of this great circle; and which, no doubt, at some remote former period of the world, was covered with one vast sheet of water, and bounded only by the lofty ranges of mountains already mentioned, including the Matteawan, the Highlands, and Shawangunk. The outlet of this grand and beautiful sheet of water must, I think, from the appearance of the soil, and make of the land from Fort Edward to Fort Ann, have been at the north, till some powerful convulsion of nature burst asunder its prison-doors at the Highlands; when, by the mighty rushing of its waters, the channel of the Hudson was excavated down to its present level, and the alluvion filling up the bed of some former stream, or arm of the sea below, caused the great expanse of waters at Haverstraw and Tappan. But whether this vast and majestic lake, for such it must have been, dotted with its numerous Islands, and dashing its waves against the rocky barrier which I have been describing, *was*, or whether the present rich and magnificent landscape presented to view from the great Observatory on BEMIS' Heights *is*, the most worthy of admiration, I shall leave for the more speculative to determine; and will close with the following lines:

'If taste for grandeur, or the mere sublime,  
Prompt thee, my friend, these gentle HEIGHTS to climb,  
Here gaze attentive on the scene around,  
But tread with holy awe this hallowed ground!'

SIMPLY premising that the views here so graphically described, in all the varied coloring born of the sunshine and shadow of a summer day, are visible from the lawn of our hospitable host, Mr. M. T. S —, we pass to the *Battle-Fields of Old Saratoga*:

'Nor knowing (continues our esteemed correspondent) what particular information you may desire, I will simply and briefly state that the Battle on the nineteenth of September took place principally on what is known as 'the FREEMAN Farms' on the map. The first battle, on the seventh of October, was fought along the line of the American entrenchments, on the left, a little west of and near my own dwelling, where the action lasted one hour and a quarter, when the British were driven from that position to a rise of ground about half a mile to the north-west, when BERGOYNE coming on with reinforcements, made a second stand. The Americans now seeing the enemy in full force, fell back till they were reinforced from the right wing on the river, when they again attacked their whole line from right to left, and in forty-five minutes drove them from that position back to their fortified camp. Soon after the British had retreated behind their works, the Americans again rallied, and boldly marching up under a shower of grape-shot and bullets, attacked their whole line, and drove them across the north-branch of the 'middle ravine.' The darkness of night having now put an end to the bloody conflict, and fresh troops having been ordered out to hold possession of that part of the camp from which the enemy had been driven, those who had been engaged in this hard day's work, retired to their quarters, while shouts of VICTORY! VICTORY!! rang triumphantly through the American camp.

'On retiring to their quarters, the victorious Americans having collected together the ten pieces of cannon captured on that day, placed them in line along the road, a little south of my house, when all, in one bright blaze, proclaimed in tones of thunder to an astonished nation the first *bright* dawn of American Liberty!

'To be more particular, I would say that, General POOR and Colonel MORGAN quartered in the east wing of my house; the only building now standing that was in existence on any part of the battle-field at the time of those memorable engagements. Major ACKLAND, who commanded the British grenadiers, was brought to the same room, wounded and a prisoner, where he remained till the twelfth, and where he was visited by his interesting wife, Lady HARRIET ACKLAND.

'General GATES' quarters were about eighty rods south of my house. General ARNOLD's quarters was a log-cabin standing at the north-west corner of my doorway, on the site of which, when I was a small boy, I planted a twig of Lombardy poplar, as a memorial of that fact, and of my birth-place. The tree is now fresh and green, and can be seen for miles around.

'With respect and esteem,

'Yours, etc.,

CHARLES NEILSON.'

It was our intention to have made mention of the pleasant circumstance of attending a Fourth-of-July celebration at Stillwater; of the uproarious laughter which a troop of *Fantastics*, from the neighborhood of the 'Field of the Grounded Arms' near Schuylerville, occasioned, in the procession; of the unexpected but most grateful tribute which was awarded to our 'faithful course for twenty-four years in our Magazine,' by a KNICKERBOCKER (by name and nature) of 'Old Schaghticoke,' over the river; but these things must be reserved. We ought, in justice to Esquire NEILSON, to state, that he accompanied his interesting communication by an excellent original map of the localities described, which, we are sorry to add, came too late for the engraver, to be made available. While at Mr. NEILSON's house, we were shown many and various precious revolutionary relics, picked up from time to time, in newly-ploughed fields near the adjoining sanguinary lines of defence. One of the most extraordinary collections of these hallowed relics, however, is preserved by Mr. SAMUEL G. EDDY, of the village of Stillwater. With pious care, this gentleman has arranged, in the best manner, a *Patriotic Revolutionary Museum*, which, with great courtesy and kindness, he points out, and permits to be examined, by his grateful and gratified visitors. To show the richness of this collection, let us mention a few only of the interesting 'remains' which it embraces:

'THE field-sword of General PHILIP SCHUYLER, and the wedding-shoe of Mrs. SCHUYLER; a British spontoon, taken at the battle last fought, the ninth of October, 1777: the remainder were ploughed up on the battle-field on BEMIS' Heights, where the battle of the nineteenth of September was fought: short-swords; gun and pistol-barrels; tomahawks; hatchets; axes; bayonets; buttons worn by Ninth, Eleventh, Twentieth, Twenty-First, Twenty-Second, Twenty-Fourth, Forty-Seventh, and Fifty-Third Regiments of BURGOYNE's army; grenadiers' buttons of KING's Eighth Regiment; piece of an officer's blanket of the Twenty-First Regiment, with part military coat, including buttons (gold-plated) ornamented with the Crown, Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle; military cap-plates; an American Eagle—motto, 'Unity is Strength;' gun-locks and flints; shells, cannon-balls, lead balls, and grape-shot; Hessian pistol; pocket-knives; shoe-buckles of various devices; triangle; screw-drivers; bullet-moulds; silver knee-buckles; gold, silver, and copper coins, found within three or four years past—dates, 1770 and '74; powder-horns; piece of the plank on which General FRAZIER died; breast-plates marked G. R.; one of WASHINGTON's military buttons; and autograph letter of General GATES, when he assumed the command of the Northern army, etc., etc.'

LEST we tire the reader with so extended a subsection of 'GOSSIPRY,' we purpose to make present pause. - - - THE 'Little People' came into the



sanctum the other afternoon, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks, each one trying to out-talk the other in delivering the wonderful news: 'O father! there's a man out on the grass by the school-house, with a big white tent, and a great *Tellyouskoap* on three legs: and he's going to sleep in the tent with his little boy, and he's a-going to see stars, and moons, and comets, and comets, and moons, and suns, and stars: 's going to see 'em to-night; and he says we may look through the great big hollow thing, and see 'em too! Won't *that* be fun?' It was as the children stated. Professor HYATT, an enthusiastic student of astronomy, had pitched his white tent upon a grassy mound in a field adjoining a little upland meadow, that bounds 'Cedar-Hill Cottage' on the south, where he was to make observations on the glorious evenings which then prevailed. We found the Professor a man of very modest demeanor, thoroughly conversant with his great theme, and glad to communicate information to all who desired to look through his telescope, an instrument magnifying sixty times. It was well worth a visit. MERCURY and VENUS, (SATURN *once*), as evening stars, the red planet MARS, and JUPITER, as a morning star, were greatly enjoyed; as was the Moon, when she 'took up the wondrous tale' of the night-season. We confess, however, to a deeper interest in the double-stars, nebulae, clusters in the Milky Way, lunar mountains, and volcanic craters; all of which were easily discerned. There is something sublime in directing a telescope toward a point in the evening sky where nothing is discernible to the unassisted eye, and to see within the deep blue abyss of the heavens countless stars 'shining clear and young, as when gazed upon by the shepherds on the plains of Shinar.' It was a very great lesson to the little folk: and they really seemed to feel with the enraptured Psalmist: 'When I survey the heavens, the work of THY hands, and the moon and stars which THOU hast ordained, then I say, 'What is MAN, that THOU art mindful of him, or the Son of Man, that THOU visitest him?'' Surely there never *could* be an 'undevout astronomer.' - - - How defective are the Biblical readings of some very respectable church-members, was amusingly illustrated at a church-meeting discussion a while since, in a large religious society, not thirty miles from the modern Athens. The question concerned the restoration of an excommunicated person upon the acknowledgment of his fault. A member was strongly advocating the measure, and wound up an appealing sentence to the sympathy of those present by saying that, according to the great MASTER'S own words, so long as the unfortunate offender lay under the censure, he was nothing better than a 'heathen man and a *re*-publican.' The sudden twinkle in the wide-awake moderator's eye, and a wicked twitching at the corners of his mouth, did not happen to catch the speaker's notice, who, warming with his theme, took another pull at the hearts of the brethren by dilating on the very unhappy condition of his client, which he clinched at length by a direct appeal, whether the church could consent to let a man, who seemed to be really penitent, remain any longer as just nothing else than 'a heathen man and a *re*-publican!' This second blunder fairly upset the gravity of the meeting, not excepting that of a large number of regular FREMONT torch-lighters (it was in those days) who quite relished the joke, and none the less because their evidently unconscious lampooner happened to be a stiff 'Old-line' Whig. It was all decidedly rich; and the appeal proved to be irresistible.' We once wit-

nessed a similar circumstance. - - - A WORLD of reminiscence arose to mind, as we perused the subjoined *Familiar Letter from an Old Friend*. Of nothing here recorded have we lost a single recollection. All seems as fresh to us as if it were only of yesterday's occurrence. 'Columbia Villa,' and its inmates, are before us now, as in days of yore: and that mistake, arising from twin-resemblance, how well we remember it! 'W. G. C.' used to say that *he* 'never knew us apart, until he looked at a school-day's scar which he had on his right arm, near the wrist!' With all this lapse of time, somehow or other we do n't feel a year older than we did then. And this, we suspect, is a weakness which will always hang around us. Looking at our embryo 'LEVIATHAN' kite, and the trip-hammer wind-mill rattling in the peach-tree where we have nailed it, and whose evolutions and revolutions we watch on a breezy day with a curious kind of reflected interest, we can't help thinking that we shall never cease to be a boy. But listen to our friend:

'DEAR CLARK: Tell me if it is an evidence of advancing age, when one is perpetually recalling some image of the past, and being continually startled by remembrances of things which have been packed away in Memory's cell for many a year? What else does it indicate? Peradventure you will reply, that it is time for me to make my will, for assuredly I have had an unusual number of interesting reminders of the lapse of time lately. I was at the ACADEMY OF DESIGN the other evening. I went in alone; but soon found myself confronted by well-remembered faces, whose owners I had known in my youth; and I was presently in the midst of a crowd of old friends. Here was a 'Portrait of a Lady,' by INGHAM. What! CHARLES INGHAM, whose *White Plume* was the admiration of the critics at the Academy almost a quarter of a century ago! Does he paint yet? Ay, and admirably too. Oh! how that brilliant complexion recalls one of my youthful tormentors! — and the hair too, and the eye-brows, are her own: yes, I am quickly transported to my old haunts, and once more

'T is mid-summer's eve, and fond dreams of my youth  
Are clustering thickly around my lone path,  
Recalling lost pictures with life-giving truth,  
Whose colors once mingled love, mischief, and mirth.  
O EMILY LANGLEY! sweet EMILY gay!  
Again I behold thee, bright image of May!'

I look a little farther, and lo! HALLECK peers down from the walls, as benignant and as unpretending as of yore. The face was so natural and communicative, that I was almost tempted to address it, and inquire: 'Where are *your* works, manly spirit, and what have you been doing in your intervals of leisure these twenty years past? Where are the results of those long and solitary rambles on Weehawken Heights, and around Fort Lee?' And I seemed to receive this answer: 'Wait until my port-folio is unlocked by some survivor by-and-by, and you shall *know* what I have been doing.' Let us hope so, if he open it not himself before.

'I pass on. What's this? A jovial crowd of revellers: BRYANT, VERPLANCK, COZZENS, TAYLOR! Why half the 'Century' is here: old and young, grave and gay, master and scholar. But how strangely grotesque is their costume! They are celebrating a nuptials: and whose? No, 't is a masquerade. But where are the masks? Ah! I see how it is: the artist has been giving expression to a dream, and tossed in the familiar lineaments most fantastically. Anon I find myself in a corner. Before me is a flashing stream, leaping in uproarious foam over

picturesque rocks: while fishing-rods, flies, and whirling lines, indicate Trout.

The Artist and his Friends.' One of them wears that same white hat, with a mourning-weed upon it, in which I well remember him, (shall I say how many years ago?) the friend of many friends, 'Old KNICK.' There he stands, instinct with life, evidently in fine spirits, and enjoying the sport, as he does every good thing, with exceeding relish. Ah! bon ami! how well do I remember the first time I ever saw you. It was in St. PAUL's Church, on a summer Sabbath morning, in a club-pew, with good BERRIAN in the pulpit. I had just returned from a visit to Philadelphia, made memorable by an introduction and pleasant conversation with your brother WILLIS, which I had greatly enjoyed only two evenings before. I was seated alone before you came in; and was fully satisfied that you were WILLIS himself. You returned my recognition; and after a while, exhibiting signs of impatience under the close and pungent appeals of the preacher, I was led to scribble some verses in the blank leaves of a prayer-book, descriptive somewhat, and deprecatory likewise, of conclusions too rapidly forming in the mind of a stranger, as I thought, derogatory to New-York pulpit eloquence; and wrote above them, 'To W. G. C.' Carefully you read them, smiled, and drew forth your *visite*; and under-scoring with a pencil the word 'LOUIS' on one of the cards, handed the latter to me. I was amazed, and doubtless became very red in the face, as you tore the leaves, covered with my hasty rhymes, from the book, folded them together, and placed them in your pocket: an expressive compliment, and as characteristic, let me say, as any thing could well be. I saw you often afterward at 'Columbia Villa,' where a club of lively bachelors kept house; and many a brilliant sally of wit have I listened to there, from such practitioners as D — G — M, Jr. (then;) T — M — N; S — S — T; old G — H — T; J — T — S — GG; E — S — D, 'an' the lave,' some of whom have faded from my remembrance: and many a frolic scene was there exhibited, when you were present to prick them on.

'I have a son now, who is about the age I was then, and he is a loyal reader of the KNICKERBOCKER, especially of the 'EDITOR'S Table.' He often calls my attention to my favorite writers; and I have misgivings that he will be boring you, as I did in those days, to print his inspirations. If he does, I hope he will get the same timely admonition from you which his father did in those days; for, while permitting my contributions sometimes to appear, you plainly but kindly conveyed to me a suggestion, which could readily be interpreted to mean nothing else than: 'Boy, stick to your ledger, and leave poetry to the poets.' You do not know how great a kindness you did me, and probably never will. If you have Volume Twelve of MAGA within reach, look on page 462, and see how generous you were in other days to the rank and file in the literary army.

'But where is 'Columbia Villa' now? — and where are all the choice spirits who congregated there, and whom your brother designated, in the interview just referred to, as of 'the Salt of New-York?' He, too, had been there. The villa not only is gone, but the very ground on which it stood has disappeared. Even College-Green, against which it abutted, and which was one of the loveliest spots in our city ever hid away in its stony bosom, is obliterated. Of all the resident inmates of that pleasant house, (which was built by WILLIAM L. STONE, of 'Commercial Advertiser' memory,) not one survives: all are gone to give up their account: and the last communication I ever sent to you, was an invitation to the funeral of one of the worthiest of them all. And this brings me to the conclusion, appropriately, of my reminiscences of old times, and my purpose in addressing them to

you, which is contained in the accompanying paper, and which you will oblige me by disposing of as you think proper.

'There were other faces at the Academy of Design which greatly interested me, beside WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT'S and DUNCAN INGRAHAM'S, especially as they exhibited evidences of beauty, genius, talent, and improvement in those whom I highly prize: but, as they belong more particularly to the present, and as I am now considering the past, I leave them for the future. Believe me,

'Ever yours, Tenaciously,

'New-York, June, 21st, 1858.

R. S. O.

### 'Greenwood Gatherings.

'THE friends of my boyhood, oh! where are they gone?'

Thus spoke my sad heart as I strayed  
By a freshly-made grave, near a path-way well worn,  
In the midst of a beautiful glade.

'T was May-day — all nature had put on new life,  
And smiled in the white-blossomed trees;  
The zephyr that fanned me, with perfume was rife,  
And gently blew landward the breeze.

'In full view before me, the island-gemmed bay  
Was sparkling beneath the sun's glance;  
By fort and by ferry the myriad barks play,  
Or speed on their rapid advance:  
Around me, the emblems of mortals at rest,  
Were gleaming on hill-side and plain,  
How strange that my heart with new pain was oppressed  
As drew near a funeral train.

'Oft, oft had I witnessed the pageant of wo,  
Unmoved by the mourner's dull tread;  
Heard tremulous voices repeat, sad and slow,  
The last solemn prayer o'er the dead;  
Then why should that out-gush of sorrow and tears  
Cause my soul thus with anguish to strive?  
Ah! memory leaps over the chasm of years,  
And scenes in my young life revive.

'I see in that concourse the last of a band  
Of comrades, who entered, with me,  
On the battle of life, with all means at command,  
To cope with its tolls manfully:  
And here, close at hand, in the tomb's cold embrace,  
The most of them refuge have found,  
While others from distance their home-course will trace,  
When only the last trump shall sound.

'But whose is the form they have brought to the grave,  
Surrounded by bearers well known?  
'T is one of the first of the manly and brave,  
Whom DEATH has just sealed for his own.  
I knew him a boy — in the spring-time of life  
How oft have we stood side by side!  
I knew him long after, a hero in strife,  
By the far Mississippi's swift tide.

How proud was his bearing, how buoyant his step!  
His frame was of Nature's best mould;  
His laugh was the gayest, the smile on his lip  
E'er told of a soul free and bold.  
In the roll of young soldiers a leader was he—  
On the green, with a maid by his side,  
None more gallant with fair-one or mess-mate could be,  
None more faithful by each to abide.

'He sank far away and beneath a strange sky,  
No loving companion was near,  
No children leant o'er him to catch his last sigh,  
But now their tears rain on his bier.  
Ah! ye who return from sojourning abroad,  
Do you long your old compeers to greet?  
The loved of your young hearts? — go follow the road  
To Greenwood's fast-filling retreat!

' Yes, here they all gather, here find they a home,  
 School-fellows, compatriots, friends;  
 In youth and in manhood, ah! hither they come,  
 Fast graveward each winding road tends!  
 The sharers of camp-life, the rivals for fame,  
 Here mingle, whatever their grade,  
 Awaiting the summons which calls them by name,  
 To march to the final parade.

' They rest in the cold vault, the grave and the tomb:  
 No marble need tell where each lies,  
 For we'll see one another in youth's brightest bloom,  
 When our CAPTAIN shall bid us arise.  
 Ah! would that we all could lie down round one stone,  
 Companions in friendship and love,  
 And wait for the signal which comes from God's throne,  
 To mount to the ramparts above.

R. S. O.'

Let us hear from 'R. S. O.' again. - - - THERE are certain 'arguments,' so called, that might be easily controverted, if 'the principle' were made 'patent' (to use a hackneyed and not over-felicitous term) to the human understanding. A friend mentioned to us a case in point, up in old Saratoga, the other day. Some one had made the apothegmic remark: 'Two wrongs do n't make a right.' '*Sometimes* they do,' interposed a seedy-looking by-stander, with a deōwn-east nasal twang: 'they did with me once.' 'How was that?' asked his interlocutor: 'it is ag'in the very natur' of things.' 'Can't help that: there was a fellow passed onto me once a one-dollar bill, and it was a counterfeit. Was n't that wrong?' 'Certainly it was wrong, if he *knew* it to be a counterfeit.' 'Wal, expect he did: *I* did, any way, when I passed it onto *another* chap. Nēow was n't *that* wrong?' 'Wrong!—of course: *very* wrong.' 'Wal, it made *me* 'all right!'' was the triumphant rejoinder: 'so two wrongs *doos* make a right, sometimes!' The 'argument' was ended by this precious illustration! - - - THE annexed, which announces a sometimes questioned fact, is attributed, in the professional journal whence we take it, to 'a distinguished medical authority: 'It is a popular error to suppose that scholars and literary men are shorter lived than other men. But the fact is, 'on the contrary, quite the reverse.' Consider for a moment that the *class*, compared with what are called the 'professions,' is a small one, and, compared with the 'trades,' is very small indeed; and then mark the result. Hardly an eminent author of modern times but affords an example of longevity. BYRON and KEATS, it is true, died young—the latter by consumption, the former by irregularities that would have killed any body. But WORDSWORTH, SOUTHEY, TOM MOORE, and JAMES MONTGOMERY, lived to an advanced age. ROGERS, at his decease, was above ninety, and DE QUINCEY, WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, and HUMBOLDT, are still alive and at work, at past three-score and ten. Our own country furnishes similar examples in SILLIMAN, IRVING, HALLECK, and PIERPONT—all old men, but still strong in health and mental vigor. The truth is, men oftener rust out than wear out; and there is no doubt that habitual mental employment tends to keep the body young, both in fact and in appearance.' Unanswerable fact, no doubt. - - - THE subjoined postscript of a letter to the EDITOR, from a Connecticut correspondent, has somewhat surprised us. 'For why?' Because, where such men as HENRY BARNARD have labored so successfully for the extension of the blessings of common schools, such things 'ought not so to be: 'Speaking of the tender passion: our hostler is in love.

For the last three hours he has been inditing a letter to his DULCINEA, who lives in Goshen, Conn. He has just come in to inquire if he has 'got the directions on right.' As the subscriber liveth, he has spelled that ancient town *Ghotion!* This is almost equal to YELLOWPLUSH: 'Gentil reader, ave you ever been on the otion? — 'the sea, the sea, the hopen sea,' as BARNEY CROMWELL the poeck sings?' - - - 'DOUBTLESS few persons are aware,' writes an Illinois correspondent, 'that the current phrase, *'Too much Pork for a Shilling,'* had its origin in the experience of one who for a quarter of a century has been one of our best-known literary *celebrités*. It came into existence in this wise: The gentleman in question, then a youth of twelve or fourteen, was a home-pupil with Rev. Dr. M——, of C——, New-Hampshire. On the Fourth of July, the festivities of the day were to consist of a fishing-party on the Merrimack, with a dinner in a grove on the river's bank. The dinner was preordained to consist of the fish caught by the party, fried with slices of salt pork, coupled with a suitable addendum of punch, the popular beverage of the times. The fishing of the day, as might have been expected, was not over-successful, and the prandial honors were done with the pork and the punch. When our young participant in the feast thus abridged, reached the door of his worthy preceptor, he was decidedly the worse for *something*, as was manifest in his gait and utterance. 'Why, N——,' exclaimed the astounded Doctor, 'how *could* you get so 'excited?'' 'It was the pork — the pork, Sir — taken on an empty stomach.' 'But N——,' continued the Domine, alarmed on another score, 'have you spent all your pocket-money?' 'Oh! no, Sir, I only spent a shilling; but — but, Sir, *there was too much pork for a shilling!*' You can learn at 'Idlewild,' above you on the Hudson,

'WHETHER OR NO  
These things be so.'

I pronounce it to be 'founded.' - - - Did you ever remark, reader, the curious kind of wandering which characterizes a rail-road passenger, on awaking from a long nap in the cars, on a hot summer's day? If you have, you will appreciate a circumstance mentioned to us by an entertaining friend the other day in the country. A fellow-passenger, who had 'laid himself out' on one of the wide unoccupied seats of the Erie Railroad cars, (there are a good many of that kind 'about these days,') had fallen asleep, and snoozed for two hours. At length, however, when the engineer suddenly 'drew rein' on the iron-horse at a station, the sleeper slowly aroused himself, stretched back, and with a drowsy half-groan, yawned until his head seemed coming off: at the same moment he caught sight of a basket hanging over the travelling-bag rack above his head, and *something* coming out from under the top-lid. 'Wha' wha' — what be *them!*' he exclaimed, with unmistakable terror, motioning crazily toward the basket with his hand. 'It's pups,' said a man in an adjoining seat — 'a basket of pups.' 'Oh! — I was *afraid they was n't!*' was the reply of the terrified passenger, accompanied by a long-drawn sigh of relief. Much laughter then ensued. - - - A GOOD-NATURED friend, who 'appreciates and admires the efforts made in the EDITOR'S Gossipry, to bring our language up to the modern standard of *Highfalutation*,' sends us a translation, from the mother tongue, of 'The House that JACK Built.' We present two illustra-





Cyrus W. Duld.

the Republic in 1849. Among the legends of the place is one to the effect that he and the King of Naples, who had come to visit him in his exile, went on board of an American vessel. The commander welcomed them in these terms: 'POPE, how are you? KING, how d'ye do? Here, Lieutenant JONES — you speak French: *parley-vous* with POPE, while KING and I go down and take a drink. KING, *come on!*' Likely as not: and not unlike the *nil admirari* spirit of another American, who, standing on Ludgate Hill, near Saint PAUL's, said, in reply to a friend who asked him: 'Well, what do you think of London, now?' 'Wal, it's pretty thick-settled here abeout the meetin'-house; but I'd ruther live in Bosting!' - - - THE Dutch Justice, described by DEIDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, who sent his tobacco-box by way of summons, and his jack-knife as a warrant, was out-done by a 'cute Yankee younker, in a small village in the western part of our 'Empire State.' A law-suit was coming off in the town, and a young 'SPOON' (as he is called) was engaged to subpoena the witnesses. 'The roads were almost impassable on account of the mud, and two of the witnesses living some three or four miles away, a bright idea struck his muddy pate, and was forthwith acted upon. He sat down and wrote each a letter, stating that a sum of money was deposited in his hands, which they could have by calling upon him. They called, and got a subpoena and twelve and a half cents each!' - - - THE early period at which each number of our Magazine passes to the stereotyper's, has prevented a mention in these pages of the recent lamented decease of our esteemed friend and frequent correspondent, Hon. ROBERT T. CONRAD, of Philadelphia, of which city he was an ex-mayor. Judge CONRAD has been widely known for many years, both as an editor, dramatic writer, and a jurist, and possessed in a remarkable degree a brilliancy, fertility, and raciness of intellect, and a full-hearted generosity, that made him the centre of a host of attached friends. He was a bosom-friend and for some time an editorial associate, of WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, whom he always regarded with an affection 'passing the love of woman.' At last, 'in death they are not divided.' - - - A VERY beautiful thought of Sir THOMAS BROWNE is contained in the annexed brief sentences: 'Light, that makes things seen, makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness and the shadow of the earth, the noblest of creation had remained unseen, and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, and there was not an eye to behold them. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark simulacrum, and light but the shadow of God.'

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'SING-SONG AND CHIT-CHAT,' OR INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN MANY LANDS. — The above is the title of our friend Mr. STEPHEN MASSETT's (JEEMS PIPES, of Pipeville) original Entertainment, which he proposes giving at NIBLO's about the middle of September. We are enabled to assure the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER, that the diversified nature of the Entertainment will gratify and satisfy all tastes. Mr. MASSETT has recently returned from India, and his reminiscences of the Orient are imbued with the deepest interest. Some of his recitations we have never heard surpassed; while he is in the best voice for the vocal portion of his Entertainment.

## A Glance at New Publications.

**SPURGEON'S SERMONS: FOURTH SERIES.** — MESSRS. SHELDON, BLAKEMAN, AND COMPANY have issued a fourth volume of SPURGEON'S Discourses. Its perusal has confirmed our previous impressions of the author. Of one thing we have become convinced; and that is, that SPURGEON derives more than one half his power, and his influence as a sermonizer and pulpit orator, from his familiarity with the Scriptures, that great store-house of knowledge divine and human. His illustrations, drawn from this unfailing source, are almost always remarkably felicitous and effective. His taste is far from good, oftentimes, when he chooses familiar objects to enforce his life-sketches; but with the BIBLE for his model, he seldom fails in bringing home a scene or a lesson to the eyes and minds of his hearers. Read this passage, which has no 'new thing' in it, from his sermon on 'The Parable of the Ark:'

'We do not find that it ever sprung a leak while it was out at sea; she certainly never went into harbor to mend her bottom, for she had no harbor to go to. We never read that NOAH called up SHEM, HAM, and JAPHETH to work at the pumps, nor yet that they had any, for there was not a bit of leakage about her. No doubt there were storms during that year; but we do not hear that the ship was ever in danger of being wrecked. The rocks, it is true, were too low down to touch her bottom; for fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail, and the mountains were covered. Rising twenty-seven feet above the loftiest mountains, she had no quicksands to fear: they were too deep below her keel. But of course she was exposed to the winds; sometimes the hurricane might have rattled against her, and driven her along. Doubtless at another time the hail beat on her top, and the lightnings scarred the brow of night; but the ark sailed on: not one was cast out from her, nor were her sailors wearied with constant pumping, to keep out the water, or frequent repairs to keep her secure. Though the world was inundated and ruined, that one ark sailed triumphantly above the waters. The ark was safe, and all who were in her were safe too. Now, sinner, the CHRIST I preach to you, is such a refuge as that. His Gospel has no flaw in it. As the ark never sank, and the elements never prevailed against it, so CHRIST never failed — He cannot fail — all the principalities and powers are subject unto Him. Those who are in CHRIST are sheltered safely from the storm: they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of His hands.'

In the same discourse, he tells his 'beloved' (a frequent phrase with him) that he counts all 'brothers' who are in the ark, no matter to what denomination of Christians they may belong: 'We cannot expect all to be in one room. The elephants did not live with the tigers, nor did the lions lie down with the sheep. There were different rooms for different classes of creatures; and it is a good thing that there are different denominations. Do not let me condemn those who are taking refuge in the same vessel with myself.' He calls his hearers' attention to the fact, that although there were many *rooms* in the ark, there was *only one door*:

'AND the door of the ark shalt thou set in the side thereof.' And so there is *only one door* leading into the ark of our salvation, and that is CHRIST. There are not two CHURCHS preached, one in one chapel, and another in another. 'If any man preach any other doctrine than ye have received, let him be accursed.' There is but one Gospel. We take in the righteous out of all sections; but we do not take in all sections. We pick out the godly from among them all, for we believe there is a remnant in the vilest of them. Still, there is only one door; and 'he that cometh not in by the door, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. There was only one door to the ark. Some animals, like the camelopard, whose heads are higher than other animals, might have to bow their necks, to go in by the same entrance as the waddling ducks, who naturally stoop, even as they enter a barn; and so, some of the lofty ones of this world must bend their heads, if they would enter into the Church by CHRIST.'

Portions of this last illustration may seem too familiar for the great theme; but the forcible inculcation of the passage robs it of this objection. Another discourse, '*The Good Shepherd*,' is marked in parts by some of the reverend author's happiest characteristics. 'The LORD is my Shepherd, I shall not want,' he opens by saying, was natural to DAVID, who had himself been a shepherd-boy. He remembered how he had led his flock by the waters of Jordan in the warm summer, and how he had made them lie down in shady nooks by the side of the river; how, on sultry days, he had led them on the high hills, that they might feel the cool air; and how, when the winter had set in, he led them into the valleys, where they might be hidden from the stormy blast; he remembered the tender care with which he protected the lambs, and how he had tended the wounded of the flock.'

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'New-York, June, 21st, 1858.

R. S. O.

### ' Greenwood Gatherings.

'THE friends of my boyhood, oh! where are they gone?'

Thus spoke my sad heart as I strayed  
By a freshly-made grave, near a path-way well worn,  
In the midst of a beautiful glade.  
'T was May-day — all nature had put on new life,  
And smiled in the white-blossomed trees;  
The zephyr that fanned me, with perfume was rife,  
And gently blew landward the breeze.

'In full view before me, the island-gemmed bay  
Was sparkling beneath the sun's glance;  
By fort and by ferry the myriad barks play,  
Or speed on their rapid advance:  
Around me, the emblems of mortals at rest,  
Were gleaming on hill-side and plain,  
How strange that my heart with new pain was oppressed  
As drew near a funereal train.

'Oft, oft had I witnessed the pageant of wo,  
Unmoved by the mourner's dull tread;  
Heard tremulous voices repeat, sad and slow,  
The last solemn prayer o'er the dead;  
Then why should that out-gush of sorrow and tears  
Cause my soul thus with anguish to strive?  
Ah! memory leaps over the chasm of years,  
And scenes in my young life revive.

'I see in that concourse the last of a band  
Of comrades, who entered, with me,  
On the battle of life, with all means at command,  
To cope with its tolls manfully:  
And here, close at hand, in the tomb's cold embrace,  
The most of them refuge have found,  
While others from distance their home-course will trace,  
When only the last trump shall sound.

'But whose is the form they have brought to the grave,  
Surrounded by bearers well known?  
'T is one of the first of the manly and brave,  
Whom DEATH has just sealed for his own.  
I knew him a boy — in the spring-time of life  
How oft have we stood side by side!  
I knew him long after, a hero in strife,  
By the far Mississippi's swift tide.

How proud was his bearing, how buoyant his step!  
His frame was of Nature's best mould;  
His laugh was the gayest, the smile on his lip  
E'er told of a soul free and bold.  
In the roll of young soldiers a leader was he—  
On the green, with a maid by his side,  
None more gallant with fair-one or mess-mate could be,  
None more faithful by each to abide.

'He sank far away and beneath a strange sky,  
No loving companion was near,  
No children leant o'er him to catch his last sigh,  
But now their tears rain on his bier.  
Ah! ye who return from sojourning abroad,  
Do you long your old compeers to greet?  
The loved of your young hearts? — go follow the road  
To Greenwood's fast-filling retreat!

**JAMES'S 'LORD MONTAGU'S PAGE.'**—As the **KNICKERBOCKER** is ready for Mr. GRAY's stereotypers one month in advance of its date, this last work of Mr. JAMES will doubtless have secured a wide perusal, before the present number will have been issued. Such of our readers, however, as may not have enjoyed this pleasure, will find in the following a comprehensive *resumé* of the work in question :

'**THE LORD MONTAGU**, whose Page is the hero of this capital book, is the associate and intimate friend of the famous **DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM**, though the former does not figure at any great length, and the latter is not introduced at all. **EDWARD LANGDALE**, the Page, or Master NED, as he is generally termed, carves his own way to distinction in service that is mostly rendered apart. He is intrusted with dispatches to Rochelle, just at the commencement of the memorable siege by **RICHELIEU** and **LOUIS XIII.**, and chance throws him into frequent intercourse with the great Cardinal of France himself, and into an unconscious aiding of his schemes. Without deviating, in fact, from his duty to his master, his country, or his religion, he becomes a protégé of **RICHELIEU**; and the historical interest of the tale mainly turns upon Mr. JAMES's new and milder view of **RICHELIEU**'s character and motives. The author thinks that he scarcely did him justice in one of his own earlier novels, which bore the Cardinal's name, and herein, without falsifying the truth, makes an *amende* by no means unacceptable. The new portraiture, though in lighter colors than of yore, is sketched with a master's hand; as are also the mere outlines of several real personages of the time, such as the **PRINCE DE SOUBISE**, the **DUC DE ROHAN**, the **DUCHESS DE CHEVREUSE**, and **GURTON**, the valiant defender of Rochelle. The love portion is pretty, and full of unexpected turns; the wind-up is very graceful. The scenery is for the most part French, and shows Mr. JAMES's familiarity with that land.'

'**MOUNT VERNON LADIES' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNION.**—Our readers will have been made aware, ere this, of the character of this Association for the purchase of Mount Vernon, and WASHINGTON'S Tomb. The following are the lady-officers of the Association :

REGENT.

Miss ANN PAMELA CUNNINGHAM, South-Carolina.

VICE-REGENTS.

Mrs. ANNA CORA RITCHIE,	- - -	For Virginia, Richmond.
Mrs. ALICE H. DICKINSON,	- - -	" North-Carolina, Wilmington.
Mrs. PHILOCLEA EDGEWORTH EVE,	- - -	" Georgia, Augusta,
Mrs. OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT,	- - -	" Alabama, Mobile.
Mrs. CATHARINE MCWILLIE,	- - -	" Mississippi, Jackson.
Mrs. MARGARET S. MORSE,	- - -	" Louisiana, New-Orleans.
Mrs. MAY RUTLEDGE FOGG,	- - -	" Tennessee, Nashville.
Mrs. ELIZABETH M. WALTON,	- - -	" Missouri, St. Louis.
Miss MAY MORRIS HAMILTON,	- - -	" New-York, New-York City.
Mrs. LOUISA INGERSOLL GREENOUGH,	- - -	" Massachusetts, Boston.
G. W. RIGGS, Esq., Treasurer, Washington City.		

**NEW MUSIC FROM MESSRS. HALL AND SON.**—We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. WARREN HILL, who has charge of the musical department of the widely-known and popular establishment of Messrs. HALL AND SON, corner of Park-Place and Broadway, for the following pieces of music, which we have 'heard praised, and that highly, too,' by the musical members of our cottage-home: 'Summer Night's Cares,' by W. VINCENT WALLACE: Variations of WALLACE: 'Happy Birdling:' 'Love and Memory:' and 'Smile On,' by CHARLES GROBE. The same publishers have issued the following songs of Mr. STEPHEN MASSETT, the well-known and popular vocalist and composer: 'Take Back the Ring:' the words by JAMES LINEN, Esq., of San-Francisco; and six ballads that met with such success in England, and were republished by CRAMER, ADDISON, AND BEALE, of London: 'When the moon on the Lake is Beaming:' 'I Remember:' 'A Sabbath Scene:' 'It is Not as it Used to Be:' 'I'll Look for Thee, MARY:' and 'I would not have Thee young Again.' These compositions cannot fail to be popular in this country; and when our friends North, South, East, and West shall hear 'Colonel PIPES' sing them, as we have done, they will, we think, admit the justice of this advance criticism.

**MOUNT WASHINGTON COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.**—Messrs. CLARKE AND FANNING, of the *Mount Washington Collegiate Institute*, are monthly adding to the reputation of their extensive and well-known school. In February the pupils, by means of a charity exhibition, raised nearly three hundred dollars for the benefit of the poor. An omnibus is employed daily to carry the younger pupils to and from the school.







Cyrus W. Duld.





# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## FRASER RIVER.

CALIFORNIA and Australia owe their existence as populous States to the gold in their rivers and rocks. British Columbia owes to the same cause the sudden growth of its population from a few hundreds to many thousands. Events like these, which have occurred within a boy's remembrance, are nothing new in the history of the world. Cupidity, the lust for gold, the desire for great wealth with little labor, have both peopled and discovered States. Not to pass beyond the history of our own continent, the bravery and daring of the old Spanish adventurers were inspired by the same desire. With the visions of abundance which Ponce de Leon saw, as the groves of Florida rose before him in the west, on that Easter Sunday, Tradition and Poetry have mingled some visions of resurrection, and pictured the aged Spaniard searching after a secret fountain of youth, in which to bathe and draw the forces of a fresh life. But it was 'the wealth of Ind,' conquest, and treasure which drew the long line of adventurers who succeeded him — Vasquez de Ayllon, Gomez, Pamphilo de Narvaez, De Soto, descending upon the Atlantic coast, and De Cabrillo and his pilot, Ferrelo, coasting the Pacific shore. Even with the purer purposes of the Plymouth, Maryland, and Virginian colonists were mingled some baser instincts. But in the grand result, all these moving impulses, of however base an origin, whether in the Spaniard, the Frenchman, or the Englishman, have been overruled in a more beneficent disposition of events; and out of the perplexing and difficult problem of mingled good and evil arose, in due time, the clear solution — a new world.

A course of events, in some sort like these, though on a smaller scale, has been the history of Australia and California. It requires nothing of prophetic ken, and little of sagacity, to foretell the same result in British Columbia; and if the discoveries of gold in the Fraser River region are judged to be the beginning of a series

of events of even greater significance and importance than any series which include the history of our own first Pacific State, or that of Great Britain's island continent, such a judgment is clearly compelled, by a due consideration of the geographical character and position, and the political relations of the colony in which those discoveries have been made, and is in no respect inflamed by the fever which possessed the Californians for a brief season, nor even by the belief that the gold-bearing regions of British America will so much as approach those of the United States, in richness or extent.

British Columbia, which includes the Fraser River region, may be roughly described as that portion of British America west of the Rocky Mountains, and between latitudes  $49^{\circ}$  and  $55^{\circ}$  north, and including Queen Charlotte's and all other adjacent islands, excepting Vancouver's. Little was ever known of Fraser River, which, with its tributaries, is the largest river of the colony, till 1793, when it was discovered and reported to the British Government by Alexander McKenzie. Captain Simon Fraser, an employé of the Hudson's Bay Company, traced its course for six hundred miles, in the year 1812: and from him the river has taken its name. He committed suicide twenty years ago in San-Francisco; and when excavations were making for new streets a few years since, in a place afterward called Commercial-street, the old man's coffin was by chance exhumed.

In 1855, discoveries of gold were made near Fort Colville, which is a few miles south of the international line, on a branch of the Columbia River and in Washington Territory. The Indian difficulties in that quarter, then and since, have prevented an extensive working of them, or a careful estimate of their value. When these difficulties had partially ceased, however, some persons who knew the richness of the mines, tried to reach them by the way of Fraser River and the Hudson's Bay Company's trail from Fort Langley to Fort Colville. The current rumors are, that it was during this ascent of Fraser River, on the way to the mines in Washington Territory, that the discoveries of gold in its vicinity were made. Douglas, the Governor of Vancouver's Island, communicated the fact to the Government in 1856, and speaks of the discoveries as having been made on the upper waters of the Columbia, in British Territory.\*

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\* THE Hudson's Bay Company offered protection against the Indians to persons going up by way of Fraser River, and the United States gave none on any of the routes through Washington Territory. Therefore, these miners preferred the northern route, and when gold was discovered there in apparent abundance, a rush of emigration of course ensued. Col. STEPTON was on his way to protect the miners at Fort Colville. His defeat is not to be wondered at. Good faith with the Indians would have saved it all; saved, too, the long, bloody, and expensive Indian war which that defeat is initiating. Contrary to established usage and to natural right, the United States have assumed to grant absolutely the lands of the Indians in those two territories, without previous purchase from them. They are driven hither and thither by white settlers until they have little means of support, and at length the treaties negotiated by authorized agents of the government, in which some small patches of their own territory are secured to them, are either rejected, or passed over in silence and forgotten. Five treaties with these Indians alone remained unacted upon when the last Congress adjourned. Who can blame them for distrusting the good faith of our government or their agents in making treaties at all? Extensive preparations had been made on the Columbia River for a road to the Colville mines, from Portland, the Dalles, and Fort Walla-

A Scotchman named Adams, an old California miner, and a party of three sailors, are said to have been the only white persons at the mines during the last winter. Early in the spring, the San-Francisco papers began to publish rumors of remarkable successes in surface-diggings on this remote and almost unknown river. The rumors grew; a few old miners hanging about San-Francisco, and a hundred or two from Oregon and Washington Territories, who had experience but no capital, made their way thither, and found very rich surface-diggings. Their success reached the ears of others, who, like them, had experience, but no capital to build the machines without which mining is unprofitable, now that the surface-diggings are removed, in California. Presently the crowd of emigrants began to swell to larger numbers; a line of steamers to Victoria, the capital of Vancouver's Island, was started, other lines were speedily added, and then every available ship or boat, new, or cast aside as too poor for other lines, was chartered for the same purpose. Emigrants from all the towns and counties in California came pouring down to San-Francisco by hundreds and thousands; property fell, and labor rose in value; San-Francisco alone profited, and all other places in California suffered seriously; and still the emigration went on, each week doubling the number of the week before. From April first to June twenty-first, over fifteen thousand people left California; up to July fifth, twenty-five thousand had left, each at an average expense of two hundred dollars a head. During this brief period, ten steamers, making the round trip between San-Francisco and Victoria in ten days, had been plying back and forth at their best speed, taking five hundred passengers and full freights up, with only thirty passengers and no freight down. Clipper-ships, and ships that were not clipper-built, in scores, were crowded alike — the Custom-House sometimes clearing seven in a day. Many of the steamers and vessels went up with men huddled together like sheep — so full that all could not sit or lie down together, and had to take turns at the feeding-tables and at the soft six-feet-by-two bed of pine-plank on deck. All this went on for months, the California papers, especially those of the interior, meanwhile decrying the value of the new diggings, and describing the country as cold, barren, and inhospitable, and the persons who went as poor deluded fools. But the mania possessed all classes. Nothing else was discussed in the prints, nothing else talked of on the street; all the merchants labelled their goods 'for Fraser River:' there were Fraser River clothes and Fraser River hats, Fraser River shovels and crowbars, Fraser River tents and provisions, Fraser River clocks, watches, and fish-lines, and Fraser River bedsteads, literature, and soda-water. Nothing was salable except it was labelled 'Fraser River.' Late in July, the reaction came, and the tide turned; but not

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**Walla.** Who can wonder that, seeing an engineering party making a road through the heart of their territory, these Indians concluded they were to be cheated out of their lands, and driven away as their fathers had been before them?



until California had been drained of half a hundred thousand of its population.

Victoria, Port Townsend, Whatcome, Sehome, and all the other ports in the vicinity of Fraser River, felt the extraordinary impulse of this emigration. Lots in Victoria and Esquimaux went up to fabulous prices faster than those of Sacramento had gone down. Excepting the gold dust, Mexican dollars, and the gambling, San Francisco in 1849 was reproduced on Vancouver's Island.

Up to the time of writing, the emigration from the Atlantic States has not been very large, though it is rapidly increasing. The last few California steamers have gone out crowded to overflowing, and the tickets, suffered to get into the hands of speculators, have doubled and trebled upon the usual price. Companies for Fraser River are forming in all the large seaport and inland cities, and in many of the smaller towns. Every commercial paper has its advertisements of Fraser River ventures.

St. Louis has sent out several companies over-land to the new mines; Philadelphia and Chicago, likewise; and St. Paul, in Minnesota, while doing the same thing, is urging the importance of a Northern Pacific Railroad, and threatening to help the British build one through the valley of the Saskatchewan, unless the needs of the North-west are fairly considered, as they notoriously have not been hitherto, in the determination of its eastern terminus.

The approach to the gold regions from the Pacific is through the Straits of Juan de Fuca, to the north of which lies Vancouver's Island, and to the south Washington Territory. The southern shore of the Straits, which are named after an ancient mariner who visited these seas in advance of Captain Cook, is in latitude  $48^{\circ}$ , one degree south of the international boundary. The entrance of the Straits is twelve miles across. At the south-eastern part of Vancouver's Island they are near twenty miles wide. These distances, however, seem smaller from the high, bold character of the hills or mountains on either side. About one hundred miles from the Pacific, on the inside of Vancouver's Island, and the north side of the Straits, is Victoria, the seat of government. Nearly the same distance from the Pacific, on the opposite side, in Washington Territory, is Port Townsend, the port of entry for the Puget Sound district, and the recent unsuccessful rival of Victoria for the honors of the metropolis of the region.

Both places are equally near to Fraser River and Bellingham Bay, the latter distant about fifty-five miles. The Gulf of Georgia separates Vancouver's Island from the mainland on the west. Into this Gulf Fraser River empties, a few miles north of latitude  $49^{\circ}$ , the international boundary, and fifty miles from Bellingham Bay. For a few miles from its mouth, its course is nearly east and west, and for the remaining part, it deflects very considerably to the north, taking its rise in the western slope of the Rocky Mountain range. One of its principal tributaries, flowing in from the south, is Thompson's River, where also gold is said to exist.

From Garry Point, the north headland of the mouth of Fraser River, to Fort Langley, it is thirty miles. Here the river averages half-a-mile in width, and is navigable for a ship of the line even for fifty miles. The main difficulty in passing the channel, is from some sand-heads, which lie about its mouth, to the mainland, a distance of about seven miles. The Hudson's Bay Company's steamer 'Beaver' has made an annual voyage from Victoria to Fort Langley for the last twenty years, and recently the 'Otter' has visited that station quarterly. Fort Langley will always be the head of navigation for vessels of any size. From Fort Langley to Fort Hope the distance is sixty miles. This part of the river is navigated by steam-boats of light draught. Rapids are frequent, but the water is deep. One rapid about twenty miles below Fort Hope, is especially difficult of passage. On either side are mountains and hills, some so high that the tops are covered with snow, and many of them as rugged as the Adirondack. Timber abounds in the greatest profusion. The spurs of the mountains touch the river, and green intervalles are between. The boats cut for firewood the large trees of pitch-pine which skirt the shore. Fort Hope, ninety miles from the mouth of Fraser River, is as high up as steam-boats go, though it may be navigable a few miles farther. About ten miles above Fort Hope is a place called Boulder Point, opposite which is one of the worst rapids in the river. Canoes make their way up with difficulty. Fort Yale is fourteen miles above Fort Hope, and between the two, it is hardly possible to propel a canoe up-stream without the assistance of a line from shore. Two miles above Fort Yale is the Devil's Gap, the beginning of a long cañon. The walls are more than two hundred feet in height, and the water rushes through its narrow and broken passage with terrific force. The pass around it, called Douglass Portage, is ten miles long. The water is said to rise in the Cañon at times from forty to fifty feet. At very low stages, the Hudson's Bay Company get their goods through to Fort Thompson, though not without the greatest difficulty, by frequent portages, and by hauling the boat from the shore. From Fort Yale to the mouth of Thompson's River the distance is one hundred and ten miles; to Big Fall is seventy-five miles farther. Beyond Big Fall, small canoes only can be used. The principal mining-ground is between Fort Yale and Big Fall, though it is continually extending with the exploration of the tributary rivers.\*

Not to weary the reader with details, we may add, that the difficulties of the river-route are in a great degree shared by all the

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\* FROM San-Francisco to Portland, O. T., the fare by steamer has been fifteen to twenty-five dollars; from Portland to the Dalles by steamboat, twelve dollars. At the Dalles horses can be obtained for from thirty to sixty dollars, from which point to the mines the cost of travel is about the same as land-travel any where else in the western territories. From San-Francisco to Victoria, the fare by steamer is from thirty to forty dollars; from Victoria to Fort Hope, by the 'Surprise' or 'Sea-Bird' steam-boat, the fare is from twenty to twenty-five dollars. Many miners have built their own canoes at Victoria. Beyond this point the expense of travel can not easily be calculated. By any route it is clear, however, that not less than from two hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars cash will pay the way for one person from San-Francisco to the mines.

routes starting from Bellingham Bay or Victoria. The land-route through Oregon Territory has many advantages. The distance from Portland to the Dalles, by steam-boat, is about one hundred miles; fare, eleven dollars. Here horses can be purchased, and the necessary equipments. From the Dalles, the road strikes out into the open country, skirting the eastern base of the cascades to Fort O'Kanagan, crossing Columbia River at Priest's Rapids, thence up the O'Kanagan River to the Sammilkimo River, then along Lake O'Kanagan to its head, and thence north-east to Shuswap Lake, which supplies one of the tributaries of Thompson's River. The distance from the Dalles by this route is three hundred and thirty miles. Another route, by the way of Walla-Walla, lengthens the distance forty miles. Or, again, the water-route by the Columbia may be taken as far as Fort Colville. If the statement be a true one, it is a great argument for this route, that the Hudson's Bay Company, though having forts all along Fraser River, have for years shipped their goods by way of Fort Vancouver, the Dalles, and Columbia River, to Fort Colville, and through the mining country.

At the very threshold of the inquiry as to the richness of the gold-fields and their extent, we are staggered by the most conflicting accounts. The California papers teem with letters from special and transient correspondents, from miners and the friends of miners, and after sifting the grain of fact out of bushels of imaginative chaff, there still remain singular contradictions in the testimony of apparently equally well-informed sources.

One writer pronounces the whole Fraser River excitement a grand humbug, first started by real-estate owners in Victoria; another swears that he has handled twenty-seven pounds of gold, the product of a few weeks' labor. To-day we are told of a man who offers eighteen dollars an ounce for Fraser River gold, and cannot get a grain; to-morrow of another who sits with boots, like those of Brian O'Linn,

‘With the woolly side out and the skinny side in,’

and saturated with quicksilver, swinging in the stream a day, and at night wrings them out, and finds one hundred and fifty dollars stuck to the hair. After a very extensive perusal of all the testimony which has appeared in the letters of Fraser River correspondents to the newspapers of California and of the Atlantic cities, and a somewhat careful consideration of its weight and of the influence of a mania in helping gold-finders to see double, we are impelled to the conclusion that gold exists in Fraser River and its tributaries, in sufficient quantities to make it an object of profitable search for a portion of the year. That it exists in quantities such as were found in the surface diggings of early California days, we do not believe; but that it pays better for experienced miners who have not the capital to buy the expensive quartz-crushing machines with which gold is obtained in California, we are compelled to think.

Reputed discoveries, and the geologic structure of the strip of territory west of the Rocky Mountain range, seem to indicate beyond a doubt that the northern boundary of British Columbia and the southern boundary of California are the two brackets which inclose a vast gold-producing area of similar if not of equal productiveness in all its parts. The correspondence of Governor Douglass with the British Colonial Office and the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, submitted to the House of Commons, shows that Governor Douglass, although he had been informed of the discovery of gold in April, 1856, has not up to this date, an interval of more than two years, ascertained how much gold there is in the mines, and refrains from expressing an opinion even more cautiously than we have thought proper to do. To the British Consul at San-Francisco, however, he has stated that the mines were far richer than he had had any idea of. What Governor Douglass's 'idea of' may have been, we are not informed.\*

In February last the Derby ministry came into power, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton having the office of Secretary for the Colonies. Under date of July first, he communicated to Governor Douglass a general approval of his course in asserting the dominion of the Crown over this region, and the right of the Crown over the precious metals. He instructs him, however, that it is no part of the policy of the Government to exclude Americans or other foreigners from the gold-fields, emphasized the necessity of caution in dealing with the international questions which are likely to arise, and wherein so much must be left to his discretion.

On the eighth of July Sir E. Bulwer Lytton introduced a bill for the formation and government of a colony in this district, to be called New-Caledonia, afterward changed to British Columbia, both alike misnomers. The bill, which passed without opposition, empowers the Crown for a period limited to five years, to make

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\* DIFFICULTIES of a serious nature have been anticipated with the native Indians of British Columbia. One year ago Governor DOUGLASS wrote to Mr. LABOUCHERE, the then Secretary of the Colonies, that they had 'taken the high-handed though probably not unwise course, of expelling all the parties of gold-diggers, composed chiefly of persons from the American territories, who had forced an entrance into their country.' The Hudson's Bay Company did not oppose the Indians in this matter, but allowed their servants and the early diggers to be hustled out, and to lose the reward of their labors many times. During the year some few difficulties have occurred, and there has been blood shed; but whether because of the discreet conduct of the miners or the native perception of their own permanent inferiority, in view of such an influx of a more powerful race, the collisions have not been so frequent or disastrous as were anticipated. It is clear that in a fight between the miners and the Indians, however successful the latter might be at first, in the long run the former would win, and eventually the process of extermination of a once powerful race, begin and go on to a rapid end.

It appears from the commonly received authorities, that the Indians of British Columbia, like those of Washington and Oregon Territories, are fierce and intractable; civilized to the extent of clearly comprehending the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*; willing to steal, yet anxious to prevent theft of their gold; active, brave, well-formed, and skilful in the use of weapons, of which they have a good supply. Their principal article of food is salmon. In summer they live in shanties of slabs, and in winter, in holes in the ground, covered with slabs and dirt. Their mining is rude and intermittent. The Indians in Puget's Sound (Chenooks) are said to be an inferior race. Those up the river are the most elevated. The latter demand chastity of their women, build forts large enough to hold six or seven hundred families, and canoes that will hold a hundred persons. They use little paint and no tattoo. There are two principal tribes, and these hate each other as badly as COOPER'S Delawares and Hurons. The number of Indians in British Columbia it is impossible to compute. Excepting the few factors of the Hudson's Bay Company, they have been the only inhabitants. The inhabitants of Washington and Oregon Territories number about 89,712. There are nearly as many to the square mile in the more northern territory.

laws for the district by order in council and to establish a legislature; such legislature to be in the first instance the governor alone, but with power to the Crown by itself, or through the Governor, to establish a nominated council and a representative assembly. We do not exaggerate in the least when we say that the recent debate in the House of Commons on this bill shows the present crisis to be regarded as one of great interest.

The gold of Australia was the magnet that drew surplus thousands from England and peopled her largest colony. The gold in California drew an emigration thither which has created our Pacific States. The gold of Fraser River, be it much or little, has drawn the attention of the world to the unexampled richness of the north-western areas of this continent, and given already a stupendous impulse to their settlement.

Vancouver's Island, from a hitherto insignificant existence upon maps, looms up in a not distant future to the proportions of a British naval station, whose arms may stretch across the seas yet, and grasp a portion of the swelling trade with China and Japan, the Indian Archipelago and Australia. British Columbia, hitherto considered an inaccessible and remote region of wild territory, given over to the Hudson's Bay Company's trade, selfish and exclusive, and to Canadian jurisdiction, which was no jurisdiction at all, feels the same impulse, and grows into the last link of a chain of British States, or perhaps of another united confederation like our own, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific seas.

These will not be the results of a year, perhaps not of a decade, perhaps not of scores of years. But if we consider that the population of the United States has grown in fifty years, from five and a half to thirty millions, and the population of the Canadas from much less than two hundred thousand to over two millions, it requires less than the foresight of these British statesmen to see that on events which now seem local and confined, imperial issues wait, though they are now but dimly foreshadowed.

Here is the great fact of the north-western areas of this continent. An area not inferior in size to the whole United States east of the Mississippi, which is perfectly adapted to the fullest occupation by cultivated nations, yet is almost wholly unoccupied, lies west of the ninety-eighth meridian and above the forty-third parallel, that is, north of the latitude of Milwaukee, and west of the longitude of Red River, Fort Kearney, and Corpus Christi. Or, to state the fact in another way, east of the Rocky Mountains and west of the ninety-eighth meridian, and between the fortieth and sixtieth parallels, there is a productive, cultivable area of five hundred thousand square miles. West of the Rocky Mountains, and between the same parallels, there is an area of three hundred thousand square miles.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the temperature of the Atlantic coast is carried straight across the continent to the Pacific. The isothermals deflect greatly to the north, and the



temperatures of the Northern Pacific areas are paralleled in the high temperatures in high latitudes of Western and Central Europe. The latitudes which inclose the plateaus of the Missouri and the Saskatchewan, in Europe inclose the rich central plains of the continent. The great grain-growing districts of Russia lie between the forty-fifth and sixtieth parallel, that is, north of the latitude of St. Paul, Minnesota, or Eastport, Maine. Indeed, the temperature in some instances is higher for the same latitudes here than in Central Europe. The isothermal of  $70^{\circ}$  for the summer which on our plateaux ranges from along latitude  $50^{\circ}$  to  $52^{\circ}$ , in Europe skirts through Vienna and Odessa in about parallel  $46^{\circ}$ . The isothermal of  $50^{\circ}$  for the year runs along the coast of British Columbia, and does not go far from New-York, London, and Sebastopol. Furthermore, dry areas are not found above  $47^{\circ}$ , and there are no barren tracts of consequence north of the Bad Lands and the coteaux of the Missouri: the land grows grain finely and is well wooded. All the grains of the temperate districts are here produced abundantly, and Indian corn may be grown as high as the Saskatchewan.

The buffalo winter as safely on the Upper Athabasca as in the latitude of St. Paul's, and the spring opens at nearly the same time along the immense line of plains from St. Paul's to Mackenzie's River. To these facts, for which there is the authority of Blodgett's Treatise on the Climatology of the United States, may be added this, that to the region bordering the Northern Pacific the finest maritime positions belong throughout its entire extent, and no part of the west of Europe exceeds it in the advantages of equable climate, fertile soil, and commercial accessibility of coast. We have the same excellent authority for the statement that, in every condition forming the basis of national wealth, the continental mass lying westward and north-westward from Lake Superior is far more valuable than the interior in lower latitudes, of which Salt Lake and upper New-Mexico are the prominent known districts. In short, its commercial and industrial capacity is gigantic.\* Its occupation was coëval with the Spanish occupation of New-Mexico and California. The Hudson's Bay Company has preserved it an utter wilderness for many long years. The Fraser River discoveries and emigration are facts which the Company cannot crush. Itself must go the wall, and now the population of the great north-western areas begins.

Another effect of the Fraser River discoveries is their determination of the route for the great Pacific-Railroad. In view of the facts which we have just stated, it becomes clear that if the population of the United States were evenly distributed from the Gulf of Mexico to the great lakes, the existence of these north-

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\* THE London *Times* has fiercely controverted these facts regarding the value of the north-western areas, but as there is evidently no intention to get at the truth of the case, and as its conduct is prompted by interested motives, no notice need be taken here of its arguments. In books written by the very officers of the Company, upon whose statements alone the *Times* can found its arguments, will be found their fullest contradiction.



western areas would draw the lines of travel to the Pacific sensibly to the north. But the northern States are by far the most densely populated. The centre of population is west of Pittsburgh, of productive power to the east and north of that city. The movement of these centres is slowly to the west and to the north of west. At our present rate of increase, in less than fifty years they will be near Chicago. Their line of direction indicates the track of westward empire and the general route along which villages, towns, and cities will arise, and therefore the first rail-road be built to the Pacific coast.

Beyond and above all possible interferences and obstructions of political or sectional zeal, beyond human control these great movements of nations and peoples go on, without their foresight, and without the knowledge of the earlier generations, yet working out in beautiful order, and as if with universal consent and the conspiracy of all the secret forces of nature, their grand and best results.

If we now recall in this connection the precise position of the Mauvaises Terres, and the rainless, sandy, and uninhabitable areas of the continent; the nature and location of the mountain chains, exclusive of the Rocky Mountain range, extending from latitude  $47^{\circ}$  to  $33^{\circ}$ , headed at the south by the Gila River, on whose southern side are the arid, uncultivable tracts of Sonora, and headed at the north by the Missouri River, on whose northern side lie these vast cultivable and inhabitable areas; if we recall the remarkable deflection to the westward of the Rocky Mountain range in this latitude; if we recall also the course of that gigantic stream, which is far greater than the river to which by a mistaken nomenclature it is made tributary, a stream extending to the very base of the Rocky Mountains, in the region where they are lowest and transit is easiest, navigable for steamers two thousand four hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, and for smaller vessels almost within sound of the Great Falls; if we recall also the remarkable deflection to the north of the isothermal lines from the west of Lake Superior, already mentioned, and the position of Columbia River, and remember withal that the first and the great routes of travel are always where nature has scooped out valleys for the passage of great rivers; if we combine all these conceptions with the one first advanced, of the direction of the movement of the centres of population and industrial activity, there remains no room to doubt, even without naming the north-western areas, that along the valley of the Missouri, over the Rocky Mountains, in the low passes of latitude  $47^{\circ}$ , and thence by the Columbia and its tributaries to the Pacific, or through the passes of the Cascade range to the splendid harbors of Puget Sound, lies the great route to the Pacific, the belt on which towns and villages will first arise, the strongest link in the union of the Atlantic and Pacific States. The Fraser River discoveries have hastened the result, they have not diverted it.

## L I N E S : R E P O S E .

Flow on, O LIFE ! all glorified and blest :  
Upon thy waves I lie in perfect rest,  
As on the pillowing of a mother's breast.

They say an infant seeth heaven in dreams ;  
And lying here so calm it often seems  
As if I see beyond the blue serenes :

As if the soul with love-enlightened eyes  
Looks in upon its home — no strange surprise  
Comes o'er me — the gladness satisfies.

I never knew a joy that grew to fear :  
The deepest glory of existence here  
Is but the star-light of my native sphere.

Yet climbing oft to some unclouded height,  
I see the day-dawn of the Infinite  
Out-blossoming to my enraptured sight.

But never, never is the air too clear ;  
Never too warm the radiant atmosphere :  
It is my FATHER's smile, and home is near.

Home ! Home ! But earth is very bright and fair ;  
And such a day as this, without a care,  
I lie, rejoicing but to breathe the air.

It is so sweet to live — to live and love —  
To find two lives in perfect music move,  
Preluding higher harmonies above.

And so in life's green valley, far below  
The heights where marshaled clouds move to-and-fro,  
Yet just as near the holy heavens, I know :

In this sweet spot, which birds and blooms delight in,  
To tender joy and harmless mirth inviting,  
And Nature's love by Nature's life requiting :

On such a day, in such a mood as this,  
My life out-blooms, a red rose from a kiss,  
Rounding itself to perfect loveliness,

With light for music in the silence deep ;  
And tenderly I 'lay me down to sleep,'  
And only 'pray the LORD my soul to keep.'

## T H E J A S P E R S I G N E T .

It was the dusk of a summer evening. I sat in my chamber, puffing my segar, and gazing listlessly into the street. I saw the flitting figures of the passers-by, and my neighbors over the way on their stoops, with their children playing around them. The air was full of confused sounds — fragments of conversation, the patter of feet, and the rumble of distant wheels. It was not an unpleasant evening, I owned, but I was not in the mood to enjoy it. I took up my pistol, which lay on the table before me, and handling it curiously, wondered if any thing would ever drive me to shoot myself.

It was a dark time in my life, the darkest, I thought, that I had ever seen. I was out of money, out of friends, out of hope. And, worst of all, my child, my darling little Ambrose, was sick. He lay in the next room in a raging fever; the folding-doors between us were closed, but his low moans reached me, and struck a pang to my heart. From time to time through the day I had sat by his bed-side, holding his burning hands, but when evening came I could bear it no longer: I was sick with pity. I took up a book to forget myself, but I could not make sense of what I read; my mind would wander off in the middle of a paragraph. How indeed could I forget the child, when every thing in the room reminded me of him? Within reach stood his rocking-horse; his toys were scattered over the sofa. Under the edge of the book-case I saw the toes of his little shoes, and on the table lay a withered posy, which he had gathered a day or two before. It was only a bunch of wild flowers, and they were withered and dead, but I could not throw them away. I would have preserved even a weed, if his hand had touched it!

I sat and smoked until it grew too dark to see distinctly. The neighbors withdrew into their houses, and lighted the lamps. The sounds in the streets died away, but the air was noisier than ever, for innumerable crickets were chirping. 'Ah! well,' said I with a sigh, 'there is no use in my sitting here idle any longer: I may as well go to work.'

I turned on the gas, and drew my table up to the light. I have not mentioned, I believe, that I was an author, but as I said I was poor, the acute reader may have guessed it. Yes, I was an author then, a poor author, a miserable literary hack, turning my pen to every thing. I was equally good (or bad) at prose and poetry. I wrote heavy articles for the reviews, and light paragraphs for the journals, to say nothing of sensation-romances for the weeklies; and poetry for every thing. I had a poem to write that night, a comic poem; the cuts with which it was to be illustrated, and which were supposed to be drawn for it, (of course at a great expense!) lay before me, not yet transferred from *Punch*, touching the faded flowers of my sick child. I pressed the posy to my

lips, and breathing a prayer for his recovery, took up my pen and began to write. The contrast between my circumstances and what I was writing — a panegyric on wealth — sharpened my wits. I rioted in a world of fantastic creations, scattering jokes and puns broad-cast. 'There,' said I after one of my brilliant coruscations, 'that will delight the editor of the *Barbarian*. The poor man thinks me funny.' I remembered the last poem that I had offered him, and smiled bitterly. It was a stately and noble piece of thought, yet he declined it, and ordered the trash which I was then writing. I would not have touched it but for my little Ambrose, but a sick child must have a physician and nurse. 'And happy shall I be,' I thought, 'if it ends there!' Walking out that day I had seen a little coffin in the window of an undertaker hard by, and now it came back to my memory, and filled me with solemn forebodings. I imagined that I saw it on the table, with my child in it, holding the withered flowers in his folded hands! I laid down my pen and listened, but I could not hear him. 'Perhaps he is dead,' I whispered. The thought gave me a shock, and the tears rushed to my eyes. I was certainly in fine trim for writing a comic poem!

At that moment there was a tap at the door. 'Come in,' said I, drying my eyes hastily. The door opened, and in walked Arthur Gurney. I did not recognize him at first, for I had seen him but once before, and that was at a large party; beside, my eyes were dim with writing. But when he came to the light, I remembered his face, and shook him by the hand.

'I see you are at work,' he said. 'If I am *de trop*, say so frankly, and I'll be off at once.'

'Don't,' I replied; 'I can spare an hour or two as well as not.'

He seated himself in my arm-chair, and cast his eyes around the chamber. I could not tell whether he was taking a mental inventory of my worldly goods and possessions, or whether he was collecting his thoughts before commencing conversation. I looked at him intently for a few minutes, I knew not why, but I felt a strange fascination drawing me toward him. There was a subtle communication, a mesmeric telegraph, as it were, between us. His soul flashed messages to mine — mysterious messages in cipher, which I received and read, but could not understand. Had he been a woman instead of a man, I should have understood his power over me. His face was pale and delicately cut; his eyes were large and black. There was something Spanish in his appearance, but no Spaniard could have been so fair. A sentimental young lady would have called him romantic-looking; but he would have scorned that cheap distinction. He was a gentleman, a noble gentleman in grief.

'Well,' said he, 'have you finished staring at me?' I was not aware that he had noticed me, he appeared so oblivious of my presence.

'I beg your pardon, but I could not help it. But pray, Mr. Gurney — I am sure you will not think me rude — to what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?'

‘Like you, I could not help it. I sat alone in my room thinking of many things, when suddenly you came into my mind, and I thought I ought to come and see you. It seemed to me that you could do something for me, or I for you, I knew not which. Can you help me?’

‘But what is the matter with you? You appear well, and well to do—one of the sleek darlings of the world; as Evelyn says in ‘Money.’ I will give you advice, if you insist upon it, which I take to be a pretty good proof of friendship. I will even write you an acrostic, if you think your lady love can be won by poetry. In short, I will do almost any thing but lend you money; that I cannot do. But that, I fancy, is the last thing that you would expect from me.’

He shook his head. ‘Have you any thing to drink?’ The suddenness of the question made me smile in spite of myself.

‘What will you have, Monsieur Gurney? Chateau Margeau, or Verzeney? But perhaps you would like some Hungarian wine, or a bottle of Johannisberg?’

‘Whatever you have, Sir, whatever you have.’

I remembered that I had a bottle of schnapps in the next room, and rose to get it. I passed out into the hall, and groped my way along the entry until I reached the door that led into the sick-chamber. There was a candle burning in the corner when I entered, but it was shaded so effectually that I had to light a match. The flask for which I came, standing in a little cabinet at the head of the bed, I moved on tip-toe to the bed-side, and bent my face close down to that of the child. I could not see him distinctly, but I felt his short, quick breath: it was like the blast of a furnace. I touched his hand; he was consumed with fever. ‘He is no better, Sir,’ the nurse whispered, ‘but he is sleeping soundly, and so is his mother: she is worn out.’ Turning my eyes in the direction of the lounge, I saw my wife stretched upon it. I stole softly toward her, and kissed her forehead. She moved her lips, but no sound came: she was breathing in sleep a silent prayer for her darling.

When I reëntered my chamber my heart was sad, and so, seemingly, was that of Arthur Gurney, for his face was buried in his hands.

He roused himself with an effort, and taking a segar-case from his pocket, offered me a segar. I placed the bottle and glasses on the table, and proceeded to twist a paper-lighter, but he anticipated me with the blank side of a letter, which, I noticed, was edged with black. As he bent forward to light it at the leader which hung between us, I saw a large ring on his finger—an engraved seal-ring, with a curious setting.

‘That is a strange ring of yours, Mr. Gurney,’ I observed, after we had lighted our segars; ‘may I look at it?’

‘Certainly,’ and he handed it to me.

It was a jasper signet of large size. The stone was remarkably fine, and apparently clear, but on scanning it closely, I saw that it was flecked with red spots. They were small and dim, except

where the stone had been engraved; there they were larger and brighter. It was as if the stone had been inserted in a bloody foil, which had been pierced by the cutting. I could not make out the cutting, whether it was a crest or merely an initial letter. It was probably a cipher. The workmanship of the setting, which was of red gold, betokened an early state of the art. It was fantastic and rude, but quite in keeping with the stone, the cipher of which it repeated amid a variety of cabbalistic characters. Had I met with it in the cabinet of a collector, I should have said it was the seal of some magician of the middle ages.

Mr. Gurney had moved the bottle toward him, and was filling his glass when I made a motion as if I would slip the ring on my finger. 'Stop!' he said suddenly; 'what are you about?'

His tone was so abrupt and fierce that I stared at him in surprise. 'You object to my trying it on?' I asked.

'Indeed I do; it is unlucky.'

I handed him back the ring, a little piqued by his manner.

'Fill your glass, and I will satisfy your curiosity concerning it. You must not be annoyed with me because I prevented you from trying it on. It was on your account, not my own.'

We touched our glasses, and he began.

'This ring has been in our family for generations. I know not when, or by whom, the curse was entailed upon us, but as far back as our records reach — and we have authentic documents reaching back five or six hundred years — we find it mentioned as one of the heirlooms of the race. It has come down from father to son with all our broad lands and possessions, being frequently specified in our ancient wills. Our lands and possessions have passed away, as such things will, but the ring remains, as you see. It has belonged at times to various branches of the family — men of widely different minds and temperaments. Some lived in peaceful days, and died at a ripe old age; others perished young, slain in battles or broils. Many fell by their own hands. But it mattered not what was the fortune of its possessor, he was the slave of the ring.'

'But in what sense?' I inquired. 'What you have related may be plain to you, but I must confess it is vague to me. In what manner, and to whom, has the ring been a curse?'

'To all who have worn it, myself among the rest. As to the manner of the curse, it has taken a thousand shapes. Some of us have been hurled from the pinnacle of wealth and power, others have been raised to almost regal dignities. This was in the old time, when we ranked among the nobility. In these later years of buying and selling, our fortunes have been more stable: the majority of the Gurneys are rich.'

'Then you have one thing,' I said, 'to counterbalance the curse of the ring. I would I had your wealth; I lack nothing but that. I have health and strength, a light heart, and a clear head. I have no inordinate desires, no impossible longings. I possess myself thoroughly, my heart, my brain, my will.'

'And yet you sigh for wealth! You must be mistaken in your-



self; you are not so strong as you think. What could money give you that you do not already possess?’

‘Many things, Sir,’ said I bitterly, thinking of my past privations and present sorrows. ‘It would give me the books that I need, the pictures that I love. I could build myself a cottage in the country, or, if I were fool enough to desire it, a palace in Parvenu Square. I could go to Europe, to London, Paris, or Rome.’

‘Any thing else?’

‘Yes,’ I answered sharply, provoked by his coolness, ‘I could probably save the life of my child.’

‘I had forgotten that you were married, Mr. Tracy. Tell me of your wife and child.’

He spoke kindly, tenderly even, but I repulsed him. ‘There is nothing to tell, save that my child is sick, perhaps dying.’

‘Poor fellow.’ He fell into a brown study, twirling the jasper signet in his fingers.

‘I gather from what you say,’ I resumed, ‘that you think the Gurney family an unlucky one, but you have not told me what the ring has to do with it. I am not disposed to admit in human affairs either the capricious interference of Fortune, or the iron despotism of Fate; still less can I admit the influence of so trivial a thing as a jasper signet. I can imagine that your ancestors were fooled or terrified into such a superstition in the age of astrology, but it is unworthy of you, and this age of enlightenment. If your family has been unfortunate, Mr. Gurney, it is because some member of it has transmitted some weakness to his descendants.’

‘THE fault, dear BRUTUS, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.’

‘As you please: I did not expect you to believe me. But the facts are the same nevertheless. None of our family have ever been happy, or ever will be. Wretchedness is our doom. Our motto should be *Miserrimus*, our crest a bleeding heart. We are rich, but we take no pleasure in our riches. We are loving, but we are seldom loved, or what we love dies. In short, we are miserable, thanks to the jasper signet.’

‘In the name of common-sense, then,’ I exclaimed, ‘why keep it among you? Why not destroy it, or give it away? You can powder it in the fire, I suppose, or throw it into the sea? It will burn, or sink.’

‘It will do neither, sagacious poet. For one of my ancestors who dabbled in alchemy a century or two ago, baffled in his search for the Philosopher’s stone, the impossible *Aurum Potabile*, wreaked his vengeance on the ring, which he conceived to be the cause of his disappointment, and threw it into his crucible at a white heat. It would have melted granite, but it failed to consume the jasper signet, for when the fire died out it was found uninjured; the setting was not even tarnished. Another member of the family — my Uncle Bernard — dropped it into the Tiber, but it came back to him, like the ring of Polycrates.’

‘But you could give it away,’ I persisted.

‘It has been given away many times, but it has brought so much misery on its new owner, that he has always returned it to the giver.’

‘Suppose you should give it to me, how would it affect me?’

‘You would not believe me if I should tell you.’

‘Try me.’

‘It would make you rich.’

‘Come, I should like that.’

‘But it would rob you of your identity.’

‘That is impossible.’

‘I said you would not believe me.’

‘Do you mean to tell me, Arthur Gurney, that if I should wear this jasper signet, I should cease to be Richard Tracy?’

‘So runs the tradition.’

‘I have no faith in traditions, and to show you that I have not, I will, with your permission, wear the ring until we meet again. Shall I?’

‘By no means. If not for your own sake, for that of your wife and child, beware of the jasper signet. You could not help me by knowing and sharing my lot. It would increase your misery, while it would not lighten mine. I must meet my doom alone. Be content as you are, for no exchange that you could make would benefit you. Leave all to God and time.’

It was late that night when we parted. I followed him to the door to get a breath of air. The night wind was sweet and fresh, breathing of the green woods and the salt sea. It flowed around us we stood on the stoop, laying its cool fingers in benediction on our heated brows.

‘Good night, and pleasant dreams, Arthur Gurney.’

‘Farewell, and a long life, Richard Tracy.’

We shook hands and he departed. I lingered a moment and watched his retreating form. It was a bright night, and I saw him for some distance, now growing dim as he entered the shadows of the trees, and now becoming distinct as he crossed the spaces of moon-shine. He turned the corner, and I saw him no more, save in his shadow, which trailed like a dark pillar behind him. It disappeared, and the sound of his steps died away. I locked the door and returned to my work.

The visit of Arthur Gurney, unexpected though it was, was of service to me. It kept me from thinking too much of my sick child, and it rested my weary mind. I could not have finished my task that night but for his interruption. I matured my plan as I talked with him, and worked it out as I listened. When he rose to depart I was within a few lines of the end. There was nothing to do but to write down what I had composed — some twenty or thirty lines in all — and give the whole an epigrammatic turn. I seized my pen and dashed it hurriedly across the paper, making a series of hieroglyphics, which would have delighted Champollion or Layard.

It was soon finished, and I proceeded to put the table in order, piling up the books and arranging the papers in my portfolio. In so doing, I happened to move my pistol, when I discovered the jasper signet, which Arthur Gurney had left, whether through forgetfulness or design I never knew. I took it cautiously between my thumb and finger, as one might take some strange instrument of death, and held it close to the light. It looked quaint and curious, as an old signet-ring should, but by no means dangerous or formidable. The ciphers in the setting were unchanged; the stone was as clear as ever. I saw no difference in it, except that the blood-spots appeared a little redder and larger, but that might have been my fancy. It is true that I felt somewhat nervous as I handled it, but any imaginative person would have felt so after listening to the strange narrative of Arthur Gurney.

'How absurd that poor fellow was,' I said, 'to talk as he did about this poor, old harmless ring. It must have been the Byronic beverage that he drank, for certainly no man would believe such nonsense in his sober senses. 'If you wear the ring,' he said, 'you will lose your identity.' I've a good mind to try it.' And I put it on my finger.

As it slipped down, joint after joint, the most singular sensation came over me. At first a sharp thrill ran through my frame, beginning at my heart, and pulsing outward like the waves of an electric sea. This was followed by a sudden tremor of the nerves, which ended in an overpowering faintness. What took place next I knew not, for when I recovered I had no remembrance that any thing unusual had happened. How could I have, when my identity was gone?

I awoke in a richly-furnished chamber. The light of the chandelier was turned on full, and I saw every thing as clearly as if it had been day. The walls were hung with beautiful pictures—the master-pieces of the finest modern masters, Scheffer, Delaroche, and Horace Vernet, with here and there a choice impression of the rarest engravings of Raphael Morghen. But the gem of the collection was a pair of Turners—a morning and evening at sea. In the one you saw a noble barge, crowded with lords and ladies, flying before the wind, with her sails all set and her streamers flying; in the other, the fragments of a wreck, drifting over a measureless sea: the sun was just plunging in the gloomy waves, a world of fire and blood! The mantle was loaded with Sevres vases, and rich ornaments in *ormolu* and bronze, and tables of rose-wood and ebony were strewn with objects of *virtu*. High-backed Gothic chairs, covered with royal brocade, were scattered around. I might describe the soft carpets and the tufted rugs; the heavy-hanging damask curtains, with their fluted, pillar-like folds; the brilliant mirrors reaching from floor to ceiling; but to what end? It is enough to say that I was in the chamber of the rich and voluptuous Arthur Gurney. I was Arthur Gurney!

I sat in a fanteuil, holding in my hand a lady's miniature. It was that of my Cousin Beatrice. She was as fair as an angel, but

a deep sadness had settled on her face, shading its beauty and brightness. She was pale and ghost-like, with thin, spiritual lips, and earnest but melancholy eyes.

‘How beautiful, if sorrow had not made  
Sorrow more beautiful than beauty’s self.’

I took from my pocket a letter. It was the fatal letter from England, telling me of my cousin’s death. ‘Here,’ I murmured, poring over the miniature, ‘here is my dear Beatrice as I saw her a little month ago, the sweetest soul that ever tabernacled in clay; and here,’ looking at the letter, ‘is that which tells me I shall see her no more! How *could* she die, when I needed her so much? She was my hope, my life, the only thing that I loved. How weak and unmanly Tracy was, to repine as he did to-night! He has a wife that loves him, and a child—his child, and hers—a little angel, still in the light of Heaven. But I am alone, alone! Were Beatrice living, my Beatrice, my beloved, my betrothed, my wife, I would not shrink from poverty as he does, but would battle with it royally, crowned with the great diadem of Love! But it is too late! it is too late! There is nothing left me but to die!’

I crumpled the letter in my hand, and kissed the miniature of Beatrice for the last time. As I rose I caught sight of my face in the mirror. It was haggard, and ghastly pale. ‘Come, come, Arthur Gurney, be firm; it will not do to play the woman now.’ I strode up to the mirror, as I have seen men do when excited by wine, and took a long look at myself. How black my hair was! and what a wild light glared in my sunken eyes! ‘Good-by, Arthur Gurney!’ I smiled and walked to the window. The sky was sown with stars, and the full moon hung over the tops of the trees. ‘Farewell, O moon, and stars, and summer night! a long farewell!’

I cocked my pistol and placed it to my heart. ‘Beatrice,’ I shrieked, ‘I come.’ My finger was on the trigger—another second and I would have been in Eternity. But suddenly my hand was seized, and a woman’s shriek rang in my ear: ‘*Richard!*’ I struggled violently, determined not to be balked in my purpose. ‘*Richard! Richard!*’ I heeded her not, but tore off the hand that held me. At that moment the jasper signet dropped from my finger, and the charm was broken. I was no longer Arthur Gurney, but Richard Tracy! I was saved from death by my wife, who came into the room to tell me that my child was better. ‘The doctor has been here, dear husband, and he says that the crisis is past. Our little Ambrose will live.’ I threw myself into her arms and burst into tears.

‘Look at the watch, Bessy,’ said I, trembling at my narrow escape, ‘and note the time carefully, for Arthur Gurney is dead. He died to-night, and by his own hand.’

It was even so. For in the morning he was found in his chamber dead, with a bullet through his heart! His watch was in his pocket, stopped! It pointed to the very minute when Bessy arrested my hand!

## MOOSE-HUNTING IN A CANADIAN WINTER.

When the winter snow-fall lies heavy and deep  
 In rounded hillock and drifted heap,  
 And the frosty flakes like diamonds shine  
 On the boughs of the hemlock and plummy pine;  
 Then forth to the northern wilderness  
 The hardy trappers and hunters press.

The snow lieth deep, the snow lies white,  
 It fills the hollows, it tops the height;  
 The frozen river, the icy-bound lakes  
 Are covered o'er by the sparkling flakes;  
 The brook lies mute and choked in its bed,  
 You cannot trace where its channels led;  
 The cedar branch is bent to the ground,  
 The spruce with a weighty burden is crowned;  
 Afar spreads a silent and crystal waste,  
 Where the features of nature are all effaced.

But the valiant hunter hath heart of steel;  
 He buckles the snow-shoes firm to his heel;  
 His Indian blanket and buck-skin dress  
 Set well with the rugged wilderness,  
 A leather girdle surrounds his waist,  
 Wherein his axe and wood-knife are placed:  
 Then forth at the crimson dawning of day  
 With his heavy rifle he takes his way.

The snow lies hard, for the keen, cold night  
 Hath formed a crust both cold and bright,  
 So the hunter strides on with a crackling tread  
 Whichever the ice deserts may spread,  
 Knowing well the great moose and the caribou  
 With their clattering hoofs must wade through;  
 Although the ice does as hard on the wing  
 When cut the firm turf of the forests they spring,  
 Yet when broken they sink in the yielding snow  
 They be as easy prey to their resolute foe.

The great northern stag, with antlers so broad,  
 With horns that cut down, or assault like a sword,  
 Is a terrible foe to hunter beware,  
 Not readily the dangerous danger dare  
 His man-trapped arrows are the scourge of the oak,  
 As sharp as a dagger to him that seeks  
 Those prongs that would pierce his breast and wound,  
 That could wound again when he comes to the ground  
 From the ice-moulds through which he and his through walk,  
 Till he pays with his feet the sever of the place  
 That draw the lower edge of your blade o'er his throat,  
 And send the death-slug with steel high-aimed.

In the far west wilderness sides of Maine,  
 Where the morning sun of the war is plain,  
 In the unknown-unknown wilderness world,  
 Or where the echoes of the thunder are heard,

The stalwart wood-cutter pitches his camp ;  
In his cabin of logs trims his winter lamp,  
And oft when the Moose-herd hath formed its ' yard,'  
And trampled the snows like a pavement hard,  
The woodman forsakes his sled and his team,  
And this harvest of logs by the frozen stream ;  
And armed with his axe and his rifle, he goes  
To slaughter the moose blocked in by the snows ;  
And many a savory banquet doth cheer  
The fire-side joys of his wintry year,  
With the haunch of the moose and the dappled deer.

*New-York, August 8th, 1858.*

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## T H E O T T O M A N E M P I R E .

In one of the wildest regions of the Alps an immense glacier, the accumulation of centuries, impends over a hamlet far below. The mountaineer whispers as he passes over it, lest the huge mass part from its icy fastenings. Men go up from year to year to measure the fissures, always widening, and ever report the avalanche as near at hand ; but the Alpine glacier remains, and the villagers live on, like their ancestors before them, in a state of awful insecurity, threatened with swift destruction every moment. Such, for more than a century, has been the condition of the Ottoman Empire.

Osman, when but the leader of a nomadic band whose progenitors had wandered from the banks of the Oxus to the western confines of Asia, foresaw in a dream the future greatness of the Osmanlis. He beheld the leafy tent under which he reposed, expand until it rested on those four magnificent pillars of empire, the Atlas, the Taurus, the Hæmus, and the Caucasus. At his feet rolled the Nile, the Tigris, the Euphrates, and the Danube, covered with ships, like the sea. In the valleys sprang up cities crowned with pyramids and gilded domes, while in cypress-groves the prayers of the Imaums were mingled with the songs of innumerable birds. Above this leafy tent, grown from the body of Osman himself, rose the crescent, the symbol of Ottoman dominion. Its sabre-like branches pointed to the different cities of the earth, and especially to Constantinople, which, lying at the union of two seas and two continents, like 'a diamond between two sapphires,' formed the clasp to a ring of empire seeming to embrace the world. This ring fell into the hands of Osman, and the Turkish Empire was founded, to shoot with meteor-like brilliancy into the first rank of temporal powers.

The flood of the Ottoman invasion, following the retiring ebb of the Crusades, rolled beyond the Hellespont, and inspired terror in imperial Rome, even before a successor of the Caliphs came to occupy the throne of the Constantines. Owing to the dismember-



ment of the Eastern Empire, the fairest seats of civilization fell an easy conquest to the Osmanlis, and the Turk sat down amid the fallen temples of ancient cities, like Marius among the ruins of Carthage. The reminiscences of Grecian history, and the triumphs of Grecian art — what were they to the simple child of nature, trusting in Fatality and wedded to an Eastern system of government and religion as unchangeable as the mountains? The matchless eloquence of her orators and the fine frenzy of her poets could no more touch those brains of lead and hearts of stone than move the marble statues hewn from the quarries of Pentelicus! As a conqueror, the Turk learned nothing from the conquered; nor would he heed the voices of civilization, until the Sibyl had opened her book and read from its illumined pages the certain lesson of his destiny.

Islamism is an Asiatic institution, and the attempt to establish it permanently on European soil has proved a failure, from the fact that there is no sympathy of race, or religion, or otherwise, between the East and the West. Nor could that simple system by which Mohammed sought chiefly to convert a few Arabian tribes to the belief in one God, expand like the tent of Arabian fiction, so as to embrace the entire regions and people of the earth. The idea of universal, or even of extensive dominion, was purely an afterthought with the Camel-driver of Mecca, or rather with his successors. This is evident from the precepts of the Koran, and the 'acts and sayings' of the Prophet. During the lunar month of Ramazan, the Turkish Lent, a rigid fast is enjoined upon the faithful. No one is allowed to eat, drink, smoke, enjoy the fragrance of a rose, or gratify any appetite whatever, from sun-rise to the time when, as Mussulmans say, 'a white thread can no longer be distinguished from one that is black.' Trying as this abstinence is, under the burning sun of Southern Asia, it would be unendurable in regions where the days are several months in length.

The ablutions, also, which are so intimately connected with the worship of Islam, can be practised only in a warm climate like that of Arabia. The absolute necessity of pilgrimage, as expressed in the declaration of the Prophet, 'He that does not visit Mecca once in his life, is an infidel,' could have had reference only to persons living at least within a few hundred miles of the holy city. Another proof is the occurrence of the month of pilgrimage in winter as well as in summer — the Moslems computing time by lunar months.

In the first war of the Russians and the Turks, the latter were obliged to raise the siege of Astrakan. They then projected an expedition into Russia, but were deterred by the Khan of the Crimea, who feared that the success of the Turks would inaugurate his own entire subjection to their authority. He represented to them, that in the regions of the Don and the Volga, the winter extended over nine months, and in summer the nights were only three hours long: whereas the Prophet appointed the evening prayers two hours after sunset, and the morning orisons at the

break of day. The Turks, terrified at this seeming contradiction between nature and the ordinances of religion, embarked at once for Constantinople.\*

The unity of God (of Allah) is the prominent doctrine of the Koran; but there is no spirituality in that confused imitation of the Holy Scriptures. Islamism materializes man; Christianity spiritualizes him — the former by extinguishing thought, the latter by awaking it. The one system degrades existence to an idle dream, and promises a paradise of sensual gratification; the other exalts life into a heroic struggle for ourselves and our race, and promises a heaven of spiritual delight. The teachings of Mohammed leave man where they found him, while the teachings of CHRIST raise him to a sublime height of virtue, and make him worthy of the promised reward. Yet Mohammedanism is not altogether a system of error; if so, it had long since passed away. Among the hundred and ten million Moslems who receive the Koran, it has destroyed caste and abolished idolatry. It has taught that man can worship God without an infallible church and sin-forgiving priest. Stripped of all the tissues which Asiatic sensuality has woven around the system, it has much of the naked and austere grandeur of Protestantism. In Mussulman temples dwell none of the mystic shadows and reveries peculiar to the old Cathedrals of Europe. The iconoclastic genius of Islam forbids all those embodiments of the theatrical, the idolatrous, and the sensual, which, in Greek and Catholic churches, materialize the idea of God. All ecstasy and enthusiasm are proscribed. The thoughts of the worshipper are distracted and menaced by no theatrical exhibition of the mysteries of the faith; they are restrained by no formal liturgy. Like other religious systems that have moulded the Oriental mind, Islamism contains some elements of truth. From these it has derived its vitality. Error is weakness. Truth alone imparts immortal vigor.

The superiority of the Arab race to that of Osman, enabled it to rise for a time above the despotism of the Koran. Endowed with more spirit and imagination, the Arabs became the instructors of the world in science and art; but it was only to sink to a greater depth of ignorance and darkness. After the flush of Ottoman conquest came the period of decay. When the proud descendants of Osman laid down the sword, unlike the Magyars and other conquering nomads from the East, they took up the pipe, and made of life one long delicious *kief*. From a nation of enthusiasts and conquerors, the Osmanlis became a nation of sleepers and smokers. They came into Europe with the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other: were they driven out of their encampment, it would be with the Koran in one hand and the pipe in the other, crying: '*Kismet! Kismet! Allah kehrim!*' (God hath willed it! God is great!)

When in the great Mosque of Eyoub the new Padisha has

girded on the sword of Osman, the illustrious founder of the Ottoman dynasty, turning to one of his ministers, he exclaims: '*Keyzylelmada giorus chelem!*' (May we see each other in Rome!) Though now a mere formality, this ceremony shows how the haughty sultans once meditated supplanting the tiara by the turban. It carries our thoughts back to the time when the taking of Otranto caused as much terror as the appearance of Attila on the Mincio; when there was trembling in the Vatican, and the Papal power almost determined again to remove its seat to Avignon.

Times change. We have seen the throne of the Osmanlis, before which the representatives of great kings once bowed the neck and held the voice subdued, threatened to be submerged by the returning waves of invasion; and the hand which formerly issued the bulletins of victorious armies and the recitals of conquest, stretched forth supplicatingly to the powers whose subjects were a few years ago termed *dogs of infidels*.

'Let him that gives aid to the Turks be excommunicated,' stands written in the canons of the Church. But in the late war, the Gallic defender of the Catholic faith became the firm ally of the Sultan. The *kyrie eleison* and *Allah illah Allah* rose together, while the followers of CHRIST and the followers of Mohammed went into combat shoulder to shoulder, bearing side by side the crescent and the cross. Yet in this crusade of Louis Napoleon, the Occident and the Orient have been brought together on a magnificent scale. Thus are made acquainted men who have hitherto met only on fields of carnage, and seen each other only through the smoke of battles. Thus also is made to fall the ancient enmity of races.

To sustain the Ottoman Empire has been the great problem of European diplomacy for the last fifty years. Careful, however, have the Christian powers been to impart no elements of strength, but to maintain the falling Colossus in weakness,

'Ever trembling on the verge of fate.'

Block after block has been ruthlessly removed from the magnificent arch of empire which once extended from Belgrade to Basora, until the dominion of the Sultans has virtually passed away. The Ottoman Empire was great and glorious when the nations of the West were weak and semi-barbarous. But what has she not lost? Greece and fair islands in the Ægean no longer hers; Egypt, Syria, and the land of Mecca retained only by the interference of Christian powers; the richest provinces in Europe and Asia incorporated into other realms; the haughty Moslems virtually excluded from Servia and Wallachia; Bosnia and Albania estranged, and Epirus and Macedonia held by the feeblest tenure; invasions from without which she cannot repel, and dissensions within, which, unaided, she cannot crush; heterogeneous and rebellious populations in three-quarters of the globe to govern and assimilate, yet without powerful armies, or fleets, or treasures, or,

indeed — save an illustrious history — any of those elements of strength which constitute the greatness and the enduring glory of a State — behold the humiliations of the Padisha!

Nor is the Mohammedanism of to-day by any means what it was, even a quarter of a century ago. Fanaticism has, in part, given place to infidelity, to that absence of religious faith, which is better than error, and may be followed by a healthy Christian belief. The faithful admit that converts may be made by conviction as well as by the sword. An elastic interpretation of the Koran, inspired by the unyielding force of events and excused by the linguistic pliancies of the Moslems, declares that the apostate to Christianity may live, although his presence is not to be endured. Already a venerable American missionary has taken up his residence in Stamboul. Already *Giaour Effendis*, no longer called 'Christian dogs,' are admitted within the mosque of Omer in Jerusalem; and, reader, ere ten years have passed away, the Christian traveller shall visit Mecca and Medina without disguise. Already the Protestant Bible is sold in more than a hundred places in the Turkish Empire. The call of the muezzin to prayer is often unheeded. Instead of the ablutions, a little water is sprinkled on the hands and shoes. A few words are hastily mumbled over for prayers. Many of the Moslems drink wine, and eat the flesh of animals slain without the *bismillah*, ('In the name of God,') and piously ignore the difference between mutton and pork.

But while this drama was being acted on the seat of the Eastern Empire; while England, inspiring the genius of great enterprises, carrying civilization to the remotest regions, and seeking to unite all the people of the earth by the ties of commerce, strove to whiten the sea with ships and clothe the world in cotton; while all the schemes floating in the undefined limbo of French politics had for their one great object the glory of France; while France herself electrified the world with magnificent ideas, which, if not her own, she could so infuse with her genius as to captivate and enthrall; while the princes of Germany were struggling for the imperial crown, lost amid the surges of revolution — in the tumult of these multitudinous events, with slow and solemn tread, a colossal power was merging from the North on the arena of European politics.

The nation of Ivan sprung originally from a small territory below the Woldai, and, insensibly enlarging in every direction, became the Russia of to-day, occupying a seventh part of the habitable globe. Her colossal proportions, resting upon both hemispheres, call to mind the empire of Genghis Khan, and of Rome in her palmy days. Like Charles V., the Czar can boast that the sun never sets on his dominions; but that his rays daily encircle the earth with the sheen of Cossack spears. Presenting every variety of climate and soil, from hyperborean regions covered with eternal snows, to valleys blooming perpetually with the flowers of the Orient; from thunder-riven peaks to illimitable prairies, washed by four inland seas and the most magnificent rivers of the eastern world; her

cities and plains are inhabited by sixty-five million human beings, speaking almost every language, and exhibiting almost every type of the human race.

Russia, lying between the Occident and the Orient, extends her arms to both. On one side she has the enlightened nations of Europe, on the other the nomadic tribes of the Asiatic plains. She has the energy and civilization of the West; but in soil, in climate, in political and national characteristics, is far more closely allied to Asia than to Europe.

It was to be hoped that Russia would enter upon the mission which Turkey should have undertaken — the blending of the East and West. Becoming thoroughly civilized herself, she might arouse the Asiatic nations from their lethargic sleep of centuries, engraft upon them the civilization of the West, and impart to our too material conceptions something of the dreamy imagination and mystic spirit of the Orientals.

During the forty years of peace that preceded the present struggle, all the conservative hands of Europe were at work upon the northern Colossus. Nationalities were crushed beneath her tread. Owing to a marvellous power of assimilation, every territorial acquisition augmented her strength. Poland, Finland, the immense provinces wrested from Turkey and Persia, multiplied her armies and gave her additional momentum in the course of conquest. Conservative at home, she became revolutionary abroad. More disorganizing in her policy than ancient Rome, she scrupled not to avail herself of Punic faith and Scythian violence. The spell of Russian invincibility bound the nations.

The Pope of Rome is the spiritual head of multitudes in every quarter of the globe. Sixty million Moslems, of whom but sixteen million are under the temporal authority of the Sultan, look up to him as a descendant of the Prophet and the leader of the faithful. A like ambition seized upon the Autocrat of the North, and forthwith the self-styled maintainer of the order and peace of Europe became the protector of Christians in the East. Had not every wave of innovation been dashed into foam before the ramparts of her social system? Had not her legions been repeatedly marched into Central Europe in the cause of peace and order? Had not two of the most illustrious sovereigns of modern times, Charles XII. and Napoleon Bonaparte, made shipwreck of their fortunes on the rock of Russian power? Had not the Cossacks of the Wolga watered their horses on the banks of the Seine, and the fleets of Russia appeared in the Mediterranean and in the Pacific? Napoleon first saw his star of empire pale behind the lurid flames of Moscow, and with the fame of a mythical demi-god, sunk, to be chained, like Prometheus, to the rock of St. Helena; but the Czar Alexander, in Paris, became the arbiter of nations, and held in his hand the destiny of Europe. Was it, therefore, unnatural that these flaxen-haired children of the North should aspire to descend to the Hellespont, and shake the rupee trees of India?



As we follow the Eastern war, through seas of blood and seas of ink, through the entanglements of cabinets and the stratagems of camps, through the arcana of diplomacy and the imbroglios of policy, we come to the conclusion that the ways of courts are inscrutable, and the follies of kings past finding out. And to-day, after the sacrifice of half a million of men and unnumbered millions of treasure, we are apparently no nearer the settlement of the Oriental question than when the Russians first crossed the Pruth.

Russia, whatever may have been her secret purposes in the past, whatever may be her aims in the future, has been of lasting service to European Turkey. With incalculable evils she has also brought incalculable good. The Northern Enchanter has aroused her sleeping nationalities, has reanimated her expiring strata of civilizations. More than all other powers combined, Russia has brought back to the Greek the thought of his heroic origin, and awakened in the Slave the remembrance of his ancient dominion. She has given law and organization to the klephts of the mountains, and inspiring somewhat of her own barbaric courage in the timid Wallachs and Bulgarians of the plains, has taught them to aspire to equality with their Turkish lords. Even the rude shocks of war have tended to arouse the dormant energies of these Christian races.

Western Asia belongs to Islam. Of the fifteen million Christians living under the Ottoman government, more than thirteen millions belong to Europe. Of the sixteen million Turks, more than fourteen millions live on Asiatic soil, leaving less than two millions encamped in Europe.

In view of humanity, in view of preventing an outbreak of the old Moslem fanaticism, in view of protecting the germs of Christianity springing up on Asiatic soil, the forcible expulsion of the Turks from Europe cannot be entertained for a moment. Nor, as is generally supposed, has the Turkish Empire its centre of gravity in Asia, but in Europe. This is evident from the want of sympathy between the different Moslem races, as the Arabs and Turks, from the advance of Mohammed Ali almost to the gates of Stamboul, and also from the events of the late war.

Yet even now there is an appearance of life in Stamboul; for as the blood leaves the extremities of the Empire, it flows to the heart. As the Paleologus promised to *latinize* the Eastern Empire, so Abdul Medjid attempts to regenerate the Osmanlis by reproducing French civilization along the Bosphorus. But the different types of civilization cannot be transplanted, like exotics, from country to country, and be made to flourish upon any and every soil. The elements of civilization are indeed thus transferable; but its peculiar and distinguishing type, the essential entity, must be a spontaneous development. So far as the Turks are concerned, the attempt of Abdul Medjid will prove a failure. The political institutions of the West cannot flourish under the ægis of Otto-



man protection. Foreign means and foreign elements may be employed with advantage, but the plant itself must be native and not exotic.

The so-called Turkish reforms are the carnival of civilization. To reduce the folds of the Turkish Turban; to diminish the amplitude of Turkish pantaloons; to remove the veil from the face of Turkish beauty; to substitute wine for water given by Allah; to exchange polygamy for French prostitution — do not Christianize the Turks, but they do destroy what is peculiar to Ottoman civilization, and excite the contempt of the green-turbaned hater of the Tanzimat. It is one thing to read magnificent firmans in Stamboul removing old abuses, and equalizing the Christian and the Turk; it is another thing to execute them in the distant provinces of the Empire. The Beys and Pachas, who talk pompously of reforms beside the walls of the Seraglio, become different individuals when dispensing life and death in Syria and Macedonia.

How then are the Turks to be regenerated? The BIBLE must be placed in their hands, and a germ of civilization be developed that shall be peculiarly Turkish, and consequently adapted to the Oriental mind. But is the Porte willing to take this initiatory step? So far from it, a converted Moslem could hardly live in Stamboul, were the fact of his apostasy generally known. That Armenian and Greek, Catholic and Protestant, are permitted to worship freely under Ottoman protection, results not so much from religious liberty or toleration on the part of the Turks, as from *a sovereign contempt for Christianity*, more blighting even than persecution, from that *laissez faire* policy which has crushed the pillars of Ottoman civilization, and under which the well-chiseled monuments of ancient art have mouldered away.

Never before has Turkey been in so unsettled a condition; never before has she so required the interference of the Christian powers. The recent outbreaks, extending through whole provinces; the massacre of Christians in various parts of the empire; the growing hostility between the Christians and the Moslems, as well as between the Mussulmans of the new school and the old, and the feverish fanaticism which seems to pervade the Mohammedan world; all these plainly indicate that the days of Moslem rule, in Europe at least, are numbered. The Turks have proved themselves to be out of place west of the Bosphorus; and it is the duty of the Christian powers to see that they are peacefully removed to Asia, and the place they have occupied given to others.

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‘God help me,’ cried the poor man,  
And the rich man said, ‘Amen.’  
The poor man died at the rich man’s door :  
God helped the poor man then.

## T H O M A S   J E F F E R S O N . \*

THE romance of American history yet remains to be written. We have tomes of economical facts, of public and private data, of material memoranda; but scarce a half-dozen works which, while they tell the real story, also lift the veil and let us into the households and hearts of the people, into the daily life and associations which proved the mother of the great events that followed. Of the Puritans we know much, but no 'historian' has brought the real Roundhead before us, with his relentless theology and stubborn nature; it remained for the novelist to present us the social and personal picture of those New-England ancestors. Hawthorne is a truer chronicler than Bancroft. We learn from the voluminous 'Documentary History of New-York' all about New-Amsterdam, as it is historically recorded; but it is to Irving that we are indebted for our familiarity with the Manhattaners, the original Knickerbockers, the queer Mynheers; and what a charming story it is! Would that Penn's Colony, Lord Baltimore's Domain, the Virginia and Carolina Plantations, Oglethorpe's Settlement, and the early San Augustine occupation by Spain, had as faithful and loving chroniclers! Charles Guyarre, in his romance of Louisiana's history, has performed for his State the beneficent service; but who has written up the romantic in Kentucky's wild history, in Ohio's most exciting settlement, in Indiana's and Michigan's long wrestle with barbarism? Who has recorded the fearful tragedies, the wonderful adventures, the singular life-experiences of the Mississippi Valley colonies?

Fiction writers, who are casting about for the 'thrilling' and 'exciting,' need no longer torture their poor brains for their story's ghost, since here are novelties and romances, real life and heart-histories, which shall cause the eye to fill with tears, the soul to shudder in horror, the mind to recoil from the very thought; which can, too, stir the sweeter sympathies within us, by the contemplation of scenes of innocence and love and repose.

The Virginia and Carolina plantations produced many men of renown. The rich tide-water country, from the seaboard to the Ridge lands, and from this to the range of Blue Ridge mountains, was dotted with splendid estates, whose proprietors lived in all the dignity of barons of the realm, as they virtually were. These men gave to Virginia the 'Chivalry' and those 'First Families' which, for so many generations, were her boast; and from these baronial homes came those noblemen of our history — the Washingtons, the Lees, the Randolphs, the Fairfaxes, the Harrisons, the Carys, the Pendletons, the Wythes, the Carters, the Henrys, Madisons, Jeffersons, and many others whose names are a rich inheritance. Economists may reason that primogeniture and large estates are not productive of good fruits to the common country;

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\* Life of THOMAS JEFFERSON. By HENRY S. RANDALL, LL.D. Three volumes, octavo. New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON.

but that they do produce great spirits for trying times, the war of our Revolution and the later Crimean war, prove.

The father of Thomas Jefferson was one of the bravest and best of his time. He was a person of gigantic proportions, of Herculean strength. His life of surveyor and of colonel of the county, proved him a brave man; his experience as justice proved him a just man; his service in the Virginia House of Burgesses proved him a wise man; while the integrity and independence of character which marked his constant intercourse with men, rendered him of the type fitted to produce a revolutionary son.

THOMAS JEFFERSON was born at Shadwell, in Albemarle county, Virginia, on the second day of April, A.D. 1743, (O. S.) Mr. Randall says: 'The father of Thomas died when the boy was fourteen years old, but he had already taught him to sit his horse, fire his gun, boldly stem the Rivanna when the swollen river was 'rolling red from brae to brae,' and press his way with unflagging foot through the rocky summits of the contiguous hills, in pursuit of deer and wild turkeys. But his attention was not limited to physical training. Though his son was kept constantly at school, in the evenings he put good books into his hands for reading, taught him to keep accounts, instructed him in his own beautiful penmanship, and impressed upon his mind lessons of system, punctuality, energy, and perseverance.' And further: 'There was some physical resemblance between them. According to tradition, the calm, thoughtful, firm eye of the son, and the outlines of his face, were those of his father; his physical strength, too, was beyond that of ordinary men; but his slim form and delicate fibres were those of his mother's family, the Randolphs. His mind, too, gave evidence of both parental stocks — of the auspicious combination of new strength with courtly culture, of the solid with the showy, of robust sense with the glitter of talent.'

In this extract (blunderingly composed\* though it be) we have a good characterization of Thomas Jefferson, as he grew to man's estate.

At seventeen he entered William and Mary College, at Richmond. He remained but two years, yet his acquirements were numerous. In 1762 he entered as a student in the law-office of

\* The style of Mr. RANDALL is exceedingly loose at times, and greatly more the first half of the first volume. In the second and third volumes we find less to complain of, though there is much tautology and want of precision throughout the whole work.

'A glance at the map of Virginia shows that the territory of that State is divided,' etc., instead of: Shows the territory of that State to be divided. 'In that house was born Thomas Jefferson,' instead of: Thomas Jefferson was born. 'Lands were obtained from Government and otherwise;' from otherwise is not precisely grammatical. Such expressions as, 'combined into,' 'embodied into,' 'insight into,' do not sound well. He speaks of gardens 'bravely ornamented,' a new kind of ornamentation. We have sentences like this 'Like a celebrated contemporary, twenty-four years younger, GEORGE WASHINGTON,' etc. And this 'His tract lay mostly on the plain, but it also extended up the declivities of the hills, embracing the entire one afterward named Monticello. Thence 'one' refers for its predicate to plain, or tract, or hills? And then: 'Pressing his way with unflagging foot through the rocky summits.' Going through rocky summits, must be regarded as rather figurative. Again 'At five years old he was placed at the English school,' etc., instead of: At five years of age he was placed in the English school. This expression, of 'years old' is frequent. Of Peter Jefferson he writes 'Traditions have come down of his continuing his firm as a surveyor through savage wildernesses, after his assistants had given out from fatigue and famine, subsisting on the raw flesh of game, and even of his carrying mules, when other food failed, sleeping in a hollow tree,' etc., etc. How many mules could he carry? is a question. There, and a multitude of like rhetorical and unaccountable inaccuracies, mar the narrative.

the celebrated George Wythe, where his college studies were still pursued. Ere he ceased these elementary labors he became master of, or acquainted with, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Anglo-Saxon. Against 'metaphysics' he inveighs strongly, yet we find him earnestly recommending a favorite nephew to read Epictetus, Plato's Socratic Dialogues, Cicero's Philosophies, Antoninus and Seneca; while he commends 'the writings of Sterne particularly, as the best course of morality that ever was written!' The mind of Mr. Jefferson, at this early day, betrayed some of those 'crotchets' which afterward led him into singular inconsistencies of judgment and feeling. He formed sudden opinions, and gave expression to them in strong language, at times when it was a matter of wonder how he could be so blind to counter evidence.

Mr. Randall says: 'In the cognate branch of poetry, somewhat strangely, it might seem, in view of the preceding,' (referring to the list of historians and prose writers whom the subject especially treasured,) 'and of his utilitarian tendencies, he was a pretty general reader. His particular favorites among the classics were Homer, the Greek Dramatists, and Horace; and, of later times, Tasso, Molière, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, the old English ballad, pastoral, and lyrical writers, and lastly, Ossian. He admired Virgil and Dante, but read them less. The same may be said of Corneille in contrast with Molière. (He had a decided taste for pure comedy.) Petrarch, ever ringing his changes on Laura, was not to his taste. Metastasio was enjoyed by him in lighter moods perhaps quite as often as Tasso. He loved the dulcet melodies of several of the minor Italian poets, and neatly-written copies of several of their songs, in his early hand-writing, are yet preserved. This song-copying seems not to have been an unusual amusement with him. Lying before us, thus traced, are 'Lovely Peggy,' 'Tweedside,' 'Mary of Tweed,' an English pastoral, commencing, 'It rains, it rains, my fair,' etc. Scraps of Shenstone are scribbled on some of his early manuscripts, but he admired the author of the Leasowes more than any of the pastorals!'

Add to this Jefferson's further accomplishment of amateur violinist, whereby he fiddled his way into the esteem of the Governor of Virginia, and into the heart of the lovely widow, Mrs. Martha Skelton, and we have a pleasing insight into his tastes and mental peculiarities.

Mr. Randall's volumes are so filled with what is new, in regard to Mr. Jefferson's earlier life, that we find it difficult to pass over the pages where minute reference is made to the life led in Governor Faquhier's social circle; to the courtship of, and marriage with, Mrs. Skelton, on January 1st, 1772; to the bridal tour to his half-finished house in Monticello; to his farm life there, with its many incidents illustrating his energy, his tact, his inventive genius, his most astonishing attention to detail and system; his love for and command over horses, of which he was possessed of several of great value for speed and beauty; of his command over those around him; of his increasing personal popularity. These fresh

and original personal memoranda constitute the chief interest which the volumes possess for us; and, notwithstanding the biographer has introduced innumerable pages\* which have little reference to the 'Life,' there yet is so much of interest in his vast fund of purely *new* matter, as to make the volumes savor of novelty and value.

Previous to his marriage (in 1769) he was chosen a member of the House of Burgesses. The first session of the young legislator was an important one. Already was the storm of the Revolution brewing. In reply to the Address of Parliament to the King, on the Massachusetts Colony proceedings, the Virginia Burgesses reasserted the *right* of self-taxation, the *right* of petition, the *right* to coöperate with other Colonies in measures destined for the general good. They also remonstrated positively against the Parliamentary recommendation to the King to transfer to England the trial of persons accused of treason in the Colonies. While a student-at-law, in Williamsburgh, Jefferson had heard the immortal Patrick Henry's speech, in the Virginia House of Burgesses, in 1765, on the Stamp Act; and had been so thoroughly penetrated by the eloquence and truth of that master effort, as to become strongly biased in favor of the popular side. Now that he was a member of the House, he threw his influence into the cause of Freedom, which, at that date (and, indeed, down to 1776) only meant the right of the people to make their own laws and levy their own taxes, still acknowledging allegiance to the King, still contributing to the support of their common country, still accepting their Governors from royal hands, still holding offices by royal commission. It was only after the receipt (on November 9th, 1774) of news of the King's rejection of the second petition of Congress, that steps were taken for the ultimate disavowance of all allegiance to the British Crown.

From Jefferson's entry into the Virginia Burgesses, in 1769, dates his career as patriot and statesman. With a reputation for fine scholarship, with acknowledged eminent legal attainments, with a fine command of language as a writer, he soon became the coadjutor of the leading minds, occupying seats on important committees, drafting papers whose influence was to be felt throughout the country and by the Crown itself. Mr. Randall delineates the history of Virginia legislation through the years next succeeding 1769 in a graphic manner, giving a *resumé* of events which were hurrying on the grand drama so soon to try the strength of patriotism, the wisdom, the power of endurance, of leaders and people alike.

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\* Thus in Chapter I. we have narrated the genealogy of the RANDOLPH family, with their various marriages, offices held by them, etc. Pages 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, discourse upon the History of the Revolution, and refer more to JOHN ADAMS and LEE than to JEFFERSON. And this earnest disquisition is closed by the rather humorous introduction of JEFFERSON's violin! Pages 144 to 164 are devoted to the position held by JOHN ADAMS and RICHARD HENRY LEE, and argument on JEFFERSON's feeling toward the latter, where argument was wholly unnecessary; the whole being more proper for BANCROFT's History than for JEFFERSON's biography. The closing pages of the chapter are also entirely foreign to the work. Throughout the whole three volumes there is much of this 'aside' writing, which greatly detracts from the unity of the Life. Mr. R. presumes entirely too much upon the ignorance of history, upon the reader's part.

## T H O S E   V E S P E R   B E L L S .

'T is Summer's pensive twilight reign,  
The world seems one embodied thought;  
Silence and shadows fill the plain,  
And Nature to the flowers has brought  
Refreshing balm of crystal dew;  
And Zephyr leaves its place of spells,  
And with a voice of music woos  
The modest flowers that love the dells.

The spirit of the hour awakes  
To luxury of thought and truth,  
Pure as the waters of those lakes  
Where spirits drink immortal youth;  
And through the silent Sabbath air  
A heavenly music soars and swells,  
Making a glorious Eden here —  
The music of the vesper bells.

I heard those bells at morning hour,  
Summoning worshippers to pray;  
And felt their holiness of power,  
As though from heavenly harp a lay  
Of promised mercy had awoke,  
Such as on that redeeming morn  
Gladly upon Judea broke,  
Proclaiming the REDEEMER born.

And then, as grew the golden light  
Of day to fulness and to gladness,  
I shared the bliss of sound and sight,  
And felt not e'en one pulse of sadness:  
But change of time brought change of soul;  
And now I love these lonely dells  
Where, with a saddening cadence, roll  
The echoes of those vesper bells.

O God! how full of bitter tears  
Of agony the very thought  
That they, the friends of fondest years,  
Whose sympathies the heart has sought  
As its best refuge, solace, home —  
Where love enshrined 'mid virtues dwells —  
Must part; and I, within the tomb,  
Nor hear with them those vesper bells.

When earth is past, and I am gone  
On that far journey, which the mind  
Of man may oft reflect upon,  
But which has never been defined;  
When on that journey I depart,  
Friendship e'en now my spirit tells,  
A thought of me will reach thy heart  
Whene'er thou hear'st those vesper bells.



Dews will not be the only tears,  
 Upon the grass above my head,  
 For some will mingle with thy prayers,  
 To tell of sorrow for the dead;  
 And as some angel wafts above  
 Thy prayer to HIM who highest dwells,  
 Thou'lt hear thy God's rewarding love,  
 In sweetness of those vesper bells.

Then, when the rosy Sabbath morn,  
 In glory treadeth o'er the hills,  
 Or evening gems the fragrant thorn,  
 And with her dew the blossom fills,  
 Whisper thy friend, who low and lone,  
 Sleepeth amid the silent dells,  
 And he will know thy music tone,  
 Oft heard beside those vesper bells.

When in their beautiful array,  
 Through Time's bright vista shine the hours,  
 In which our steps rejoiced to stray  
 Through avenues of odorous flowers :  
 Oh! wilt thou not in fancy deem  
 The whisper of my spirit dwells,  
 Like echo of some tuneful dream,  
 And mingles with those vesper bells ?

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T H E B U L G A R I A N S . \*

THE death of Attila, in the year of our era 453, gladdened the civilized world. Upon this event, the great Hunnic Empire, in obedience to the stern Nemesis that for the deepest crimes visits nations with speediest destruction, experienced the fate of the empires suddenly erected by Alexander and Tamerlane. The nomadic Huns, no longer held together by a powerful arm, fell into their ancient discords. The vast region from the Alps to the Volga, became one great battle-field, and it seemed as if the name and the race itself were about to be effaced from the world. At the end of the fifth century, some of the Hunnic tribes had disappeared, and others wandered to remote regions.

A large body of Huns had, in the mean time, encamped on the left bank of the lower Danube. Finding themselves shut out from Moesia, the bulwark of the Eastern Empire, these indomitable remnants of the race turned elsewhere in pursuit of conquests or of allies. On the vast plains, whence flow the Dnieper, the Dniester, and the Bug, they found a barbarous people, too poor to excite their cupidity, yet powerful enough to serve them as friends. An alliance was formed, and for the first time the Slaves, of whom the Antes, these new associates of the Huns, were the Eastern branch, appeared on the stage of European history.

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\* *Histoire d'Attila.* AMÉDÉE THIÉRY.—*Slavische Alterthümer.* SCHAFARICK.

The Slavic race inhabited that immense region north of the Carpathians, and between the Euxine and the Baltic, known only by strange names in the geography of the ancients. The word *Slave*, supposed by many to be synonymous with *glory*, signifies *speech*. With the race, the Slave is he who *speaks* that language, which, from its earliest history, has united by a sentiment of fraternity its scattered fragments, however different in social life and political condition: the foreigner is *mute*. But the name which now designates the creature of servitude, is appropriate to the early condition of the race. Exposed to a double current of invasion — from the Asiatics at the east, and the Germans and Scandinavians on the west — the Slaves have rarely enjoyed freedom. At the commencement of the Christian era, they were held in bondage by the Sarmatians. In the fourth century, the Scandinavian Goths subjugated the Sarmatians, and, with them, their serfs. In the year 375, Goth, Sarmatian, and Slave became the vassals of Bolamir, King of the Huns.

By a remarkable combination of circumstances, the death of Attila emancipated for a time these slaves of slaves. The Goths departed for a course of adventure in the south of Europe, while the remnants of the Sarmatians became confounded with the Huns of Denghizikh and Hunakh, the sons of Attila. Thus abandoned by their masters, the Slaves assumed a place in history. As the race exists to-day, from Dalmatia to the Polar regions, so at this early period we find it divided into three great branches: the Antes upon the rivers flowing into the Euxine, the Vendes near the Baltic, and between them the Sclavones.

The Antes are properly regarded as the ancestors of the Russians. The object of the Hunno-Slavic coalition was the conquest of the Eastern Empire. 'To the City of the Cæsars!' was then, as it is now, their battle-cry. How often do great events repeat themselves in the cosmorama of history!

The apparition of the Slaves, however, foreboded evil rather than good to the civilized world. Long accustomed to the condition of serfs, they had acquired the habits of stationary life; but their industry was confined to narrow limits. What the Slaves called cities, were merely collections of wretched cabins, scattered over vast spaces, and concealed, like the haunts of savage beasts, in the forests and swamps, to guard them against the rapacity of man. Families, or groups of families, swarmed promiscuously in huts rendered hideous by squalid misery. They lived naked within these, and clothed themselves, without, in the skins of wild-beasts, and rags of coarse cloth manufactured by the women. In some of the tribes, the men besmeared their bodies with soot, so as to give themselves the appearance of being clad in garments.

The Slave refused the flesh of no animal, however unclean; but millet and milk composed his ordinary food. With a strong propensity to idleness and pleasure, he united the virtues of a rude but genuine hospitality, and boasted of the sacredness of his

word. His natural apathy was not unfrequently followed by the most terrible outbursts of passion and of violence. Then the Slave became a pitiless monster, thirsting for blood, and delighting in the infliction of the most inhuman tortures.

With naked head and breast, the Slavic warrior carried at his side a long cutlass, and in his hand a bundle of javelins with poisoned points, whose wounds were fatal, unless the affected part was speedily removed. War was to the Slave what the chase is to the hunter. His tactics were those of the ambuscade. To crouch behind rocks and trees; to creep upon the belly; to pass entire days in rivers and swamps, plunged in the water up to the eyes and breathing through a hollow reed, to patiently await the enemy until the proper moment, and then spring upon him with the suppleness of the panther; this was the manner of warfare in which he delighted.

The Slaves had scarcely an idea of marriage. Among many of their tribes, community of wives prevailed until after the introduction of Christianity. Their vague religious conceptions were obscured, on the one hand, by the practices of sorcery, and on the other, by a rude fetichism. Some of them, unwilling to believe that the world was governed by chance, had indistinct ideas of a SUPREME BEING, who invisibly controlled men and things. Others professed the dualism of the Orient. The white divinities were the source of all good; the black, of all evil. To the latter only were erected rude temples. With the Slaves it seemed useless to bestow a thought upon those benignant beings who never did them harm.

Before turning southward, however, the Huns formed a second and more powerful alliance. A barbarous people, of Finno-Hunnic origin, had, a few years previous, descended from the cold plains of Siberia, and pitched their tents along the Athel, which henceforth became known as the Volga, from the Voulgars, or Bulgarians, encamped upon its banks.

We must refer to the epoch of the apparition of the Huns of Attila, to picture the terror inspired by the appearance of this barbarous horde from the solitudes of Siberia—a people as brutal and ferocious as the wild beasts with which they had lived in the hyperborean forests. Compared with them, the Huns who for more than a century had been brought in contact with the Romans, might have been termed civilized. Their filthy, uncouth forms, and ferocious instincts, surpassed even the most exaggerated descriptions of barbarism. The Bulgarians destroyed merely to destroy. War was their pastime; and wherever they wandered, it was their supreme delight to efface every work erected by the hand of man. They had neither religion nor worship, excepting a species of *chamanism*, practised with bloody and superstitious rites. More hideous than the people themselves, were their sorcerers, who, with terrible convulsions, evoked the spirits of darkness. These were the priests and political counsellors of the rude Bulgarians. In battle they were believed to have the power of mis-

leading the enemy by means of illusory visions, and overpowering them with a terrible enchantment. The Bulgarians had the lustful passions of brutes, without the least restraint in gratification; and there is one crime to which they have the infamous honor of having given a name, in almost every European language.

Among these barbarous strangers, with whom war was synonymous with murder, no one could command without having slain an enemy with his own hand. Their manner of warfare, and wonderful skill in the use of weapons; the enormous bows, and long arrows, sure to reach the mark; the gleaming cutlasses of copper, and the long ropes which, with unerring aim, they wound about the bodies of their flying enemies; the mention of these inspired terror. Of all the barbarians who ravaged the Eastern Empire, the Bulgarians were regarded with the most fearful apprehensions. 'The accursed of God,' is the epithet by which they became known in history.

Eleven years before the appeal from the Huns of the Danube, the Bulgarians, then just arrived in Europe, had attempted to reach that river, but were repelled by Theodoric, who hastily combined the Roman and Gothic forces, and himself, in battle, wounded Libertem, the leader of the barbarians. This check, however, they had forgotten; and when invited, hastened to complete, in the last year of the fifth century, the most powerful coalition yet formed against the Roman Empire.

The following winter the Hunno-Slavo-Bulgarian host appeared on the left bank of the Danube. They chose this season for an irruption into Moesia, for the reason, says Jornandes, that 'the Danube was frozen over every year, and its waters, taking the hardness of stone, could give passage not only to infantry, but also to cavalry, and to great chariots drawn by three horses — in a word, to every species of convoy; so that in winter an invading army needed neither rafts nor boats.' Then also the Roman flotillas became useless, and the barbarians had only to avoid the fortified posts, in order to penetrate far into the country. The piercing cold, of which Ovid complained, almost paralyzed the legions accustomed to the soft winds and softer skies of Southern Europe, while it only stimulated to activity the children of the frigid North. Returning from these winter expeditions into Moesia, the barbarians, laden with booty, would recross the frozen Danube in their rolling chariots, or if the sun had dissolved the bridge of ice, upon leathern bottles, fastened to the tails of their horses.

The sudden appearance of the barbarians took the Romans by surprise. Aristus, the commandant of Illyria, could scarcely unite fifteen thousand men, but supposing that the tumultuous rabble would easily be put to rout, stationed his cohorts in front of the little river Zurta, instead of ranging them upon the opposite side, where the deep current and precipitous banks would have served as an effectual bulwark. The hideous visages, the savage cries, and the novel modes of warfare practised by the barbarians terrified the Romans, and in attempting to escape, four thousand of the

legionaries perished in the Zúrta and under the storm of poisoned arrows and the hoofs of the Hunno-Bulgarian squadrons. But the vanquished, instead of attributing their defeat to incapacity and the terror inspired by the barbarians, explained it as the effect of magical illusions cast upon them by the Bulgarian *chamans* and the paralysis produced by their mysterious charms. Laden with booty, the allied army withdrew to the Carpathians to prepare for another expedition. The successive invasions during the opening years of the sixth century, though not so disastrous to the Romans, were scarcely less advantageous to the barbarians. The civilized world, long accustomed to the terrors of Gothic and Hunnic warfare, shuddered at the mention of the unparalleled atrocities committed by the Slaves and Bulgarians. The former of these, enemies invisible but always present, crouched in stealthy ambuscade, and concealed even in the rivers, fell upon their enemies like consuming fire, when least expected; and where they appeared not a soul survived. Until they had learned from experience that the mother or child of a wealthy family, or the magistrate of a city, had a value in silver, they made no prisoners. Then, however, instead of slaying all, the survivors were led into a captivity more dreadful than death itself. Contemporary writers attribute to the Slaves the invention of flaying alive, that most dreadful of inflictions. The inhabitants of Moesia were terror-stricken at the sight of long lines of stakes garnished with the agonized bodies of victims left behind as living trophies, but whose skins were exhibited in triumph at barbaric revels. Such of the vanquished as could not be removed were crowded with bulls and horses into inclosures surrounded with straw, and the whole set on fire. This was the favorite amusement of the Slaves, who mingled their shouts of joy with the groans of dying men and women and the cries of beasts, maddened by the fiery torture.

Nothing could escape the light squadrons of the Bulgarians. Harvests were swept away as by clouds of locusts. Not a living thing survived that perfection of ruin which left not one stone upon another. The savage horsemen sought diversion in fastening their lassoes to the saddle-bows, and at full gallop dragging the entangled victims to atoms. Thus were laid waste the rich plains on the northern slope of the Balkans; and while wandering over this unfortunate land, the now peaceful descendants of this barbaric race have more than once mournfully pointed out to us 'the deserts of Bulgaria.'

But why, the reader will inquire, did not the Eastern empire rise to a man and forever expel these barbarians from her borders? Other thoughts then agitated the Romans of the Orient. To determine whether the human and divine natures were united in the person of our SAVIOUR, and their relative importance in the work of redemption, were questions which for more than half a century had occupied the subtle Greek mind, and shaken the Church to its very centre.

While the priests and the people were for the most part inclined

to the views of the Romish Church, the soldiers, with drawn swords, were made to chant a doxology in the style of the emperor. In the anarchy of doctrines and the tumult of passions that succeeded, military banners waved side by side with those of the Church, and the chants of litanies were mingled with the cries of combat. Civil war broke out, not first, however, along the Golden Horn, but beyond the Balkans, in the very province then scourged by the Huns and their ferocious allies. Vitelianus, an Illyrian general, raised the standard of Catholicism. The Roman garrisons deserted their posts along the Danube, and the zealous Moesians leaving their homes and families exposed to the barbarians, hastened to defend the faith in the city of the Constantines. From these circumstances we may understand why the bloody scenes along the Danube in the opening years of the sixth century attracted so little attention in the Roman world. It was necessary that the capital of the Eastern empire should itself be threatened by the barbaric foe.

One has to read Procopius in order to form an idea of the wealth and power and taste which a history of a thousand years had developed in the ancient colony of Byzantium. Within those ramparts, believed by the foolish Greeks to be impregnable, beat the heart of that great Roman empire which, beginning with a single city on the Tiber, overspread the greater part of the known world, to shrink again to the dimensions of a single city on the Bosphorus. There the empire of the Cæsars was to survive long centuries until the formation of new societies, prolonging antiquity down to the middle ages, and forming a grand connecting-link between the world of Rome and the world of the present. On that 'two-fold river and triple sea,' immortalized by classic story, dwelt a people inheriting the combined treasures of Grecian and Roman civilization, and delighting in public games, in glittering pageants and in statues of bronze and Parian marble. There the Orient and the Occident were brought together, and the stately grandeur of the north was softened by the gorgeous arabesques of the sunny south. Nature had exhausted her resources, History lavished her choicest associations, and Art piled up her chiseled wealth in the work of ennobling those enchanting spots — so enchanting that the Oriental poets sing of their renown in heaven as terrestrial abodes. In that grandiose Constantinople, reposing on her couch of seven hills and garlanded by daughter cities, on the terraces washed by lapsing waves, in groves of orange and jasmine, upon the heights of Asia and Europe, which, overlooking the sullen Euxine and 'the sapphire thread' of the Bosphorus, lay, with alternate homage, their shadows at each other's feet, were palaces and villas built of every kind of porphyry, marble, and granite, and ornamented with gold and cedar. As the temples of nearly all the old religions had been despoiled to aid in the construction of her churches, so the splendid religious systems of the ancients had contributed to the mysteries whose celebration inspired with awe the ambassadors of barbaric kings. The Immaculate Virgin had



usurped the place of the artful Venus, and the tablets once relating the labors and loves of the gods, were inscribed with the *Pater* and the *Credo*. The patrician, who, a Sejanus at home and a Verres in the provinces, had grown rich by extortion in some distant part of the empire, sought to live in eastern magnificence on the Bosphorus. The wealth of Constantinople had long excited the cupidity of the northern barbarians; and when the dwellers in these voluptuous retreats saw in their very midst squadrons of Huns and Bulgarians, they forgot for a time the quarrel concerning the two natures. Danger aroused them from their luxurious repose and religious turmoils, and led them to bestow a thought upon the unfortunate inhabitants of Moesia.

About the year 475, during the reign of Leo, three Illyrian mountaineers, clad in goat-skin mantles, came to the Imperial City to seek their fortunes. One of them, well favored in form and address, was enrolled in the Guards of the Palace, and made his way both by personal bravery and native tact. From the condition of a soldier he soon became Captain of the Guards. Upon the death of Anastasius in 518 from a stroke of lightning, the Chamberlain, wishing to incline the choice of the army to one of his favorites, sent the Captain of the Guards a large sum of money to distribute among the soldiers. But the recipient distributed the money on his own account and caused himself to be proclaimed emperor under the name of Justin. And frequent was the laugh at the trick played upon the great Eunuch by the crafty shepherd of the Hæmus.

Justin called to himself his sister, the wife of a peasant of Tauresium, and her son, whom he wished to educate as his own. They laid aside their goat-skin garments and assumed sonorous names. Even a genealogy was found for them in a branch of the noble family of Anicius long before implanted in Dardania. Béglénitza became Vigilantia, and the Emperor adopted Upranda under the name of Justinianus, a name destined to become immortal. Justin, scarcely able to write his own signature, provided the best masters for his nephew, who soon surprised them by his insatiable activity and the universality of his acquirements. Eloquence, poetry, theology, art — nothing was neglected. He became enamored of Theodora, who then astonished Constantinople both by her marvellous beauty and odious manner of life. The refusal of his uncle and the prohibition of the law, which rendered marriage with a prostitute or a comedian void, did not avail against the indomitable will of Justinian. And the people forgave this alliance from the tender love he always bore 'to the very respectable wife which God had given him,' and those great qualities of Theodora to which on one occasion her husband owed his throne and his life.

When Justinian became emperor in the year 527, at the age of forty-five, he began that immortal work of legislation which is still employed for the government of mankind. In the gorgeous palace of the Constantines he lived the life of an anchorite, rising at midnight to elaborate those laws and great designs with which his

fame is associated. The reports to the Senate were written by himself, and the Church still chants his hymns to music of his own composition. The rude Illyrian accent of the emperor, his ability, like Domitian, voluntarily to move his ears, the pleasure he took in occasionally attiring himself in barbarian costume, and the vulgar report that he neither ate nor slept, frequently gave rise to ridicule. But this energy and faculty of doubling the hours of his life enabled him, though late arrived at royalty, to accomplish more than many other sovereigns combined.

Not satisfied with having given a code to the empire of Augustus, Justinian determined to replace the statue of Julius Cæsar upon the Capitol; to repel the enemies of Rome wherever they had seated themselves upon her spoils. Carthage was wrested from the Vandals, and Rome from the Goths. Expeditions were meditated to Spain and to Gaul, to portions of the earth so distant that the prefect of the Prætorians declared in the imperial council, that a year would be required to send an order to the armies and obtain a response.

During the reign of Justin, the Bulgarians and their allies had not ventured across the Danube. After the coronation of Justinian they menaced Thrace, but withdrew, having been defeated by the Romans. In the year 538, while the armies of Justinian were engaged in Italy, the barbarians again ravaged Moesia. Thirty-two fortified posts in Illyria were reduced, Greece was over-run as far as the Gulf of Corinth, and even the coast of Asia Minor devastated by bands which crossed the Hellespont at Sestos and Abydos.

Then began that great system of defences by which the Romans of the Eastern empire thought to exclude the barbarians forever from their territory. Not only the defiles of the Hæmus, and the right bank of the Danube were fortified, but also several important points in Dacia, which had been abandoned more than two centuries. Cities rose from their ruins. Below the Iron Gate we visited the ancient Tower of Theodora, and at many points along the lower Danube traced the fortifications with which Justinian strengthened that natural barrier. To place a living bulwark between themselves and their enemies, the Romans induced the Lombards to leave Bohemia and settle on the right bank of the Danube.

In the old age of the Emperor his ungrateful subjects no longer thought of him as Justinian, the invincible, the sovereign who had made his country glorious, but as Upranda, the son of Istok and Béglénitza. In 537 and 538 an accumulation of calamities visited the Eastern empire, which led the superstitious to suppose that the destruction of the world was at hand. The plague, after having desolated the coasts of Asia and Greece, broke out in Constantinople with such violence that the dead lay unburied in the streets. A terrific earthquake, whose victims were numbered by thousands, ruined the wall of Anastasius, threw down the dome of St. Sophia, and it is said that marble columns were projected

into the air as if by the force of ballistas. War only was wanting to complete the measure of misfortunes, and it came with terrible violence until the year 680, when the Bulgarians took possession of the country they now inhabit, and united with the christianized Slaves already dwelling in that region, so far as to adopt their language and religion.

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MOON-LIGHT ON THE SARANAC LAKE.

THE moon is over the Eagle's Breast,\*  
Like a burnished lamp of gold ;  
It brightens the Panther's\* soaring crest,  
It touches the top of the high Hawk's Nest,\*  
And over the lake, by the breezes pressed,  
In a rippling path is rolled.

Sweet joy ! it is a most lovely night !  
Our boat has a quiet glide ;  
For the breezes have ceased their fanning flight  
Where the island beetles in wooded night,  
And darkens the deep from the pearly light  
With the robe of its stately side.

What bliss we bear on this lonely lake !  
Our bosoms are warm and true :  
What reck we now for the cares that shake  
The blossoms of hope, for the griefs that break  
On the rocks of life : our songs we wake  
Till echo awakens too.

Hurrah ! the oars in the moon-light flash !  
The lake is of silver made :  
But in bubbles its bosom we merrily lash,  
And away, away, o'er the splendor dash,  
Till the lunge of our boat yields pebbly clash  
Where our camp-fire lights the glade.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! launch loud the song !  
We are rollicking, bold, and free !  
Let the moon-light list as we roll it along,  
And the gems of islands around that throng —  
Louder, lads, louder, blithe and strong !  
Till the night is aroused with glee.

See how the loon dives flashing down  
Where the brilliance so richly plays :  
The catamount cries from the mountain's crown,  
But we turn the point where the forests frown  
To the glade where the leaves are a golden brown,  
In our camp-fire's dancing blaze.

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\* Mountains around the lake.

## J E R K S : A N C I E N T A N D M O D E R N .

FROM the earliest periods of history and tradition, the rites of worship, especially among heathen nations, have been very generally attended by bodily contortion and spasmodic action. The idea seems to have taken fast hold of the worshippers, that the divine afflatus could only manifest itself by unusual nervous and muscular activity. This element of worship the mercurial Greek seems to have derived from the Oriental portion of his conglomerate mythology, rather than from that of the more staid and impassive Egyptian.

Thus, at the Oracle of Dodona, the earliest locality where the Indian mythology established itself, the answers at first transmitted through the whispering of the leaves of the ancient oak, or announced by the brazen clangor of the chain-smitten caldrons, were presently communicated by the lips of the priestesses, who, rushing from the temple with glaring eyes, dishevelled hair, and foaming lips, uttered in broken and incoherent sentences the words on which, at times, hung the fate of empires.

At Delphi, also, the priestesses on the accession of the prophetic fury, leaped from the tripod, and amid frantic cries, beating of their breasts, and terrific spasms, gave utterance to the messages of the gods.

The magicians, or magi, who for ages controlled the destinies of the Egyptian, Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, and Median kingdoms, uttered their prophecies, and performed their miracles only when in the state of ecstasy.

The evidences of this condition being deemed indispensable by the diviners, soothsayers, and priests of heathen nations, for successful prediction or malediction, are abundant in the Old Testament Scriptures. Thus, when Balak summoned Balaam to pronounce on the hosts of Israel the blighting, withering curse which should overwhelm them in utter ruin, Balaam required that the conditions most favorable for the induction of a trance should be observed; and his repeated prophecies give internal evidence, apart from his own assertion, that he was, while uttering them, in the ecstatic state.

Again, when Elijah had assembled the priests of Baal, almost a thousand in number, for the contest which should decide the question of supremacy between Baal and Jehovah, his mocking apostrophe, and their subsequent action, denote that the expected condition of ecstasy had not manifested itself.

Even among the Romans, whose fine physical development and unimaginative temperament were less favorable to hysterical emotion than any of the other nations of antiquity, the augurs, diviners, and soothsayers, from the time of the priest-king Numa to the merging of the republic in the empire, seldom uttered their predictions with positiveness, except when under the influence of the 'divine afflatus.'

Christianity recognized no such adjuncts in its worship, and though occasionally the utterance in unknown tongues threatened the introduction of a false inspiration, and the admission of revelations not bearing the stamp of divine authenticity, yet these sources of error were soon detected, and driven from the Christian Church, finding not unfrequently, however, a resting-place among some of the sects of errorists, so numerous in the second, third, and fourth centuries. With some of these, the phenomena of the ecstatic condition, in all its intensity, formed no inconsiderable portion of their worship. Among the unenlightened nations of the earlier centuries of the Christian era, these manifestations still retained their ascendancy. In the Scandinavian tribes, the Scald, who combined the functions of priest, prophet, and bard, uttered his 'sagas' only in the trance state; and not unfrequently the Berserker, under the influence of this preternatural exaltation, rushed forth to deeds of wonderful prowess, or of fearful crime.

The Indian fakir, the howling and dancing dervishes of Egypt; the gree-gree man, and the obeah of the African tribes; the 'great medicine' of our North-American Indians, are all examples, which have come down to our own times, of the supposed necessity of this condition to the sacerdotal character.

But it was not solely among the priests that this violent and apparently involuntary spasmodic action occurred. It formed no inconsiderable feature of the early Greek festivals. Not to speak now of the original 'Bacchantic Fury,' which we deem of a somewhat different character, the Dionysia, or festivals in honor of Bacchus, the Saturnalia and Floralia, and above all, the festivals in honor of Cybele, were marked by the most violent and extraordinary displays of muscular and nervous action. The Corybantes, the Galli, and the Bacchantes, who were the special devotees of Cybele and Bacchus, danced, shouted, ran about with loud cries and howlings, beating on timbrels, clashing cymbals, sounding pipes, and cutting their flesh with knives.

Jamblicus, a Syrian, who died A.D. 333, a *protégé* of Julian the Apostate, and an earnest advocate of the Neo-Platonic theology, whose writings are rather valuable for the extracts from early writers they contain, than for any originality or profundity in his own speculations, has given us in his 'De Mysteriis' an account of a fountain at Colophon, near Ephesus, whose waters produced in those who drank, this ecstatic state. After giving an explanation of the causes of the inspiration thus induced, which is so full of the absurdities of the Neo-Platonic school as to be altogether unintelligible, he proceeds: 'According to these diversities, there are different signs, effects, and works of the inspired: thus, some will be moved in their whole bodies; others, in particular members; others, again, will be motionless. Also they will perform dances and chants — some well, some ill. The bodies, again, of some, will seem to dilate in height, others in compass; and others, again, will seem to walk in air.' \*

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\* JAMBLICUS, *De Myst. Egypt.* pp. 56, 57. Ed. Lugd. 1577.

Remarkable as these phenomena were, and doubtful as we may be of the particular cause which had induced them, there is room for belief that they were in many, perhaps in most cases, voluntary; that the persons affected could induce, control, or discontinue the spasmodic action at their will, if that will were vigorously exerted.

There is, however, another class of cases bearing considerable resemblance to these, where the will has less power, and the amount of hallucination is much greater. To the epidemic appearance of these, we have applied the homely but expressive Saxon word, *Jerks*, as expressing more fully and thoroughly than any other, and with less hinting at causes, the characteristics of these manifestations.

The first jerking epidemic of which we have any account, occurred so far in the remote past that we cannot give its precise date. The traditions of it are interwoven with the Greek and Indian mythology, and it is a matter of no little difficulty to separate fact from fiction in the narrative.

When the Bacchus of the Greek mythology (the Siva of the Hindoo) made his riotous journey westward, there followed in his train a mighty host, mostly women, dancing, shouting, bearing aloft the thyrsus, often whirling rapidly for hours, and only ceasing these frenzied motions from sheer exhaustion, when they sank down on the spot where they were, in a profound slumber, to awake and renew their frantic dance on the following day. Every city and town added to the number, and the contagion spread so rapidly, that, in many places, the female population was seriously diminished. No opposition availed to stay the course of the epidemic: whoever attempted it, was torn to pieces by the women, under the influence of the hallucination that they were destroying wild beasts. Mothers slew their sons, sisters their brothers, and fathers their children.

Though represented as occurring under the leadership of the God of Wine, this epidemic had few or none of the features of intoxication; and the ancient historians have named it 'the Bacchantic fury.'

In the ages that followed, the Corybantic dances, which, as we have already noticed, as well as those of the Telchini, the Curetes, and the Dactyli, partook somewhat of the same character, occasionally assumed, over a limited region of country, the epidemic form, and were attended with similar hallucinations; but for several centuries, there was no repetition of this wide-spread and terrible disorder.

The prevalence of what the Jews regarded as demoniac possession, about the period of our SAVIOUR's advent, is by many writers considered as an example of this peculiar frenzy. That in many particulars, it bore a striking resemblance to the preceding and succeeding epidemics, must be admitted; but there were also important points of difference, and we are not willing, therefore, to disturb the faith of those who see in it an exemplification of special Satanic malignity.



The advent of Christianity, though in itself furnishing no encouragement or countenance to such extravagances, was yet, in some instances, made the cloak for fanatical excitements, that rivalled the Corybantic dances in violence and in the character of their hallucinations. In the second century, the *Montanists* had drawn all eyes to Phrygia by their fierce fanaticism and apparent insensibility to the most cruel tortures; in the fourth century, the *Circumcellimes*, by their violence and fury, almost made mankind believe the Bacchantic era had returned; and the Flagellants, commencing in the same century their self-inflicted stripes, waxed bolder and bolder, till, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, under Rainer's leadership, they traversed the streets of the continental cities *in puris naturabilis*, inflicting at every step blows upon their own shoulders, so severe as to lacerate the flesh. These excesses and improprieties finally led to the prohibition of their public exercises, by the Papal authority. In their case there was, according to their own statements, an entire insensibility to pain, and an evident cheromania, or mental exaltation, which partook of the character of insanity.

But perhaps the most strongly-marked epidemics of this affection that occurred during the middle ages, were the *Tarantismus* of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and the *Dance of St. John* or *St. Vitus*, in the fourteenth and fifteenth. The *Tarantismus* was long attributed to the bite of a spider—the *Aranea Tarantula* of the naturalists. It is now, however, conceded that this had nothing to do with the phenomena, which was really a species of insanity. Its symptoms are thus described by Baglier: 'Those who are affected with Tarantismus are prone to seek out solitary places, grave-yards and the like, and there stretch themselves upon the graves as if they were dead. Sometimes they howl like dogs, groan, sigh, leap and run wildly about, strip themselves entirely, express strong liking or dislike for certain colors, and take great delight in being soundly beaten, pleading for stronger and sturdier blows.' Other writers state, that they would ask to have the blows inflicted with iron bars, and that they would sustain, and apparently be relieved by, pressure with weights, which would have crushed them under ordinary circumstances. The cure for this singular affection was music, under the influence of which they danced for many hours together for four or six days, and after violent perspiration recovered.

The *Dance of St. John* was almost a counterpart of the 'Bacchantic fury,' and was probably induced by similar causes. The terrible pestilence, known in history as the Black Death, had ravaged most of the countries of Europe in 1372 and 1373, and been followed by famine, terror, and great nervous excitement. On Midsummer's Day, A.D. 1374, a large body of men and women, from various parts of Germany, appeared at Aachen, (Aix-la-Chapelle,) in the market-place, and joining hands, danced for many hours, paying no attention to those around them, till finally they fell to the ground in a state of trance. Their abdomens were

greatly tumefied, and upon the application of powerful pressure by lacing, bandaging, or other means, they appeared to be greatly relieved, and some came out of the trance state. On the next day, however, they again commenced dancing, and exhibited similar symptoms. During this trance condition, they professed to receive communications from Heaven, and presently added prophesying to their dancing. The contagion spread by sympathy, and soon almost every city in Germany and the Netherlands had its corps of Corybantic dancers. Medicine seemed powerless in treating a disease so novel; and the baffled physicians turned their patients over to the priests, who tried in vain their most potent formulæ of exorcism upon them: the demon would not come out, and priestly authority seemed sadly waning, when the secular authorities, disgusted with the gross licentiousness which had followed in the train of the epidemic, took the matter in hand, and banished, without pity or exception, every one who was attacked with the disease. This prompt treatment, aided, no doubt, by the reaction which followed the intense excitement, was effectual in subduing it for a time; but a few years later, it again appeared at Strasburg, and for more than two hundred years, its occasional out-bursts caused no little anxiety among the authorities of the cities of Europe.

In its subsequent appearances, the priests returned to the attack, and having experienced the inefficiency of exorcisms, they improvised a saint, Veit or Vitus, who, though he had died a thousand years before, and had had no connection with dancing manias, unless, perchance, he were a Circumcellist, which they would hardly have pretended, yet possessed, so said the legend, the power of curing all those who, by liberal donations to the priests, secured their intercession with him. The prayers were to be accompanied with a prescribed formula of food, and procession around his shrine. This, or the effect on the imagination, restored some to health, and St. Vitus grew so greatly in reputation, that, to this day, his name is connected with a spasmodic affection bearing some resemblance to the original dance of St. John, but without its hallucination.

The north of Scotland, the Hebrides, and the Orkneys have, from the earliest times, been famous for these mantic convulsions, as the German writers term them. Not to speak of the *Sagheirm*, or torture and sacrifice of black cats, with its fearful accompaniments, and the power of prophecy and second sight supposed to be thus attained, under the terrible influence of which the sacrificer often experienced the most violent convulsions, there has been for ages a convulsive affection, endemic in that region, often accompanied by hallucination, known as the *leaping ague*, under the influence of which, those affected would leap in the air, seize upon the rafters of the building, and pass from one to another with the agility of a monkey; at other times, they would whirl on one foot with the most inconceivable velocity for a long time, often barking, howling, or uttering other animal sounds.

On the Continent, the last appearance of the Dance of St. John was among the pupils of the orphan-schools of Amsterdam, in 1566, and of Hun in 1670. The symptoms exhibited by these children seem to have indicated the prevalent ideas of a new phase of the disorder, namely, witchcraft. They were cast violently upon the floor or ground; they stamped with their feet, struck their arms and heads on the earth, gnashed their teeth, howled and yelled like dogs. Occasionally they fell into a cataleptic state, and remained thus for hours. These paroxysms occurred most commonly during the hours of worship, or the appointed seasons of prayer. Other children on seeing their convulsions, or listening to their howlings, were affected in a similar way. On being removed from the school, and placed in the families of citizens of the better class, these convulsions gradually disappeared, and the children recovered their health. The spasmodic influence now seemed for a time to be confined to nunneries; and the most abstemious and apparently devout of the sisters declared themselves, or were pronounced by others, under diabolic influence, and under this hallucination often performed the most extraordinary and surprising feats. Sorely were the good fathers troubled at this sudden irruption of the devil into their holiest places. Every form of exorcism which their imaginations could dictate was tried, but in vain. Occasionally a poor nun was burned; but thereat the devil grew more audacious; and for every victim sacrificed at the stake, there were at least ten new cases of possession. The monks had no peace: when with droning, sing-song tone they attempted to say their masses, their arch-enemy instigated some fair nun to raise such a clatter, that their voices could not be heard; and the more solemn the duty they were to perform, the more obstreperous were his manifestations. Holy water was of no avail: fifteen centuries of practice had enabled him to get over his dislike for that. In vain were the nuns commanded to say the LORD'S Prayer, or the Ten Commandments: they apparently complied, but in an indistinct voice; and when the fathers listened attentively, they found to their horror that they were saying them backward. In their dire despair, they at last applied to the Pope, Innocent VIII., who in 1484 issued his sorcery bull, in which he appoints three inquisitors, to define witchcraft, and lay down rules for its recognition and punishment; and also, by themselves, or their deputies, to decide upon cases of supposed witchcraft. By this bull, the jurisdiction over witchcraft was taken from the secular, and given to the ecclesiastical power — a change which cost thousands of lives.

The appointed inquisitors devoted themselves to their work, and in 1489 brought out the famous *Malleus Maleficarum*, or *Witch-hammer*, a work which was long the text-book and authority of the Catholic Church on the subject of witchcraft. The publication of this work was the signal for the commencement of a season of infatuation, which lasted for two centuries. There had previously been not a few executions for witchcraft; but while the matter was in the hands of the secular power, there were many eminent jurists who would not condemn a person to death on this charge.

culiarly susceptible to excitement, had, by the most thrilling appeals to their imaginations, been lashed to frenzy. With each day, the excitement reached a higher pitch of intensity. At last, they began to bark like dogs and howl like wolves, and neither their own wills nor the efforts of others could restrain this extraordinary action. The scene was often terrific yet painful. In a single room, I have seen some dancing, others whirling with the utmost velocity, some barking, howling, mewling, or roaring, others declaiming at the top of their voices, proclaiming themselves inspired, or denouncing the terrible judgments of God on all who did not believe these wonderful scenes to be direct displays of His power; and ever and anon, one or another of those who had been sitting quietly, smitten with the contagion, rising and joining in the uproar; while the poor ministers stood aghast at the fearful whirlwind of passion and insanity, which was apparently the result of their labors, but which their skill was insufficient to allay.' The duration of this epidemic was much shorter than that of most of those in Europe. In a little more than a twelve-month, it had almost entirely disappeared, and it seems never to have degenerated into those licentious and disgraceful practices which had marked previous epidemics. Indeed, in many instances, this very frenzy was, with the rough pioneer, the beginning of a better life. It was to the scenes enacted at this time, we believe, that the epithet '*Jerks*' was first applied.

Some sixteen years since, an epidemic somewhat similar to this, made its appearance in Sweden and Lapland. The provinces of Kalmar, Wexio, and Jön Koppin, in Southern Sweden, comprise some of the poorest land in the kingdom, and requires even in the most favorable season, severe toil, to yield to the poverty-stricken inhabitants the necessaries of life. Yet they are apparently contented, and in intelligence and deep religious feeling, surpass most of the other inhabitants of the kingdom. It was here that the convulsive affection popularly known as the Preaching Epidemic commenced. Its first symptoms were heaviness in the head, heat at the pit of the stomach, pricking sensation in the extremities, convulsions and quakings, and then followed in many, though not in all cases, a condition of trance, in which the body was insensible to outward impressions, the loudest noise not disturbing them, and needles and pins producing no sensation when thrust into the body. In this trance condition, the mind seemed unusually active; many of those affected, would preach with great power and eloquence, using language such as they could not command in their ordinary conditions; others would converse with great clearness and force, and some, it is said, would speak in languages of which they had no knowledge in the normal state. The preaching, though occasionally incoherent, was generally correct in doctrinal sentiment; and when hortatory, was addressed to the reformation of the lives of the hearers, abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks, showy and costly clothing, and the necessity of purity of life, and preparation for the future world.

According to Dr. Souden, it originated with a girl of sixteen

names which will be long remembered as those of friends of humanity.

Running parallel with the witchcraft excitement, and partaking of many of its characteristics, there were other delusions, which though sometimes falling under the ban of a Pope, inquisitor, or Protestant bishop, yet were not visited with the same tragic and cruel punishment which was allotted to the supposed witch. Some of these were the legitimate out-growths of the old Scandinavian and Greek mythologies, which had burrowed in the minds of the masses for ages, and now in the general agitation of society, came to the surface. Such was *vampirism*, the belief in which was so general in the eastern countries of Europe, which attributed to many of the dead the power of coming from their graves at night, and restoring their own bodies to vigor and vitality, by sucking the blood of the young. This horrible belief pervaded the greater part of Austria, Moldavia, Wallachia, and Venice; and many a grave was desecrated, and many a stiffened corpse had a stake driven through its heart, under the influence of the delusion.

Another class of these delusions was the result of religious excitement, at a period when the human intellect was waking from the slumber of ages. Such was the origin of the *Convulsionnaires*, who in the sixteenth century spread from the slopes of the Cevennes all over France and Germany; and by their leaping, crowing, shouting, barking, rolling on the earth, and sustaining a pressure which would have crushed them under ordinary circumstances, attracted much attention throughout Central Europe.

In a curious tract by Dr. Hughson, LL.D., published in 1814, we find an extended account of a convulsionary epidemic, quite local in its character, which raged in London in 1707, and the following year, the leaders of which are said to have been Frenchmen. It was characterized by dancing, howling, prophesying, etc. The Great Awakening, as it has justly been called, which followed the labors of Whitefield, the Wesleys, the Tennents, and other Reformers, about the middle of the last century, producing as it did intense excitement, and a marked change from the formality prevalent at its inception, was, in some of the newer settlements in this country, and even in some of the rural villages of New-England, accompanied by convulsive movements and hallucination. In some places, the number of these Jumpers and Springers, as they were called, was very considerable, and their movements strongly resembled those of the *Convulsionnaires* of Paris, and the Dancers of Aix-la-Chapelle.

A still more marked epidemic of this description, was that which occurred in Kentucky and Tennessee, about the commencement of the present century. This, like the preceding, originated in a religious revival, though promoted unquestionably by previous privation and intense excitement. We give a brief description of it, from the pen of an eye-witness: 'It commenced with a powerful religious revival, during which meetings were held for a long time in the open air; and the frontier population, whom constant exposure to Indian forays, and the hardships of pioneer life had rendered pe-



cularly susceptible to excitement, had, by the most thrilling appeals to their imaginations, been lashed to frenzy. With each day, the excitement reached a higher pitch of intensity. At last, they began to bark like dogs and howl like wolves, and neither their own wills nor the efforts of others could restrain this extraordinary action. The scene was often terrific yet painful. In a single room, I have seen some dancing, others whirling with the utmost velocity, some barking, howling, mewling, or roaring, others declaiming at the top of their voices, proclaiming themselves inspired, or denouncing the terrible judgments of God on all who did not believe these wonderful scenes to be direct displays of His power; and ever and anon, one or another of those who had been sitting quietly, smitten with the contagion, rising and joining in the uproar; while the poor ministers stood aghast at the fearful whirlwind of passion and insanity, which was apparently the result of their labors, but which their skill was insufficient to allay.' The duration of this epidemic was much shorter than that of most of those in Europe. In a little more than a twelve-month, it had almost entirely disappeared, and it seems never to have degenerated into those licentious and disgraceful practices which had marked previous epidemics. Indeed, in many instances, this very frenzy was, with the rough pioneer, the beginning of a better life. It was to the scenes enacted at this time, we believe, that the epithet '*Jerks*' was first applied.

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who had for some time manifested the symptoms of chorea, which finally developed itself as a religious mania, and was propagated by the contagion of sympathy to other girls at first, subsequently to older women, and finally to men of nervous temperament. It eventually reached the Lapps, and among that singular people, in whom the nervous element has always predominated, and who are deeply tinged with the old Scandinavian superstitions, it spread like fire on the prairies. The scenes of the American epidemic were reënacted, and the wildest rant, and the most incoherent expressions, were received as direct revelations from God. Clergymen and physicians who attempted to check the extravagance of these demonstrations, were often treated with great severity and violence. It is creditable to the Lapps and Swedes, that amid all this excitement, no serious error or immoral doctrine found a footing, and that after the subsidence of the epidemic, the lives and characters of those affected by it, were rather benefited than injured.

In 1822, a young Scotch minister, named Edward Irving, came to London, and was chosen minister of the Caledonian Chapel in that city. He brought with him a high reputation for eloquence, quaintness, and eccentricity, which his sermons and publications soon increased. For some years, his chapel was greatly thronged by men of all ranks. The ardor of his imagination, and the naturally eccentric turn of his mind, led him to imbibe readily the mysticism of Coleridge, and eventually to plunge into the wildest absurdities. He publicly announced his belief in spiritual utterances, and the power of speaking with tongues, and speedily a jargon worse than that of Babel was heard at his services. These spiritual utterances were accompanied by convulsions, trance, contortions of feature, and other evidences, as he alleged, of the 'power' of God. Worn out with the fearful excitement which ensued, and his sensitive temperament goaded by the obloquy which his course had aroused, Mr. Irving's fine constitution gave way, and he died in 1833, at the early age of forty-one. Since his death, his followers have avoided any public manifestation of the 'utterances,' though it is alleged that they still hold to the doctrine.

The early exercises of the Mormons and of the Millerites were characterized to some extent by similar excitements. In the case of the former, they have degenerated into a system which palliates or justifies every crime by a professed revelation from God: in the latter, they have long since ceased; and the 'Advent congregations,' as they are called, are inferior to no others in propriety or decorum.

The so-called spiritual excitement has developed many of the same symptoms within a few years past, and though in most cases it was the tables rather than the people which danced and whirled, yet there have also been instances where the 'spirits' have caused the mediums to play most fantastic tricks.

Should any ask, What is the power which has, for three thousand years, thus singularly influenced human action, we must frankly

confess our ignorance. We shall make no attempt to conceal it, by talking learnedly of mesmerism, animal-magnetism, the odylic force, or the visitation of the souls of the departed. It is the office of the observer to collate and carefully arrange facts; the theorist must make such use of them as he pleases.

If, however, our readers have carefully followed our narrative, they will find, we think, the following facts established: The 'Jerks' have always supervened upon seasons of great excitement, and most frequently upon famine, pestilence, or severe bodily privation: thus, the Bacchantic fury was said to have followed a famine; the Dance of St. John, the Black Death; witchcraft in Europe, the misery and ruin of the Crusades, and the war, famine, and pestilence that followed in their train; in America, the privations and hardships of King Philip's war; the Jerks of 1802, the excitement of long and deadly Indian warfare, and the miseries of pioneer life; the Preaching Epidemic of Sweden, the famine resulting from an insufficient crop, when a full one hardly supplied the households of the peasants with the coarse black-bread of the country.

These epidemics have subsided most quickly when let alone, and neither encouraged or opposed. Violent opposition and persecution have uniformly increased the severity of the symptoms, and the number of the sufferers.

The constancy of these features in the various convulsive epidemics of so many centuries, betokens a common origin for them all; and they may serve as data, from which he who shall hereafter be gifted to penetrate the adyta of that temple may draw some conclusions concerning the powers of the wondrous spirit that inhabits it; and thus lift the mysterious veil, which, like that of Isis, no man has hitherto raised.

Meantime, the meagreness of our knowledge of our immortal nature, should humble us. We know, indeed, that in its lofty aspirations, the universe of God is its only limit in space, and that vast eternity, which comprises alike the past, the present, and the future, its only bound in duration; but of its works and ways, its sympathies and antipathies, the speed of its communications with kindred spirits — compared with which, the electric current is motionless, and the swift flash of light but the movement of a snail; of the lofty, soul-inspiring, God-like eloquence which sometimes startles us, when and where it was least expected; of all the emotions of that spirit, indeed, under the excitement of insanity; the maddening temptation to crime, or the benumbing apathy of despair; how little do we yet know! Yet, if not in our time shall come the prophet and seer, whose clearer vision shall reveal to us much of the unknown, we may rest content in this: that when undressed from our robes of flesh, amid the light and glory of the heavenly world, with every sense quickened, expanded, and glorified, the mysterious shall become the revealed, the now unknown shall become patent to our vision, and every nerve shall thrill with that rapture which only beatified intelligences could sustain and enjoy. Then, indeed, shall we 'see as we are seen, and know as we are known.'

## A S O N G O F T H E W O O D S .

HARK to the huntsman's horn,  
And hark to the baying hound !  
For the noble stag is up in haste,  
And the woods with the noise resound.

Here on the cold, clear lake,  
In our airy bark canoe,  
Where the boughs of the island over us sway,  
We watch where the bugle blew.

The lake shines clear and cold,  
And clear and cold is the sky ;  
And the dreary pines on the mountain shake  
With a light wind passing by.

Soft are the morning clouds,  
And bathed in the sunny flood,  
Soft are the echoes from the vale,  
And faint the horn in the wood.

Far on the distant lake,  
Wails the deserted loon,  
Far through the hollows of the hills,  
We catch the bugle's tune.

The music of the pack  
Grows mellow on the ear,  
Till borne away on a western wind,  
The cry no more we hear.

Still is the sparkling lake,  
Still is the forest green,  
'Tis as lovely a morn with its spotless sky  
As huntsman ever has seen.

Is that the sound of the horn,  
Or is it the cry of the loon,  
Or is it the wail of the distant dogs,  
Who have lost the shot so soon ?

I fear me the chase is up ;  
For all is as still as before,  
Save the call of yonder gabbling ducks  
Which are making for the shore.

Yet hark ! I hear the cry  
Of the pack, as it sinks and swells :  
In vale, up mount, along the glen,  
And now on the ear it dwells !

Ay, hark once more to the hounds,  
To their glad tumultuous din ;  
They are hard upon the heels of the stag :  
Hurrah ! the stag leaps in !

Now, merry men, ply your oars !  
 Now, huntsman, wind your horn !  
 We'll paddle our way in our light canoe  
 Toward where the chase is borne.

Merrily sounds the horn,  
 And the dogs come crowding in ;  
 And the shout of the huntsman wakes the woods  
 Where the gallant stag has been.

Into the boat with the stag !  
 And in with the clamorous hounds !  
 Cheerily wind the bugle horn,  
 For the stag no longer bounds !

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O U T O F H I S H E A D .

THE following very curious manuscript was found in the room of a late inmate of the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum. As this paper, with several others which he left behind him, cannot be forwarded to the unfortunate gentleman, (he having left 'this bank and shoal of Time,') we avail ourselves of the privilege which Mr. — gave us, when he placed the MSS. at our disposal. In printing this most extraordinary piece of auto-biography, we have deemed it advisable — in justice to the living and the dead — to substitute fictitious names for those used by the author.

I.

THE thought that I shall be insane some day ; that I shall be taken from the restless world outside, to some quiet inner retreat where I can complete my Moon-Apparatus, and die, with folded hands, like a man who has fulfilled his mission ; the thought of this, my probable destiny, is rather pleasant to me than otherwise. I say probable destiny, because insanity has been handed down in our family from generation to generation, with the old silver bowl in which Miles Standish brewed many a punch in the olden time. I think this punch somehow got into the heads of our family, and put us out. At all events, *I* am to be insane. I have made up my mind to that.

But not yet.

The vague disease has not eaten into my brain : I am reasonable and common-place. This house, in which I pass my time, is not a place for idiots ; this window is substantially barred, I admit ; but that is to keep mad people out, and sane creatures in. What lunatics I see from this same window ! — princes, and beggars, and pretty queans going up and down the street — but mad, all ! Am I to become mellow in the head, like them !

Ay : but not yet.

The man who brings me food three times a day is not my keeper. The gentle, cheerful gentlemen with whom I talk in our high-walled garden, are not monomaniacs: they are glorious poets and philosophers, who dream with me

‘Or what the world shall be  
When the years have died away.’

But the time will come when I shall sicken in the mind, and dwell with the shadows of men who might have shot theories at the moon, or written epics with as many lives as a cat. I shall be a shape of air — a five feet and seven inches of darkness! And who will miss me out of this great world of creeping things? Not a soul!

Did I say that?

Ah! but will not the white Lily in New-England remember me? Will not a pang of sorrow shoot through her scented heart: will not all the delicate fibres and veins quiver with agony when they tell her this?

Rain, and Dew, and Sunshine, kiss the white Lily for me, the whole summer long!

Who is this strange Lily, that shall think of Paul King when all the world forgets him? I cannot quite guess. She is a mystery even to me. First, she was a girl with large melancholy eyes, and a sensitive mouth that seemed to say sweet things when she was silent. I have seen a Madonna somewhere that resembled her, only the picture had not half her holiness. How the change took place, I cannot tell; but I remember that she grew white, all white, from the dainty bend of her feet to the superb blackness of her hair. She became less woman than Lily. She *was* a lily — tremulous, translucent, floating here and there on the cool pond, moored by the gold-fish with a slender emerald cord. I am perplexed. My thoughts get tangled when I attempt to understand the metempsychosis.

Somewhere in New-England — but just where, I cannot well make out — I first met Jean Royston. I had hired a cottage in a green leafy spot, to pass the August in — a picturesque place for a mid-summer’s dream. From the porch I could see the beach, a mile off, stretching along the coast like a huge white-spotted serpent: at the back of the house were a hundred acres of woodland, moistened and perfumed here and there by transparent ponds filled with marvellous white lilies. On the right, a ruined fort — one of those grassy relics of the Revolution — looked toward the sea; and on the left, the embrowned roofs and red chimneys of the town peeped quaintly through the interlaced branches of oaks and chestnut-trees. The landscape was a strange blending of the real and the vague: the old desolate fort, staring with a stunned look through rain and sun-shine, the solemn forest, the noisy, busy town, the doubtful shapes of heaven and sea!

With a book or a fishing-rod, I passed my days in the quiet woods; but at night I would wander along the beach, watching the mysterious bits of light which bobbed up and down in the

distance, and the little ghost-like sails that glimmered for a second, and disappeared ; but more than all, I watched the broken image of the moon on the waters : that delighted me like a Claude Lorraine. It filled me with dreams ; it led me into a region of new thought ; and here I first conceived the project of my Moon-Apparatus, which, when completed, will annex another world to Art, and dissolve the musty theories with which science has deluded man for the past five thousand years. But of this hereafter.

I haunted the beach, until even the shy sea-gulls ceased to care for my presence. They would dart fearlessly around my head, while I lay on the rocks, from twilight to sun-rise, shaping the vast thought which had grown up within me.

One evening while thus occupied, I was roused from my meditations by a quick cry of vexation. I was lying in the bottom of a stranded wherry which lay rotting, half-way up the beach : by raising myself on one elbow, I brought my eyes on a level with the gunwale of the boat. And this is what I saw :

An angel, or a beautiful girl, which is much the same thing, stood on the beach some sixty feet from me, pouting most deliciously at a little gipsy hat which the impudent wind had stolen from the black folds of her hair, and gently dropped into the water just out of her fairyship's reach. What will she do ? thought I ; and I watched her. Glancing hastily up and down the beach, she stooped down and unfastened her bronze gaiters, and, lifting her white drapery, unhesitatingly waded out to the 'flat.' She had scarcely regained the shore, when a voice from the road back of the beach, called out : 'Jean ! Jean !'

'Coming !' cried the girl with a rich merry voice.

She looked up, and our eyes met. A delicate tinge of sea-shell pink overspread her neck and face.

'I was coming to your assistance,' I said, touching my panama, and growing very red and awkward under her large brown eyes ; 'but your own skill rendered mine unnecessary.'

'You saw me, then ?'

'Yes : I was sitting in the boat.'

'Indeed !'

And with just the slightest curl of her lip — ah ! what a scornful little mouth it was, to be sure ! — she looked me full in the face.

'You were not gallant, Sir, to let me wet my feet.'

'I acknowledge it ; but I could give an excuse.'

She bit her lips ; for she knew I was thinking of her faultless white feet.

'There's not a fisher-boy on the coast but would drown himself with shame, if he had seen me, and not helped me in such a predicament.'

'Shall I drown myself ?'

'Oh ! if you please.'

'And you would n't care ?'

'No : only it's been raining, and you would get very wet !'



‘People usually do, when they drown!’ said I.

And in the midst of our laugh at this absurdity, the voice which did not seem to have any body attached to it, again called: ‘Jean! Jean!’

And Jean drew the straw flat over her enchanting eyes, and swept by me like a queen, and

‘When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.’

II.

I WATCHED her agile, fairy-like form, till it was lost among the leaves. I had known her five minutes, and I sighed!

Would she come again? Would she give me her eyes to look upon, and her lips — not to touch — but to listen to?

And then the moon grew out of a murk cloud, just as a flower breaks through the rich earth, and a million little blossoms trembled in the heavens. The landscape seemed carved out of marble, it was so white, and quiet, and grand, under the moon! And I took this sudden fall of light for a good omen. I went home with joy in my heart, as if I had found a great nugget of gold, shaped centuries ago, for me.

Would she come? Many a night I strolled by the sea-side, or sat on the old boat, waiting for her. But she did not come. Was she a sea-lady or a wood-nymph? Then I went whole days in the woods, searching for her. I began to think that that happy night was a dream — that the hair, and eyes, and the coy white feet were only so many tricks of sick fancy.

But at last — all sweet things happen at last — she came: not alone, as I could have wished, but, like ‘fair Inez,’ with a

—— ‘GALLANT cavalier,  
Who rode so gayly by her side,  
And whispered her so near.’

‘It was not a dream, then,’ I said. ‘What matters it, if she does canter by my cottage so gayly, looking neither to the right nor to the left? — ah! but she does, though! she fixes those dangerous brown eyes on me. I can but touch my hat.’

So Jean rode by; and what could I do that night but dream of her?

‘As she fled fast through sun and shade,  
The happy winds upon her played,  
Blowing the ringlet from the braid:  
She looked so lovely, as she swayed  
The rein with dainty finger-tips,  
A man had given all other bliss,  
And all his worldly wealth for this,  
To waste his whole heart in one kiss  
Upon her perfect lips.’

I can shut my eyes, and see her dashing around Willow Curve on the little black mare. A picture, I take it, for memory to press in her thumb and dog’s-eared volume. I dream of her thus — riding away from me! But something too much of this.

Here commences the mystery of my life. I know not how it was, but we met again — not once, but a hundred times. My recollection of that third meeting is so misty and vague, that I can only say, we met. It was by that old boat, in the moon-light, (how I mix up the moon with every thing!) that heaven first dawned upon me. Day after day, and often in the fine August evenings, Jean stole from the neighboring town to sit with me.

How the days went by! It was October. I had told my love to her, and we were lovers. Was there ever such a pair! Of Jean Royston I knew nothing, save that her mother was dead, and that her father, a retired sea-captain, lived in a modest cottage on the outskirts of the town — Jean and an antiquated maid-servant forming his entire household. There was a brother, indeed, but he was at college. Jean's knowledge of my personal history was equally limited, and hardly as satisfactory. Whether I ever was born or not, has long been a vexed question with myself; and finding that she was not curious on the subject, I never attempted to solve the problem. I have no remembrance of childhood, or early manhood, or, in fact, of any thing that has not happened within two years. I only know that I have an allowance of eight or nine hundred a year, which I draw with commendable punctuality from Messrs. Patroclos and Company, bankers; and that's all about it. It was very kind of some body to leave me the money. I will do the good thing for some body else, when I die — may I live a hundred years, though!

Heaven fashions superb nights in October, at least in New-England. And on the superbest night ever made of fire and ebony, I sat on the rocks, with my head in Jean's lap. A change had come over Jean during the past few weeks. She asked me such curious questions, and acted so strangely, that I began to fear for her reason. Her laugh turned into a smile; she became thoughtful and melancholy. Sometimes when I chanced to be speaking rapidly she would take my face gently between her hands and, looking earnestly into my eyes, say: 'Poor Paul!' Now I did not understand this at all. Twice that night on the rocks she had so interrupted me.

'Jean,' I said, taking her hands, 'you are concealing something from me that troubles you. What is it?'

For a moment she seemed to be framing an answer, and then she asked me if I remembered the gentleman with whom she rode by my cottage, months before? Did I remember him! Did not that same cavalier make me as jealous as Othello! Did he not kill my sleep for a week! I rather think I did remember him!

'Well,' said Jean slowly, 'he is an old friend of our family, especially of my father, who has long wished that — that ——'

'That what, Jean?'

'That I should marry him. Even in my school-girl days this marriage was spoken of as an assured affair. I grew to look upon it as part of my fate. I could never have thought of it seriously, or I should have protested years and years ago. If I had never

seen you, Paul, it might have been. But now! Paul,' and her fingers sunk into my arm, 'they have set the day for this hateful wedding!'

'But it cannot, it shall not be! Do you not love me, Jean?'

She only bent down and put her arms about me. That was answer enough. Sometimes an answer is too full of meaning for words. Did she love me?

'You shall be my wife, Jean — to-morrow!'

'No, no, no!' said Jean in a breath. And I felt that she shrunk from me.

'No, no, no?' I repeated to myself. 'How strange!' Then the three quick negatives flew out of my mind, and, oddly enough, I commenced a mental construction of my Moon-Apparatus, forgetful of Jean and our narrow world of sorrows. 'The powerful lenses,' said I aloud, 'shall draw the rays of the moon in the iron cylinder: the action of the chemicals shall congeal these minute particles of light — they will become clay, then adamant! And this lapideous substance — more precious than diamonds — I shall sell to skilful workers in jewels who will cut it into finger-rings, and popes' heads, and fantastic charms! And I alone shall possess the wonderful secret! I, of all the world!'

'O God!' I heard Jean cry, 'is it so! is it so! I have waited, and hoped, and suffered. Paul, Paul, look at me, love, take me in your arms, and kiss me! Poor, poor Paul! Look at me long. Never any more! O God! that I should love a ——'

And Jean tore herself from my arms, and, despite my cries, fled from me.

I closed my eyes and saw her, as I have seen her a thousand times since, riding madly away on the little coal-black mare!

### III.

STUNNED and amazed by Jean's sudden passion, lost in wonder at her tears and the mental suffering under which she evidently labored, I walked slowly home, but not to sleep and dream quiet dreams, as had been my wont. If I had known that I should never fold her in my arms again, never feel her breath on my cheeks, never hear her speak; if I had known this, I should have died that night, out there on the desolate sea-shore! It is well for us, flesh-and-bones, that Fate keeps our destiny under lock and key, dealing it out to us bit by bit, while we, like so many *Oliver Twists*, are asking for more. Fools! let us be content, if we can, with what we get. We know when we were born, but we cannot guess where our graves will be. It is better so. Suppose a man, verging on the prime of life, should meet his full-grown *Biography* walking about? He would be awfully anxious to shuffle off this mortal coil, and have done with it!

. . . . .

As I walked home that night, the air was charged with electricity; quick spears of lightning flashed from murky clouds in the

far east, and though the stars shone with unnatural brilliancy, large drops of rain came pattering down before I reached the door of my cottage. On passing through the grape-arbor which led to the porch, I was surprised to hear voices and see lights in my usually quiet and dismal abode. I stood on tip-toe and looked in at the window. The little room was filled with strange beings — people who seemed as if they had once known me, but would know me no more!

As I stepped into the house, these people rose silently from their chairs, one by one, and passed out. Who can they be? thought I, looking after the vanishing throng, bewildered. Suddenly I felt a void in my heart, and I recognized them as they seemed to melt into and become a part of the night. There was Hope, sorrowful enough, leading the little blind-boy Love; there were Peace and Youth, going away from me forever! Come back, ye unprized friends! stay with me yet a little longer, ye pleasant phantoms of long ago! But they heard me not, and passed on. I turned back to my room to weep, and lo! a host of spectres greeted me. But ah! they went not at my coming! There, in my chairs, waiting for me, were Pain, and Calamity, and Sickness, and Age, and Thought — the worst fiend of all! I pressed my hands on my temples, and — I know not what happened.

I must have been sick many months, for when I opened my eyes to the world about me, there was something in the singing of the birds and the newness of the foliage which brushed against the window, that told of spring. I lay in bed in my own chamber, and an old woman was driving the flies out the room with her apron.

‘Is it May?’ I asked faintly.

The old beldam came to the bed-side and looked at me.

‘No: it is June. Go to sleep.’

Go to sleep! As if I had not had sleep enough. Here was a mystery. I come home one fine October night from a walk with Jean on the beach: I find shadowy people making themselves at ease in my parlor: I fall over something: I open my eyes, and it is June! the flowers growing, the robins singing, and an old woman killing the flies! I ask the time of year, and am told to go to sleep! What would happen next?

When the doctor came he put a little sense on the face of things. I had, he said, been taken suddenly ill in my parlor, where I was found the next morning by the woman who overlooked, and sometimes looked completely over, the welfare of my *ménage*. I had been long and dangerously sick — ‘out of my head,’ as he expressed it — but was doing well now, and would soon be a new man.

A new man! ay, to be some body else were indeed a comfort!

Gradually the remembrance of all that had taken place dawned on my confused mind. I determined to ask no questions, but to get well as speedily as possible. Patience, patience, I could only lie and think of Jean. Time went by slowly. At length the doc-

tor promised me one Saturday that I should walk out the following Sunday, if the weather was balmy.

Heavens! what a day it was. A thousand birds, crimson and blue, and yellow, floated on the air like wild-flowers with wings. Merry little brooks leaped through out-of-the-way places. The winds, scented with sweet-brier, just stirred the heavy, velvet leaves, and God's benison came down in the sun-shine. To step into such a day from a sick-room!

I paced up and down the arbor several times, for the old nurse was watching me; but my heart and eyes were turned toward the town. I could just see the red chimney of Jean's house above the tree-tops, on the other side of the bridge! I opened the garden-gate noiselessly, and stood in the open road. The wayside grass hardly bent under my light step. I seemed to walk on air. Now and then I paused to catch the few soft-warbled notes of an oriole: once I stopped at a brook to taste its silver, and once a rainbow-colored butterfly was near tempting me into a chase.

In the belfry of the rain-beaten church at G——, is a set of chiming-bells. Particularly sweet and sad are these chimes. On a still sunny morning they preach melodious little sermons, and sing airy little hymns, all by themselves, up in the old belfry. You should hear them once!

Just as I placed my foot on the bridge, they began their matins.

‘The air broke into a mist with bells.’

I could but stand and listen. Now they would die away in softest whispers; then they would come again louder, and louder, and louder, and then such a tintinnabulation! You would have thought that all the dainty bells in fairydom had gone mad with music. Suddenly they ceased, and the charmed air was startled and pained by the solemn noise of the great bell. It was tolling! They were burying some one from the church. As I looked into the cloudless sky and felt the grateful air in my nostrils, and heard the murmuring of waters about me, it did not seem as if Death were in the world. Something in the mournful, human sound of the bell shocked me strangely. Nor me alone, seemingly, for a white-haired old man leading a child by the hand, stopped in the middle of the bridge and listened.

‘Do you know,’ said I, walking to his side, ‘do you know for whom the bell is tolling?’

‘Ay, ay,’ returned the old man, ‘for old Mrs. Truefeather, or Captain Royston's child; they both were to be buried to-day.’

‘Jean Royston, did you say!’ I gasped. ‘Dead!’

‘Ay; she has been sick nearly a year now.’

Dead, Jean dead! O God! how the sun-shine of that morning was blotted out in a moment. I staggered against the wooden railing of the bridge for support. The bright green eel-grass which grew about the tide-gate turned into long streamers of crape; the heavens hung down in black folds; the robins wailed, like accursed spirits, in the cherry-trees; and then that dreadful bell

with its deep, melodious mournfulness — ah! CHRIST! how it did make my heart ache!

‘Dead? no, old man, you lie to me!’ I cried, springing at his throat. I could have strangled him for his words — the demon of bad news! But as I looked up, I saw Jean Roylston — ay, Jean Roylston walking at the further end of the bridge. And as I looked, she turned and beckoned me.

I loosened my hold on the terrified old man, and hastened after Jean. She walked leisurely down the little hill, and took the road that ran by the cottage. I quickened my foot-steps, but to my utter consternation and surprise, I soon discovered that I did not gain on her in the least.

‘Jean! Jean!’ I called, ‘wait for me.’ But she passed on with unaltered gait; and though my walk had now changed into a quick run, the distance between us remained the same. The perspiration hung in great cold globules on my forehead. ‘She will stop at my garden-gate,’ thought I. But no; the doctor was standing there, and as I hurried by him, he hailed me with:

‘Well! where now, truant?’

‘I’ll return in a moment,’ was my hasty reply; ‘I wish to speak with the lady who just passed.’

‘Lady?’ said the doctor, looking at me anxiously. ‘Nobody has passed here this half-hour — no lady, surely.’

‘What!’ said I, halting with surprise, ‘did not that lady,’ pointing to Jean, who had paused at a turn of the road, ‘did not that lady just pass within two yards of you?’

‘I see no one,’ said the doctor, following with his eyes the direction of my finger.

It had been my opinion for some time that the doctor was deranged. This was conclusive. It is a peculiarity of people who are slightly out, that while their eyes, turned brainward, conjure up all sorts of phantoms, they quite as frequently fail to see bodies which really exist in the material world. The poor doctor’s disease took that popular turn.

But there stood Jean waiting for me. The heavy June air blew back her long tresses, and I observed for the first time the unearthly pallor of her face. Is it Jean, thought I, or a great white flower?

‘Jean, dear Jean!’ and I stretched out my arms, approaching her.

She smiled on me sadly, and turned into a little briery wayside path which branched off from the main road, and led to that large tract of woodland which I mentioned in describing the location of my cottage. Her pace now became accelerated, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I could keep her in sight. On the verge of the forest she paused, and looked at me. Shall I ever forget that heavenly white face, those large melancholy eyes, that mournful, hopeless smile? It was but for a moment she stopped. In the mean time I had approached within ten yards of the place where she was standing. Then Jean parted the thick drapery of



honeysuckle vines with her hands, and plunged into the dense wood. I followed her with all speed, for a horrid thought had flashed across my brain. I coupled Jean's wild look with the still, deep ponds which lay in the shadows of that vast woodland.

The thought gave wings to my feet.

I darted after her madly, tearing my face and hands on the tangled vines and briars, which stretched forth a million ghostly arms to impede my progress. Every now and then, through openings in the leaves, I caught glimpses of her white dress floating away from me. This was like the sight of blood to a famished wolf. I dashed on with redoubled speed. But in vain! in vain! I neither gained nor lost ground. We were now nearing the largest pond in the world, and unless Jean should change her course, that would prevent farther flight. I should then have her at bay. This gave me hope, and I leaned against a tree to take breath. She also stopped.

The piece of water directly before us lay, as it were, in a great green bowl. The shore on each side sloped to the silver edges of the pond, and the grass grew down into the very water. A line of pine and maple trees shut it in on every hand, forming a vast amphitheatre, of which the glassy pond was the centre.

I could see Jean in the distance, resting on a boulder of granite. Now was my time; but at the first step a dry branch snapped under my foot; the sound startled my fawn, and she was off again. Wings of Time! how she flew. At the line of trees which encircled the sheet of water Jean halted irresolutely, and I nearly came up with her, so near, indeed, that I could hear the quick, heavy throbbing of her heart. I would have caught her in my arms, but 'Never any more, Paul!' she said, 'never any more!' and breaking through the festoons of ivy, she ran toward the pond. I heard a splash, not as loud as would be made by dropping a pebble in the water. I ran half-way down the slope.

Jean had disappeared.

Near the bank a little circle in the water widened, and widened, and broke into innumerable other circles, which, expanding in their turn, were lost in space. A single silver bubble floated over the spot where the first circle grew, and as I looked, this thing of air opened, and out of it slowly sprung a superb white **WATER LILY**.

There was no use to look for Jean. There she was!

—

HERE comes that dear, good man with my dinner. I wonder who he is? He certainly takes a great interest in me. I will do something for him when the Moon-Apparatus is completed. He deserves it. If I should ever get out of my head — and I shall some day, I know — I should like to have just such a quiet, well-bred fellow for my keeper.

But not yet, not yet!

## M I D - S U M M E R .

THE hot sun glares upon the plain :  
 The grass is withered up and sere :  
 No sweet birds singing glad my ear,  
 Alone the locust shrieks with pain.

The clover hangs its fragrant head,  
 Its bloom is burnt and turned to brown ;  
 In airy flight, the thistle-down  
 Floats up from off its prickly bed.

The sun-shine glitters through the leaves,  
 And fills with light the shaded air ;  
 In shimmering heat the hills lie bare,  
 Despoiled of all their golden sheaves.

## THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.\*

‘THEIR line is gone out through all the earth,  
 And their words to the end of the world.’

THE opening lines of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus present the most impressive picture ever drawn in the Greek drama. They represent a watchman seated, by night, on the palace-top in Argos,

‘Fixed as a dog on AGAMEMNON’S roof,’

where for ten patient years he had awaited the signal,

‘Big with the fate of PRIAM and of Troy.’

He is complaining that for so long a time the dews of night have fallen on his couch, unvisited by dreams, and bemoans the discords in the ancient and royal house of his master, when lo ! on the mountain-top gleams the blazing torch whose flame announces the fall of Troy. Ida, over-looking the Trojan plain, first sent forth the streaming light. The steep of Lemnos received the gleaming splendor, and waved its fiery tresses over the sea to Athos’ sacred height, whence, from mountain-top to mountain-top, the concerted signal held its shining way.

But the civilized world has just been startled by an event more wonderful than the triumph of an army or the fall of a kingdom. Representative ships of the two most powerful nations on the

\* THE STORY OF THE TELEGRAPH, AND A HISTORY OF THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE. By CHARLES F. BRIGGS and AUGUSTUS MAVERICK. Pp. 255. New-York: RUDD AND CARLETON, 810 Broadway. 1858.

globe, shorn of their battle array, have met mid-way on the Atlantic, and by vigilance and good-fortune, spanned it with the magic cord which, so far as the transmission of intelligence is concerned, almost annihilates time and space. Overawed by the magnitude of this achievement, which unassisted human effort could never have brought about, may we not say with the inspired Hebrew bard, 'The LORD reigneth. Let the earth rejoice: let the multitude of the isles be glad thereof. His lightnings enlighten the world. The LORD on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea'?

The enthusiasm now manifested on both sides of the Atlantic, plainly indicates that, in popular estimation, 'of all the marvellous achievements of modern science, the electric telegraph is transcendently the greatest and most serviceable to mankind. It is a perpetual miracle, which no familiarity can render commonplace. This character it derives from the nature of the agent employed and the end subserved. For what is the end to be accomplished, but the most spiritual ever possible? Not the modification or transportation of matter, but the transmission of thought. To effect this, an agent is employed so subtle in its nature, that it may more properly be called a spiritual than a material force. The mighty power of electricity, sleeping latent in all forms of matter, in the earth, the air, the water; permeating every part and particle of the universe, carrying creation in its arms, it is yet invisible, and too subtle to be analyzed. Of the natural effects of electricity, the most palpable examples occur in atmospheric manifestations; but its artificial generation and application are the mightiest scientific triumphs of our epoch. It was but little more than a hundred years ago that Franklin's immature experiments demonstrated the absolute identity of lightning and electricity. Since then various mechanical contrivances have been devised for liberating this subtle but potent power from its dark windings in the prison-house of material forms; the result of which is, that the electric fluid may be produced and employed in any desired quantity and with any required intensity. Thus the same terrific agent which rushes with blinding and crushing force in the lightning, has been brought under the perfect control of man, and is employed at his will as an agent of his necessities. With dissolving energy it effects the most subtle chemical analyses, it converts the sun-beam into the limner's pencil, employs its Titanic force in blasting rocks, dissolves gold and silver, and employs them in the gilding and plating of other metals; it turns policeman, sounding its whistle and alarm-bell; and lastly, applies its marvellous energy to the transmission of thought from continent to continent with such rapidity as to forestal the flight of Time, and inaugurate new realizations of human powers and possibilities.'

By means of this telegraphic connection a new influence has been developed. Intelligence has more than ever become a power on earth. The pen is more than ever mightier than the sword; the leaden type more fatal in its aim than the leaden bullet. The

clang of the revolving press is more decisive than the thunders of angry nations; and the spilling of ink avails more than the shedding of blood.

While we were residing at Vienna, during the late Eastern war, the world was startled by the intelligence, that in an Austrian town the two great branches of the house of Bourbon, long at enmity with each other, had formed an alliance, and would bring the weight of their combined influence to bear upon the questions agitating Europe. The bloody head of Revolution seemed about to rise again above the troubled waves of continental politics. The Bourse was convulsed. Nations turned pale. Men trembled; but in the fearful looking for of calamity, did they inquire: 'What does Napoleon think of this? What does the Czar Nicholas think of this? What do Courts and Cabinets think of this?' No! While London sleeps, an unknown individual writes a few editorial sentences, asserting that: 'No Bourbon shall ever again be tolerated on the throne of France.' Before sun-rise, the busy lightnings flash them over the European world. The fear of revolution passes away. Confidence is again restored. And in the remotest corner of Europe, where the language of an Englishman is unknown, and the name of an Englishman hated, there echoes to the thunder of the *Times* the joyful assurance, that 'No Bourbon shall ever again be tolerated on the throne of France!'

Thus the disarming message, leaping over the globe on telegraphic nerves, will, by giving quick explanation and time for healing counsel, be every where a promoter of peace and harmony. The nations of the civilized world are brought near together, and this contiguity will not fail to beget a more intimate acquaintance. Unity of interests and of aims will take the place of old hatreds and hostilities, and in the enlarged realm of human sympathies, the brotherhood of men will be more fully acknowledged. New impetus will be given to commerce, and while the smaller powers will be made no weaker, the greater will be rendered still more powerful by the ability of concentrating their energies and their efforts.

The authors of the volume before us, have well said that: 'The completion of the Atlantic Telegraph may be regarded as the crown and complement of all past inventions and efforts in the science of Telegraphy; for great and startling as all past achievements had been, so long as the stormy Atlantic bade defiance to human ingenuity, and kept Europe and America dis severed, the electric telegraph was deprived of the crowning glory which its inventor had prophesied it should one day possess. But now the great work is complete, and the whole earth will be belted with the electric current, palpitating with human thoughts and emotions. If we reflect for a moment that the great Atlantic Cable is the connecting link between America's web-work of forty-five thousand miles, and Europe's system of fifty-five thousand miles of telegraph wires, thus forming a vast inter-connected system of a hundred thousand miles of wires, more than sufficient to put a quadruple

girdle round the globe, some conception of its immense significance may be gained.'

For a complete history of Telegraphy, we must refer our readers to the excellent and timely volume from which we have so largely quoted. In addition to the discoveries of Galvani and Volta, of Oersted and Ampère; in addition to the practical application of these discoveries by Morse, Cook, Wheatstone, Gauss, and Weber, how many things were requisite to render an Ocean Telegraph practicable! Without *gutta-percha* to insulate the cord; without the agency of steam-ships to lay it with dispatch; without the aid of instruments whose ingenuity surprises us, and more than all else, without that faith and inflexible will which do not brook defeat: without all of these, and many more, success could never have been attained. As it was, how often the ships returned to the appointed rendezvous, mid-ocean, to resume again what almost every one interested began to look upon as an impracticable enterprise!

'The connection of Mr. Cyrus W. Field with the Atlantic Telegraph enterprise, dates from the early part of the year 1854. Receiving with undoubted faith the plan for connecting the continents by means of an Oceanic Telegraph, seeing no obstacles which could not be overcome by patient perseverance, and possessed of an indefatigable energy, to Mr. Field may be accorded the honor of sustaining the main burden of an extraordinary effort. When others sank, discouraged by the pressure of untoward events, and dismayed by the prospect of failure, this gentleman revived hopes that were nearly extinguished, infused fresh energy into the efforts of his associates, and finally succeeded in arousing a spirit of enterprise which has reaped its own reward. The history of the organization of the Telegraph Company, and the record of the steps in the progress of the Atlantic Telegraph, are so intimately associated with the name of Mr. Field, that we may be pardoned for a brief digression from the main subject of this narrative, in order to give a running sketch of that gentleman's personal history.

'Cyrus West Field is a native of Massachusetts, having been born in the town of Stockbridge in that State, in the year 1819. His father was the Rev. D. D. Field, a native of East-Guilford, Connecticut, a graduate of Yale, and first settled at Haddam, Connecticut. Dr. Field had nine children — seven sons and two daughters. The sons have all risen to distinguished positions. The elder brother, the Hon. David Dudley Field, of New-York, is well known on both sides of the Atlantic as one of the Revisers of the Code of the State of New-York. Matthew Dickinson Field is a leading citizen of Massachusetts, and was recently or is still Senator. Jonathan Edwards Field is a Judge of the Supreme Court of California. The Rev. Henry M. Field was formerly pastor of a Congregational Society in West-Springfield, Massachusetts, and now editor of the *New-York Evangelist*. One son, Timothy, went to sea, many years since, and has never been heard from. Cyrus West Field, in early life, came to New-York, and

was engaged as clerk in the establishment of Mr. A. T. Stewart. He subsequently returned to Massachusetts, and was employed in the paper manufactory of his brother Matthew, in the town of Lee; and on attaining his majority, entered into the same line of business on his own account, at Westfield, Massachusetts, but failed during the panic of 1837. He then returned to New-York, and established a large paper commission warehouse, of which he is still the head. Some four or five years ago, Mr. Field's attention was directed to the project of an Oceanic Telegraph. In the spring of 1854, his ideas on that subject first took definite shape, and the active and earnest coöperation of several prominent citizens of New-York — among whom were Messrs. PETER COOPER, MOSES TAYLOR, MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, CHANDLER WHITE, S. F. B. MORSE, and DAVID DUDLEY FIELD — was given in aid of his enterprise. The further development of the plan is recorded in these pages.

'In person, Mr. Field is slight and nervous. His weight is about one hundred and forty pounds. His features are sharp and prominent, the most striking peculiarity being the nose, which projects boldly. His body is lithe and his manner active; eyes grayish-blue and small; forehead large, and hair auburn and luxuriant. He does not appear as old as he is. The steel portrait which accompanies this Number conveys a perfect idea of the appearance of the man.'

We are aware that the greater part of the material means by which this magnificent enterprise has been achieved, was furnished by English capitalists, and therefore would not claim the entire credit for our countrymen. Yet the Atlantic Telegraph is especially an American enterprise. We may justly claim much for ourselves. Aside from the services of Franklin and Morse, we believe it was an American who first suggested the practicability of uniting the two continents by means of telegraphic communication. It was an American who discovered the existence of the submarine *plateau* over which the wire could be laid. An American wrested from the elements the secret when the hushed winds and calmed waves would render success most probable; and to an American the chief direction of the enterprise was entrusted. We have, therefore, properly hailed this great event with a national celebration. While in the estimation of the English,

'AGAMEMNON rules the main,'

along with the bark which bore Columbus to the Western Continent, and the 'Mayflower' of the Pilgrims, we will remember the noble 'Niagara,' ready for missions of war or of peace, wherever the winds of heaven may sweep over the ocean:

'Eurusque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis  
Africus.'



## T H E W R E C K .

## I.

I DREAMED erewhile of a storm-dark sea,  
A-moaning in restless woe,  
And a welkin above, where the draping clouds  
Hung heavy, and dark, and low :

## II.

As a band of warriors, grim and stern,  
In a funeral march tramped by,  
Slowly and dark their serried ranks  
Filed over the solemn sky.

## III.

The wind shrieked out like a mad wild thing —  
A creature in sudden pain —  
Or muffled a long, low, sighing wail,  
Then eddied to rest again.

## IV.

Oh ! the darkened sky and troubled deep,  
Were sorrowful to see ;  
But something there, 'mid storm and gloom,  
Was sadder yet to me.

## V.

Not through the darkness first it surged,  
That sight on my dreaming eye ;  
Not till a light fell, clear and far,  
Through a rift of the solemn sky.

## VI.

It fell on a mast but half-submerged ;  
And a commorant, wheeling there,  
With a cirelet of gems in his beak, that shone  
Erewhile in a lady's hair.

## VII.

It fell on a white, white human form,  
Serene, and still, and cold :  
And wondrous fair, on the dark green wave,  
With her hair of floating gold.

## VIII.

The pitying sea ebbd to-and-fro,  
And cradled her softly there :  
So white, so still, she looked in death  
Like an angel sleeping there.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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**THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge.**  
Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Volume III: BEA — BRO. Pp.  
768. 1858. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS Cyclopædia of General Knowledge is a most timely and salutary discipline for American readers. A philosophical observer of recent history may pardonably regard it as the proper supplement and period to all that has been done in the world during the last fifty years. The storm of the French Revolution and the terrific career of NAPOLEON went not by without leaving a blessing. They thoroughly waked mankind up, and left alike the Gallic, Teutonic, and Anglo-Saxon races in the highest degree of energy. The revolutionary ideas which had threatened to destroy the whole social, political, and religious fabric of Europe, were indeed crushed, abandoned even by NAPOLEON, who had sprung from the lair of the revolution. But the habit of mind, which had been acquired by facing a possible overthrow of all existing institutions, and by searching the realm of speculation for something to supply their place, remained. The barriers to thought were jostled away; and when peace came, the exuberant vigor of men was transferred undiminished to the pursuits of science, literature, and material progress.

It is remarkable how large a portion of the intellectual activity for many years past has been in the two diverse directions of scientific discovery and the composition of fiction. Men have seemed bent on having something new at any rate, either by finding it or by creating it. Sir WALTER SCOTT was meditating his first novel almost at the same time that FULTON was scheming a steam-boat on the Hudson, and the brilliant triumphs of steam-navigation and the splendid series of the Waverley novels came on together. While the Earl of Rosse was looking through his vast telescope at modest stars, Mr. DICKENS was diverting himself with the wisdom of Mr. SAMUEL WELLER and the entertaining conversation of DICK SWIVELLER. FICHTE was trying to reconcile the incompatible metaphysical couple of the Ego and the Non Ego, at the same time that IRVING was recording the unutterable ponderings of the Dutchman, WALTER the Doubter. HEGEL was exploring the absolute while BARTH was exploring the interior of Africa; and the one was describing ideas while the other was describing negroes. Mrs. SOMERVILLE was proving that a lady could understand the *Mécanique Céleste*, and was writing

about the connection of the sciences, when Mr. THACKERAY was developing BECKY SHARP, and other ornaments of society. FOURIER was trying to change the book of fate from a romance to a scientific treatise, only a little before GOETHE told the story of that vagabond of genius, WILHELM MEISTER. While Lady BLESSINGTON was entertaining with romantic grace and elegance the artists and poets of England, the BRONTË sisters were living a life as fearful, in its way, as was the Orestead cycle of stories which was the favorite mythological theme of ancient tragedy. COMTE recommended positive philosophy above all things, while BULWER, not satisfied with having excelled as a dramatist, poet, orator, and novelist of the old school, undertook to show that he too could write a moral novel; and surprised the public by producing 'The CAXTONS.' SCHOOLCRAFT has sought to learn the truth concerning the American Indians, and COOPER and LONGFELLOW have sought to preserve the romance and poetry which hover about them.

But not only in science and fiction have the recent times been active. The age has produced all sorts of gentlemen, from BEAU BRUMMEL to JOHN HALIFAX, Gent. BYRON has astounded the Italians by the audacity of his dissipation, and still more by crossing over from Venice to talk and study with the holy monks in their cloisters during the night. THOMAS HOOD has written the 'Song of the Shirt,' the last refrain of which is the invention of the sewing-machine. A chemist has just died in England, who had the faith and diligence of a mediæval alchemist, and who wore out his life while he was striving to handle the original atoms of matter. There have, too, been wars and great migrations. Russia has grown to colossal dimensions; Hungary has been crushed from a nationality to a province; the trickish game of French politics has again centered in interest around the imperial head; and England has passed the Reform Bill, tended to republicanize her monarchy, and at present receives a wide sympathy in her efforts to reconquer those Indian millions who by her enterprise have been brought within the scope and interest of civilization. Revolutions or political crises have dotted almost every decade of years in every European country. Rail-roads have connected lands like sinews, telegraphs like nerves; and since the completion of the Ocean Telegraph, we can almost think of the whole world as not only of one kith and kin, but even as one bodily system.

We have thus hardly outlined a period which now finds in our own country its first, and, for a time, at least, its most dignified recapitulation in the New American Cyclopædia. A cyclopædia is the first step, and may also perhaps be the last, in the winnowing process of history. It is a museum of the choicest facts of all the ages. We first learn to appreciate our century when we see it in company with its fellow eighteen Christian centuries, not to mention more ancient times. Scarcely any other position can be imagined which would be so severe a test of integrity and scholarship as that of an editor of these volumes. It is a sort of universal judgment-seat. The balance has to be struck constantly between what is frivolous and what is substantial, and every subject has to be shown in all its important bearings, and to receive whatever light can be thrown upon it from the latest investigations. To what degree this work is complete and impartial, the applause with which it is received by the press and by literary men in all parts of the Union, is a significant indication. Yet volumes of

so great magnitude, which require years for their publication, can be finally judged at least not in less time than is demanded for their publication.

One of the first and most interesting articles in the third volume is on the *Beard*. The writer takes us through almost all times and peoples, showing up the bearded princes of the middle ages, who yet obliged their bishops to shave, on the ground that 'a beard was contrary to sacerdotal modesty : ' the golden age of the beard in France, in the reign of HENRY IV., 'when its various styles were distinguished as the pointed beard, the square beard, the round beard, the aureole beard, the fan-shaped beard, the swallow-tail beard, and the artichoke-leaf beard ; and the Eastern nations, among others the Egyptians, 'whose greatest astonishment in seeing NAPOLEON was to find him beardless.' The articles on *Book* and *Book-selling* contain much new and specially interesting matter. The phenomenon of having so many new books, has often struck us as unprecedented and marvellous, notwithstanding ARISTOPHANES scoffed at the number of books and authors in his time. Something of the machinery by which a worthless book is made to live half-a-season, paying a profit in that time to all parties concerned, immediately after which it disappears, never more to be heard of here, may be discovered by consulting the second of the above-mentioned articles. The article on CHARLOTTE BRONTË, or the BRONTË family, is written in a somewhat rugged style, but is a vigorous and thorough account of the greatest of female novelists. 'The great feature of her writing is its muscular intellectuality. Her adventurous plough dares the toughest soils, and forces its way through, upturning them from the bottom. Nor does she ever confound her sensations with her perceptions ; hence we never catch her tormenting language, in a spasmodic effort to translate the darkness of the one into the light of the other. The result of all which is, that her works have the solid, legitimate, durable interest of truth ; she looks life square in the face, and depicts it fearlessly, as if she scorned the illusive vanities of art.' The long and manifestly learned article on *Brahma* is certainly confused. If we should want to be a Brahmin to-morrow morning, we should not know from the article how to go to work. The volume closes with two articles of prime interest, both from the subjects and their admirable treatment — those on the BROWNINGS. The poet and poetess themselves might advantageously read the careful judgments here pronounced upon their works. 'Her readers are sometimes perplexed with passages of a cloudy indistinctness, in which the meaning either has not been clear to herself, or is not clearly presented to the comprehension of others. Her bold and uncompromising spirit sometimes carries her beyond the limits of perfect good taste. Her command of the lawful resources of the English language is very great ; but with these she is not always content.' And yet, 'whether she deals with the shadowy forms of legendary superstition, or depicts the struggles of a strong and unsubmissive spirit, or paints pictures of pure fancy, or gives expression to the affections which bloom along the common path of life, or throws the light of poetry over its humblest duties and relations, she seems equally at home in all.' The following is a part of the account of that enigma in literature — Mr. BROWNING's '*Paracelsus* : ' 'It delineates the course of a rich and generous nature, full of high aspirations, exposed to many temptations, often going astray, but growing nobler and finer to the last ; and after many aberrations,

drawn back to those fountains of truth and goodness from which his earliest inspirations were derived.'

Here is an admirable short notice of *Beatrice*, 'the woman whose name has been immortalized by DANTE's poems,' and who is to Christians 'the emblematic personification of divine wisdom;' and longer notices of such sorts of people as the *Bechuanae*, *Bedouins* and *Boers*, the last of whom seem to be a race of wild Dutchmen in the southern part of Africa. For statesmen, there are elaborate articles on BENTHAM, BENTINCK, BENTON, BROUGHAM, and the BIDDLES of Pennsylvania. (Why was not more space given to BENTON?) For the religious, an article of sixteen columns on *Bible*, and others on *Bible Societies*, Bishop BROWNELL, of Connecticut, the missionaries BOARDMAN and BRAINARD, and a long history of Saint BERNARD, too long, indeed, since it is not written, and perhaps could not be now, in the spirit in which the life was lived. For ornithologists, a general long article on *Birds*, and special articles on such varieties as *Blackbird*, *Blackcap*, *Blackcock*, *Bluebird*, and the American favorite, the *Bobolink*. For military gentlemen, excellent articles on *Beresina*, *Borodino*, BLUCHER, BERNADOTTE, and all the BONAPARTES; and for the anatomical, there are full articles on *Blood*, *Brain*, *Bile*, and kindred subjects.

It is not possible, by mentioning articles, to convey any but the most general notion of the character of the work. In conclusion, we repeat our congratulations to American readers, that having been long under the loose discipline of romances and imaginative investigators and discoverers, they are at length to have their stock sifted for them by learned and critical cyclopaedists, and to have the means of learning how many of their facts and fancies are worth keeping, and how much knowledge there is worth having of which they are as yet ignorant. There is no so easy way of correcting errors and prejudices as by getting a complete view of things.

MEMOIR OF JOSEPH CURTIS. By the Author of 'Means and Ends,' 'The Linwoods,' 'Hope Leslie,' 'Live and Let Live,' etc. In one Volume: pp. 200. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

AN uninterrupted family intimacy, for upward of a score of years, enables us to pronounce this little book a true picture of a true MAN: at the same time, we cannot but regret that the term '*Model Man*' had not been omitted from the title-page: for, although it undoubtedly expresses the firm and unbiased convictions of the author in that regard, arising from a long intimacy and friendship; still, so modest and unpretending was the subject of the memoir, so anxious was he to inculcate perseverance in every good word and work, that in the case of others, as well as in his own, we think he would have relucted at the word '*model*,' at least as applied to himself, since it implies an attained *perfection*. Miss SEDGWICK, however, is sustained in the selection of her phrase, by the testimony of other eminent persons. For example: 'Among his most intimate and dearest friends, the friend of many years, was the benefactor of our city, PETER COOPER. In a letter in relation to JOSEPH

CURTIS, he says: 'I wish it was in my power to give you a description of his untiring devotion to all the great interests of humanity. To do this, it would be necessary to follow him through a life of efforts to aid almost every benevolent enterprise calculated to elevate and better the condition of the present, but more particularly the rising generation. I regard him as the best and truest pattern of a perfect man that it has ever fallen to my lot to know.' This is a fit concurrent testimony to the brief history of his life.' Among the early incidents in the life of the subject of the memoir is the following, which is characteristic of his subsequent acts through life. It should be premised, that by the advice of the family physician, he is recruiting his somewhat impaired health, by driving a stage-coach between his native village and an adjoining town, a distance of some thirty miles: this was at a time when there were few persons of foreign birth in New-England: 'every body knew everybody: ' life was carried on with extreme simplicity; and no employment was held to be menial:

'THE employment of driving a coach over the rugged roads of those times, through summer heats and the fearful cold of winter, required almost as much intrepidity as an arctic expedition, with all appliances and means to boot, now does, and discretion and humanity as well as intrepidity. We have the relation of a rough-weather experience in JOSEPH's coach from an old lady, a cotemporary of his, which proves that the driving of a coach then was no holiday affair. This old lady was then a young mother, travelling with 'two babes,' as she terms them, under JOSEPH's conduct from Danbury to Kent. 'It was night, and very dark and very cold; and in a dreadful part of the road the coach upset.' The poor young mother was in an agony of fright for her 'babes.' She thinks 'she should have died,' but for the care of the young coachman. He took off his coat and wrapped the baby in it. There was one old lady-passenger in the coach, not in the least hurt by the over-turn, but scared out of her wits and her temper, and she began, as our relator says, 'storming away,' pouring out her wrath on the head of the devoted JOSEPH. He took it all calmly and gently, and only replied: 'I'll carry you all through safe, Ma'am, if it be on my back.' 'And so,' says our informer, 'he took both my babes in his arms, turning horse for our sakes.' It was two miles to their destined inn. He went cheerily on with his weak and faint-hearted party, singing songs and telling stories by turns, soothing the 'babes,' sustaining the young mother, and coaxing and cheering on the grumbling old lady till she was beguiled out of her ill-humor, and they all arrived in good heart at the inn.

'But there, when the noble lad laid down his burden, he fainted, and they saw the blood trickling from a severe cut in his forehead, which he had not even mentioned. As soon as he was restored to consciousness and his head bound up, faithful to his trust, 'he started off,' says our narrator, 'as though nothing had happened, and back he went two miles after his horses and his broken coach, and brought them safely to the inn.'

'The merciful man is merciful to his beast;' and we have often wished that the subject of this memoir (who loved the noble horse, and loved to control him with mingled kindness and decision) could have lived to see his favorite theory so effectively carried out in the now-renowned animal 'training' of Professor RAREY. The following passage from the note of his eldest daughter, to our author, will exhibit her subject in the light of a tender father and an exemplary family governor:

'I RECOLLECT my father always cheerful and happy, and never letting an opportunity whereby we could be improved pass. His habit was to gather us around him and propound questions; for instance: 'Which of you can tell me how glass is made?' 'Where does iron come from?' then followed reading, and at the next early evening we were catechised.' Again she says: 'My father's family government was perfect. He never struck me; but he has given me sleepless nights by his grieved but commanding eye of displeasure. I recollect deceiving him when I was about seven years old. He spoke decidedly: 'Go up stairs!' In a short time he, with mother, came to me. They sat still, and looked very sorry. I saw a little switch in his hand.



I perfectly remember my conclusion: 'If you strike me, I will do it again.' Father read my defiant look. He laid the stick aside. I see the whole scene now. He sighed, and tenderly called me to him. He waited a few moments, and then pictured his very naughty daughter. 'He would not whip me,' he said: 'I must go to bed: if I were hungry, I could eat; but not with him or mother.' Shall I ever forget that night? He would not hear my concessions, would not kiss me; but long before he was up in the morning, I was let into his room and — *forgiven*.

'My sisters, between whom there were two years, when about nine and eleven were petulant to each other. Reproof failed to correct the habit. At last there was an outbreak. The four children, as usual, were summoned to his presence.' (It is notable that Mr. CURTIS uniformly treated the subjects of his government, whether his own children, his apprentices, or the juvenile delinquents of the Refuge, as peers. He made them virtually the judges of his laws, and the tribunal to which he demonstrated the justice of their execution in detail.) 'After a silent meditation, my father said: 'Children, you must part: to-night you sleep together for the last time. I shall send you to separate boarding-schools, and when you again live together, perhaps you will have learned to love one another; until you have learned that lesson, do not expect to return to this home.' There was weeping. We *all* did our part. I was sixteen years old. I knew father was in earnest, and I saw no escape from the sentence. He kissed me and my brother,' (not the offenders.) 'He then bade the girls to go to bed. There was but one thing before them — to *obey*. As I always put them to bed, I as usual, started to go with them. 'Go,' said my father, 'but do not speak to them.' Poor girls, how they cried! I saw them in bed, and kissed them. E — said: 'Ask father to come.' He did not, but walked the hall. After a while, they slept, locked in each other's arms. Before day-light, E — was at his door. 'Father, may we come in?' 'Yes:' spoken as always, kindly. 'Well, children?' 'Father, won't you kiss us?' 'Yes, after you have kissed each other.' They then said: 'O father! do not send us away.' Their punishment was commuted. They were not sent away; but, though permitted to remain at home, they were not permitted to speak or play together till they could do both with uninterrupted love. 'This state of things,' says their sister, 'did not long exist. To this hour, the lesson has not been forgotten. They never since have spoken unkindly to each other. They have differed, but without anger.'

One of the most interesting chapters in the volume, is that upon the 'House of Refuge for Juvenile Delinquents,' of which, with Mr. JOHN PINTARD, Mr. CURTIS may be said to have been the founder, as he was its first superintendent. Here his rule was one of mingled decision and love: and his 'family,' as he termed them, regarded him with the strongest affection. Letters from many under his charge, now citizens of wealth and distinction, and unblemished honor, abundantly and eloquently attest this. We only regret that our crowded pages will not permit us to present passages from them. One incident, however, we cannot help relating:

'On one occasion a boy ran away, and, after a few days, full of penitence for his ingratitude, returned, confessed his fault, and entreated forgiveness. Satisfied of his sincerity, Mr. CURTIS forgave him. The directors, doubting this policy of mercy, disapproved his conduct, and instructed him, by unanimous vote, to give this runaway a certain number of lashes. Mr. CURTIS begged them to reconsider their order. He had from his heart forgiven the boy, who had returned to duty, and had only seen good from his course: he could not inflict what must now be a pure vengeance upon his back. The directors, however, reasserted their directions to lash him. Again he remonstrated, and again they reaffirmed their order, with instructions to the committee not to leave the premises until they had seen the blows inflicted. Mr. CURTIS, seeing no alternative, then came forward with the keys of the institution, and said: 'Gentlemen, I am not a slave-driver, and I cannot whip a boy whom from my heart I have forgiven. I resign the keys of the Refuge.' The directors, moved by his firmness, and respecting his convictions, did not accept his resignation, and remitted the lashes.'

Passing the chapter upon his 'School for Apprentices,' which is replete with interest and instruction, we come to the record of his devoted service in the

Public Schools of our city. From this division of the work, one extract must perforce suffice :

‘Some of our young friends still in the Public Schools must remember him — a man about five feet eight inches in height ; not too high to stoop to all their little wants. A very modest, quiet-looking old gentleman he was, so neat and simple in his apparel, that one might have mistaken him for a member of the Society of Friends ; but he was a friend of all humanity, restricted to no society. The children’s loving memory will recall his large, soft, dark gray eye ; his dark hair, silvered by time, and curling round his temples and neck ; his smile, that was like sun-shine to them, all combining to give him an expression of benignity that made them look up to him with love more than fear, even when he rebuked them ; and sure were they, when he walked with noiseless steps up and down the long school-room, and in and out among the benches, that no misdemeanor would escape that watchful gray eye, no slovenly habit with pen or sponge, no dirty face, soiled hands, dirty nails, unbrushed hair, or even unbrushed shoes, would pass unnoticed. A boy soiling the upper-leather of one shoe with the sole of another, or lounging over his desk, or a girl stooping over her task, never escaped his rebuking but gentle tap. He would stop to right an awry collar, or to adjust a little girl’s apron slovenly put on, giving her, at the same time, some pithy maxim, expressing the value of neatness and order, and with it such a loving pat on her cheek as would make it dimple with a smile ; and so, as sun-shine causes the plants to grow, his love made the counsel thrive. The dreadful solemnity of his displeasure at any violence, or vulgarity, or falsehood, these children can never forget ; nor how difficult it was to hide vice or foible from his eye. His right of guardianship was demonstrated to them in modes that left them no desire to question it. How many acts of parental care are remembered by the successive generations that have passed under his supervision ! Mothers who now know what it is to watch over helpless little children, recount that when they were such, and belonged to the Primary School in Crosby-street, there was a cold day, when it had been snowing from early morning. The snows were drifted in the streets, the wind was howling, and the short winter’s day was drawing to a close, and their hearts were full of dread of encountering the driving, blinding snow in their way to their obscure homes. Mr. CURTIS came (some of them ‘knew he would,’ as the poor frozen sailors said to Dr. KANE) with three large, roomy sleighs, (got at his own expense,) packed all the little ones in, took the least into his own care, and did not leave them till they were all safe with their mothers.

‘Many such touching acts of kindness might be recorded ; but, though they impress us like the delicious showers in a drought, they bear no comparison to that steady work and care, that, like the providential succession of seed-time and harvest, day and night, marked Mr. CURTIS’s devotion to the schools. ‘He discovered at an early period the deceptive manner in which examinations were carried on, and changed the whole policy to such a degree, that the very teachers who for years had been deemed most successful, were proved most unfaithful, and those who had been most blamed turned out most worthy. He made a close scientific investigation of the laws of ventilation, and procured them to be applied to the Public Schools. He studied the anatomy of the human form, to find out just what kind of support the spine of youth required in its sedentary attitude, and invented school-chairs and other furniture since universally adopted.’ \*

‘ ‘He taught the children,’ says his friend, GEORGE TRIMBLE, ‘how they should sit, stand, and walk ; how to hold and use their books ; how to *sweep* ; doing his best for them for whom his love was unbounded.’ He also taught them how to hold their books, and how to turn over the leaves. Some of our eminent preachers and lecturers, who still adhere to the old practice of the wetted thumb, might have profited by his lessons.’

To the very last hour he lived, the spirit which had actuated his blameless and useful life was manifested, and then he ‘passed to his reward.’ The memoir before us was mainly written to preserve the subject ‘in the grateful remembrance of the children he loved and taught, and to impress his example upon them.’ We think it will have a wide and salutary influence, in the way of forming the broad foundations of many a useful life. It is to be regretted that the work should not have contained an engraving from ELLIOTT’s noble portrait of the loved and lamented subject of its pages.

K. N. PEPPER, AND OTHER CONDIMENTS. Put Up for General Use. By JACQUES MAURICE. In one Volume: pp. 842. New-York: RUDD AND CARLETON, Number 810 Broadway.

THIS modest, unheralded, and most tastefully-executed volume, appears at a time when it must make itself a *necessity*. We *must* laugh sometimes: we *must* assuage the rigors of the summer solstice, and the enervating effects of the same: and, reader, on your autumnal journeyings, by steamer, sail-boat, rail—take PEPPER. The effect may be transient: you may need no farther ‘active treatment:’ but you will remember it, and ‘come again,’ if need should be.

It is well known to all the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER, that Mr. PEPPER began his literary career in these pages: that he, through this medium, conveyed to the imaginations and the hearts of the PUBLIC, on both sides of the Atlantic, (previous to the laying of the wire-bridge) those unique and wholly original effusions, which have made his name—considerably well known.

It is not our purpose, nor our intention, to speak of the PEPPER Poems, which have from time to time appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER. There they are: look at them. The bones of those who have exploded in the perusal of them, whiten the soil of the ‘United’n States’n, from the Rocky Mountains on the East, to Kataadin, in the extreme West. Nay, the Isles of the sea—Nantucket, Owyhee, Honolulu—all respond to PEPPER. And this would be ‘glory enough for one day,’ not only, but for all time. It would not only be adscititious and supererogatory, but also unnecessary, for us to ask public criticism on the PEPPERIAN muse. ‘*A Noad to the Grek Slaio*’ is as immortal as the ‘statoo’ which inspired it: that ‘Marbel Stun Enterprise’ is wedded to our ‘Pote.’ Our Natural History owes a debt of gratitude to him, also, for his discriminating account of a ‘Colusion Between a Aligaitor and a Wotter-Snaik.’ A terrible encounter was that, and most fitly depicted. ‘*The Suferings ov a Man*,’ although hardly sufficiently distinctive in its title, is replete with pathos. Our readers, with tears in their eyes, will not fail to recall this touching poem. We have ventured to italicize a few lines, albeit such distinction is scarcely needed:

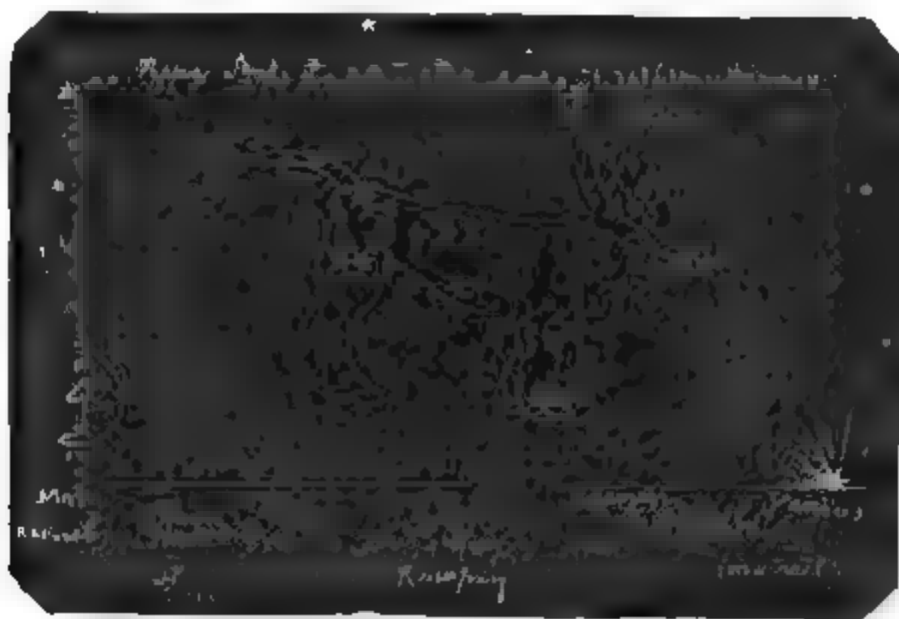
‘As he traveld bi the way,  
this Man was herd fur to say  
(ad aloan he wos, you se,)  
i wish i hed sum 1 fur cumpany.  
*But thair he wos, al aloan,  
& that is Suffering, we oan.*  
But as he wos a-goin frum hoam,  
gitin kind ov loan-sum,  
*He side severil times cuite hard,  
mournfully a-stroaking ov his baird,  
until his Suferings wos so intens*  
*He blood his noas bi the fens,*  
*Becos ov his absens ov mind—*  
*He not bein eny ways so inclind:*  
*Sech Wo!*—but cumpany wos ni  
to him moast sertinly:  
He heerd a yel, sum distens of,  
&, as he afterwerds sed,  
it wos a Dog, & that Dog wos hisn—  
the saim as he hed left a prisener  
to hoam at 11 in the 4 noon.

this maid him kind ov mad soon;  
*& as the Animal cumd lickin around*  
*He swear Vengens onto him imegitly.*

‘o sed he, as stompt onto the ground,  
ime mad enuf, i am, to fli:  
So it bein a littel cus ov a Dog,  
*He jest tooc him by the nap ov the nos*  
*& felt amungst his tog-*  
*gerry; tooc out a fresh cud into his chee*  
*(ov tobacker) & squirted the guss*  
*into his fais & i’s moast perfuss,*  
*& maid him yel sum, i shood thinc,*  
*Pereodikelly a-wantin ov drinc*  
*fur to whet up his parchament tung.*

& now mi song is moast sung:  
the Dog becaim (spekin perlite)  
much regused; in fact, he died:  
And so did the man, sum time after  
ov the scarlit Feiver.’

Note the utter simplicity of this affecting picture. There is not one poet in a thousand, who could have made so much as Mr. PEPPER has made out of this incident. But it is the quality of true Genius to elevate every subject which it touches: as witness our poet's '*Sotilety to a Berd on the Fena*.' But it is not poetry alone which distinguishes our author's 'werca.' He is a 'science-man,' an astronomer, and an artist. His painting of the '*Fre Nollig on the Hevins*' is perhaps the most original and striking effort of the kind which has yet appeared 'in Christendie.' The engraving below can scarcely fail to shadow forth its excellence:



The artist thus describes the picture, which has been secured by, and is now in the Gallery of, P. PEPPER Podd, Esq., the patron and friend of our poet-artist:

'[REMARC.] Here we hev a picter ov the Hevins, as they speard bet the stars woe firt acordin to Act ov congris: fur wich we cant be too graitful. Venous - al bloody — is seen onto the rite, gest a-settin, peraps fur to hach (wich goak is perfectly ariginal): Grait Bair, rampan, with his tail a-flyin, is the prinsipal object into the frunt — sed bi Connyssoors to hev a pecoolyerly sagashus looc out ov his left i; Moon, over the left — wich is a bad sine; shood chaing with Venous. (End ov the Remarc.)

'(Desined & painted, & the Remarc composed, with grait expens — espeshelly the ariginal Goak — fur to be shoud bi Mr. WINTER: wich the pris he coodent pay — remarkin that cheap Genus woe al he cood afoard to encurrig. n.b. no salt must be put onto the Bairs tail.)'

A copy of this picture was sent to Mr. RUSKIN, author of '*The Seven Stones of Venice*,' and other poems: and he returned to Mr. Podd the subjoined criticism upon the *shondorer*:

'THIS remarkable work is the first of its kind. We are at a loss where to place it. We cannot, perhaps, put it before the greatest of the '*Chef d'œuvre*' Productions of LANDIS, the celebrated apostle of 'High old Art and Literature,' he of the Capitol of this Commonwealth, contiguous to which, he 'is a native;' nor can it be placed behind that painting; for then it could not be seen at all. It must take its own place.'

'THE chiaro-scuro effects, in this painting, are very fine; so fine, that most unassisted eyes will not be able to perceive them. Mr. PEPPER's handling is quite — nay, excessively, free; and he works up his inspirations with — in short, his brush. His coloring cannot be excelled, for intensity of blue; while the general tone, considering the subject, is uncommonly moral. Were we hypercritical, it might be obvious to remark, that the best painters of celestial scenery represent stars with *see* points instead of six; but of course it does not become a liberal critic to notice such a trifling blemish: the artist may have seen stars with six points.

'It is interesting to note those little inaccuracies which evince the carelessness of true genius. Thus, the left fore-leg of the bear is fore-shortened too much by about the thirty-second of an inch. But how amply is this over-sight atoned for in the extraordinary amount of intelligence thrown into the face of the bear! The tip of this celestial animal's nose is full of meaning. And the grace and repose of his figure — particularly the tail — challenge the encomium of every lover of extremely High Art.

'The accessories are well managed; the artist has them under complete control. Indeed, they have never been managed in quite the same way before. On a careful inspection of certain marks, we cannot resist the impression that the picture was at first intended as a mere skiagram; but that the suggestiveness of the subject induced the artist to fill it up, with all that elaborateness of finish now observable in it. How exquisitely faithful are the claws of the bear! How delicately pencilled are his ears!'

'We understand that an engraving of this admirable painting is being prepared, and impressions will be ready for subscribers by about the middle of September. Artists' proofs — with a gift-book — one dollar. Without the gift book, four cents.

'The exquisite jokes, in parentheses, were invented by Mr. Popp — whose spirits went so high, on the final completion of the painting, that for the space of half-an-hour his gravity entirely forsook him.'

But let us not forget Mr. PEPPER'S Astronomy. Listen to him upon one branch of Astronomy. He is speaking of COMETS: those erratic 'loafers' of the solar system, who 'stream their horrid hair upon the mid-night sky,' in defiance of observatories and public criticism:

'These heavenly bodies resemble snakes in being all head and tail. They are unlike snakes in having a very fiery appearance: red snakes, much to the regret of naturalists, being astonishingly rare. Comets lead a very irregular life, and are a scandal and disgrace to all their connections. We have seen the eagle descend from a great height and take the newly-acquired means of subsistence from the industrious hawk, flying away from the astonished bird as quickly as he came. Before the hawk recovers the ordinary use of his senses, the eagle is lost to sight, and not particularly dear to memory. The efforts of the comet are attended with the same disgraceful success. Watching his opportunity, he rushes down when the sun is so distracted by his many cares as to see nothing apart from them; and taking from that unsuspecting luminary as much fire-wood as would last him, if frugally used, twice the length of his natural life, flies away to his own country — wasting incredible quantities of light and heat, as he goes, in vulgar and ridiculous display. He has the unblushing audacity to come back again, after a few years, sometimes very much shorn of his splendor, and presenting a very ordinary appearance indeed. When sufficiently near, he repeats his disgrace, and provides himself with a new tail. Comets frequently rise to that pitch of vanity and extravagance, that they will unfeelingly sport two, three, and even six tails, at one and the same time, flaunting them in the very face and eyes of the injured sun. But Justice at last overtakes the offender. six-tailed comets are never seen but once.

'At a time when people did not know every thing — which we may suppose to have been before the advent of the present generation — comets were looked on with a jealous eye. No sooner was the cry: 'The Comet!' raised, than one-half thought there would be war directly, and the remainder that he designed staying his stomach with two or three of the planets. While these induced a tremendous and infernal clamor by means of shoutings, tin-pans, and calabashes, the former ordered an infinite number of *Misereres* to be sung, and made appropriations for ammunition and the public defences. When we consider that while on the one hand the earth remains a tempting but untasted morsel, on the other wars innumerable have taken place, and that these theories were equally plausible, we cannot avoid the conclusion that, when wars or other calamities threaten a nation, it is better to bluster and make a great noise, than to waste money in appropriations or piety in prayers.'

It is our object, in this notice, to stimulate without satisfying, public curiosity. *The Book* is extant, exquisitely gotten up, after the uniform manner of the publishers. Buy and read. And do not infer that because Mr. PEPPER unbends in verse, that he is therefore incompetent to speak wisely and well in plain prose. He can be soberish — he can be sensible — he can be earnest: in proof of which, test the truth of this verdict in the only way in which it can properly be tested, 'and when found, make a note of it.'

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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'FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY: THESE THREE.'—Our excellent country RECTOR 'exchanged' on a recent Sabbath with a brother-clergyman from the adjoining State of New-Jersey. He read the service in a reverent tone, and with a pronunciation which it was a delight to hear. The discourse which ensued was from these words: 'Now abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity—these three: but the greatest of these is CHARITY.' We confess to 'main ignorance' of the true purport of the last term of these words of PAUL, until we had listened to the exposition to which we are about to allude. We had regarded 'CHARITY' rather in the light of alms-giving—of doing good to 'all those who are desolate and oppressed:' of benefactions to the poor and the needy. We rejoice in a strong and good memory: and with a few memoranda in pencil, we thought we should be able to recall the portions of the discourse which had so deeply impressed us. When we had written them out, however, and leisurely perused them, we could not but feel how far they came short of doing justice, either to the great theme, or its eloquent expositor. So, with a freedom which belongs, we believe, only to an EDITOR, we addressed a note to the clergyman who had so enlightened and delighted us, asking, if not amiss, for a transcription of indicated parts of the discourse, for publication in the KNICKERBOCKER. Most kindly was the request responded to; and the reader, we are sure, will thank us for the almost impudence which elicited the subjoined passages:

'WHAT we have already shown in demonstration of *'Faith,'* as inferior to *'Charity,'* is applicable alike, and with kindred force, to *'Hope.'*

It 'abideth now,' as a part of that 'law, which, as a schoolmaster, brings us to CHRIST.' It is the great incentive to exertion in the work of our salvation. It is an important element in the entire texture of our present character; and it is interwoven, as a golden thread, with the whole essence of our moral being. It enters into the very substance of our fearfully mysterious life; and operates upon the twofold relationship in which we stand, as connected with this world, and looking on to connection with another. Whether in things earthly and temporal, or in things spiritual and eternal, *Hope* is the quickening principle which nerves man's heart and soul, and leads him forward to tread with a firm step the path of life. . . . *'Now abideth Hope.'*

'It is the soul's youthful impulse, by which we are cheered and comforted in



the vicissitudes and adversities of our present lot ; and through which, as seeking a more enduring substance than it yields, we receive accessions of courage and of strength to 'press forward toward the mark for the prize of our high calling of GOD in CHRIST JESUS.' *'Now abideth Hope.'*

'It is the light of human life, which else were cheerless to us. It comes to us, like an envoy from the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in its wings and messages of joy upon its half-parted lips. In the exercise of its well-adapted ministry, it tracks its path with light, and scatters blessings all along its course. Beautiful are its feet upon the mountains, bringing glad tidings of good. The lanes and valleys of life rejoice in its visitations, and the wilderness and the solitary place are glad for it. It comes to us in 'the days of darkness, which are many,' and cheers us with the indications of a bright to-morrow. It finds the sky of life with clouds upon it, and tinges them with radiant hues ; and even when the storm is dark, bursts through its gloom, and spans the firmament with its bow of promise. It finds us sinking, and arrests us ere we fall. It finds us cast down, and stretches out its hand to raise us. It never leaves us nor forsakes us, but at our bidding word. It keeps back the invading pressure of terrible Despair, and beckons us away to the green pastures where the still waters which refresh them are radiant with the smile of God. It tells us of a better portion ; and that, however it may have failed us in our time of need, the world has pleasant places, and that 'it is good for us to be here.' It comes to us when the heart is sick and ready to faint, and enlivens us with friendly words. It invests the spirit of heaviness with the garments of praise. It lifts up the hands that hang down, and the feeble knees ; and when joy comes not with the morning, it 'giveth songs in the night.' It transforms itself into expectation, and inspires us with fresh trust to 'quietly wait.' It invades the domain of disappointment and the chill recesses of deep grief, and peoples them with glad thoughts and happy sights. It speaks with soothing tones to the ill-fortuned and forsaken brother, shipwrecked and broken-hearted in his voyage of life, and encourages him amid 'the waves of this troublesome world,' to tempt the adventurous way once more. It renews the face of things, and transmutes to a seeming preciousness the crude rough elements it touches. Oh ! it has a charmer's power. There is a wilderness before it, and a garden of Eden behind : before it is despair, lamentation, and woe : behind is the renewal of joy, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody. *'Now abideth Hope.'* Well for our present happiness it should — well for our immortal yearnings that it doth. It is the light that halloweth with blessedness our present lot ; and when abiding in companionship with *Faith*, guides us to that higher happiness we long for, and which we find not here. Hope leans on Faith, and Faith on Hope. Each imparts to the other, as they proceed together, increase of energy, giving and taking ever strength reciprocal ; and under their united ministry, we are both enabled to maintain our lot in time, and to work out for eternity our soul's salvation. *'Now abideth Faith and Hope.'*

*'Charity* (as every intelligent reader of the New Testament must understand) is only another name for *Love*. Accordingly, it is one of the glorious attributes of God ; nay, we might rather say, *the engrossing attribute* : 'for God is Love ; and every one that loveth is born of God.' It is *Love* which re-creates us in the heavenly image, transforms us into the Divine likeness, and moulds us into meekness for an inheritance among the holy. It is the very atmosphere which the soul, by the affixed conditions of its renewed life, breathes ever when it lives to

GOD. Without infringing their identity, but as the greater includes the less, it embraces and comprehends both Faith and Hope: 'For now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three' — severally and jointly. . . . We must 'hope all things,' and 'believe all things,' and in the strength of that indwelling principle of Love, whereby they work, do all things which the Gospel enjoins, as well-pleasing and acceptable to God. In the broad full sense in which it is defined in the chapter to which our text belongs, we must practise and live out Christian Charity. We must open our hearts to its gracious influence, that it may enter and abide in us. Thus every Christian principle will be called into full harmonious operation; and all 'the fruits of the Spirit,' with every heavenly grace and virtue, will be cultivated and live and grow in us. . . . But let us remember that *Love*, which is the great element of our enjoyment in the future world, hath, its beginning first, and to a certain extent its progression, here. 'For now abideth Charity.' It enters into the texture of what we are, as indicative of what we shall be. It is the sign and mark in man of a Divine life, and holds its preëminent position as the central attribute of our present Christian character: 'Now abideth Charity,' as of moral necessity it must. Without it, all other graces are vain and nothing worth, and stand in the religious account only as dross and tin. . . . This is a most important consideration; and there grows out of it a wholesome lesson for the present time to learn. What we need for a harmonious religious development, is less *Church*, and more *Gospel*; less *theology*, and more *Love*. The religious faith of the age, unsettled, wavering, desultory, and distracted, *is as it is*, because its reigning spirit has ejected charity. And the only adequate remedy for the existing religious ailment — the only remedy which, penetrating beyond the superficial symptoms of its aspect, can reach to that inner source of the disease, and restore blooming health and warm-gushing life to the disordered system — is an infusion of that heavenly element of *Charity*, which it so sadly lacks. The life of God in the soul of man depends, both for its energy and for its being, upon this supply. It can never thrive to any thing like a vigorous and healthful development, upon the dry husks of dogma, and religious notion, and abstract orthodoxy, and ecclesiastical conceit, which have been so long its allotted portion. It must have 'its meat in due season' out of the fulness of God. And that fulness is Charity: 'For God is Love.'

'The practical application of the subject, with 'the conclusion of the whole matter,' as lying upon the surface, suggests itself at once; and the burden of its teaching is direct and plain. . . . In discussing religious matters, we fall into the scholastic lines; and are very apt to make use of terms of distinction, which separate what the system of the Gospel has united. In times when Love has waxed cold, and when the cause of this declension exhibits itself in the manifest effects which are consequent upon it — scholastic strictness, and theological debate, and sectarian strife — many, warmed with dogmatic zeal, run up and down and to and fro in quest of Orthodoxy. Controversy comes in, with its rough voice and its unmeek aspect, and separates and divides 'the household of faith' into rival sections and distinctive classes. Each selects, as the all-in-all for importance, some particular and favorite doctrine; invests it, as the theological pet, with 'a coat of many colors;' makes a sort of catch-word of its name, and rejoices in this, as the *shibboleth* of Christianity. It grows by what it feeds on into an arrogant exclusiveness, which, gradually emerging from the dominion of salutary restraint, asserts its peculiar supremacy, and is 'not afraid to riot in the day-time.' It 'brings forth after its kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth;' and when

the increase of its might renders practicable the indulgence of its desire, it drives out the nations before it and possesses the land.

'To avoid this prevailing tendency, which, in a faithless age, many have realized, and more are realizing, to their religious loss, let us 'follow after Charity,' in which all that is true and important and essential in opinion or doctrine or practice, meets and centres and abides. The exercises of *Love* constitute a sure basis of unity and 'bond of peace;' and if we covet any grace above the others, let it be always *Charity*, because it is 'the greatest,' the heavenliest, and the best.

'We shall thus obtain one common standard of religious doctrine, cut loose from an overweening attachment to particular members in the Christian system, and fall back upon a steady and warm devotion to the body of Christianity itself. Only let us 'put on Charity,' that crowning grace in Christian character, which, turning to the Word of God as a sure directory, 'hopeth all things, believeth all things, and rejoiceth' (not in the prevalency of peculiar notions of Christianity) 'but in the truth;' only let us yield to its sway and be guided by its will, and it will smooth the roughness of party animosity, and remove those distracting differences which run to excess of riot, and overcome those eddies of opinion which divide into schools and sects and parties 'the household of faith.'

'In giving free course to the exercise of this comprehensive grace, this Spirit of the Gospel and of its AUTHOR, we shall learn to look rather upon the full-face of Christianity than upon its shifting profile; to sink those minor questions which are not essential to religion, and which the action of the Christian life absorbs into itself; to think neither of PAUL nor of APOLLOS, but of the Gospel, which one may have planted and the other watered, but of which only *God* pours into the heart where Love abides and upon the life where Charity abounds, the blessed increase.

'While, on the one hand, we see '*Faith*' unduly magnified, and the graces and virtues of a holy life thrust comparatively into the back-ground, as 'if the body were all eye;' or while, on the other hand, we hear '*Good Works*' enforced, without the necessity of '*Faith*' being emphatically insisted on, as 'if the body were all ear;' let us side neither with the one nor with the other. In a separate view, each is wide of the mark: and disjunctively, both are wrong. They are the two scholastic extremes of the time, and like the poles of the earth, *always cold*. Let us turn away from each, to those tropical regions of the Gospel which are sunned by the genial influences of the '*Light of Light*, and point to *Charity*, in which the two jarring notes of the age are melted and mingled, and flow together in harmony: in which *Faith* is the central principle, and a *good life* the standing evidence of our Christian state; and without which, in their joint abiding, whosoever wears the religious profession has only a name that he liveth, for he is spiritually dead. For true religion is 'the life of God in the soul.' It is not an abstract sentiment, but a practical, and abiding, and embodied principle, which he who lacks, lacks the very vital essence of Christianity — lacks what the framework of the human body lacks, when the indwelling soul is gone.

'If we thus appreciate the nature of Charity, and admit the fact of its practical abiding now, we cannot regard with indifference, nor in any way apologize for, the differences and divisions which so sear the present religious aspect, and so sadly retard the progress of the REDEEMER's kingdom.

'Christianity, let us remember ever, is an indivisible unity. There is '*One*

*Faith*, even as there is *'One Lord.'* And we know the will of its AUTHOR, that all who profess it should be *one*. It is the manifest object of *Charity*, as it *'now abideth,'* to consolidate the Christian elements and to make us *one*. For this, it plies us with its gentle ministry, embracing every doctrine, receiving every truth, practising every virtue, and living and moving and rejoicing in the culture and growth and increase of every grace; *'adorning the doctrine of God the SAVIOUR in all things;'* stamping the impress of its image upon every separate act of our religious life; softening the native hardness of the heart with its pervading presence, and infusing more and more of its heavenly spirit into ours; moulding into a Divine likeness the elements of our moral character, to hallow it with loveliness; and fulfilling the remainder of its mission, by *'endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.'*

In hearing, and now in reading and re-reading, this eloquent exposition of the words of PAUL, we are led to express a few thoughts in relation to the personal *example*, and the home-teachings of this great Apostle. From boyhood, from our very youngest rememberable years, we have treasured the lessons of this hard-working, devoted servant of God and the Gospel of his CHRIST. SYDNEY SMITH mentions his example as a great element of the *'Beautiful and the Sublime,'* in his lecture thus designated, and recently adverted to in this Magazine. You will scarcely think of it, it may be, in gorgeous churches, with vari-colored lights struggling through stained-glass windows, playing fitfully upon the rich oaken panels of your polished pews, and shimmering kaleidoscopically upon your scarlet or crimson gold-clasped prayer-books. For PAUL was a *worker*. He *wrought* for his MASTER, and for his MASTER's sake. Moreover, it has always seemed to us, that he was the most eloquent of all the APOSTLES. His were the *words* of God Himself, speaking through His servant: and more than any of his brothers in CHRIST, he seems to convince us of the truth of the irrefragable argument advanced in a recent work, heretofore noticed in these pages, upon *'The Plenary Inspiration of The Holy Scriptures.'* We have heretofore found that our thoughts not unfrequently find an abiding-place in the hearts of our readers: will they pardon us, therefore, while we pursue a brief train of reflection, somewhat foreign to our wont in this department of our work? We could wish that PAUL was more frequently preached from. He was self-devoted, unselfish, instant in season and out of season — *'always abounding in the work of the LORD.'* He was stoned; he was scourged with rods; he was shipwrecked — a night and a day he was in the deep: he was in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren: in watchings often — in cold and nakedness. But when he was bidding farewell to his brethren, being minded to go into Mesopotamia, he could say: *'And now I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there, save that the HOLY SPIRIT witnesseth, that in every city bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the Grace of God. And now I know that ye all among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men: for I have not shun-*

ned to declare unto you *all* the counsel of God. Therefore, watch and remember, that by the space of three years, I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears. I have coveted no man's silver, nor gold, nor apparel: ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them which were with me: I have showed you *all* things, how that, so laboring, ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord JESUS, how HE said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Did PAUL ever forget his mission? Never. What he was 'among the brethren,' the 'poor and of low estate,' he was in the Areopagus — on Mars Hill. 'On that revered summit, surrounded by the magnificence of Athens, and under the soft blue sky which looked down upon the scene with its smiling serenity, he delivered that memorable discourse, in which he showed the generous courtesy of the gentleman, the highest gifts of the orator, and the unshaken fidelity of the servant of CHRIST.' We are not without the suspicion that we may be obtruding, if not intruding, in these thoughts: if so, the sooner we pause the better.

'THE AGE: A COLLOQUIAL SATIRE.'—Mr. 'FESTUS' BAILEY, who 'went up like a rocket, and came down like a stick,' has been writing a satirical poem, by way of revenge upon his conscientious and plain-spoken critics, which is receiving evident justice at the hands of certain of our London contemporaries. The '*Examiner*,' especially, has given a cool, sententious, but most cutting review of it, from which we take a few desultory passages:

'PART, at least, of SWIFT's counsel to the poet, Mr. BAILEY has obeyed during the distillation of this satire from his finger's ends. There is little evidence in it of the care that will

'BLot out, correct, insert, refine,  
Enlarge, diminish, interline;'

but no reader can fail to observe the pains taken in accordance with the other half of the Dean's formula,

Be mindful, when invention fails,  
To scratch your head and bite your nails.'

'The book contains about two hundred pages of bad rhymes, enunciating in the persons of three speakers, distinguished by no character from one another, a long series of unconnected common-places. As there are two sets of common-places, representing the world's two opinions on every subject, Mr. BAILEY seems to rely for credit as an extraordinary man upon his adoption always of that formula which will secure to his intelligence the least respect from ordinary people. The satire, perhaps commendable on that account, is indeed all scratching and biting, but the punishment falls on the author's own head, and his nails. A thumb-nail, at least, must have been paid for this rhyme to conundrum:

'AND politics, more and more like a conundrum,  
Since the 'Great Britain' first stuck fast off Dundrum.'

'Having once compassed the idea of a geographical solution to the riddle of rhyme, Mr. BAILEY was prepared to cut with it the knot of any fresh embarrassment:

'WAS heard the answer next of the First Minister,  
From Wick to Land's End (that's our English Finistere.)'

'Again, of a telegram it is written that

‘If you dispatch it  
Eastward — from Exeter suppose to Datchet —  
Not time, not light, not horse patrol can catch it.’

‘It is a remarkable fact that there is no place in the world rhyming to SHAKESPEARE. We assume the fact, because we find our author, when he comes to this word, extricating himself thus with pain out of his difficulty :

But what we learn from him the French call *Shakspère*,  
MILTON or any other learned *law-payer*  
Of ancient times or modern, once impressed,  
Rules the broad empire of man's holy breast.’

‘Could not something have been made out of ‘takes beer,’ as a rhyme to ‘SHAKESPEARE,’ in the same poem that pairs ‘stagger us’ with ‘PYTHAGORAS,’ and ‘so pious’ with ‘EUTROPIUS’?

‘He declares monarchy to be the base, and not the apex of our social pile, denounces the press, and applauds LOUIS NAPOLEON'S way of government.

‘AND British wiseacres still gape with wonder,  
Why France, who's made so many a mortal blunder,  
Do n't choose again to rend herself asunder;  
How, without endless editorial gabble  
The Chambers to advise with club-house babble,  
A democratic empire can pursue  
A policy foreseeing, fixed and true;  
Or government can carry on its business,  
And its head show no fatal sign of dizziness;  
Most, how a system, so ill fortified,  
As but to have the people on its side.  
The army, and the clergy, does not fade  
Before a Q.C.'s scurrilous tirade;  
And traitors who on reason try to trade.’

But it is chiefly for their reflection upon books that ‘filthy puddles of the press’ offend our bard. Critics of literature, he tells us, delight in slaughter, and are full of bitterness. They consist mainly of disappointed authors, or of men who are no authors, but whom

‘MERE malignity incites to say  
The falsest, vilest trash they can invent.’

‘There are few surer signs of weakness in a writer than this desperate concern about his critics. Strength does its appointed work and is content; weakness alone makes half the work to consist in a turmoil about its place in men's opinions. Of Mr. BAILEY'S defiance there is obviously the usual motive of the weak: ‘*Audendo magnus tegitor timor.*’ The fear would be unworthy of him were he as a poet that which he conceives himself to be.

‘We have searched the volume with some care for a few specimens of liveliness, and can only produce with certainty one joke. That one we know to be a joke, because it is labelled by the author as ‘amusive.’ It is upon a deputy sub-editor:

‘His eye was always turned on you intrusively —  
An air acquired, to speak of it amusively,  
By looking into millstones exclusively.’

‘It may be — we make a bold suggestion — it may be that Mr. BAILEY'S laboriously far-fetched rhymes are meant to be Hudibrastic and enlivening. This, also, perhaps, is the result of an effort to be lively:

‘Songs deal with feelings mainly. Oft, events  
The reader's judgment hints or supplements.  
The intimate connection 'tween our land  
And neighbor Europe, by electric band,  
Shows not upon the surface, understand.’

We are not to honor the memory of the Duke of WELLINGTON,

‘THOUGH printing presses praise with tons of trash,  
And law lords eulogize till all be blush.’

‘We shall not, if we are of one mind with Mr. BAILEY, admire Dr. LIVINGSTONE,



with his 'Biblical-Cottonian gammon;' shall not read Mr. DICKENS, or enjoy any success in a contemporary; but of bards we shall sing, that they have 'perceptive' minds, and that their lot is doubly hard.

'At best, behold a poor and pensioned bard!  
At worst; Oblivion folds him 'neath her wings,  
And night and chaos cheer him as he sings.'

'We shall be glad to think that the chaos of this satire cheered the author while he sang it. It is not often that a book so absolutely dull as this is written by a man of genius; a book of which our utmost commendation is that, in spite of many faults, it contains some passages which are almost up to the mark of common conversation among educated men.'

It may well be questioned whether Mr. PHILIP JAMES BAILEY has 'taken much by his motion' in giving to 'a gaping world,' *'The Age, a Colloquial Satire.'*

ONE OF THE 'UNCOUNTED LESSONS OF LIFE.'—The manuscript of the following unpretending but *now* suggestive little sketch, was sent us ten years ago, accompanied by a note, still attached to it, assuring us, on the honor of the writer, that it was but the simple 'record of an event, and its contingent reflections, which occurred only the day before':

'TWENTY-ONE: in New-York: out of money.

'These three ideas monopolized my mind early on the morning of December 18, 184—.

'I was at the time engaged in teaching in Brooklyn. I lived in a little room in the New-York University. I had a shilling left.

'I had no fire: I could n't afford it: an odd old stove, which was in the room when I came, stood staring chillily at me out of its single isinglass eye, and seemed to shrink with the cold, close up to the wall against which it stood.

'I took down my cloak and wrapped myself up in it: went to my closet and took out a parcel of crackers. I lived on crackers: they are cheap. I put them on the table, took up CARLYLE's 'Heroes and Hero-worship,' and commenced to read and eat. At page 149 CARLYLE is speaking of the 'Hero as Man of Letters'—of SAMUEL JOHNSON. 'On the whole, one is weary of hearing of the omnipotence of money. I will say rather, that for a genuine man it is no evil to be poor: that there *ought* to be literary men poor, to show whether they be genuine or not.'

'So I swallowed a cracker, (they are very 'dry eating,') and commentated: 'According to Mr. CARLYLE, it is a fine thing to have holes in one's pantaloons, exclusive of those the tailor made so long ago. Yes; it must be that he means, among other things, that literary men should have 'solutions of continuity' in their garments, so that curious un-literary men may look in and see that he is not a mere bones, nor a simulacrum, nor an etherialization with a head. That so the un-literary may gladden the heart of the literary with a dinner-giving dollar, secure that the digestive apparatus intended to be benefited thereby actually exists.

'How many holes make a genuine man?

'Is Mr. CARLYLE himself genuine?

'I poked my finger through a hole, and satisfied myself that I was genuine.

'I ate crackers until the paralyzed salivary glands refused to moisten the pulverulent subject-matter, and thought of those thievish Hindoos who are detected by their vain endeavor to moisten rice flour in their wicked mouths.

'I put away CARLYLE, and went out to go to my school. The sun shone clear; but very cold were the icy ground and piercing wind. People went about like the smoking lamps which the patriarch dreamed of in old time: the simple-minded man with his mouth wide open, pouring forth curling, graceful volumes of lung-steam; the business man, the tight-minded and sly, with mouth close shut, and two swift squirts of steam darting forth ever and anon from either nostril. Warm men hurried on with heads up and confident step. Cold men shambled along with that *spreadedness* of arms peculiar to them, and to persons who have fallen into the water.

'I went to school and taught — and came back. I could not ask to be paid in advance: I knew that my Principal was a genuine man. I came up Broadway, borne up on the tide of life which rushes every day along the outer edge of the western side-walk. Beautiful women, handsome men, busy tradesmen, well-dressed *fâneurs*; and every one of them looked as if he had at least five dollars, beside small change, in his pocket. I began to be bitterly angry. Why was not *I* in such a case? Why should not youth and health *bring* wealth with them? Can I not use and enjoy this miserable money better than nine-tenths of all these that have enough to spare? It almost choked me to think that my poverty should shut me out from all those happy faces and merry hearts. I think I must have looked as 'ugly' as I felt; for I saw a most startled and surprised expression on the face of a fair young girl, whose eye I caught as I went scowling and grumbling along.

'I had an old silver seal, which had belonged to my grand-father. I stopped at a jeweller's in Broadway, a Frenchman's — one G —: I offered to sell him the trinket. He shook his head, looked sour, and pointed to the door, in a way peculiar to dissatisfied Frenchmen. I enunciated a very general curse upon all of his nation, and left his shop, making to myself various revengeful and disparaging remarks upon himself and his compatriots.

'I stopped at a baker's in Greene-street, and bought one pound of crackers. It was the last money I had that bought them. I trembled with inward shame and rage, as I tossed the money on the counter; for I saw the two shop-girls giggle and wink to one another. They evidently understood the case. And they were fair, pleasant-looking girls too. I was astonished as well as enraged that they should laugh.

'A well-dressed young woman stood at the counter eating pie, or some such confection. I did not envy her the dainty; but that she could *afford* it. And I liked her: I thought that she did not laugh. I cast a savage look upon the two giggling girls, which made them smooth their faces suddenly, and left the shop. But I resolved that at some future time, when I should have more money, I would go thither and devour pie and cake until I could eat no more, and buy a vast quantity of crackers, just to show them that I was not *poor*, and to give them withal a 'blessing' for that heartless, unseasonable laughter of theirs.

'I returned to my cheerless den of a room: I sat down and gazed at the old staring stove, and ate crackers again. I sat very long, boiling inwardly with rage and mortification. 'See,' said I to myself, 'what I have come to. I, that have been so delicately nurtured, have undertaken, in independence and nobility

of soul, to earn an honest livelihood for myself, and this is the bitter end! I am laughed at by two fools of shop-girls as I spend my last cent for a meal that a beggar would scarcely relish. I wish they had been men, that I might have insulted them for their laughter! That is the portion of the poor in this God's world — devil's world: nothing commands respect, that is not well dressed, and does not eat pie. If I had called for a piece of pie instead of crackers, I should not have been laughed at.' In such wise I sat until late in the evening, communing with the bitterness of my spirit.'

WE have said that the foregoing, although a very simple, was yet a 'suggestive little sketch.' Let us explain *why* it is so: the writer is not only now able to buy 'crackers,' but the establishments of the wealthiest of those who make them — including 'pies-an'-things,' of all sorts and descriptions. And the *lesson* implied in all this, is that which we desire every struggling reader of ours especially to bear in mind. We do not say, '*Labor omnia vincit*;' for this is no more uniformly true than that the race is always to the swift, or the battle to the strong, or favor to men of skill: 'but a 'good heart' and perseverance *are* winners, in nine cases out of ten.

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GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—The subjoined *Anecdotes of Thomas Chittenden, First Governor of Vermont*, we derive from an esteemed friend, one of the most distinguished of the sons of the unswervingly-patriotic 'Green Mountain State': 'During the time of Governor CHITTENDEN's administration, the manners of the people were plain and simple; and very little time or expense was devoted to the mere forms of social intercourse. The Governor was an extensive land-holder and cultivator of his own broad acres. He did not disdain to labor with his own hands, and to perform any office, however menial, which was either necessary or useful. On one occasion the Governor's friends from Albany, where much of ancient and formal baronial dignity was still maintained, came to dine with him; and to their great amazement, and horror almost, the Governor's lady, just before the dinner-hour, stepped to the door, with a tin horn, or trumpet, and blew a blast which made the distant hills reverberate with repeated echoes. On a sudden appeared a considerable force of field-laborers, who, when cleanly washed and tidily clad, occupied one end of the same table at which the Governor and his guests were entertained. After dinner, some of the lady-guests took it upon them, in a mild and courtly way, to admonish the hostess of the impropriety of such promiscuous intercourse with men of daily toil. The good lady was on the alert, and when inquired of by her more aristocratic guests if it was their general custom to dine with their laborers at the same table? 'Yes,' said she, 'we always have: but I have told the Governor that it was n't right that we who sat in the house and did nothing, should eat at the first table with the hands who labored hard all day. And I feel that it is not right; but we always have.' It is needless to add that the discourse was not pursued.'—— 'On another occasion, when some one from a distance called upon the Governor upon business, or ceremony,

and finding a man at the door of the mansion in ordinary working dress, he inquired if the Governor was at home? Being answered in the affirmative, he asked him to hold his horse by the bridle while he saw the Governor a moment. To this the man very readily acceded. The stranger entered the mansion; was shown to the lady of the house; and in a very formal way inquired for His Excellency. She said he was at the door. 'I did not see him,' was the reply. She stepped to the window, and added: 'There he is, holding your horse.' Numerous well-authenticated anecdotes of this character show at once the very great simplicity of the Governor's mode of life, and his love of fun, in creating playful surprises for his friends.' - - - Not a few of our readers, certainly none who appreciate aright the great spirit and exalted genius of the most distinguished poet-artist of America, will fail to be interested in the perusal of the following '*Reminiscence of the Burial of Washington Allston*:'

'THE burial of WASHINGTON ALLSTON was a singularly impressive and solemn scene, and such as is but seldom witnessed. Every circumstance connected with it seemed unusually felicitous and appropriate. The place was our old village church-yard, in the midst of the scenes of the artist's youthful studies, close under the shadow of the venerable buildings of the University where he had dwelt in early life, and which contained the pictures that had first awakened in him the love of his divine art, and the books that had nourished and strengthened his early aspirations.

'I was starting to take my evening walk, and passed the ancient church-yard, the same guarded on one side by the modest tower of the venerable church, and on the other by the more pretending and lofty spire of Gothic times, that our native poet, 'the HOLMES of Cambridge,' alludes to in the lines:

'LILS sentinel and nun they keep  
Their vigil on the green.'

I saw the gates opened to receive a new inmate, and recollecting that this was about the hour at which the great artist was to be buried, I walked in, and seating myself on one of the quaintly-carved old tomb-stones, awaited the coming of the sad procession. For some reason, the funeral services had been long delayed, and it was now dark. Heavy clouds covered the face of the sky, and hurrying across it, showed glimpses of the moon only at distant intervals. The air was chilly, but pleasant, (for it was June, I think,) and the place and the occasion were well adapted to awaken serious meditation. I walked round among the graves of buried men of old times, who had spent their lives in the service of the University — old Presidents, professors, and tutors who had faithfully done their great work, and been turned long ago to dust, their learning and virtues perpetuated in most choice Latin on the broad, flat stones above their heads. It seemed a fit place in which to lay the remains of the great man who had just passed away so calmly and peacefully in this scene of early trial and discipline, and by the side of those by whom his youthful feet had been guided. But a few steps from the church and from the bustling road, the family tomb was opened to receive him.

'While I was dreamily meditating on all these things, the procession came slowly through the open gates, and moved toward the tomb, where the bier was let down upon the grass. Two clergymen, in their robes, then read from the solemn burial-service of the Church of England, by the dim light of the sexton's

lantern. Around were gathered, in melancholy silence, the artist's dearest friends — the wife of his bosom, a few of the friends and companions of his youth, the admirers of his genius and virtues, the friends who had loved for years, to visit him in his home, and listen to the words of eloquence and beauty that dropped, sweeter than honey, from his lips, and who felt that now their dearest friend was taken from them. At length the solemn words, 'Dust to dust, ashes to ashes,' were pronounced, and the body was borne in deep silence into the tomb, and all was darkness, save a red light glimmering at a distance among the graves. Then slowly the group of mourners departed, and the church-yard was deserted, except by a few curious and reverent spectators who waited, like myself, to see the end. The coffin was taken again from the tomb and laid upon the grass, and the lid removed, that the leaden cover within might be fitted and fastened in its place. The moon, at this moment, came out bright and clear, and shone full on the calm, upturned face of the dead. The few witnesses to this solemn sight were struck with awe, and even the rude plumbers paused in reverence before they proceeded to their work.

'There lay the great artist in the sleep of death; his long, curling, silver hair was parted on his pale brow, and his hand was laid upon his great heart. That mighty hand which had but just rested from its last touches on the majestic figure of the Babylonian Queen, lay cold upon his breast. He had thought to rest for the night, and God had called him into His everlasting rest.

'Never did even the genius that once dwelt in that motionless form conceive a picture more solemn than was composed by that little group in the ancient church-yard, under the shadow of the spire. After a reverent pause, the leaden cover of the coffin was soldered in its place, the coffin returned to the tomb, the stone laid upon its mouth, and the earth heaped over it. The church-yard gates were closed, and all departed. I remained some time after all had gone, deeply moved by what I had seen, and at last, following the narrow path among the graves by which the little children pass to the village school, I went out again into the busy street.'

Is not this a graphic picture? - - - 'T. G. S.' sends us the following, and vouches for its truth: 'Lying is held in all Christian countries to be one of the lowest and most degrading of vices; but there is now and then a man who, the by constant practice in some particular line of mendacity, becomes so expert as rather to excite the admiration of his acquaintance for his ingenuity and address. Of this stamp is a personage well known to the people about the head of Lake Champlain, and to all travellers who ever had occasion to go over the old stage-route from Whitehall to Saratoga. He was for many years the agent for that most execrable line of stages, and had every quality for his office. He was industrious, wide-awake, and faithful to the interests of his employers, with no other vice but that of lying — a useful gift on that route — which by high cultivation, he had made one of 'the fine arts.' Every traveller who ever saw him will remember him and his broken promises. It chanced, some three or four years ago, that the conversation which engrossed the tongues of a knot of gentlemen in the bar-room of the St. Charles Hotel, New-Orleans, was about Liars. At length a gentleman from Northern New-York said he would wager 'the 'fluids' all round that he could name the most unblushing and ingenious liar in America.' 'Done!' exclaimed a Southerner: 'whom do you name?' 'I name A. R. —, stage-agent of White-

hall, New-York,' said the Northerner. 'The deuce you do!' cried the astonished Southron: it's no bet: *you've got my man!*' - - - 'No, Mr. *Bachelor B*——,' we can't admit the praise of *your* 'class of the community,' as a set-off to the encomiums bestowed upon '*Old Maids*' in our last number. There is as much difference between the two examples cited, as there is between the bark of a tree and the bark of a dog. There is a much better-enforced truth in the ensuing 'picture in little' of a bachelor 'at quarters:

'RETURNING home at close of day,  
Who gently chides my long delay,  
And by my side delights to stay?  
Nobody.

'Who sets for me the easy-chair,  
Sets out the room with neatest care,  
And lays my slippers ready there?  
Nobody.

'Who regulates the cheerful fire,  
And piles the blazing fuel higher,  
And bids me draw my chair still nigher?  
Nobody.

'When sickness racks my feeble frame,  
And grief distracts my fevered brain,  
Who sympathizes with my pain?  
Nobody.'

'T is true, 't is pity, and pity 't is 't is true!' - - - THERE is a touch of genuine satire in the ensuing passage from a '*Fourth-of-July-Excursion*,' sent to us 'when time was,' and now first published, which will not escape the attention of the reflective reader:

'WHEN about six years old, I was sent three or four miles into the country, for the benefit of my health, which had been slender from my infancy. After having remained as long as was thought advisable, my mother sent for me again, and the good folks with whom I had been residing confided me to the hands of a stage-driver, whose vehicle passed the house, and who promised to take care of me. His 'care' consisted in thrusting me into a crowded stage, and shutting the door upon me without ceremony, where I stood in the bottom, looking round upon its inmates. It has been said too often to be repeated here, that there is something in a benevolent face that instantly attracts the attention of a child. He loves it instinctively from the first glance. Such a face I now gazed upon. It belonged to a portly gentleman in a pepper-and-salt suit, who occupied one of the middle seats. He was conversing earnestly with a personage in green spectacles, who, I learned from the conversation, was the author of a little book then just published, and called the '*Parents' Guide*: by one who Loves Little Children.'

'If I have a weakness,' said the author, continuing the conversation; 'if I *have* a weakness, it is my love for little children.' 'Weakness!' exclaimed the gentleman with the benevolent countenance; 'call it not a weakness! A tender, judicious regard for helpless childhood is one of the strongest, the manliest of virtues. There is something in my eyes so holy in unsophisticated——'

'At this instant, the stage making a lurch, I was thrown off my feet, and pitched head-foremost into the stomach of the 'benevolent' gentleman. He uttered an 'intensive,' called me somebody's 'brat,' and then seizing me by the arm, flung me from him. As I staggered about, I stood on the corns of the gentleman who 'loved little children.' He in turn became enraged, and lifting



his leg suddenly and vigorously, tossed me upon the tender sympathy of his neighbor again. I began to fear that I had fallen among the Philistines, and to wonder whether this might be called 'judicious' treatment or not, when a kind old lady, who sat on a back-seat, offered to take the 'little dear' on her knee. I gratefully accepted the proposal, and clambering over the middle-seat, in which I was materially assisted by the elbow of the benevolent gentleman, I was soon placed comfortably in her lap, as I supposed.

'Now this lady happened to have one of those capacious pockets once worn by our grand-mothers, and which have been not inaptly called, by a distinguished American statesman, the 'receptacles of things lost upon earth.' I once partially emptied one of these belonging to an old aunt. In it were cork-screws, knives, snuff, gimblets, spools of wood and brass, thimbles of steel and silver, dried apples, darning-needles, yarn, two dough-nuts as hard as a brickbat, a dream-book, etc., etc. I don't know how long a catalogue I could have made, for my aunt, coming in before I had got half through, vetoed all further removal of the deposits. What my kind hostess had in hers, I know not. There appeared to be many things, and as it lay directly across her knee, of course I was seated on it. That needles were there, I am well convinced, for at every jolt of the stage I felt the whole length of one. For four long, long miles I suffered in this way. Occasionally I endeavored to get rid of the evil by shifting my position; but that I found only served to move the point of attack to a fresh part. I was too proud to speak or cry out, for I felt that I had already occasioned my share of interruption to the passengers. Several times, however as the iron seemed to enter deeper than ever, I turned upon the good lady a face as I supposed, of unutterable agony; but she must have mistaken its expression, for she answered it only with a nod, and a smile of such good-natured benevolence, that it completely subdued all resentment I might feel for the torture I was enduring. We read of the agony caused by a 'pricking conscience.' If it in any wise resembles the agony caused by that pricking in my trowsers, I most sincerely commiserate the owner of such a conscience. But we have already arrived at 'Oak Grove.'

'This spot I found to be perfectly familiar to me, for it had once been a favorite resort, though it then went by another and less fashionable name. It was on one of the high banks of the river, which here swept along with greater force than at any other point, as has been already mentioned. A semi-circle of thick wood, composed of noble oaks, surrounded the area, which was completely shaded from the sun by an awning of canvas. About a quarter of a mile below were the Falls.

'We had arrived late, and the company had already sat down to the principal collation of the day. Every one was too busy then for me to recognize old friends, or to seek an introduction to new ones: so leaving that business to the chances of the day, at last, to my infinite relief, the stage stopped, and the old lady got out. Turning round, she kissed me on both cheeks: said I was a nice, quiet boy: hoped my mother had many more like me; and then bade me good-by. I in turn tried to thank her for the misery I had endured; but the words stuck in my throat, and if I had died for it, I could n't have said 'Amen!' I have been shy of such seats ever since.'

'And with good reason.' - - - 'HAVE we yet struck the 'Ridge-Road?' asked 'OLLAPOD,' on his first trip to Niagara, in a stage-coach, as it was passing through the western region of our noblest State. 'Oh! yes indeedy,' answered a voluble old maid, who had ambushed him into a conversation: 'that

were the Ridge-Road, which we had stricken upon the hill, o'er which the driver have just riz.' We think of this, not unfrequently, in running over the multitudinous 'poems' which are sent us for insertion in the KNICKERBOCKER. And we here beg leave to say, as a sort of precaution to our rhyming correspondents, that when we find words abbreviated, such as 'neath' for beneath, and its kindred ellipticals, it evinces such poverty of language, such mere pen-and-ink work, that it 'gives us pause,' and with it the go-by to the effusion itself. Pick us out some few scores of these ellipses, in BRYANT, LONGFELLOW, HALLECK, HOLMES, or WHITTIER, please. The first, sometimes, to illustrate the perfect smoothness of his verse, will give you perhaps a foot too much: as in the line,

'Gentle and voluble Spirit of the Air!'

but, like a faint sound that actually deepens the sense of silence, it is all the more felicitous. Pray 'think on these things.' Such is not the language of nature — certainly not of taste. A snobbling or snoblesse talks to you of 'a gent,' or of his 'pants,' and you are shocked; look that you be also shocked at all curtailed words, compressed into 'feet' of less than Chinese dimensions. We prefer ('in a horn' of a dilemma) the lengthening out of a word by accented letters: or a prolongation like that mentioned by FANNY KEMBLE, of a Yankee singing-leader who had commenced a long-metre tune to a short-metre psalm, in which the name of JACOB required splicing, as follows:

'Ja-ee-a, fol de riddle cob.'

Let us entreat our correspondents to 'reform this altogether.' It is a sure sign, not only of a total lack of genius, but of good manipular taste. - - - MANY a bereaved parent's heart will mournfully respond to these tender and touching lines from the *Providence Daily Journal*:

'WHEN the baby died, we said,  
With a sudden, secret dread,  
'Death, be merciful, and pass:  
Leave the other;' but, alas!

'While we watched, he waited there,  
One foot on the golden stair,  
One hand beckoning at the gate,  
Till the home was desolate.

'Friends say, 'It is better so,  
Clothed in innocence to go:'  
Say, to ease the parting pain,  
That 'Your loss is but their gain.'

'Ah! the parents think of this!  
*But remember more the kiss;  
From the little rose-red lips,  
And the print of finger-tips*

'Left upon a broken toy,  
*Will remind them how the boy  
And his sister charmed the days  
With their pretty winsome ways.*

'Only Time can give relief  
To the weary, lonesome grief:  
God's sweet minister of pain  
Then shall sing of loss and gain.'

*Mothers* will feel this! - - - THE last number of BLACKWOOD'S Magazine

(the last, as we write) contains a scathing paper upon JOHN RUSKIN, whose own 'works of *art*' are in ludicrous contrast with his pretensions and transcendental criticisms upon the artistical performances of others. We know just such artist-'critics' in this country; and literary critics, too, of the same stamp; who, without producing, and without the ability to produce, any worthy thing themselves, have yet 'illustrated' (save the mark!) eminent authors to such a degree, that they almost fancy *themselves* the great writers whom they so adscititiously praise, and of whose 'good works' they have no more thorough appreciation, than three-fourths of the readers whom they may chance to have secured for their pen-and-ink exertations. We are promised an article upon this latter class, quite *apropos* to the one we have mentioned, and from which we now proceed to select a few brief passages. Observe that *Mr. Dusky's Opinions on Art*, in this connection, are delivered after a hurried visit to the Royal Academy Exhibition:

'THE first thing that strikes me in the work of the present year is, that though all other seasons and times of the day are reproduced in landscape, (except the pitch dark of a winter's night, which it would be difficult for any one, in the present state of art, to place satisfactorily on canvas,) yet that particular state of the atmosphere which exists in the month of August, from about five minutes before two to about twenty minutes after, when the sun's sultry and lavish splendor is tinged with some foreboding of his decline, and when nature is, as it were, taking her siesta, is no where sought to be conveyed. I thought, on first looking at a small picture in the east room of the Academy, that this *matut* had been filled up; but, on farther study, I perceived that the picture in question had been painted rather earlier, (about five-and-twenty minutes before two is the time I should assign to it,) and is therefore deficient in many of the chief characteristics of the remarkable period I allude to. How comes it, too, that, amid all the rendering of grass and flowers, there is not a single dandelion—a flower which has often given to me, no less than to WORDSWORTH, 'thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears;' nor a group of toadstools, which can give interest to a fore-ground else bald and barren; nor among the minute studies of insects, a daddy-longlegs, swaying delightfully across the path, and dancing to inaudible music, as the mid-day zephyr waves the slender fabrics of his gossamer home? I am surprised, too, to find (so far as my survey has enabled me to note) that there are nowhere any frogs, though every artist who painted out-of-doors in the first warm days of spring, must have heard their choral music from the neighboring ditches. The old heralds, speaking of the manner of the frog's holding his head, talk of the pride and dignity, or, as they phrase it, 'the 'lording' of frogs, and gave them a place in heraldry; and their ideas are generally valuable to artists, and worth studying, both for their literal exactness and their allegorical significance. Let us have some frogs next year.

'NUMBER EIGHTEEN: 'A Man washing his Hands: (J. PRIOR.)—A step in the right direction. The painting of the nail-brush, showing where friction has worn away and channelled the bristles in the middle, is especially good. But how comes it that, the nail-brush having been evidently made use of, the water in the basin is still pellucid, with no soap apparent, either superficially or in solution? This oversight I should not have expected in so clever an artist. Even granting clearness to the water, the pattern of the bottom of the basin visible through it is of a different character from the exterior of the vessel, which is not the case in any specimen of that particular delf which has come under my notice.

'NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR: This is directly imitative both of TYRIAN and GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, with SMITH's handling, and a good deal of BROWN's manner.

'NUMBER TWENTY-NINE: As I told this artist last year, he is deficient in fulness of form and looseness of texture. He should, therefore, for some years, paint nothing but mops of various colors, (without the handles,) which would give him wooliness and rotundity. On the other hand, the painter of 'Number Thirty-two' has too much of these qualities, with too little firmness in his darks; and I should recommend him, as a counteracting influence, to study only blocks of coal—not the common coal, which is too dull, but the kennel or candle coal—a perseverance in which practice he will find attended by the happiest results.

'THE NATIVITY: This is nearly perfect. The infant, which at first appears to be wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat, is distinguished by a peculiar halo, in which there is no trace of servile imitation of those absurd pretenders known as the old

masters. Thoughtless and superficial observers have objected to the angel holding the lantern, as an office inconsistent with the dignity of the angelic nature; saying, too, that the act has some officiousness, since the lantern might have been placed on the ground or hung on a nail. For my own part, I consider the idea eminently happy; and if one of the other angels had been represented as snuffing the candle with her fingers, my admiration would have been complete.

'NUMBER FORTY: The sky is weak and heavy, the distance too hazy, the middle distance absurd, and the foreground like a cart-load of bricks ready for use. However, on the whole, I consider this the leading picture of the year.'

Open to objection, perhaps, on the score of strong censure; but the censure, it will be perceived, is admirably discriminated: and after all, is n't this better than the owl-like wisdom with which not a few of our modern literary 'critics' applaud works which are known and beloved of all, as if *they* themselves were the demonstrators, if not the discoverers. - - - THE following is a transfer, as our 'memory serves,' of a story told us by a metropolitan friend the other day: but our readers must bear *one* thing in mind, and that is, that it is as impossible to give the 'intoned' version of 'our informant,' as it was for *him* to repeat the nasal twang and indescribable manner of his clerico-artistic exemplar: 'During a short sojourn recently, in the 'modern Athens,' said our friend, 'I visited, as every stranger in Boston should do, the photographic rooms of Mr. S. MASURY. While looking at the 'counterfeit presentments' of some of the most noted of Boston celebrities, with which the rooms do much abound, there came in a queer-looking personage, bearing under one arm a roll of paper. A comical dog he was — a sort of mixture: a cross, apparently, between a Vermont horse-jockey and a Methodist parson. His speech was a most attenuated drawl, with the camp-meeting style of ending. Seating himself, and depositing on the floor beside him a seedy-looking hat, he eyed the company present with a curious and deliberate stare. After some minutes he fixed his gaze on Mr. MASURY, the proprietor, and approached him, unrolling as he advanced the paper bundle. His story I will give you in his own words, only regretting that I cannot convey the tone and style: 'If the proprietor is disengaged, I'd like to speak with him a few minits. I have for sale tew picters, but before I show yeōu the picters, I'd like to tell yeōu who I a-am. My name is DE FOREST: I'm a minister of the Gospel, *ewe-séd* up for the past-rage, n' account o' deafeness. The picters I got to show yeōu are tew — the 'LORD'S Pra-i-r-e,' and 'Go-and-Sin-n'-More.' Around the border you'll see ten *an-gels*, each one on 'em is givin' utterance to one of the ten commandments: also a bee-hive, which is the emblem of industree. Lest any gentleman should be disposed to deōubt the truth of what I'm tellin', I'll show yeōu my *cre-den-tials*. (Here Mr. DE FOREST produced from his pocket a greasy memorandum-book and continued.) These *cre-den-tials* air from some of the first men in ower kentree: read across both pages, if you please: many of those names are no deōubt familiar to yeōu: they all paternized me during my stay in Washington. One gentleman, who has ten children, took ten copies of the 'LORD'S Praire,' and said he was sorry he had n't ten more children, that he might give each one o' *them* a copee. Governor FLOYD, of Virginee, he took three copees of 'Go-and-Sin-n'-More,' and would ev taken a copy of the 'LORD'S Praire,' but he had n't no place to put it. This pictur, 'Go-and-Sin-n'-More,' you'll perhaps recollect the circumstances on: when the Scribes and Pharisees brought before our SAVIOUR the woman taken in the *act* of adultree: these were the same

party that made broad their philactrees; you 'll see the philactrees on the crowns o' their hats. I say, when they brought the woman, they said in MEÖSES' time such would be stoned — what say'st thou? (*aside*) — this they said, tempting him. Our SAVIOUR stooped down and wrote on the greöund, making bleeve Hē did n't hear 'em, and pretty soon they all sneaked eöut. Then Hē looked up at the woman and said, 'Who hath condem'd thee?' 'No one, LORD.' 'Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin n' more.' The principal figer in this plate is our SAVIOUR, a very correct likeness from an oreeginal dauguerre-e-o-type, neöw in the possession of the family. We charge you tew dollars for the picter, and charge nothing for the key. Won't any gentleman take a copee? Won't you say you 'll take a copee? I stopped into a milliner's-shop deöwn here a-piece, and every young lady took a copee of the 'LORD's Praire,' and they all said they 'd like 'Go-and-Sin-n'-More,' but they could n't afford tew, the times was so hard. Tew dollars for the picter and nothing for the key. I come very nigh selling Mr. BUCHANAN a 'Go-and-Sin-n'-More,' but he concludēd to wait till after his term was out, and he 'd retired into private life. If no gentleman wants a copee I 'll be going. Good bye, gentlemen: I hope by the time I come areöund again you 'll all be ready to take a copee of 'Go-and-Sin-n'-More.' And hereupon Mr. DE FOREST departed, with his bundle. A few suggestions, 'in this connection: ' The 'deefeness' claimed by our artist-divine as an excuse for leaving the ministry, could hardly have been valid for his congregation deserting *him*, if we may infer what sort of ministrations his must have been: but *he* might have been as 'deefe' as a post, it seems to us, without greatly affecting his preaching. We are sorry to find that Governor FLOYD had 'no place for the LORD's Prayer' among his 'Go-and-Sin-no-Mores: ' sorry that the poor sewing-girls had to decline the latter, because times were so hard; (a terrible satire, too truly 'founded,' we fear:) and very sorry that our worthy 'PRESIDENT' should have found it necessary to make such a 'plea in bar' of such a purchase as was tendered him. But Mr. DE FOREST will be areöund again. - - - WHEN our long-time correspondent, Mr. JOHN G. SAXE, was 'out West' last winter, delivering his poem entitled '*Yankee Land*,' the writer of the ensuing lines ('S. B. G.') was requested to introduce him to an audience at Terre Haute, Indiana, which he did, we think our readers will admit, in a manner almost equal to that of his subject:

' Good people, we are met to-night,  
Not to behold some raree sight,  
To gaze on elephant or bear,  
Though sure enough a lion 's here;  
Who is, and all the world doth know it,  
A genuine live Yankee poet.

' He comes with rich and racy rhyming,  
With sparkling wit and wisdom chiming,  
To tell us of the Yankee nation,  
Whose fame extends o'er all creation:  
How JONATHAN at home is bred;  
How, ere he leaves the parent-shed,  
He visits, in pursuit of knowledge,  
The country-school — the farmer's college;  
Of pennies how he never lost one,  
Except when he 'went down to Boston,'  
When lack of dinner turned his head,  
And — smack they went — for ginger-bread.  
And how he plods through weary miles  
In quest of fickle Fortune's smiles;

Hires out to work, by month or day,  
 At chopping wood, or making hay;  
 And while the farmer's grass he's mowing,  
 To kill two birds, his daughter's wooing:  
 And how, when CURRY's blunted dart  
 Rebounding from the fair one's heart,  
 How, when she frowns, with sorrow smitten,  
 He meekly takes the proffered mitten;  
 But knowing no such word as 'fail,'  
 When evening spreads her dusky veil,  
 Beneath the woodbine's clustering shade  
 He plies anew the blushing maid:  
 She yields, and oh! supernal bliss!  
 He seals the contract with a kiss;  
 Says to the 'Squire: 'I've got a notion,  
 If you'll set off your daughter's portion,  
 To add my wages to the pelf,  
 And go to keepin' house myself.'

'How JONATHAN, with patient toil,  
 Gleans fullness from his sterile soil;  
 Digs granite from New-England hills,  
 To build her towers and cotton-mills;  
 Or from the land that gave him birth  
 He wanders o'er this little earth;  
 Explores the sea with venturous sail;  
 In the Pacific strikes the whale;  
 From China brings the fragrant tea,  
 Gunpowder, Souchong, and Bohea;  
 Sets up a tavern at Matanzas,  
 Or plants a colony in Kansas;  
 On some grand speculation bent  
 He counts his profits 'cent per cent,'  
 Subscribes to schemes of education  
 To bless the rising generation;  
 Or to the Missionary Board  
 Gives freely of his prudent hoard,  
 And sends the Gospel's joyful sound,  
 To gladden earth's remotest bound.

'Where'er he goes, where'er he stays,  
 As up and down the world he strays,  
 'New-England' still attracts his soul,  
 As turns the needle to the pole:  
 Her glory's his undying theme,  
 And when you see his visage gleam,  
 Be sure he's thought of Bunker Hill,  
 Or patented a new-born mill.

'And where thy sons with lore profound,  
 Their trophies reap on classic ground;  
 Where pious Faith her altar rears,  
 Where Justice stern her poniard bears,  
 Or where thy counsels guide the State,  
 There, there, New-England, thou art great!

'But yield, my muse, thy humble flight  
 To one who scales the starry height,  
 As taper-flame, with feeble ray,  
 Pales in the light of rising day;  
 And while her bard with graphic story  
 Delineates New-England's glory,  
 Himself shall prove her higher claim  
 To record on the scroll of fame.  
 In one high niche among her great,  
 Which doth its coming tenant wait,  
 Amid the honored of her land,  
 New-England's bard, her SAXE, shall stand.

My task is done, and nothing lacks  
 But to present you JOHN G. SAXE.'



An admirable introduction! - - - We had, some months ago, a little critical affray with a celebrated German Biblical commentator, and also with the author of the 'Coast Survey' of this Republic. Our 'views' were attacked by a sectarian religious weekly print of Boston: and had not the '*Traveller*' daily journal of that city generously come to the defence of those views, we should perhaps have been accused, even to this day, of venturing comments upon subjects whereof we were 'mainly ignorant.' The reception given to the before-mentioned 'views,' makes it an almost ungrateful task to enter upon any matter of a 'deep' scientific nature. Now, through a habitual perusal of the '*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*,' (of which our friend and correspondent, Dr. W. W. MORLAND, is one of the 'dual' editors,) in which medical and surgical 'hard cases' of rare interest are often reported, we have come to regard ourselves as in some degree qualified to offer 'suggestions,' if not prepared to tender precise 'professional advice.' The last number in August is a rich one, what with its original communications, and its editorial and medical intelligence. We reserve our comments upon the first paper, until we can give an autopsy of the 'subject,' which he bids fair soon to become, if the diagnosis (a 'curtailed abbreviation, compressing all the particulars') is correctly stated. The disease was *Διαβήτης Μελλετις*, of a most aggravated type. The subjoined segregated symptomatic 'items' will furnish such specific information in relation to the case, as will enable our readers to judge of its character with a reliance as entire as our own:

'THOS. WELBY, ætat. 38 years: married — Irish — shoe-maker — intemperate: admitted 28th Aug.: reported himself sick three years: was in hospital County Galway, Ireland. *State*: skin dry; heart-sounds normal: a little deaf in both ears. No affection of *external* ears: ('*Ear 'Ear!*') Expectored *numulated* sputa: clear percussion over 'both backs and fronts: 'resonant voice between scapulæ, with crackling: sat down on the bed: raised first, right hand — then both together: legs stretched out stiff: mouth wide open. Right eye shut — *left eye wide open*: could put out his tongue — *did*: *purulent* sputa: mouth drawn to right side: doesn't answer — doesn't appear to see: replies when spoken to, *but gives same answer to every question*: seems as if half-drunk, and probably is.'

Here follows a '*Table of P'int*s' connected with the case, including the 'five p'ints,' and embracing in the aggregate three hundred and ninety-eight p'ints! We have condensed the *prominent* facts, on different days, into one connected syllabus, for the benefit of our medical readers. We shall offer no comments upon the treatment of this case, until we see whether the patient survives it. We *have* an opinion, of course, and a very decided one; but we wish first to ascertain whether it is in the angle of coincidence with that of our readers. When *this* is ascertained, we shall 'make a note of it.' We began to read the foregoing to our country neighbor and friend, Dr. LONG, a moment ago, when he interrupted us with: 'Oh! that's an ordinary case:' but before we had concluded, he admitted it was 'an *extraor'nary* case.' - - - SOME wag has sent us a '*Prospectus of the Atlantic Cable of Science and Literature: a Journal of the Time-o'-Day*.' The burlesque upon modern new newspaperial promises is very rich, but something too elaborate and extended. 'BILLY BOWLEGS, Esq., will have the entire charge of the aboriginal depart

ment: a distinguished 'PLUG-UGLY,' of Baltimore, and a highly talented 'DEAD RABBIT,' of New-York, are engaged on its physical columns; while 'COW-LEGGED SAM' will 'devote his best energies to the criminal division of the proposed sheet!' - - - THE following cordial and appreciative notice of the KNICKERBOCKER is from the

## દેખડોફેલે પીઠડોહ

of Calcutta, India. Since the highly-gratifying notices of this Magazine which appeared, as our old readers will remember, in the Canton '*Celestial Moon of News*,' and the Turkish '*Orb of Mind-Delight*,' published in Constantinople, we have seen nothing that was more contributory to our self-gratification than this brief but comprehensive tribute:

ખાનદેશ પરાતમે બીલ અને બા  
જાઓ ભાઈ ભાયા થાઈઆચક્રક્રમકે હેમ  
દગ્ગાટ પાલશ રાજનાં શુપરધનદેનડે  
નટ કપતાન હેનડોઈ શાંભલેભેકે કુટલા  
ફેલ વલવાઓશ નાથકની પેડોશમે ન  
ખાવ થાઈઆચ તેઓ હિપર રાજ લઈ ગ  
ફો પાટ તે વખલી પડેઆધી તેઓ હ  
૧૨ પડાશે થ ફો તેહલે કપતાન હેન  
રા અને તેહનાં ફેલ ફેલ શાંભલીઓ ના  
ફો ગાપ્યા તેથી ગાપ્યા શાંભવાઈ અ  
તઈથી રદુ મી ગાંમડી પેદલને તે તરફ  
મે હલીઅક્ર

It will be our pleasure and our pride to strive, to the best of our ability, to merit the high praise so generously awarded to us. - - - We answer an inquiry of 'C. B.' and 'G. L. S.' with the following passage from one of GEORGE KENDALL'S Texas letters to the New-Orleans '*Picayune*:'

'We shall all have an abundance and to spare in Texas this fall. The wheat crop is of course already gathered, and the yield has been immense. The corn crop, much even of the second planting, which was put in the ground after the grasshoppers had left, is as good as made, and again the yield will be great. Cotton looks well in every quarter, and from the sugar-growing sections we have no other than the most flattering accounts. Of peaches and melons we have enough for all creation: our stock of all kinds—cattle, horses, and sheep—is fairly rolling in fat; wild grapes, plums, and cherries may be gathered in a profusion unknown in other countries: of sweet potatoes, tomatoes, cabbages, and other vegetables, we are raising all that we can eat, and our entire population is more than hopeful—it is joyous. Governor RUNNELS can afford to give us two thanksgivings this year: we can't get through in one day. There's balm in Texas.'

*Vide* 'KNICK' Prospectus! - - - THE 'first families' in the penal colonies of Australia, as we gather from a friend, a recent voyager to those regions, are in trouble. They are at a loss what to do with their domestic criminal popula-

tion! Infractors of the colonial laws abound: and to what lone isle in the midst of the sea shall they be sent, to atone for offences against person and property, is the pregnant and exciting question. Gigantic swindlers at 'ome, (blaasted muffs, ye-kno,) now resident capitalists at Sydney and Melbourne, are agitating this vital matter. The eyes of the world are upon them, and also upon the said world's pockets. - - - You sometimes remark, do you not, reader, as you walk along the great business thoroughfares of this our beloved metropolis, signs indicating that '*Artists' Materials*' are to be found within? Now do you know how much that term embraces? If you say 'No,' then we ask you to step in at Number One Hundred and Eleven Fulton-street, and glance over the stock in the beautiful store of Messrs. MASURY AND WHITON, probably the largest dealers in this branch of constantly-increasing trade in the United States. It is a general dépôt of Artists' Materials, for the trade, of any and every conceivable description. The very *number* astonishes us. The index alone, of the handsome catalogue, now before us, enumerates some three hundred and seventy articles, engraved representations of many of which (if at all instrumental) are also given. White lead and zinc paints, colors, and brushes; materials for house, ship, and sign-painting; for painting in oil-colors — brushes, palettes, palette-knives, easels, chairs, *tents*, boxes, etc.: materials for Daguerreotypists, lithographers, *et id genus omne*: including a 'constant and full supply' of WINSOR AND NEWTON's celebrated oil and water-colors, canvases, moist water-colors, in tubes and pans, mill-boards, etc. Of a verity, 'the name is legion' of these and kindred 'tools and things.' But there is *one* admirable thing, which is not even mentioned in the catalogue we have been considering: the most beautiful, the most various, and the most interesting invention of modern times: we mean the *Stereoscopa*. For a twelvemonth and a day could we sit and look through this wonderful instrument at views of world-renowned cities, edifices, and God's great scenery. It is not painting — not modeling — not drawing: *it is reproduction*. 'I doubt much,' said a friend this moment at our elbow, who has visited and resided in almost every portion of Europe, 'I doubt much if I should have gone abroad, at all, could I have seen, with such perfect effect, the now familiar objects here represented: they are *perfect*.' Mr. WILLIS, who has 'been areound' a good deal 'on the other side,' says of them, in the '*Home Journal*:'

'WHEN last in town, I called in, at the invitation of our near neighbors in Fulton-street, (MASURY AND WHITON) and with one of those new marvels, a stereoscopic instrument, held to my eye, examined the succession of photographic views placed in the socket. Here were daguerreotypes of the most celebrated spots on the face of the globe — reproduced under the lens — *exactly as seen by the traveler*! I saw Egypt and its ruins, the Nile and its turbaned boatmen; the Bosphorus and Constantinople; the Golden Horn and the Mosque of Santa Sophia; Greece and its Acropolis; Rome and its palaces and columns; Vienna and its Schonbrunn and gardens: Switzerland and its picturesque people, its vales and mountains: Spain and its Alhambra, its royal structures and romantic scenery; the Pyrenees, the Tyrol and the wonderful monuments of science and art in the bridged chasms and torrents over which rail-roads now smoothly pass; and Paris with its galleries and gardens, in views innumerable, just as they dazzle the eye and delight the curiosity of the stranger.

'But only think, how, by this new art, exact knowledge of all parts of the world are brought within every body's reach! With an instrument and its views—costing from five to twenty dollars, according to the size and number—the farmer may call his family around the evening lamp, and, almost veritably, pass an hour or two in Europe or in the East! They would not get a truer sight of famous places by going to them. And they not only see the far-off spots and their inhabitants, but they can show them to their friends and their neighbors!'

Gentleman host — lady hostess: 'a word in both your ears:' if you would avoid the effects of a dull company: if you would make them contented with themselves; if you would give them *something to talk about*, make a small investment in stereoscopes, and a good variety of diaphanous and colored views. They cannot be resisted by the dullest of prosy bores, singly or in 'sets.' - - - THE subjoined, from our old friend and frequent correspondent, PARK BENJAMIN, Esq., just reaches us in time for a welcome to the pages of the present number. It is replete with genuine feeling, which came from, and will speak to the heart:

'I am not Old.'

'I AM not old — though years have cast  
Their shadows on my day:  
I am not old — though youth has passed  
On rapid wings away:  
For in my heart a fountain flows,  
And round it pleasant thoughts repose,  
And sympathies and feelings high  
Spring like stars on evening's sky.

'I am not old: Time may have set  
His signet on my brow,  
And some faint furrows there have met,  
Which Care may deepen now:  
Yet Love, fond Love, a chaplet weaves  
Of fresh young buds and verdant leaves,  
And still, in fancy, I can twine  
Thoughts sweet as flowers that once were mine.

'I am not old: the snowy tinge  
That's fallen on my hair,  
What is it but a silver fringe  
That makes the head more fair?  
Sad contrast, may be, to the brown  
Which used to deck my early crown;  
But, let the senile tokens stay,  
No impulse of my soul is gray.

'I am not old: though I must leave  
This earth, and be at rest  
Soon, very soon: I will but grieve  
For those whom Love loves best.  
What though this fragile frame shall fade  
In Age's cold and gloomy shade?  
I shall regain the light, and be  
Youthful in immortality.'

*Apropos* of the author of these truly beautiful lines: somehow or another, an impression has gone abroad, (through a paragraph in one of the papers,) that Mr. BENJAMIN, who has heretofore lectured with such distinguished success to admiring audiences in various parts of the country, was no longer open to

similar engagements, in consequence of certain 'real-estate' avocations in which he was engaged. We have the best authority for stating, however, that Mr. BENJAMIN has *not* withdrawn from the lecture-field: but that, on the contrary, he will accept all invitations for the approaching season, and on very reasonable terms. This will be good news to lecture-committees, of which, if they understand their own interests, they will not be slow to avail themselves. - - - WHEN we read the following paragraph in the daily journals, touching '*A Book over Nine Hundred Years Old*,' (at Detroit we think,) we called at once to mind '*The Works of Petrus Poterius*,' presented to us by Senator SEWARD at his residence, many years ago. It was a huge quarto, all printed with a pen, and as closely and evenly as types could have placed its contents — and quaint and curious they were — upon the printed page. Who *has* this most ancient of all printed works, issued almost simultaneously with the first type-books of its day? We loaned it temporarily, many years since, to J — T — S —, who handed it, for return, to the late W — B —, (unquile City Register,) and here we lost all trace of it:

'THE articles which have lately appeared from time to time in the *Free Press*, in regard to old BIBLES, have had the effect to bring to our notice one of the rarest and most valuable specimens of biblical literature in the world. This is a volume of six hundred pages, containing the whole BIBLE in the Latin language. It belongs to the Rev. Mr. DUFFIELD, of this city. The book is made entirely of vellum, and the printing is all done by hand with a pen and ink. Every letter is perfect in its shape, and cannot be distinguished by any imperfections in form, from the printed letters of the present day. The shape of the letters is of course different from those now in use, but in no other respect can they be distinguished from printed matter. The immense amount of labor may be conceived from the fact, that there are two columns on each page, each of which lacks only about six letters of being as wide as the columns of this paper. They will average sixty lines to the column. The columns numbering twelve hundred, we have about seventy-two thousand lines in the whole book. Nothing short of a life-time could have accomplished such a work.'

A book that is a book. - - - FROM 'beneath the gallow-tree,' erected in the 'Old Bailey' of 'London Town,' for the execution of GIOVANNI LANI, for the murder of HELOISE THAUBIN, did a friend of ours — while the first-named 'faulty party' was yet 'a-swinging' — purchase of the maker and vender, a '*Copy of Verses*,' of which the subjoined musical and auto-biographical stanzas will afford an effective citation:

'At the West-End of London town,  
Where pretty maidens ramble round,  
One night I HELOISE THAUBIN found,  
And she looked fair and gay.  
I with her did steer to a mansion near:  
That night she looked in health and bloom,  
She took me to the fatal room,  
Where soon I sent her to the tomb —  
'T was there I did her slay.

'I strangled her, you may suppose:  
I robbed her of her watch and clothes;  
Then from the fatal spot did go,  
Thinking that I was clear.  
God's all-seeing eye was hovering nigh:  
Taken I was doomed to be,  
And I from justice could not flee:  
They brought me to the fatal tree;  
For I'm condemned to die.

'Then I on board a ship was found,  
That was to Monte Video bound:  
To Greenhithe she had sailed down,  
The sea was calm and clear.  
I, out of sight, thought all was right;  
But, oh! alas! I was deceived:  
The truth I scarcely could believe,  
On board when justice captured me,  
A cruel murderer base.

'That barbarous cruel deed I done:  
Though young in years, my time is come:  
Oh! pity your unhappy son,  
My loving parents dear:  
I'm doomed to go to the grave below:  
GIOVANNI LANI is my name;  
In sorrow, wretchedness, and shame,  
I do confess I am to blame:  
She never injured me.'

We quote this 'thrilling' extract, for the purpose of asking whether we

have not shown, in these pages, that we have native criminal, accidental, and elegiac bards or bardesses, fully equal to the best English 'specimens' in the same kind? - - - It was a perplexing and infelicitous circumstance, that which happened to discomfort and discomfit the good house-wife, who had fattened a fine young TURKEY for her husband's delectation, boiled, as was his 'weakness,' with the accompaniment of a savory sauce. Two or three days before his death, (the turkey's,) a box of household pills fell by accident into the yard, where the bird performed his daily perambulations and gobbling. He picked up the kernels of anti-bilious corn, and survived their effects until his decease, when he was committed to the pot, as the *pièce de résistance* of a sumptuous dinner. But he would not boil tender: hour after hour the hot bubbles burst around him, but all to no purpose: the harder and the longer he was boiled, the tougher and more uncarvable he became. At length, however, he was served up: and a doctor, a next-door neighbor, who was a guest, was requested to solve the mystery: 'We b'iled that turkey six long hours, doctor, by the clock,' said the down-east hostess, 'and you see how awfully tough he is neōw. Could it be the pills, d'yeōu think, doctor, that I was tellin' yeōu about his eatin'?' 'Undoubtedly, Madam,' replied the Doctor: 'it would not have made the slightest difference, if you had b'iled him two days: there was no 'BILE' in him, Madam!' An explanation equally professional and satisfactory. - - - THE subjoined is from the *Histoire de la Presse en Angleterre et des Etas Unis*, by M. CUCHEVAL CLARIGNY, published in Paris, 1857:

'EN 1832, le romancier C. F. HOFFMAN fonda le 'KNICKERBOCKER Magazine,' qui passa bientôt de ses mains dans celles de TIMOTHEE FLINT, puis dans celles du redacteur en chef actuel, LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK. Le KNICKERBOCKER a été, un des recuils les plus brillants des Etas-Unis; il a eu pour collobarateurs assidus, WASHINGTON IRVING, PAULDING, WILLIAM WARE, qui y a publié son roman épistolaire de *Zenobie*, BRYANT et LONGFELLOW. C'est dans ses colonnes qu'ont débuté comme critiques ou comme auteurs de nouvelles, presque tous les jeunes écrivains qui, depuis vingt ans, sont arrivée a la reputation aux 'Etas-Unis.'

Thanks, M. CLARIGNY: it shall not be our fault, nor will it be the fault of our contributors, if we do not continue to deserve the high and unexpected praise here awarded us. - - - WELL, we 'own beat.' We certainly never *did* receive any thing in its kind quite so characteristic and 'Germenny' as the following. The sound-spelling is a study:

'Lynnville, Lehigh County, State of Pennsylvania July the 12th 1856.

'DEAR SIR. Postmaster of Freeport as I doo not know your name, so I write to you. Postmaster I would bee werry glad if you would give me an answer after Receiving this few lines.

'I would like werry bead to know somsing of the old Germenny, JOHN KRAUS: hee is went off frum Elizabethtown Lengester County, in the month of Myrch 1856, and hee let him selfe down in your blase some werse, with a Bruther and a Syster, and a young wife, the are awl Germennies, and the old duch about 50 years old, has left a good manny Depts in Lengester and Lehigh County, so as I would like to know somesing about him, how hee is Comming on, if hee owns anny Probperty in your blase, ore if somsing is to dow with him ore not,—the old duch mus Live



werry neer in your blase, becouse hee Receives a Newspaper in your office from Allentown Lehigh County, and his name is, JOHN KRAUS; and he has a Group on his Throat and cen look onely with one eye, ——— if you let me know somesing about him, so as I ken come dare and dow somesing with him I will pay you fore your drobel, and write me a Leather, and bleas Direct him, MICHAEL SMITH, Lynnvile P. O. Lehigh County Pennsylvania.

'Yours Respectfully,

MICHAEL SMITH.

'You bleas write me as soon as your Receive this Stating.'

'Nichts komme aus!' - - - Won't our contemporaries of the public press please to set their faces against the floods of poetical platitudes which will be poured out upon '*The Atlantic Cable?*' Pray think of such 'poetry' as this finding its way into a respectable journal:

'On old Atlantic's *crest*,  
The subtle cable's rest,  
From shore to shore:  
Down in the mighty deep  
Must the swift lightning sleep:  
COLUMBIA shall bid it leap  
With wondrous power.'

A cable on the Atlantic's '*crest*' is a parlous phrase, and strikes us 'Columbians' with 'wondrous power!' - - - Our friend Mr. GEORGE HARVEY, the distinguished English artist, whose admirable illustrations of American scenery are well known in our country, has invented and patented in London, where he now resides, a *Port-Folio for Artists*, which bids fair to supply a very important desideratum. We gather a description of it from the London '*Constitutional Press*,' now before us. The multiplication of photographs, engravings, chromo-lithographs, and water-color drawings, is becoming so numerous and accessible to persons of even moderate means, that we feel we are doing the public a signal service in calling attention to those improvements which tend to 'progress,' whether in physical comfort or in intellectual culture:

'THE want of a correct principle in the old port-folio, has been remedied by a patent taken out by Mr. HARVEY, an artist, by which the evils long complained of have been overcome, so that now the collectors of works of art can obtain a safe, elegant, and convenient port-folio, containing every advantage which enables the proprietors of works of art-treasures to keep their collections in the most perfect condition, and to exhibit them to the best possible advantage, without handling or injuring them. One of the primary benefits derived from the principle of the patent, is in leaving the protecting-flaps fastened on the outside, so that whatever dust may gather on them, none ever enters within, and at the same time you get rid of the untidy and littering appearance which pertains to the old kind of flaps made of holland cloth: and beside this gain, the flaps of the patent ones, when the port-folio is in use, can be fastened out of the way, and are, in fact, out of sight whenever the port-folio is open. You thus remove what has always been an annoyance in many ways. Then, again, what an advantage there is derived from having a book which can be used or not at your convenience, so that if you have curious or dishonest servants, or meddlesome children, your collection is safe; or if you lend it to a friend with the hope of the works being returned uninjured, he can be sure of safely controlling their exhibition, and of returning them in as perfect order as when first loaned.'

A desideratum for artists. - - - THERE is an instructive, and in some respects an amusing paper, in the last number of the '*North-American Review*,' upon

*'Recent Commentaries on the New Testament.'* Among the inconceivable *sottises* committed by Biblical commentators, the following are cited: ADAM CLARKE, by a process of reasoning which not one theologian in a hundred has learning enough to verify or to gainsay, proves the serpent that tempted EVE to have been a monkey! Quite equal to this, is the learned and profound commentator's *bathosous* annotation on the impressive words of our SAVIOUR: 'Thinkest thou not that I cannot now pray to my FATHER, and HE shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels:' 'A legion at different times contained different numbers: four thousand two hundred, five thousand, and frequently six thousand men: and from this saying, taking the latter number, which is the common rate, we have in round numbers, seventy two thousand angels!' Another learned scriptural critic contends, that the cock that alarmed PETER was a Levite watchman, knocking on the gate of the temple, to call the priests to their morning duties! Now when such profound blunders as these are committed by 'learned' commentators, is it surprising that ignorant expounders should represent 'brother PAUL' as having been brought up at the 'foot of Gamel-Hill, a small mountain in Judea,' instead of at the 'feet of GAMALIEL?'—or that the reason why our SAVIOUR so frequently said, 'He that *hath* ears to hear, let him hear,' was owing to the fact that HE seldom addressed a gathering in which a large portion of HIS hearers had not had their ears cropped, as a penalty for various minor offences committed against the Jewish laws of that period? - - - THIS brief epistolary passage of a correspondent brings old Mackinaw directly before us, as we saw it on a memorable occasion, several years ago: 'We climbed the hill and looked at the fort, surrounded with its palisade of logs; at the fierce-looking soldiers asleep on their posts; at the holes made by British bullets; at the Indian men shooting at cents and drinking brandy; at the Indian women selling bead-work and drinking whiskey; at the Indian children stoning tadpoles and drinking beer; at the steamers coming in and going out; at the bark canoes. We ate Mackinaw trout, cooked in every conceivable and inconceivable manner. We explored the ravine in the rear of the fort, and sailed around and viewed the romantic-looking cove on the other side of the island. On the return from this latter expedition, your correspondent wrote an elegant pastoral, which I regret to say, is not now extant.' - - - *Adroitness in Advertising* is one of the 'signs of the times' in these latter days: and we know of no tradesman who exceeds in this regard our old friend LUCIUS HART, of Number Six, Burling-Slip. Who would think of finding in a column of 'New-Publications' the following 'literary' announcement? It is 'just like HART:'

**THIRD EDITION OF PATENT ICE-PITCHERS.**—'The Dog Star rages.' The heat continues. The Ice-Pitchers are pouring out the cooling draughts, and the people are pouring in to No. 6 Burling-Slip for new supplies of them.'

There is nothing but truth in this, of course, for these Ice-Pitchers have had a wonderful sale: but how adroitly is the fact set forth! A fourth edition, we observe, is already 'in press.' - - - 'If ever after tempests come such STORMS, let the sea rave,' and so forth. We doubt whether OTHELLO would have changed his apostrophic sentence one whit, had he but once stood in the *Cedar-Ware Manufactory of the Messrs. Storms, at Nyack on the Hudson,*

as we did the other day, and amidst the pleasant, penetrating, and permeating cedar-odors, surveyed the mind-conceived, mind-wrought, and mind-working machinery, turning out, 'from the wood,' every variety and pattern of household cedar-ware, as beautiful as useful, and cheap as indispensable. Whether 'wise WILLIAM' would have exclaimed as aforesaid, not knowing, it behooveth us not to say: but *this* we can, and this 'we *do* say, and say it boldly,' that 'Come, STORMS, send us another invoice of your beautiful ware, of each kind and pattern,' is the cry from every part of the United States and the Canadas. 'Such are the orders:' well have they been earned — promptly are they filled. - - - THE verse in BRYANT'S '*Lines to a Waterfowl*,' alluded to by our Albany correspondent 'HUNTINGTON,' was originally printed as follows:

'VAINLY the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight, to do thee wrong,  
As *darkly painted* on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.'

'HUNTINGTON' informs us that in the last London edition this is changed from 'darkly *limned* upon the crimson sky,' in a previous edition, to '*darkly seen against* the crimson sky.' In our judgment, the second reading is better than the last, but the first is the best of all — the simplest and the most natural: perhaps because it *was* the first, and hence most familiar to us. We prefer the original. - - - We have received from the press of the author and publisher, Rev. T. H. STOCKTON, of Philadelphia, a very handsome little booklet, bearing the title, '*Stand Up for Jesus: a Christian Ballad:*' with Notes, Illustrations, and Music, and a few Additional Poems, by the same author. The last words of that devoted servant of CHRIST, the late Rev. DUDLEY A. TYNG, form the main title of the ballad: interwoven with which, are effective passages of biography, and appropriate brief selections from the Book of Common Prayer. The Ballad itself is fervent and felicitous; and as it advances, portrays 'The Christian,' 'The Family,' 'The Father,' 'The Ministry,' 'The Church of the Covenant,' 'The Young Men's Christian Association,' 'The Church Universal,' and 'The Whole Human Race.' We are unable, from lack of space, to quote from this brief ballad or from the 'Additional Poems,' although we should gladly do so. There are three pieces of music, from EMERSON of Boston, BOWER of Philadelphia, and BRADBURY of New-York. Several good engravings on wood, including excellent likenesses of Dr. TYNG of this city, and of his lamented son, add value and attraction to this remembrancer of the departed one. - - - 'SOYER, *the Cook*, is dead!' Such is the brief, the inadequate, almost contemptuous, announcement of the recent death of the world-renowned French *chef de cuisine*. '*The Cook!*' Well is it, that he can never hear of this lessening of his dignity: he, ALEXANDER SOYER, of whom our SANDERSON could not obtain audience one morning, because he was walking in his garden, 'composing.' '*The Cook!!*' All Europe appreciated him: he was the boast of Gastronomic Christendom: BRILLAT SAVARIN adored him. '*The Cook!!!*' All dishes, beloved of *gourmets*, dishes of rarest refinement, were at his fingers' ends, or in his capacious mind. Never was he at a loss, save once: and that was when DOUGLAS JERROLD said to

him: 'I pity you French. Talk of your *Consommé de Grouilles*: did you ever taste our *Habeas Corpus*? No? A-h-a!' - - - Two little things, by two 'Little People,' who are separated by more than a thousand miles:

'LITTLE 'FRANKY,' hearing a sturdy old Scotchman preach one Sunday, and a prayer at the close made by a soft-spoken clergyman, FRANKY says one spoke like a cannon firing, and the other prayed like a chicken scratching.'

'OUR little 'Four-year-old,' lying in her crib, after having said 'Good night' to her father, who was to sail for Europe the next morning, burst into tears, and sobbed as if her little heart would break. 'Do not cry, LILY,' said her mother: 'your FATHER in heaven will keep papa safe from all harm.' 'But, mamma, I am afraid he may drown in the big river before God can come down from the skies.'

Surely, a tender apprehension! - - - If we had, like our contemporary of '*Porter's Spirit of the Times*,' a department of '*Fur, Fin, and Feather*' in our Magazine, we think we should have a few words to say about that treasure of our waters, the CRAB. He is 'game' to the end of his claws, and sub-claws: and his grasp is cordial

'——— as the hand  
Of brother in a foreign land.'

He is not fastidious about the tid-bits with which you may tempt him: and when he is boiled rightly, deftly manipulated out of his shell, and artistically dressed, how delicate and delicious he is! He has 'brought up the rear' most satisfactorily at the gatherings of a certain chowder-club which we wot of; and of which said 'Club,' and its always pleasant and proper 'sayings' our readers shall hear 'more anon.' - - - FROM a Baltimore correspondent cometh the annexed: 'The prosecuting attorney of one of our counties is a gentleman who evidently believes in the effect of eloquence on juries. In prosecuting a murderer, and in stating the case to the jury, he adverted feelingly to the sad fate of the prisoner's victim, and said: 'Gentlemen, the poor victim of this man's hellish malice was suddenly ushered into the presence of his God; without warning, with no time for preparation, he was sent unanointed and unannealed, either to enjoy the rewards of the blessed, or to suffer the *an-noyances* of the damned!' - - - OUR and the PUBLIC's old friend, Mr. PHILIP J. FORBES, so well and so long known as the Librarian of the New-York Society Library, may be found at the *Merchant's and Clerk's Library*, Number 60, William-street, where as Librarian, and General Literary and Purchasing Agent, his valuable services may be secured. No man in this metropolis is better qualified to select, procure, catalogue, and arrange private or public libraries than Mr. FORBES. He will purchase or import books of every description, instruments, apparatus, works of art, etc., on the most favorable terms. His references are of the highest order. - - - WE are gratified to learn that Dr. J. W. PALMER's new Comedy entitled '*The Queen's Heart*,' has achieved a great success in Boston. The critics unite in pronouncing it 'the best American comedy yet written.' It is to be produced in the principal cities of the country during the winter. Success to the author of '*The Golden Dagon*' in the difficult field of theatrical literature. - - - MR. CHARLES B. NORTON, Agent for Libraries, has presented us a copy of his '*Librarian's*

*Manual.* A more attractive and (to literary men, especially,) a more useful volume than this *Treatise on Bibliography* has not recently appeared from the American press. Mr. NORTON proposes soon to publish a complete index of all the collections of the Historical Societies of the United States, amounting to over one hundred volumes! The enterprise is a vast one, but it is to be accomplished. - - - 'THE YOUNG MEN'S MAGAZINE' for September comes to us with its usual choice collection of original articles. Mr. McCORMICK's excellent periodical occupies a wide and important field, and is especially deserving of the support of the Young Men of the country. - - - We take the following from '*The Tribune*' daily journal:

'FREE CHAPEL. — The Rev. RALPH HOYT, whose name is pretty well known both as a poet and a clergyman, officiates regularly at the free chapel (of St. THOMAS Church) at the corner of Prince and Thompson-streets. It was the church of Mr. HOYT that was destroyed in a tornado this summer on Fifty-fourth street, just as he had got it completed. We mention the fact of his present location for the benefit of persons who may desire to hear him. The seats are free.'

It is well known that the self-devoted Rev. RALPH HOYT's new 'CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD' was prostrated by storm and tempests, a short time since, just as it was about to be made ready for occupancy. It was the child of toil, of anxiety, of many hopes and many fears. BRYANT's lines from the Spanish, are not inapplicable here:

'THEE, without crook or sling,  
Walks the GOOD SHEPHERD: blossoms white and red  
Round his meek temples cling:  
And to sweet pastures led,  
His own loved flock beneath his eye are fed.

'He guides, and near him they  
Follow delighted, for with him they go  
Where dwells eternal May,  
And heavenly roses blow,  
Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.

'He leads them to the height  
Named of the infinite and long-sought Good,  
And fountains of delight:  
And where his feet have stood,  
Springs up, along the way, their tender food.'

Here, metropolitan reader, is an excellent opportunity to 'do good in season.' - - - A PARAGRAPH in a private letter from a friend at Saratoga, describing '*Caste at the Springs*,' reminds us of a remark of DOUGLAS JERBOLD's: 'Wholesales don't mix with retails. Raw wool does n't speak to half-penny ball of worsted; tallow in the cask looks down upon sixes to the pound, and pig-iron turns up its nose at ten-penny tails!' - - - We especially call the attention of our readers to the Prospectus following the Table of Contents in the present number. The KNICKERBOCKER promises nothing that will not be faithfully and promptly performed. Two feet of the ATLANTIC SUBMARINE CABLE will be sent as a premium to every new Three Dollar subscriber, beginning with the present volume — enough for the subscriber and all his friends. The inducements for Farms in the West are unprecedented.







# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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VOL. LII.      NOVEMBER, 1858.

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No. 5.

## THE BOURBON WHO NEVER REIGNED.

DIED, at Hogansburgh, St. Lawrence county, New-York, upon the morning of the twenty-eighth of August, 1858, Rev. Eleazar Williams, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He had been for some time afflicted with dropsy, which, superadded to the debility of age, accelerated this event. His end was peaceful. Though in humble circumstances, and deprived of most of the comforts of life, he was composed and cheerful, maintaining his serenity till the last. He passed away without a struggle. The last words that he was heard to utter were: 'Into THY hands I commend my spirit.'

The next day the Masonic fraternity to which he belonged performed over his body the last rites of the Order; after which, with the funeral service of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the remains were consigned to the earth. His family, a few friends and members of his congregation, were all that were present. No *cortège* of illustrious mourners, no long array of courtiers, graced the occasion. Obscurely the humble Indian missionary passed from the earth, and his corpse sleeps with the untitled.

His career was rendered remarkable by the controversy, some years since, as to his identity with the unfortunate monarch of France, Louis XVII. The fate of that prince had never been so fully determined as to silence doubt. The annals of old monarchies present such enigmas. Arthur of Bretagnè, Richard II. of England, Edward V. and Richard Duke of York, sons of Edward IV., disappeared, their fate involved in inextricable obscurity. '*Subito evanuit*' was predicated of each of them.

Mysterious individuals have been discovered in European dungeons, the circumstances of whose condition never transpired. Historians have not always proved competent or faithful to their duty. Even the particulars of the French Revolution of the last century have been but imperfectly given to the world. Many and weighty state secrets are connected with its details, of which little is known. It is by no means wonderful, therefore, that mystery

should involve the fate of the Bourbon Prince, interested as many parties have been in concealing it. We are informed that he was separated from his mother, the hapless Marie Antoinette of Austria, in July, 1793, and placed under the guardianship of Simon, the friend and neighbor of Marat. On the nineteenth of January, 1794, he was incarcerated in a dungeon, where he remained till the twenty-seventh of July, without breathing pure air or seeing a human countenance. In utter loneliness, darkness, and filth, infested by vermin, and sharing his food with rats, languished for more than six months, the young King of France.

After the execution of Robespierre in July, a new keeper was placed in the Temple. He found the youthful prisoner worn to a skeleton, diseased, and about to die. Confinement had made him an idiot. After some months, Laurent, the humane keeper of the Temple, asked the Committee of Public Safety to give him a colleague; and Gomin received the appointment upon the eighth of November. The Count de Provence, afterward Louis XVIII., was contemplating his own elevation to the throne of France, upon the ruins of the Revolution, and to the disregard of the legal rights of the heirs of Louis XVI. He assumed the title of Regent, and was keeping a court at Verona. Intrigues were set on foot to effect the removal of his royal nephew. To this influence in the National Assembly we are to attribute the designation of Gomin, his partisan, as a keeper of the Temple.

At the commencement of the next year negotiations were held at Nantes between the commissioners of the Government and Charette, the leader of the army of La Vendée. A secret article of this treaty stipulated that the Government should deliver the young Prince and his sister, afterward married to the Duke of Angoulême, son of the Count d'Artois, into the hands of the Vendéen leader. The fourteenth of June, 1795, was fixed as the time of this surrender.

On the twenty-sixth of February the two keepers reported to the National Assembly that the life of the young King was in danger; 'that he had tumors on all the joints, and particularly at the knees; that it was impossible to obtain from him a single word; and that he refused all kinds of exercise.' A committee was appointed to visit him, and found him at a table amusing himself with a pack of cards. They examined the tumors, and found that they were by no means painful, but could be handled without inconvenience. He evinced few symptoms of rationality, and they reported his intellect as utterly prostrated.

The prospects of the royal family were sensibly brightening, and the restoration of Louis XVII. to the ancestral throne had become a theme of common remark. The time was approaching when the young King must be surrendered to the loyalists of Bretagne and La Vendée. The Count of Provence found that he must act promptly, or his ambitious aspirations would fall to the ground.

On the twenty-ninth of March, Etienne Lasne succeeded Laurent as keeper of the Temple. He was a professed republican, but

seems to have afterward become a staunch loyalist. The rigid discipline which had been maintained was now relaxed; jovialty and merriment reigned through the old walls; vigilance was at an end.

At length, in the month of May, the following entry was made on the register: '*The little Capet is dangerously sick, and there is fear of his death.*' Immediately M. Desault, then the first surgeon in France, was intrusted with his case. He examined his patient long and carefully; questioned him, without obtaining an answer; and finally pronounced it a case of decline, occasioned by confinement. He prescribed a decoction of hops, and ordered the joints rubbed frequently with ammoniacal liniment. He counselled his removal into the country, expressing his confidence that pure air, careful treatment, and constant attention would effect a cure. This the Government would not permit.

The surgeon continued his visits till the thirtieth of May. That day, as he was going down the stairs, Brieuillard, the commissary, inquired whether the child would die. He replied: '*I fear, but perhaps there are persons in the world who hope that he will.*' The next morning, to the great surprise of the keepers, he did not come. Bellanger, the commissary for that day, did not wait for the surgeon, as the rules required, but entered the King's apartment, showed him pictures, and took his portrait.

M. Desault died on the first of June. His pupil, M. Abeillé, afterward declared that he was poisoned. During the next five days no statement was made of the health of the young King. On the fifth M. Pelletan was appointed his physician. The instant he was introduced into the apartment, he demanded and obtained a colleague, M. Dumangin.

We observe that these physicians describe their patient in terms essentially at variance with the statements of M. Desault. He was attentive to every thing around him, and began to talk with them at once, becoming at times very loquacious.

One night a sentinel was stationed at the apartment, and thus obtained a sight of this child. He found him of a figure greatly unlike Louis XVII., disfigured with sores and blotches, and different in other respects. This guard afterward declared: '*I am fully convinced that it was not the Prince. He had often seen the Dauphin when his parents were living.*' When he was relieved, the jailer spoke to him concerning the speedy death of '*citoyen Capet.*' He replied that the lad was too tall for the Dauphin; it was impossible for such a change in stature in so short a period. The jailer did not rebut this declaration, but advised the sentinel to keep a still tongue in his mouth, lest he should grow shorter by a head.

On the eighth of June, 1795, the child in the Temple died. The event was immediately reported by Lasne to the Committee of Public Safety, who were *particularly busy*, and deferred the '*procès-verbal*' till the next day, when it was hurried through so rapidly that no date was placed on the instrument. The body was

then buried. In 1816 Louis XVIII. issued an order for its disinterment, but revoked it before this could be done, without any reason. When the post-mortem examination of the body took place, the Government directed that the surgeons should not scrutinize the countenance. M. Auvrai, who resided many years in the city of New-York, declared to Mr. H. B. Müller, the artist, that he had frequently seen the Prince at the Tuileries and at the Temple; that he was present when the body of this child was exhibited to the officers of the National Guard; and that he knew positively that it was not the body of Louis XVII. The Bishop of Viviers held a conversation with the surgeons who made the autopsy, and not one of them was able to state that the corpse was that of the young Prince.

The following paragraph appeared in the *New-Jersey State Gazette*, February eleventh, 1800:

‘It is stated in political circles as a fact, that about two years ago, a Frenchman who had left his country on account of his principles, and resided in Philadelphia, affirmed that he was with the committee of surgeons who examined the child said to be the Dauphin, and to have died of scrofula in the Temple; but having known the Prince while alive, in examining the face of the corpse, (contrary to positive instructions,) he perceived no resemblance, and was convinced that some artifice had been used to preserve the life of the young Prince. This circumstance is related by a gentleman of credit, who received it two years ago from the surgeon who was present at the dissection; and is therefore highly confirmatory of the recent rumor that Louis XVII. was really saved from the prisons of the National Convention by an artifice of Sieyes.’

This surgeon, probably, was M. Abeillé, the pupil of Desault, and not one of those making the investigation. He resided at Philadelphia in 1800, and on the occasion of the autopsy had reasons of his own for inspecting the face of the corpse.

In the *Farmers’ Museum*, Walpole, New-Hampshire, July twenty-eighth, 1800, the following article appeared:

‘A most extraordinary rumor, which has been stated in a morning print, has occupied the public conversation. We give the article, without pretending to any knowledge, or offering any opinion on the subject.

‘Private letters, which have been received by various persons of the first consideration amongst the French emigrant nobility, and others, agree in the general statement of an unaccountable rumor, which has its origin in the Triumvirate at the Luxembourg, that the unfortunate Louis XVII., supposed to have expired in the Temple upon the ninth of June, 1795, is still alive. The Triumvir Sieyes is said to have subtracted the devoted Prince from the prison of the National Convention. He procured a child of corresponding age from the hospital of the Hotel Dieu, incurably affected with the scrofula, the pretended disease of the young King, and admitted this unfortunate child into the Temple, and exposed

the body, disfigured with ulcers and operations, instead of the royal victim. According to this relation, Louis XVII. exists. This unhappy child, the prisoner of his assassins in the Temple, the bulletin or daily account of whose declining health was regularly published to the world, perished in June, 1795, in his dungeon, of a scrofulous disease, according to the statement of facts submitted to the then usurpers of France, and published by their authority. It is to be remembered that all Europe, with one common cry, burst forth in the denial that this interesting child had a scrofulous disease. Neither the House of Bourbon nor that of Austria was afflicted with that malady; the babe could not have contracted it. When this bulletin arrived in England with the concomitant report that the young sufferer had been poisoned by the Committee of Safety, some very extraordinary circumstances occurred or transpired.

‘ ‘ All the world believed the young King to have been murdered. The British Cabinet, with no other opinion, ordered the bulletin to be examined by a physician of the very first reputation. This gentleman reported to the King’s Council that the young King could not have died of the cause assigned in the bulletin. The consequence would not have followed from the premises, even if they had been true. A few days previous to the death, or at least the exposition of the body in the Temple, the famous surgeon Desault expired suddenly. Whoever looks back to the public discussions of that period in France, will observe the stress laid upon this coincidence.

‘ ‘ Desault was an honest man, incapable of any dishonest or criminal action. It was rumored, on no mean authority, that he denied his patient to be the royal infant. The Marquis de Bouillé wrote publicly to his son, that there was reason to believe the young King was alive. Simon, the shoemaker, had expired upon the scaffold. The Princess Royal, his sister, whom he had not been permitted to see since the murder of their parents, or during the course of his own illness, was suddenly released and sent to Vienna, to the astonishment of all Europe, in exchange for three Deputies. Every one was removed who could then detect the imposture of his death, or know of his existence.’ ’

On the eighth of June, 1795, the same day that the suppositious Dauphin died, the Committee of Public Safety sent an order, which is still preserved in the archives of the police, to all the departments ‘ to arrest on every high road in France any travellers bearing with them a child of eight years old or thereabouts, as there had been an escape of royalists from the Temple.’ This order had been prepared and issued an hour at least before Gomin had announced the death of the child. M. Guèrvière of Paris, then a child of ten years old, was travelling in the carriage of the Prince of Condé, and was arrested under the suspicion that he was the fugitive Dauphin.

The European monarchs were incredulous of the young Bourbon’s death. The first article in the secret treaty of Paris in 1814,



declares that 'the allied Sovereigns have no certain evidence of the death of the son of Louis XVI., and only give the title of king to Louis XVIII. ostensibly till they can obtain every possible certainty concerning a fact which must ultimately determine who shall be the sovereign of France.' It is also declared that a courier of this king obtained the fabrication of a 'false certificate of the death of the Dauphin in foreign lands after his escape.' M. Petzold, notary of Crossen, declared that he 'had found fifty documents, fully substantiating the existence of his Majesty, for instance, the manner and by whom he was taken from the Temple.'

Cherette, the leader of the army of La Vendée, had a child in his army in 1795, that was declared to be Louis XVII. Hanson, alluding to this circumstance and to the arrest of the lad, Guerrière, gives the opinion, that to mislead the police several lads answering to the Prince's age, were sent out in different directions. His decease at the Temple was generally disbelieved.

In 1795 a French family arrived at Albany, direct from France. The following letter, written by Mrs. Blandina Dudley, the munificent patroness of the Dudley Observatory, dated October seventh, 1853, speaks of them :

'Among the reminiscences of early days, I have always recollected with much interest being taken by my mother to visit a family who arrived here in 1795, direct from France, consisting of four individuals. There was a gentleman and lady, called Monsieur and Madame de Jardin. They had with them two children, a girl and a boy; the girl was the eldest — the boy about nine or ten. He apparently did not notice us.

'Madame told my mother that she was maid of honor to the Queen Marie Antoinette, and was separated from her on the terrace at the palace. She appeared very much agitated, and mentioned many things which I was too young to understand, but all in allusion to the difficulties then agitating France and her friends. She played with great skill on the piano-forte, and was much excited singing the Marseillaise Hymn, floods of tears chasing each other down her cheeks. My mother thought the children were those belonging to the crown, but I do not now recollect that she said Madame told her so. After some time, Madame called and said they were obliged to leave us, and had many useful and handsome articles to dispose of, and wished my mother to have the first choice out of them.

'There were several large plates of mirror glass, a time-piece, a pair of gilt andirons representing lions, and a bowl, said to be gold, on which were engraven the arms of France. I have heard it spoken of some time after; and it was said to belong to some gentleman near Albany, and was recognized at a dinner-party, with celery on the table.

'The andirons were purchased by General Peter Gansevoort's lady, and are still belonging to a member of that family.

'We never heard of this family after they left Albany. In looking at the features of Eleazar Williams, I think I can discover con-

siderable likeness to those of young Monsieur Louis in charge of Madame de Jardin.'

A man called De Jourdin was in the vicinity of Whitehall up to the year 1802. Several old cash-books belonging to B. and J. R. Bleecker, of Albany, and extending from 1799 till 1802, contain entries of money advanced for him at that time. Thus, according to the books, they took up for De Jourdin on the eleventh of February a note for one hundred and eighty-seven pounds eight shillings and six-pence; December eighteen, 1802, they took up his note for one hundred and fifty-five pounds and four-pence. April six, 1802, James Bleecker paid Peter De Jourdin, on a mortgage, two hundred and twenty-eight pounds nine shillings and six-pence. There are many other charges on those books, which show that the Bleeckers acted as bankers for him.

During the Revolution John Skenandoah, an Indian youth, who had been educated in France, came to this country on board the same vessel with La Fayette. In 1795, he was at Ticonderoga, when two Frenchmen, one a Catholic priest, came to the place, with whom he conversed. They had with them a French boy, weak and sickly, whose mind was wandering so that he seemed to be silly. He was left there, and was seen at different times by Skenandoah in the family of Thomas Williams, an Indian. He afterward saw the boy from time to time, and declared him on oath to be the Rev. Eleazar Williams.

Doctor Peter Wilson, of the Seneca Nation, went to Franklin county two years ago, to aid in preventing, as far as possible, the troubles usually attending the payment of the annuities to the St. Regis Indians.\*

On his return, he stopped at Albany, where he informed a gentleman in one of the Departments, that the old men at the Reservation near Hogansburgh objected to paying Mr. Williams his share, on the ground that he was no Indian — that he was 'a stranger.'

The Doctor passed a few days at Fort Covington, in the same county, where he was informed by an old squaw, that many years before, and while Mr. Williams was a boy, she was at the cabin of his reputed father, who was away from home. He returned from town in the afternoon, with two or three slates and some writing-material. The boy Eleazar took a slate and pencil, and immediately wrote 'LOUIS CHARLES,' to the surprise of those present.

About this same time, while he was idiotic, he took up a pen and scribbled, in a manuscript Indian mass-book, a number of letters and figures. It was given to him in 1836, and contained the numerals, from one to thirty, in French characters; also the letter *C* in the same hand-writing as that of Louis XVII., the word '*duc*,'

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\* THE St. Regis Indians are not a distinct nationality, but the descendants of a colony of Iroquois, principally Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas, who embraced the Roman Catholic religion, and, separating from their brethren a century ago, migrated to the St. Lawrence, and placed themselves under the protection of the French Governor of Canada.

and the letters '*Loui.*' They are in the peculiar hand-writing of a child.

He appears to have been regarded by the Indians as of French birth. His own recollections of his boyhood commenced with scenes around Lake George, though the Williams family only made that a place of sojourn, residing at Caghnewaga, near Montreal. Doctor Wilson's informant stated to him, that one day, while out with his little Indian companions, Eleazar, who had been previously idiotic, jumped or fell from a high rock into the water, and, on recovering from the shock, had the full use of his faculties.

Subsequently, two French gentlemen visited the family. He was soon afterward sent, with a son of Thomas Williams, to the school for Indian youth at Long Meadow, in Massachusetts. It was there remarked that he was a French and not an Indian youth, totally unlike his foster-brother. We have the assurance of the late J. Stanley Smith, of the Albany *Express*, and afterward of the Auburn *American*, that 'certain gentlemen for many years received regularly a sum of money from France, to be applied to the clothing and education of this same Williams;' and instancing John R. Bleeker as the receiver. In 1803, the persons sending the money are said to have died, and the receipts stopped. His education was completed through the aid of contributions by charitable individuals.

In 1806 young Williams visited Bishop Chevreux, at Boston, who made many inquiries of him about a boy that had been brought from France, and left among the Indians. During the last war with Great Britain, he rendered efficient service to the American cause; and some years after peace was concluded, became a missionary to the Oneidas. He afterward went to Green Bay, where his wife owned some property, which was lost by an unfortunate negotiation with Mr. Amos Lawrence, of Boston. For some time he was chaplain to General Taylor.

After having exhumed the remains of the first Napoleon, the Prince de Joinville, second son to Louis Philippe, paid a visit to America in 1841. Instead of making an ordinary tour of observation, to the great surprise of the officers in his company, he 'went out of his way to meet an old man among the Indians, who had very much of a Bourbon aspect, and was spoken of as the son of Louis XVI.' One of them expressed this sentiment to Mr. George Sumner, brother of the Senator. Mr. George Raymond, then an officer in the Brazilian service, was with the party of the Prince when it left New-York, conversed with him, and heard him 'express a most particular anxiety to find out this Mr. Williams, and have an interview with him.' At Albany, De Joinville left his company, and proceeded to Lake George, and on the route stopped at Saratoga, and visited Mr. Charles E. Dudley, of Albany, the son of Mrs. Blandina Dudley, who was then at the Springs, and obtained from him Mr. Williams's address. He then set out for the West. At Cleveland, Mr. James O. Brayman, an editor of the Buffalo *Courier*, came on board the steam-boat, and heard him repeatedly inquiring

about that individual, and stating that he should see him. At Mackinaw Mr. Williams came on board the same vessel in which the Prince took passage. Captain John Shook, of Huron, Ohio, then introduced them. De Joinville started with surprise, turned pale, and his lip quivered, exciting the notice of the spectators. At Green Bay, the two had a private interview, the particulars of which, as stated by each party, are familiar to the public. In this conversation, Mr. Williams declares that the Prince informed him that he was a descendant of the Bourbons, and asked him to sign a document abdicating all claim to the French throne, to which was annexed a stipulation that he should receive a princely establishment from Louis Philippe, and what of the personal property of the family of Louis XVI. could be recovered. These proposals were rejected. It appears, that while at Hogansburgh, Franklin county, transacting business for the St. Regis Indians, (Catholic proselytes of the Iroquois Nation,) Mr. Williams learned that De Joinville was contemplating a visit to Green Bay, and quitted that place for the West on that account. At parting, the Prince invited Mr. Williams to visit the Tuileries, and afterward sent him a gold snuff-box and other valuable presents.

In 1843, at the request of an Iroquois chief, a Roman Catholic, Mr. Williams sent a petition to Louis Philippe through the Prince, in which he uses the phrase, 'the enterprising spirits of our forefathers.' The petition was granted, and a letter in the hand of the King of the French written in reply.

In 1818, on the occasion of a social party at the house of Dr. Hosack, in New-York, at which were present M. Genet, formerly an ambassador from France, Count Jean D'Angley, Counsellor Sampson, Dr. John W. Francis, and others, this subject was introduced. At length M. Genet distinctly said: 'Gentlemen, the Dauphin of France is not dead, but was brought to America.' He also expressed his belief that he was in Western New-York, and that Le Roy de Chaumont was knowing to the fact. The family of Genet declare that he long entertained hopes of discovering the Dauphin, and had himself been on the point, when coming to this country as ambassador, of bringing the royal children with him. At that very time, Count D'Angley was in correspondence with Le Roy de Chaumont. A writer in the *New-York Times*, last spring, stated that M. Genet believed Mr. Williams to be identical with the lost monarch.

Mrs. Margaret Brown, of New-Orleans, wife of Joseph Deboit, of the household of the Count d'Artois, afterward Charles X., testified that in 1806 she was told by the Duchess of Angoulême, that she knew her brother to be alive and safe in America. She was also told by her husband or the Duchess, that he was carried off by a man named Bellanger. In 1817, Mrs. Brown resided at Philadelphia, and in a conversation with Mrs. Chamberlan, wife of the Secretary of the Count de Coigni, who had lived with the Count de Provence at Edinburgh, that woman assured her that

she had heard at the Tuileries, that the Dauphin was alive; that Bellanger had carried him to Philadelphia, and that he bore the name of Williams. A person had come from America to France on this business, and received money, after which he returned. Before Mrs. Brown severed her connection with the royal family, the Duke of Angoulême examined her papers, and removed all that related to the private affairs of the Bourbons. She was employed also to put a young woman into a convent who had been connected with the royal family, but could not be induced to state particulars, saying that it was better for history to be silent.

The attempt was made to obtain affidavits to discredit this whole story. Mrs. Williams, the reputed mother of Eleazar, was induced by the Catholic priest at St. Regis, to sign and depose to a paper in English, stating that he was her son. She, however, made, at her own instance, a counter-affidavit, that he was her adopted son. His name does not appear in the baptismal register at Caghnewaga, where the rest of that family are recorded.

His portrait, taken when a child, greatly resembles the one taken by Bellanger of Louis XVII. His eyes are of the same color, and his other features are clearly similar. M. Fagnani, a French painter, meeting him for the first time, scrutinized him carefully, and then pronounced him a Bourbon. The upper part of the face, he said, was decidedly of a Bourbon cast, while the mouth and lower part resemble the House of Hapsburgh. His very gestures resemble those of the Bourbon race.

A European gentleman happening to see him in the pulpit, declared him a Bourbon, adding that he had heard in Legitimist circles that Louis XVII. was alive, and his belief that Mr. Williams was the man. Indeed, he has often been recognized by his Bourbon physiognomy.

It would be saying too much, to pronounce Mr. Williams absolutely the missing Bourbon, but the theory is certainly plausible. The testimony, when sifted carefully, shows that Louis XVII. was actually removed from France by Bellanger and a lady of the Court. Soon afterward, a similar lady of the family of Marie Antoinette appeared at Albany with an idiotic French boy, named Louis, who was removed to the neighborhood of Lake Champlain, and supported for many years by money sent from France. The family of Charles X. acknowledged that the young Bourbon was in America. In 1838, the Prince de Joinville came to this country, and made a secret expedition into the interior. An inquiry was started in France, after his return thither, about two servants of Marie Antionette, who emigrated to America during the French Revolution. At his next visit, he inquired much about Mr. Williams, and, at their interviews, always treated him with deference. Frenchmen, before that time, had repeatedly come to see him, evincing singular emotion when in his presence.

A blow inflicted by Simon on the young King, was indicated by a scar on Mr. Williams's fine head. The crescent-formed marks

of inoculation existed alike on his arm and that of the Prince. He even recognized a picture of Simon, as a face that had haunted him all his life.

Taking for granted that Louis XVII. and Eleazar Williams are the same individual, we have an impressive token of the fate that awaits kings. Their crowns must fall at the feet of the democracy; they must descend to the condition of plebeians, accept their lot, share their fortune, and pursue similar avocations. Such was Mr. Williams's career. The throne of the Bourbons has passed, not merely from the son of Louis XVI., but from actual existence on earth, leaving his story valuable only as a matter of historical verity; but honors less transitory, we trust, are reserved for the devoted missionary — a throne of celestial glory in the eternal spheres.

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O U R L O S S .

I.

THE grass is waving once again,  
The flowers have sprung from out their graves,  
Again the brook in rolling curves  
Enwraps the bank its water laves.

II.

The willow branches hold their leaves,  
As tears are held by those who weep,  
And birds are singing, as they sang  
Before our darling fell asleep.

III.

Three summers she had blessed our life  
With joy unfelt — unknown before:  
Our happiness was so complete,  
We neither asked nor wanted more.

IV.

O rarest blossom that the spring  
Could give to loving hearts like ours!  
O folded bud that Autumn winds  
Took from us when they took the flowers!

V.

Is life all lived, and this the end?  
Our knowledge — is a wasting sigh;  
Our hope — is but a longing wish;  
Our faith — a passionate, broken cry.



## T H E O P H I L U S   S U M P U N K .

— 'A STOUT cavalier  
Of twenty-five or thirty.' — BYRON.

THEOPHILUS SUMPUNK stood upon the steps of the Station-House of the Great Central Rural Rail-road. In one hand was his valise; in the other his umbrella. His fashionably-cut coat, *a la Espagnola* — last remnant of by-gone and oft-sighed-over respectability — was carefully and studiously fastened around his Belviderean shoulders. In front, and lending a peculiar charm to his well-developed chest, hung two massive tassels. Their native hue of silky blackness had long since succumbed to the ruthless ravages of time and weather, and all that now remained of black was brown.

Upon the hyperion-like locks of Mr. Theophilus Sumpunk was jauntily stuck a little black glazed cap; the which, combined with his superlatively got-up whiskers and mustache, not to speak of the cloak aforesaid, gave to his entire *personelle* a decidedly imposing and military appearance. This was gratifying to the feelings of Mr. Theophilus Sumpunk, and realized the most cherished idea of his life. It was his be-all and his end-all, to look military; to be thought military; to be taken for military.

Despite the conscious possession of charms so coveted, a cloud of care and uneasiness was upon the brow of Mr. Theophilus Sumpunk, as he stood there, gazing through the murky night into the little town of Creekville, which lay, as it were, gathered before him at his feet. Theophilus was brooding. He was a stranger in a strange land. Friends he had none. With the last expiring dollar, they had taken to themselves the wings of the morning; deserted him. What a tale could Mr. Sumpunk tell of the ingratitude — unfeeling ingratitude of his fellow-men! No matter; with *them* he had done. He had turned his back, he fondly hoped forever, upon the modern Babylon, its sights and sounds, to seek retirement, and with it, contentment, in some rural spot; and hence, fifteen minutes ago saw him deposited, his goods and effects hereinbefore specified, upon the scene of his future operations; though what the exact nature of these operations should be, was to himself a matter of mysterious uncertainty.

As he stood there, upon the steps, he thought of all these things. Past, present, and future, were alike food for melancholy. Friendless and alone! And as he ruminated, he sighed; and as he sighed, he mentally sat down in the dust, and covered himself with imaginary sackcloth and ashes. And as he did so, alternating the interesting code of penance, by prying hesitatingly forward to where lay the town of his adoption, time passed on — unheedingly,

remorselessly — as if it made no difference whatever to it ; and perhaps it did not.

The train, which had borne such precious freight thus far, had again renewed its onward course, just as if nothing unusual had occurred. A puff ! a whiff ! a scream ! and it had gone bellowing forth into the darkness, lost to sight and hearing.

The few fellow-passengers that had alighted with him, had busied themselves with themselves, and gone their respective ways. Porters with plethoric trunks upon their shoulders, and twenty-five-cent pieces in prospective, had erst disappeared. Simultaneously, one omnibus and two cabs, with the average proportion of concomitants, human and equine, that go to make up the sum total usually found in such places.

Still stood Theophilus upon the station steps. The night was wintry. The biting north-easterly blast, as it blew in sharp, fitful gusts around the corner of the building, on the steps of which he stood, played sportively with the surplus broadcloth of his ample cloak ; anon, with the flowing tresses, which the little military-looking cap but *very* partially concealed, and settled ultimately, with characteristic spitefulness, in his very teeth.

The situation of our hero, (as we think we are now justified in calling him) although bordering on the romantic, was not by any means bordering on the comfortable. The chattering of his teeth, caused by the phenomenon already alluded to, aroused him from the sad reverie into which he had been plunged. He raised his eyes, and saw a light, a scintillating light, a light swinging hither and thither in the breeze, and apparently not far from the place where he stood. As he looked, it gradually assumed a palpable form and meaning to the obfuscated pannikel of Theophilus. Cavalierly raising the extreme corner of his cloak to his eyes, he dashed therefrom the gathering drops, and read :

SPREAD-EAGLE HOTEL : ACCOMMODATION FOR MAN AND BEAST.
--

Visions of warmth and comfort within that happy 'Hostelrie,' with smiling faces sitting down to Brobdignagian dishes of smoking-hot viands, flit fantastically before his distempered imagination. Reeking decoctions of ambrosial punches, filling the atmosphere with delicious incense, gleam athwart his mental optics, and in the excitement of the temporary illusion, he smilingly raises his ruby proboscis to snuff the savory aroma.

But the illusion was momentary. Then came the momentous question, commencing, 'To be or not to be ?' The necessity, urgent, imperious, of being a participator in such inviting fare, if such there were, if not, any other, was eloquently urged by an inconveniently empty stomach, in a series of motions, the which were

seconded as eloquently and as urgently by a frame shivering and shaking with the pitiless cold.

The question of ways and means next presented itself, and from thence arose a severe and embarrassing conflict. The shivering limbs and chattering teeth imploringly said, 'Go!' the empty stomach and parched throat clamorously said, 'Go!' and Theophilus was about impulsively to obey the pleasing behest, when hollow, sepulchral voices arrested his foot-steps. Issuing from each individual pocket — coat, vest, and pants — they mockingly, tauntingly said: 'Stay where you are, Theophilus.'

And there, and then upon the station-steps, did Theophilus fall into a quandary. An embodiment of Lawrence's picture of 'Gar-ric between the Muses:' pulled at by one, and tugged at by the other. Despairingly he shook them off, drew firmly around him his expansive cloak, placed his classic chin gracefully upon the thumb and fore-finger of his right hand, while with the other he held the valise and umbrella; and thus he fell cogitating. And as he cogitated, his thoughts strayed back to the days of his youth, his happy youth, and of his home in Bath; and while there, they naturally reverted to the shop, behind the counter of which his unsophisticated minority was wont to be passed, dispensing cheese, and butter, and bacon in infinitesimal pennyworths, and also to the snuggerly behind the shop, and the well-lined tea-table in the snuggerly, on which he could plainly see — the great vista of waters rolling between, to the contrary notwithstanding — the tea-urn hissing and gurgling, and the well-buttered muffins smoking and looking unctuous, and the tempting shrimps, and the tantalizing water-cresses, and the whole singing in chorus: 'Come over, and eat us; come over, and eat us.' And as the vision passed away, he sighed, and said: 'Ah! me! and this was before I came to *this blarsted wooden country!*'

The handle of the valise is clutched with convulsive firmness, also the ditto of the umbrella. The martial cloak is drawn more firmly around him; the little military-looking glazed cap is pressed firmly down to his eyes; his breast is figuratively steeled to consequences, individually and collectively; and Theophilus prepares to throw himself under the pinions of the 'Eagle' aforesaid.

## II.

MORNING, bleak and cold, dawns upon the two thousand five hundred inhabitants of the thriving, go-ahead little town of Creekville. Gusty, raw, and uninviting, it sends a shiver to the bone of ilk luckless one whose vocation demands him to face it. Doors and windows, yes, even key-holes, are hermetically sealed against it; for crevice cannot be too diminutive, nor chink too small to intercept the progress of the ubiquitous one.

The eagle, with extended wings, which hovers perpetually above the door-way of the inn that gives shelter and food, and, hem! etceteras to the hero of our former chapter, looks forlorn and

suffering, weather-beaten and hoary. With lack-lustre eye-balls, and a glistening icicle pendent from beak and tail and talon, it looks a veritable eagle doing penance. Forward, through the almost impenetrable vapors does it strain its weary eyes, as if appealing to the elements themselves for pity and succor. But in vain, O rampant emblem of the free! Hadst been but flesh and blood, as nature did intend thee, before the craft of man made thee the miserable 'counterfeit presentment' that thou art, the deep cavity in the towering cliff would have been thy hiding-place from the merciless elements. As it is, thou art bought and paid for, fulfilling thine honest calling, thy destiny; and in thy case, there is no postponement on account of weather.

Within, there is warmth and comfort, genial and grateful. The few boarders, whom we see seated cosily around the crackling stove, appreciate their present comfortable position too thoroughly, to be inveigled from it by any mundane considerations. They are conversing in suppressed whispers, in twos and threes. An air of mystery and curiosity pervades each inquiring face, and every theory propounded as a solution of the matter on the tapis, by the accredited oracle of the room, is met and acknowledged by shrewd ejaculations, and ominous shakes and nods of their respectively wise heads. Need we mention that the subject is our friend Theophilus? As to who he is; what he is; where he comes from; and what he is doing here, there is no end of wonderment and speculation. Meanwhile, the interesting object on whose behalf so much inquiry is being hazarded, is seated snugly in the best parlor up-stairs, and apparently enjoying himself with all that dignified ease and grace so peculiar to himself. The valise has already disgorged its treasures. Our hero is encased in a dressing-gown of richest hue and pattern — of course, Indian — while smoking-cap and slippers, of corresponding texture and pattern, lend their aid to complete the imposing *tout ensemble*.

In the same room, and seated opposite to Theophilus, engaged in earnest conversation with him, is another personage, whose portrait is worth sketching. In stature he is short and pursy, with a quick, twitching elasticity of movement. You can see it plainly in the way he smokes his segar. Spit, spit, quick or slow, according to the degree of excitement. In that respect, we need no better barometer, to enable us to judge of the state of his mental weather. It is unfailing. In complexion he is ruddy, with light sandy curly hair. Every smile and dimple on that mirth-provoking face, proclaims its owner to be a jolly good fellow; and if Phil Chuckle is not a jolly good fellow, then there is not a jolly good fellow in the jolly good town of Creekville, nor any where else. Phil Chuckle is of the Typo fraternity, editor and sole proprietor of the Creekville *Blue Blast*, a paper, as its heading imports, devoted disinterestedly to the interests — Political, Agricultural, and Social — of the good people of Creekville. Mr. Chuckle has, in his day and generation, filled many other capacities; and may be said to have here garnered home the many resources and appli-

ances of his cosmopolitan experiences for the benefit of his fellow-townsmen. This fact, each issue of the *Blue Blast* amply verifies.

The coming together of two such kindred, congenial spirits as Mr. Theophilus Sumpunk and Mr. Phil Chuckle, was but a very natural and not-to-be-wondered-at result. How could it be otherwise? The laws of attraction and cohesion order it so; and for two such to be in the same town, and under the expansive pinions of the same 'Spread Eagle,' without coming together, would have been a complete and total subversion of every law approved of and indorsed by that modern science. What was deficient in sympathy of feeling and spontaneity of sentiment at first, was soon made up by liberal *douceurs* of 'hot-stuff' on the part of Phil Chuckle, which generous treatment was rewarded as he designed it should be, by the implicit unbosoming of the joys and sorrows of Mr. Theophilus Sumpunk, whereto were added experiences of life which he had seen, and travels which *he had not*. Mr. Chuckle was made his confident, his unreserved reservoir; in return for which, offers generous and liberal — of assistance, interest, influence, and much more — were made on the part of Mr. Chuckle, and received by Mr. Sumpunk with grateful avidity. Thus they shook hands and retired, each to his respective sleeping-apartment, with mutual feelings of liveliest friendship and esteem.

While Phil Chuckle was putting off his pantaloons that night, preparatory to jumping into bed, something struck him on the head, which made him incontinently slap his exposed knee, and cry, 'Eureka!' It was an idea, a bright idea, which had steamed its way through the vapors of the 'hot-stuff' he had been drinking, till it had reached the upper regions of the head, where it had struck him, as averred. Having again slapped his knee, and tapered off with a series of gratulatory antics, Phil went to bed, to sleep on't, to dream on't. The consultation between the two worthies (at present) pertains to that idea. Let us turn our invisible-caps and listen.

'My dear Sumpunk,' reasons Mr. Phil Chuckle, 'you need have no delicacy in the matter; none whatever, I assure you. Were I in your place, gifted with the same deep melodious voice and handsome military appearance ——'

'Oh! really, Chuckle ——'

'Pardon me, I do not mean to flatter you: not a bit, Sir. Were I in your place, I would not hesitate an instant in embarking in such an enterprise: why should you? answer me that. Look at it in its right light. You want something to do. Is not this better than a trumpery clerk's situation, even supposing you could get one (which is doubtful.) As to its requiring cheek, and all that kind of thing — mere bosh. A popular delusion. Nothing, when you are used to it; no more than getting over your first segar.'

As he says so, Mr. Chuckle knocks the ashes off his own, and proceeds complacently to blow such a cloud, as cannot fail to con-

vince the most skeptical of the exceeding ease, and, in fact, pleasure, of public speaking. This done, he proceeds:

‘Beside, look at the advantages you possess. You say you have held a commission in the East-India Company’s service, which only failing health compelled you to resign. You can speak from actual observation of the atrocities of the cowardly Sepoys; have engaged in hand-to-hand skirmishes with them; are familiar with their various interesting modes of life, their manners and customs; are *au fait* in giving imitations of the various eccentric cries and songs of the coolies, water-carriers, palanquin-bearers, and so forth. Why, Sir, your fortune is made, if you only knew it.’

‘Oh! come now, Chuckle, draw it mild, you know,’ smirks Sumpunk.

‘A fact, Sir: a positive fact. Why, just look at it. Is not India the all-engrossing subject of the day? Of course it is. Is there not a morbid craving in the public mind for information on the subject? To be sure there is. I know it. I see it every day in my capacity as editor of the *Blue Blast*. Yes, Sir, depend upon it; the lecture’s the thing to catch the conscience of the —— people, eh? Now, do n’t you think so?’

‘Aw,’ replies Theophilus, ‘might do ver well; but, aw, you see, fact is, never stood ’pon a platfawm in my life. ’Fraid, my dear fellow, could n’t do it. Besides, nevaw composed a lectchaw.’

‘Oh! bother! that need be no drawback. I’ll very soon arrange that for you. You just notch down, from time to time, whatever may occur to you of interest on the subject, and leave the drawing up of it to me.’

‘But, my dear fell ——’

‘Now, no more excuses: you must go into it; you really must. ’Tis too good a chance to let slip. I will render you every assistance I can. I will speak to the landlord here, to place a good and comfortable room at your service, with whatever else you may require. I will also write a letter to the mayor, requesting him to place the town hall at your disposal, which he will gladly do. I will also supply you with plenty of bills and posters, advertise you in my paper, and give you flattering notices in my editorial columns. That’s the way to make a sensation, rely upon it. So push along with your notes, and leave the rest to me. Depend upon it, you will yet bless the day you set foot in Creekville, and came across Phil Chuckle, the editor of the *Blue Blast*.

‘Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them.’ We respectfully ask the opinion of the reader, as to which class Theophilus Sumpunk belonged.

‘Ah!’ he thought, as he turned the matter over in his mind, after his friend and adviser had left him, ‘sensible fellow is Chuckle, very, indeed: understands and appreciates merit, wherever he sees it. Capital idea, that of his; will try it, at any rate. Nevaw venchaw, nevaw win, ha! ha!’



## III.

TITUS CRUNCH, Esq., was the Mayor of Creekville; the choice, spontaneous and unanimous, of its free and independent electors. A man of unflinching, unbending integrity; yet withal possessing kindly and sympathetic elements, in common with the people, their pursuits and requirements, that eminently fitted him to sustain with credit the high official position to which their suffrages had elevated him. It was the boast of the people, no less than it was the boast of Titus Crunch himself, that Titus Crunch had risen from nothing, Sir! absolutely nothing, to fill a corner in the niche of municipal fame — a glorious example, and a living demonstration of the power of genius, and the reward of indomitable perseverance. The glory and the boast of every man, woman, and child in Creekville, was Titus Crunch; and a conceded ornament and pattern to their flourishing and highly-favored town.

We repeat, Titus Crunch fully appreciated the high honor conferred upon him by his fellow-townsmen. In a commensurate degree, so did the interesting partner of his bosom, Mrs. Titus Crunch, the help-meet of his household; the adviser and companion of his earlier struggles up the ladder of fame; and now the proud participator and sharer in the rewards of his industry and perseverance. Their daughter, too, the offspring of their mutual felicity, gifted, accomplished, and beautiful; she was placed in a sphere which her many graces of person and amiabilities of mind qualified her so eminently to adorn. And this they all knew, and felt so proud of, and so flattered were they by the sensible discrimination of the people among whom they were raised, and whose interests were so closely interwoven with their own. To promote the well-being, and guard the sacred rights of such a people with a fatherly solicitude, was the proudest aspiration of Mr. Titus Crunch; to further their means of improvement, intellectually and otherwise, his dearest boast. Accordingly, when the characteristic note from the editor of the *Blue Blast* came to hand, it found our worthy mayor most amiably disposed to do his utmost to further the praiseworthy objects of the gallant Captain of East-Indian celebrity. Mrs. C. and Miss Lydia C. lent their aid and countenance and advice in the matter; and between them, they concocted a scheme which would transcend any scheme of any former functionary, and throw a bright and luminous halo over the brief reign of Mayor Crunch, that would be an epoch in the annals of Creekville, and show him up as a pattern and example to all succeeding mayors. The project was no less a one, than throwing their doors open to the illustrious Captain; of inviting him to make their house his home while he honored Creekville with his presence; and showing him that attention and regard that the scars in battle won, and the patrician blood which coursed through his veins, demanded at the hands of the representative of the free and patriotic community of Creekville. To the lady of the house, however, must be awarded the merit of this scheme; though

the motive in her case was different, and the end to be achieved much more important. Herself descended, as she firmly believed, from a long line of noble ancestry — though so long, that she was wont to lose herself in tracing the labyrinthian turnings and windings of the genealogical maze — what more natural than that she should wish, in her own day and generation, to restore her house to its pristine glory and splendor? Her husband, though a worthy man in the main, and the architect of his own fortune, was still of plebeian origin, and destitute of all appreciation of the pride of birth, and the lustre that attends a 'state of high degree.' Therefore were the high aspirations she had ever before her, for her daughter, locked within the maternal bosom; and therefore did she pine and pray for the arrival of the knight-errant that was to snatch her beloved one from obscurity, and bear her away to his castle in the island of Happy-land. Whispers were rife throughout Creekville, that this same Sumpunk was more than he pretended to be. They set him down at least, as some nobleman's son in disguise, travelling through the country to familiarize himself with the workings of its republican machinery. 'Ah! who knows? them lords do take queer notions.'

In the mean time, the flattering *carte blanche* was received, and by the advice of Chuckle accepted, and the valise, umbrella, and fortunate possessor of so many attractions, removed to the hospitable domicile of the no less hospitable mayor.

Need we say that Theophilus, Cæsar-like, came, and saw, and conquered? We feel assured the least sanguine of our readers must have anticipated no less a fatality. Such an embodiment of all the fabled graces, what woman could see and be happy without the possessor? Such quintessence of concentrated charms of mind and person, such an accretion of all the cardinal virtues that adorn humanity, what woman, however Cleopatrian, could withstand? Assuredly not the romantic, sentimental Lydia Crunch. Although the daughter of a mayor, and the heiress of broad acres and a paper-mill, she was but human. Although brought up at the feet of wisdom, and rocked in the cradle of luxury, and reared in the lap of immaculate maternity, she was not proof against the honey-pointed arrows of this gay Theophilus. Alas! her little heart was no longer her own. It was sighed away, inch by inch, to this idol, this brazen image, that had set itself, and that she had worshipped. 'Farewell the tranquil mind,' crochet and bijouterie, books and 'weakly Fledgers,' oh! farewell. Farewell the Sylvan Sobbs and Ferny Fanns, and all the pomp and circumstance of harrowing'st tale e'er registered by act of Congress, oh! farewell! Miss Lydia's occupation's gone.

Ah! tenderest Lydia! Ah! happiest Sumpunk!

IV.

ON that day, which was to have been made memorable by the *début* of Captain Theophilus Sumpunk before the intelligent public of Creekville, quite a little excitement in its way was manifest

in the minds of said intelligent public in anticipation of the event. Some of the most influential towns-people of that highly-favored spot had been to work, to give all possible *éclat* to the occasion. But none more so than the chief dignitary of the place, and the indomitable and persevering Phil Chuckle, editor and sole proprietor of the Creekville *Blue Blast*.

To the latter worthy, in an especial manner, were thanks due for the active and energetic interest he had taken in the matter.

The influence of the press we all know to be omnipotent. Also do we know, that no mean sinew in that powerful organization was the *Blue Blast*; nor no mean member of that powerful, polemical body denominated the press-gang, was Mr. Phil Chuckle.

The posters and paragraphs and programmes issued in thousands from his printing-office, and distributed by small boys at fifty cents a day, over the length and breadth of the town, and into every store, and house, and office, and tavern, and not only in the town, but in the adjoining villages and farm-houses, had had the desired effect. The public mind had, we might say, been stirred up with a long pole, held by the cunning hand of Phil Chuckle. The curiosity of that many-headed animal, the mass, had been worked up to its culminating point; and considering the length of time that it stood upon the tip-toe of expectation, and the exceeding inconvenience of that vertiginous position, we cannot but wonder and feel thankful that it did not irretrievably injure itself by toppling over.

But more especially in the neighborhood of the 'Spread Eagle' does the excitement prevail.

The mists and vapors surrounding that unfortunate bird of prey, when last we did ourselves the honor of apostrophizing it, have now disappeared, and it has come out of the furnace of affliction burnished and brightened, and looking more golden than ever. The day is bright and clear and crisp, and the eagle, sensible of the bracing and renovating effect, seems to lift its head with a more defiant look, and spread its wings with a firmer and more muscular development. Were the cruel nails and rods that bind it to things terrestrial but removed, we question if we would not see it soar away through the regions of space, so rampant does it look.

The hotel over which this bird presides is situated adjacent to the market-place. The town hall is in the very centre of the market-place, and it is market day; you can see that, by the stir and bustle; by the hundred-and-one wagons that are propped up against the foot-paths, groaning with produce of every description; by the number of stalls, and tables, and baskets, and bundles; and people standing, and talking, and buying, and selling, and bargaining, and bartering, and shouting, and gesticulating, as if from this day forth there was to be a famine in the land and this the last opportunity for making provision against it.

Elbowing his way pertinaciously through the crowd, we descry one who seems to have no pursuit in common with the others. It

is Theophilus. The unmistakable wrapper thrown so gracefully around him, and little military-looking glazed cap, proclaim it to be him and none other. Yet there is something strange, if not suspicious, in his very looks and actions. The sidelong glancing of the eye, and peculiar roll of the body, indicate in common parlance that there is 'something up.' Following closely at his heels is a character of 'horse-flesh' notoriety, known for not being over-scrupulous in his principles and general business transactions. This is no less a personage than Caleb Couper, a most-useful man in his community, and the oracle of the great livery-stables of Slamen and Company.

They retreat beneath the expanded pinions, through the bar-room, up the stairs, and into the room before referred to, where the door is closed upon them.

What plans are there discussed, what propositions laid down, what bribes offered, is not for us to know or pry into. The mayor, studiously driving his quill up and down the columns of his ponderous ledger, dreams not of these two men laying their heads together within that little room in that most respectable of hotels the 'Spread Eagle.' My lady, with the long descent, as she lolls herself luxuriously in her couch, congratulating herself on the speedy realization of all her day-dreams, wots not of the little transaction in the aforesaid hotel. The editor of the *Blue Blast*, busy-ing himself with tickets and fulsome encomiums, to the end that a bumper house may satisfactorily reimburse all parties concerned, would pause in his labor of love, and the blue and pink tickets in his hand turn to scorpions could he but divine that instead of selling tickets at fifty cents a piece, he himself is being sold at a much less exorbitant figure. The public, too, the dear confiding public — but anon, we will not anticipate.

'Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,' and cries of 'Go on, go on!' from the pugnaciously disposed, seated or standing in the back part of the brilliantly-illuminated hall; and remonstrances of 'Order! order! patience! patience!' from the pacifically-disposed in the reserved seats near the platform. Eight o'clock, the hour appointed for beginning the lecture, had struck. Fifteen minues past, and still no lecturer. The mayor had taken the chair for the purpose of preserving order and beguiling the attention of the audience with a few of his conventional exordiums. But even they were beginning to prove inadequate to appease the half-stifled clamors of the incensed auditory. Mr. Chuckle then resorted to the same expedient, but all the oil that he could throw upon the troubled waters seemed like throwing it into a fire, increasing and magnifying the blaze. Phil sat down in despair. The *Blue Blast* was rapidly changing into a white heat. The mayor subsided into the cushions of his chair of office, determined to say nothing more, but let matters take their course. At this exciting emergency a messenger was espied making his way hurriedly to the platform, waving above his head a roll of paper, and shouting

‘Make way there, a message for the mayor, to be delivered immediately.’

With apprehensive forebodings that functionary took the proffered roll, opened it, and instantly turned pale.

‘Villain! wretched impostor!’ hissed out from between his clenched teeth.

‘Chuckle, my hat; call the constables; let us pursue him! Oh! my daughter ——’

At the mention of this latter word, a long, sharp, ringing shriek rose high above the tumult, and a multiplicity of shawls, furs, etc., was seen, being carried hurriedly out by two stalwart men. Mrs. Crunch had fainted. ‘Home!’ cried her exasperated liege lord as he hurried her into a coach. Crack went the whip, off went the horses, rumble went the old family vehicle, and in a very few minutes they were at their door. But too late; the bird had flown, flown on the wings of love, bearing with him his bride, his adorable Lydia, to his castle in the island of Happy-land.

A small, hurriedly-written note, left on the toilet-table of the fair one, ran thus :

‘MY DEAR PARENTS: Weep not for me. I am very, very happy; happy in the love of one who to-morrow will call me wife. Pursuit will be useless, as my dear Theophilus has taken every precaution to render such abortive. In my sunny home beyond the seas I will often think of papa and mamma. LYDIA.’

It was not until next day that the too-confiding mayor became aware of the full extent of his loss. The secret he prudently resolved to bury within his own breast and that of his wretched wife. But scandal travels fast, and busy tongues are not slow to tell you in confidence that Ex-Mayor Crunch is not so well off now as he was this time last year. But then you know we have had a money-panic — that, I take it, is the reason, nothing more.

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G O I N G   T O   R E S T .

I.

LET your hearts be troubled not for her,  
That her trials are over-past;  
She has come a long and a weary way  
To this repose at last:

II.

A weary way, with a heavy load  
Of care in her aching breast;  
So open the door of the grave, to-night,  
And let her go in and rest.

## T H E S T A R S .

ALL night, all night I watch the stars  
From out my lonely window-bars,  
O KATIE dear !  
Long, long I gaze with tears and sighs,  
For as their softened splendor streams  
Through the still air,  
Like happy thoughts through your sweet dreams,  
So sweet and fair,  
They but remind me of your eyes —  
The light I love of your sweet eyes,  
And long I gaze with tears and sighs,  
O KATIE dear !

The dewy heavens so sweetly starred,  
By bookish men are sadly scarred  
With harsh names given.  
The constellations sweet  
Tripping with jewelled feet  
Across the heaven,  
Must lead forsooth a surly Bear,  
Or scourge a Dragon through the air,  
O KATIE dear,  
A Dragon through the air !

For me — I read them all the same —  
They ever, ever spell your name.  
Or go they fast, or go they slow,  
In heaven high, or heaven low,  
Or interchanging to-and-fro,  
'T is that sweet name they love to trace,  
And spell it o'er and o'er,  
And write it ever more,  
Where no rude hand can reach it to efface,  
My KATIE dear !  
Can reach it to efface.

And in the early gray of morn,  
On Love's untiring quest,  
Oh ! tenderly the blushing dawn  
Looks forth from east to west ;  
Looks forth to breathe one tender kiss  
Unto the dropping moon,  
Nor dreams that jealous LUCIFER  
Above is ever watching her,  
And envies deep that wafted bliss  
And sighs for such a boon !

But ah ! thy softly kindling flush  
O KATIE dear !  
With beauty wed,  
Would make, I swear,



The envious dawn to blush  
A deeper red,  
O KATIE dear!  
A deeper red!

And could that morning star,  
From his blue height afar,  
Bend from his silver car  
And taste thy kiss,  
He'd linger in the sky,  
Nor heed APOLLO nigh,  
But kiss, and faint, and die,  
Amid such bliss!

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#### M I L I T A R Y   A D V E N T U R E R S .

It is rather hard to define what an adventurer is now-a-days, as the term has long deviated from its original meaning. Properly and originally it was employed to designate a man who trusted to the chapter of accidents for a livelihood, or literally, to whatever should happen or 'turn up;' a person with no fixed calling or occupation, and no definite plans for the future. It has gradually and by a somewhat natural process, come to be applied to any person who has no fixed place of residence, or regular business or occupation, little principle, and who has no private fortune; for poverty is the one essential element in the character. We should never think of calling a rover, with ten thousand dollars a year, let his aims be ever so uncertain, or his antecedents ever so disreputable, an adventurer. In fact, an adventurer, as the term is now understood, may safely be defined to be a person of no pecuniary resources, whose honesty is doubtful, who has left his native place, and who has no fixed plans for the future, and above all, who is unsuccessful in what he undertakes. Failure perhaps is even more essential than poverty, for if a man succeeds he ceases to be an adventurer. Louis Napoleon was an adventurer up to the period of his election to the presidency, but no longer. So was his uncle until he got the command of the army of Italy. Rajah Brooke would have been one if he had had no private fortune: this saved him. Raleigh was an adventurer in his day, but would not be so if he lived in ours, though his career were precisely the same, inasmuch as he was a gentleman, was well known, and had private resources. It may be suggested that the last two examples could not fairly be charged with want of principle in the ordinary sense of the term, but this is one of the requisites, the absence of which is occasionally overlooked. A knave may occasionally escape being dubbed an adventurer, if in all other respects he come

up to the standard ; but if he is poor and unsuccessful to boot, he must submit.

We must not omit to mention that the members of a class into which a man has forced his way by good luck, or sheer force of talent, are apt, in spite of his success, to stigmatize him as an adventurer, when those who remain below him would consider him to have lost all claim to the character. The crowned heads of Europe, for instance, always regarded Bernadotte and Napoleon the Great as adventurers ; they still so consider Napoleon III. ; and Cromwell was viewed in the same light by the English aristocracy. In short, the varieties of the species are innumerable, and it would take pages to enumerate the various modifications which an adventurer may undergo, and be still an adventurer. It is no part of our present purpose to detail their several characteristics. The increased facilities which each year affords for moving from one place to another, and the boundless fields of enterprise which the new countries in modern times have thrown open to the active and energetic, have naturally converted a large portion of the youth of this age into 'seekers of their fortunes,' so that in commerce knight-errantry is now looked upon, not only as a pardonable but a praiseworthy thing, and the term adventurer has lost much of its former odium ; but with 'military' prefixed to it, it is probably as opprobrious as ever. Yet it is only very recently that it has become disreputable to rove about the world in search of employment for one's sword. Down to the end of the last century it was very common and very creditable for a young gentleman to serve one or two campaigns under a distinguished commander, though neither he nor his country had the smallest interest in the quarrel. It was in fact part of a polite education, and was considered useful in giving a youth a knowledge of the world, self-possession, firmness of nerve, and polish of manner. Many scions of good houses, both in Germany and England, whose fortunes were meagre, also made a practice of eking them out by embracing foreign military service as a profession. For these men the armies of powers carrying on war with the Turks seem to have had a special attraction. During the last century great numbers of young Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Germans of the smaller states entered the Austrian and Russian armies, and sought laurels under Eugene and Suwarrow on the Danube. At that time, however, war was in a great degree a pastime of kings and gentlemen. It was a royal game, with which the body of the people had nothing to do save to supply the recruits. The evils of war, though dwelt upon occasionally by preachers and moralists, never presented themselves forcibly to men of the world. At the battle of Fontenoy the English and French guards met in opposing columns, and the officers disputed for some minutes, each side insisting, with the loftiest courtesy, upon according to the other the privilege of firing first. The English finally suffered themselves to be overcome by the enemy's politeness, and delivered a volley with deadly effect, and hundreds

of poor Frenchmen fell on the spot. The affair was immensely applauded at the time, but it is hardly necessary to say that any such performance now would be greeted with general execration as barbarous inhumanity. Public opinion will not permit any one to fight in order to amuse himself, or give the finishing touches to education, or even to merely earn his bread. It accords the highest honors to successful soldiering, but insists that the recipient shall fight for honest convictions, or under the flag of his own country. People have no sympathy for those who sell their swords to the highest bidder, without reference to the merits of the quarrels in which they engage.

The list of military adventurers has, nevertheless, probably been larger for the last thirty years than ever before since the beginning of the last century, owing to the numbers of those whom political revolutions have driven into exile, most of them belonging to a class to whom a soldier's calling was the only one at all familiar. Hungary and Poland have contributed a larger quota to it than any other. Their political refugees are mostly nobles, who have been taught to fight as part of a gentleman's education, and are utterly unacquainted with any other mode of earning their bread. The German refugees are generally of an inferior grade, tradespeople, or professional men, who, when they find themselves in a foreign country, readily adapt themselves to their situation, and live as they have always lived, by working. France supplies a few of the roving men of the sword, but not many, as persons martially inclined can generally find abundant employment at home, and her refugees are mostly people of peaceable pursuits, whom nothing but political fanaticism could induce to take up arms, and whose military aspirations are mostly limited to a vigorous campaign against the tyrants, the aristocracy, and shop-keepers, in which all prisoners shall be decapitated.

England furnishes a very fair share. Owing to the costly style of living prevalent in her army, and the insufficiency of the officer's pay, every year a number of young men are forced to leave the service on account of their inability to keep pace with their comrades. Few of them quit the field without a hard struggle; but the crisis, unless averted by a war or rapid promotion, comes sooner or later.

While the world is at peace, or only little wars are raging, with which the regular forces are amply competent to deal, one can form no conception of the numbers of these men who lurk in the various holes and corners of European capitals. But no sooner do disturbances begin, than they make their appearance in swarms, generally buttoned up to the chin, and with a sabre in a leather or green baize case. Provisional governments, committees of safety, and ministers-at-war of menaced nationalities forthwith have an awful time of it. The great wars of Napoleon's day absorbed for twenty years or more every fighting-man in Europe; but before the Carlist outbreak in Spain a fresh crop had sprung up, and the Hispano-British legion was officered by some gentlemen of very

curious antecedents. Amongst them were a large number of respectable young men who took arms for the queen in a mere fit of soldiering enthusiasm. Most of these Palmerston has since provided for very handsomely by consulships, and various other snug little berths in divers parts of the world. Others received commissions in the English line, and have since done the state some service. But the older ones, who had drawn the sword against Don Carlos, with the burden of a great past on their shoulders, returned, as soon as that turbulent chieftain was put down, to the garrets and their misery, and most of them have since dropped off, grumbling to the last of Spanish ingratitude. Some of them, poor fellows, had good reason; many of them never received their pay in full; and many more carried scars to the grave, which no pension ever anointed, in spite of the oft-repeated promises of her Catholic Majesty. Large numbers of the younger ones are still to be met with in all quarters of the globe. They are now generally portly men, with affectionate wives and 'sweet little girls' or 'fine boys,' and labor under the cares of a household. Not a few have entered the Church, and either officiate as army chaplains, or else attend to the spiritual wants of rustics in remote country parishes, for few had interest enough to lay hold of 'fat livings.' Many more represent H. B. M. as consuls in all sorts of little out-of-the-way towns, particularly in the East. They are all remarkably tenacious of their military titles, though few of them held the rank with which they quitted the service for six months, and nearly thirty years have rolled over their weary heads since they have heard a shot fired in anger. We have seen an old lieutenant-colonel of 'the legion' somewhat tartly correct a guest in his own house for addressing him innocently as plain 'Mr.' They are all firmly convinced that such hard fighting as the legion went through in Spain has never in these latter days been witnessed, and are never tired of rehearsing the desperate exploits performed by Jones at Oporto, or of the awful fire which swept the slopes at Fuente d'Onore, when Smith led the volunteers for the third time to the assault. They all consider themselves veterans, though none of them were more than two years under arms, and smiled somewhat pityingly at the martial ardor of the younger tribe who assailed Sebastopol. Most of them have managed to keep one another in sight through all the ups and downs of life, with remarkable devotion, and we do not know that we have ever seen any thing much more charmingly and tenderly comic than the meeting of a few old legionaries after a long separation. They talk of *their* war as a thing of yesterday, and though many of the present generation have scarce ever heard of it, to them it is evidently the great event of the century. Their quarter of a century of civil life utterly disappears under the bright glow of their reminiscences, and the Carlist war swallows up two-thirds of their existence. They are desperately punctilious in maintaining their dignity against officers of the Queen's troops. There is many a young fellow, not over thirty, in the latter, who has seen more fighting in five years of his

career than all the Christinist heroes put together, but the latter obstinately persist in regarding him as 'a youngster,' and are a little bit nettled at any want of recognition of their seniority when military matters come on the tapis. Take them for all in all, few bands of military adventurers turn out as many worthy fellows, and few have ever been commanded by a braver soldier and a better man than their chief, De Lacy Evans, who did so much to brighten matters in the Crimea.

After the decease of the Spanish legion, and the expulsion of Don Carlos, the profound peace which reigned through Europe until 1848, gave military adventurers little chance of bettering their condition in life. They lived quietly in their attics in London and Paris, ate their chops, drank their *demi-tasses* and *petits verres*, played billiards and dominoes, and denounced Lord Aberdeen, Palmerston, and Louis Philippe until the revolution of February. During the eventful year which followed it, the gentlemen of the sword swarmed every place in which there was most to do, Schleswig-Holstein, Vienna, Hungary above all, and Piedmont. They had a brief but glorious career. The services of any man who professed ever to have worn a uniform, were of course invaluable to the raw levies and enthusiastic grocers, of which the armies of the liberals were composed. But the close of 1849 saw them driven back into their old dens, with no better relics of their labors than half-a-dozen additional stories for the cafés, and a few daguerreotypes of beauties whose country they were on the point of liberating. Their numbers were, however, immensely increased by fresh refugees from Poland, large numbers of Hungarians and Italians. They scattered themselves all over Europe, and waited impatiently, like Mr. Micawber, for something else to turn up.

The revolutionary war in Hungary was so long and well maintained, and was illustrated by such able generalship, that it drew together an immense number of the refugees from all parts of the world; and when Gorgei's surrender at Vilagos put an end to the struggle, they all threw themselves into Turkey. A large proportion of them there began life anew, as soon as their extradition began to be talked of, by turning Mussulmen; though to which religious denomination they had belonged before their apostasy, it would puzzle those who know more about them than we to say. It is hardly necessary to add, that in all but the very shreds of external observance, they were none of them a bit more a follower of the prophet than any deacon in the United States, and all fully intended to repudiate him as soon as they got a chance of returning to their own country. The drollest, cleverest, shrewdest of them all was a Pole, who after his reception into the Mohammedan Church, took the name of Hidaïet, which, with the addition of the Turkish synonym for 'Mr.,' made his ordinary designation Hidaïet Aga. When we made his acquaintance — a pleasure which for long afterward caused us so many tears of laughter — he had formally quitted the Turkish service in disgust, and was serving as a sort of volunteer aid-de-camp to one of his

countrymen, who commanded a brigade on the Danube ; and beside drawing rations, made something by gambling and horse-dealing. He was generally well mounted and armed and dressed, and was attended by a valet and cook of his own nation, upon whom he committed two or three assaults daily, but who was nevertheless devotedly attached to him. Hidaïet Aga was in the habit of calling into our quarters after dinner, squatting himself cross-legged in our divan, and retailing his experiences of Turkish military life in the most intensely comic strain, though without changing a muscle of his face. When he came first to Constantinople, and entered the service, he found it for a long while impossible to get his pay as captain of infantry ; and was so hard up, that his uniform became tattered, and he was almost ashamed to go out into the street. He was rather a favorite with Mustapha Pasha, who at that time commanded the garrison of Constantinople, and determined to try a ruse upon him. He accordingly entered the general's quarters one day, with a bundle of old numbers of the *Indépendance Belge* thrust into the breast of his uniform, the end appearing outside the buttons. The Pasha invited him to be seated, but had perceived the newspapers, and noticed Hidaïet's look of deep gravity ; like all Turks, he was dreadfully anxious to know what the European papers, the 'gazetta,' said, and accordingly inquired the news. Hidaïet replied, with apparent reluctance to reveal what he knew, that there was no news. His looks belied him, and the Pasha's anxiety increased with his reluctance. To appear indifferent and calm is, however, one of the cardinal rules of Turkish etiquette. So the conflict lasted nearly an hour, till the Pasha could contain himself no longer, and sent the servants out of the room, and plumply declared that he saw newspapers sticking out of his uniform, and there must be some news.

'There is,' was the reply. (Long pause ; Pasha trembling with impatience.)

'What is it ?'

'There's an article here,' producing the paper and pointing out three columns partly the *Faits Divers* and partly advertisements.

'What is it about ?' said the Pasha, dropping his pipe.

'About you,' said Hidaïet, with an awful look.

To understand the terrible nature of this announcement, one needs to know the tormenting susceptibilities of Turkish officials to European opinions about them. They are well aware that the influence of the foreign ambassadors at Constantinople is all-powerful, and are in daily fear of a complaint originating abroad, which may prove their ruin.

'Read it, Effendi,' entreated the General, waxing politer and politer toward his inferior.

The Pole forthwith invented and delivered what purported to be a translation of the article, but which was in reality a fulsome eulogy upon the Pasha, setting forth his great military skill, his innumerable virtues, the extraordinary efficacy of the police regula-



tions enforced by the troops under his command, and calling strenuously upon the Porte to promote the hero to a still higher position in the state. The subject of the panegyric heard it all with tears of rapture in his eyes.

‘Do you know who wrote that?’ he inquired, when Hidaieh had done.

‘Zara yok,’ (No matter,) was the reply.

‘Oh! I know: you did, yourself.’

‘No matter.’

‘Yes, you did: command me. What can I do for you?’

‘I have had no pay for a year.’

Hands were clapped; a writer or secretary called for; and an order written forthwith, commanding the ‘defterdar’ to pay to Hidaiet Aga the sum of five thousand piastres.

‘What else?’

‘There’s some fine blue cloth in the store at the Seraskier’s, and my uniform is very bad.’

More clapping of hands — the writer called again, and another order written for ten yards of cloth. The Pasha wanted to keep the paper to show to his friends, but the Pole was too wily for that, and pretended he had borrowed it of the Russian ambassador, and solemnly promised to return it. The anxiety of the Russian ambassador to retain the article put the Pasha beside himself, and Hidaiet took his leave under a shower of the most endearing epithets. This was a trick, however, which could not be played often, and as the pay did not come in regularly, and the uniform would get shabby, our hero took his leave of the service, and, as we have already said, started on his own hook as a volunteer on the staff of a general of his own nation. In this capacity he found himself in charge of a regiment of cavalry near Karakal in Wallachia, in the spring of 1854. In front of him was a regiment of Paskievitz hussars, and half a battery of artillery, forming part of the rear-guard of the returning wing of Gortschakoff’s army. After a whole morning’s manœuvring and counter-manœuvring, Hidaiet managed to out-march the Russians, and deploy his line across the head of their column. They immediately attempted to wheel into line, and he seized the decisive moment for a brilliant and successful charge. He rode in front, shrieking, ‘Bismillah-i-rachmani-rahin — in the name of God the merciful, the very merciful!’ with as much unction, and as much effect, as if he had been the devoutest of Mussulmen. The Russians were completely routed, lost their guns, and their colonel was killed. After the action, the Turkish officers attempted to run off with the Russian artillery-horses as private booty, and were forthwith pursued by Hidaiet and some half-dozen Poles, whose ideas of military duty and honor were more strict. Armed with sticks, they thrashed the delinquents soundly, and brought back the spoil. When we last saw him, he was filling the honorable position of dragoman to the British Commissioner. There was great dearth of forage, and we

had for some days been reduced to the desperate expedient of feeding our horses on rice. We applied to him in our extremity, and he forthwith promised relief, seized us by the arm, and hurried us off down the street and out into the country. In five minutes' gallop we met a long train of wagon-loads of hay, conducted by peasantry, coming in for the French commissariat. As soon as they got within hearing distance, he began to shower on their heads every term of opprobrium the Turkish language contains, and their name is legion; and after swearing himself out of breath, took a piece of paper out of his pocket, appeared to peruse it attentively, and then asked the head man of the train why the impure dogs had been so long on the road, that he had been expecting them for hours. The poor peasant poured a long string of apologies out of his sheep-skin pelisse, upon which Hidaïet appeared to relent. He then counted the wagons; said there were but fourteen, when there ought to be fifteen; asked where the missing one was, and scolded furiously again. This time the peasants were awfully frightened; a hundred blows of a stick each was the least, as far as appearances went, they could look forward to. They tore their beards, and swore there were but fourteen when they started. He was not satisfied; turned the whole train off the road, and brought them in by another gate opposite our door, where he directed one of the best wagons to unload, sent the rest about their business, only too glad to escape, and directed us to pay the owner the market price. We expressed our doubts about the morality of the transaction, but he pooh-poohed them. We had as good a right to the hay as the French — and, any how, 'à la guerre comme à la guerre!'

The inveterate vice of the Polish adventurers, the best as well as the worst of them, is gambling. They gamble late and early, night, noon, and morning, and rarely think of any other occupation, beyond their military duties. Bosom friends win from one another their money, watches, rings, horses, and arms, and yet we have never heard of its causing the slightest interruption in their friendship. We have known eight of them to assemble every night in *zemlik*, or under-ground huts, not over twelve feet square, and play until two in the morning, though unable to see each other's faces from the smoke of their cigarettes, and then turn out as usual an hour before daybreak, to man the works, with as much alacrity as if they had passed the night on down. They lend to one another with as much readiness as they borrow, and we doubt if these lenders are often 'done.' They form an isolated community in the midst of strangers, are daily in need of each other's help, and consequently the good opinion of the body is of the last importance to each individual member of it. The prince of all the gamblers, drinkers, riders, cavalry soldiers, and military adventurers, that ever we knew, was Iskender Bey, a Pole of old and distinguished family, whose brother now occupies a high position under the Russian government. At what period Iskender quitted

his father-land, we could never clearly make out; as, if half the adventures which he related of himself were true, he must have commenced life about the beginning of the century. He was too young a man, however, though campaigning had grizzled his beard and wrinkled his face probably ten years too early, to have begun soldiering much before 1830; and from all we could learn, we thought ourselves justified in ascribing his expatriation to participation in the insurrection of that year. Since then he represented himself as having been present at the siege of Herat, in 1836-37, having served in the Carlist War in Spain, in several campaigns with the French in Algeria, in the Hungarian War in 1848-49, the campaign in Bosnia, under Omar Pasha, in 1850, and last of all, in the last Russian War; all of which was, no doubt, true, though many of the incidents he related of his career were apocryphal. He certainly carried the scars left by thirteen wounds on his body, and was too good a soldier to have become so without long and varied experience. When we first made his acquaintance, he had been suffering from fever and ague for years, but nevertheless gambled all night, and fought by day with as much hilarity as if his life was a stream of pleasure. He, as others, had a Polish cook, who stood inside the door while his master was at dinner. When any of the dishes appeared to be a failure, the latter instantly seized the loaf of bread, which stood at his elbow, and hurled it at the delinquent's head, who forthwith disappeared, and returned to the room no more. His cook had a most miserable time of it. All the other Poles, and their name was legion, who frequented Iskender's quarters, as if they were their own, exercised equal jurisdiction over him, and boxed his ears or swore at him as the occasion might require. He was a tall, strapping fellow, who had served in the lancers at home, and, unfortunately for him, very irascible. Most of his cooking, when I first made Iskender's acquaintance, was performed in the open air on the side of a hill where we were encamped, holes being dug in the ground for the fire. If he found any thing not going well, he would lose his temper and fly at the pots and pans, and kick them down the hill, and immediately, as if stricken with remorse, fly for his life. The sentry at Iskender's door forthwith gave notice, and a party of the assembled guests would mount and start in pursuit, catch the cook, and tie him to the axle-tree of a baggage-wagon for two or three hours. This episode was of weekly occurrence, and at last became a chronic camp excitement. The cry, that Iskender's dinner was down the hill, would bring out hundreds to see the soup and bouilli flying, and the cook disappearing in the distance. If you ask us why he did not discharge him, we reply that Poles don't understand discharging a servant; they beat him and kick him; and besides, Iskender would not have got another cook within three hundred miles.

## T H E O L D G A M B R E L R O O F .

—  
 ‘Know old Cambridge? Hope you do.  
 Born there? Don’t say so! I was, too.  
 (Born in a house with a gambrel-roof,  
 Standing still, if you must have proof.  
 ‘Gambrel? Gambrel?’ Let me beg  
 You’ll look at a horse’s hinder leg,  
 First great angle above the hoof,  
 That’s the gambrel; hence gambrel-roof.’) — O. W. HOLMES.

—

In a sweet little hamlet, in front of the green,  
 Stands a rustic old farm-house, once dear to my eye,  
 Where the days of my youth and my boyhood were spent,  
     And, God willing, I once hoped to die;  
 A poplar stood near it, like a sentinel tall,  
 Harm and danger to keep from its inmates aloof,  
 While a welcome the humblest were certain to find  
     ‘Neath its homely old Gambrel Roof.

The church and the parsonage stood lovingly by,  
 And the little red school-house where I learned to spell,  
 And the solemn old court-house, the famous town-pump,  
     And an old-fashioned moss-covered well;  
 A weeping old willow drooped near the wide gate  
 Where my grand-mother formerly wove the coarse woof,  
 Though, alas! the good woman has long ceased to weave,  
     And is mourned ‘neath the old Gambrel Roof.

There the music is heard of the dear piping bird,  
 And the soft-lowing ox and bleating young lamb,  
 And the ploughman’s shrill whistle, the reaper’s gay song,  
     And Nature’s great morning psalm;  
 There the song too is piped of the shrill-crowing cock,  
 There is heard the rude trampling of many a hoof,  
 And the farmer-boy’s shout as he leaps from his couch  
     ‘Neath the drowsy old Gambrel Roof.

There the dandelion bright and the gay buttercup,  
 Which I’ve held under many a young maiden’s chin,  
 Bespangle the garden, begay the broad fields  
     And bedeck the old village green;  
 The daisy, too, raises its innocent head,  
 While the rose, all too modest, stands blushing aloof,  
 And the sweet-brier clammers, determined to kiss  
     (What wonder!) the old Gambrel Roof.

Ah! many’s the day since there I have been,  
 And bitter the tears I am shedding just now,  
 As I think of the frolicksome days I there spent,  
     With the sweet dew of youth on my brow;  
 Alas! mother, and father, and sister are gone,  
 Against death the old farm-house alone seemeth proof,  
 And strangers now pass through the old oaken door,  
     And sleep ‘neath the old Gambrel Roof.

## T H E M I L L E N N I A L C L U B .

BY A MEMBER.

I CANNOT tell whether you would call our Club a political club or not. In this country, where we are nothing if not political, we never tolerate politics, so I hope it is not.

‘What do you think, Sir, of putting the inhabitants of the Cannibal Islands into a bag, and throwing them into the sea?’

‘Well, really, Sir, you must excuse me, but I do not interest myself in politics. I know, in fact, nothing about them.’

‘Ah! well then, my dear Sir, what do you think of Longshanks who has been selling Buncomb short?’

‘Think of him, Sir? I think he is a d—d rascal, Sir, that’s what I think of him.’

Under these circumstances, our Club was formed. The only difficulty with it is that it always remains so small. Its motto is the old Greek proverb, ‘Everyman’s good’s every other man;’ and although it is almost impossible at this late day and in this distant country, to tell exactly what it means, we have reduced it to a practical form by saying, nobody shall buy five-cent segars for four cents.

The doctrine and the practice impress me very strangely, who have been educated in Europe, where I have all my life seen a few people — of the blue blood, I suppose — smoking shilling regalias for nothing. At first I was pleased by it, but I think I was pained at last; and I often compared one of these few people with one of the many, to discover the real reason of the difference. But the smoking-machine was quite the same in both cases, as far as I could make out, except, possibly, that there was more smoke about the few and more fire in the many.

However, I grew used to it. I say it to my shame, I have been as comfortable in a palace as in a cabin. But I had no business in the palace; nobody has.

So strongly was I persuaded of it, that I came home. For at home, said my early recollections, you will find segars of the same price to every customer. Those recollections were the syrens that sweetly sang me homeward. I bounded ashore into their arms; I claimed the fulfilment of their promises; I demanded that they should show me a world which was not disgraced by its inhabitants.

Then came the questions I have recorded above, from which it appeared that under his clothes man is always a fowl without feathers: that is to say, he is always busy picking up his own corn, and not in the least degree solicitous whether you get yours or not; perhaps even thinking that if your legs fail for want of corn,

so that you cannot step about, there will be one pair of bills less. And do we not always want fewer bills?

It is droll to contemplate the human hen-yard, because there is always corn enough, and yet so few hens get any thing to eat. Pip and sudden exits prevail on every hand; and some chanticleer in royal red, smoking, as it were, shilling regalias for nothing, steps lordly about, and finally sinks in a plethora.

So we formed the Club. Its object is simply the Millennium, and its means the amelioration of the race. We have no public meetings, but every member works where he can and how he can. I have seen them busy at high 'change, and heard them in the pulpits of every sect. They are frequently to be encountered at lyceums delivering lectures, and sometimes in editorial rooms writing leaders.

During the recent pear season the President invited several of the members to his country-seat to eat pears, with the promise of a trip in his yacht. You will see from what he said, whether he is not our proper President. His country-seat is a charming place. The air is so sweet about it, the light so soft, the landscape so tranquil and lovely, that I always think of it as in Arcadia, but I believe it is really in Connecticut. As you approach it through winding lanes, with glimpses of distant water, as broad and splendid as the sea, but for convenience called Long Island Sound, the fields lie on either hand so profoundly peaceful, the reposing cattle chew the cud with such drowsy unconcern, the barns are so fat, and the infrequent farm-houses so sleepy, that men coming from the town hail the tranquillity as sailors after tumultuous tossing at sea, smell the sweet breath of unseen Spanish gardens; in the air

'It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;  
And there a season atween June and May,  
Half-prankt with spring, with summer half-imbrowned,  
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,  
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.'

Do you fancy the ample gardens, the stately terraces, the long bowery alleys and trimmed avenues, the smooth sweep of lawns, skirted with perfumed shrubbery, the plashing fountains, vases, statues? Do you see the gay company flitting up and down the marble steps, leaning over the foliated balustrades, smiling, bowing, whispering? Do you pass on into the lofty halls and pictured parlors, the dim library, the banqueting-room, the long range of galleries? Do you behold this rural elysium, this pastoral Paradise?

So did I; but when along that winding lane, catching glimpses of the distant water, we walked at sun-set, the earth seemed entirely prepared for the reign of peace and good-will, as the President discoursed to us in the following strain:

A child who loiters in old libraries, and stands high on the steps devouring old books written by hands now dust, of places now



changed forever ; who sits in the dusky silence while Time softly steals the day away hour by hour, and the loud-ticking clock in the distant hall, which fills the house with its sound, affects him like the soothing of a nursery song, has his imagination full of visions of quaint country villas and vast estates, rural mansions and baronial halls, which stretch away in alluring perspective whenever he is bidden to the country. Every farm he hears of, is a 'Blakesmoor in H—shire,' to a thoughtful city child.

Some boys stand on the library-steps all their lives. Wherever they go, whatever they see, they are still in the dusky library, and still know only the romantic aspect of the world. Such are they who go to the Coliseum, and behold only picturesque arches fringed with ferns in an Italian moon-light, who fancy Roman dames with jewelled fingers, dead centuries ago, pointing gladiators to death ; and who do not shudder that the very ground they tread on is saturated with the blood of countless murders, that the very stones are crystallized with shrieks of horror.

Other boys, on their way down the steps, discover that some splendid results have been attained in the world too soon, as it were, and unfairly. They are like early peas and strawberries, coming on the table before their natural time. Thus great ease and luxury for the individual should be known only in a society where every body is comfortable. A few men in a few places have enjoyed great domains, spacious palaces and parks, and lovely pleasure-grounds. How lovely and pleasant they are as you walk in them !

The Villa d'Este at Tivoli, for instance : I recollect it on that perfect day of summer. I linger again down the silent avenue of cypresses ; I hear the feeble plash of water in the fountain with the ruined mossy margin : and here is one gone dry. The light glimmers, the shadows deepen. It is not Ferrara, but it is the Villa d'Este, and it is by the magic of that name that the figure with the laureled head and the melancholy eyes glides, holding a manuscript from ladies whose eyes smile upon him and whose pride shuns him. How rich and stately and beautiful the villa is in its decay ! Was it altogether beautiful in its prime ? Trees, fountains, and statues always are. How about the system of which it was a pretty flower ? The retreating figure of Tasso seems to have left only sadness in this enchanted air.

Palaces have a millennial aspect to the imagination, for they imply that every man in the world is at ease. No man wants to eat cake while his brother is starving — I mean ideally, not historically, exactly. The haggard beggar at her elbow spoils the beauty of the most beautiful woman in the world, just as a mud hovel destroys satisfaction in the palace it adjoins. How can you hope to get music from the harp when only its least string is unstrung ? Is the world less harmonious than a harp ?

So these things seem to have been possessed too soon. The race was never yet so prosperous, that any individual should have

built Chatsworth or Certosa. With what immense injustice the romantic Kenilworth Castle is tainted ! For the hidden principle of feudal tenure, whether in Egypt or England, ugly and coarse as the foundation-wall of the most beautiful temple in the world, is, every man for himself and something else for the hindmost !

Do you remember the Cathedral at Cologne ? It has been unfinished for hundreds of years. It never will be finished. But upon the incomplete tower vines hang and wave — foliage blooms and rustles, and all the romantic pomp of antiquity crowns an ancient fragment that was never a ruin. So it is with many of the feudal phenomena. They are decorated with a grace and beauty that should properly belong only to results ripened by the holiest, not by the meanest civilization. These remarks contained the whole philosophy of our Club.

The objections to building Chatsworth and Certosa, continued our President, do not lie against my country-seat. It is a little old house on the shore, standing at the grassy mouth of a pretty river that winds inland from a bay of the Sound.

It is separated from the Sound on one side by a long, low, sandy spit, on which stands a hut, alone on the wide, wide sea. The hut seems to be built in the water when the tide is high, and stands profoundly solitary ; and you will be glad to hear that it was the house in which Cowper wrote his ode, and Zimmerman his book on solitude.

The house is so near the pebbly and grassy beach that the children are floundering in and out of the water all the time. They dress on the porch, and scamper down — splash — whoop ! The languid old element, hugging the earth, is glad to be caressed in turn by the blithe young immortals. They bring in marine booty without end, and their aquatic forays are richly rewarded. Dry horse-shoes, with all their anatomy displayed — shells, stones, weeds, flowers, every thing is fish to the net of that childish curiosity on the shore.

I say, one is not troubled there with the feeling that injustice is done to any other human being. No farmer can complain, for not a solitary potato do I raise ; nor the butcher, for I buy all my meat ; nor the fisherman, for I buy fish ; nor the stable-keeper of the next village, for I hire horses ; nor the grocer, for I buy stores. I raise nothing, and keep no animals. Not a hen clucks, not a pigeon coos, not a dog barks, not a horse neighs, not a cow lows, about the grounds of my country-seat.

Will you see the gardens — the terraces — the fountains ?

They are close by. The finest flowers grow in the wood yonder. The hardest and most level terrace is the pasture beyond the four bars. Lawn and lake are combined in the gleaming waters of the bay, and my yacht is a 'cat' large enough for two.

Cid, who is a member of our Club in full standing, but who, I think, has some of the true-blue blood in his heart, evidently had hopes of something like the Alhambra ; when, suddenly, the Pre-

sident jumped over the fence, and opened the little wooden gate for us to enter. We tramped through the long grass under a venerable cherry tree, by a wagon-house, in front of which was no wagon; and at the end of the piazza of a little tumble-down cottage stood the mother of a swarm of children that came rolling and bounding over the grass to meet their papa and his friends.

'This is my country-seat, gentlemen,' said the President, as he waved his hand over the fields. 'I pay three dollars and a half rent every month. I do my farming in Fulton Market. I buy my segars of Mr. Sparrowgrass, and never pay less than the price. The taint of Kenilworth is unknown here. The cloud that hangs over Locksley Hall is dissolved into a rainbow in our sky. Gentlemen, the pears and melons are on the table. Walk in!'

At a special meeting of the Club, held on the piazza in the evening—I will say of the Democratic Club, although there are several celebrated Democrats who are not members—it has been unanimously decided, and now stands upon the record, that certain pleasures can be said to be fully and fairly enjoyed only in a *Commonwealth*, or a state of society in which feudalism is utterly abolished.

There was, indeed, one member who pished, and sputtered, and said: 'Pooh, pooh, do n't be impracticable. You've got to take the world as you find it. Shall I not do what I will with mine own?'

The President of the Club instantly replied, with a sweetness that has secured his reelection: 'Perhaps so; if you can find out what your own is.'

We all returned to town the next day but one. The intervening day was devoted to an excursion in the yacht, on which occasion I was twice put ashore to recover the tone of my stomach. I was perhaps not so happy as some of the others.

But still, as I walked alone upon the beach, and looked over the bright dancing water, I wondered how much truth there might be in what the President had said. If the spirit of feudalism is so subtle, and can so deeply taint the

'Castle-walls  
And snowy summits old in story,'

is it quite washed out by the salt sea that rolls between us and old history, so that no possession of ours is liable to be tainted by it? Is it necessary to suppose that every friend of man who talks with a needy knife-grinder must be a hypocrite and charlatan? It was Canning who wrote the comical sapphics—but was Canning's England such a heaven that he could afford to write such verses? Does not the whole course of history show that the one thing wanting has been practice of the principle of our Club—'Every-man'sgood'severyotherman'?

If you think so, why not join?

## T H O M A S J E F F E R S O N .

CHOSEN substitute of Peyton Randolph, Jefferson entered Congress in 1775. His ready pen, his known patriotism, his legal acumen made him a leader; and, at the session of 1776, he was chosen, along with John Adams, Roger Sherman, Dr. Franklin, and Robert Livingston, to draft the Declaration of Independence. The part which Mr. Jefferson took in the composition of the original document is unquestioned. His colleagues requested him to draw it up, which he did. This draft was first submitted to Dr. Franklin and John Adams, who merely made a few verbal emendations. It was approved by the Committee, and then introduced to Congress. The debate which followed is traditionally memorable. Congress having sat with closed doors, no record of its current proceedings transpired further than the acts which passed into laws. Hence we are left with no knowledge of what was said, except what has since been generally said by the actors themselves. From them we learn that the excitement was intense, the debate bitter and closely contested; that John Adams was 'a Colossus,' meeting every opponent, and driving all before him. The Declaration finally was adopted, modified considerably, and for the better, it must be confessed. The original document was too rhetorical in some of its parts; it savored too strongly of a philosophical discourse, and was less calculated to affect the people and the cause favorably than the form finally adopted.

We are presented, in Dr. Randall's volumes, with a *fac-simile* of the original draft, bearing the impress of Jefferson's hand, as well as the interlineations of Dr. Franklin and Adams. The original and the amended drafts are also given, side by side, that the reader may see, at a glance, where the two documents differ. Dr. Randall devotes a number of pages to the question of the authorship of the document — as if any person could doubt the evidence of the *fac-simile* given. But we can really see little propriety in claiming so great honor for its composition, since the Declaration adopted was as far from Mr. Jefferson's document as it could well be and preserve the shadow of a likeness. When the original was used, it was but a repetition of sentiments almost hourly upon the tongues of the people, expressing opinions common to every patriot heart. Their mere repetition could lay claim to little originality. Where the Declaration was original, it was so cropped and modified as to leave only its shadow. We may with truthfulness say, that Congress was the real author of the immortal document as it now stands.

Mr. Jefferson retired from Congress to take his seat in the Virginia (new) House of Delegates, in October, 1776. He threw his whole strength into the subject of reforms, and for several years labored successfully upon the government and statutes. His will is

every where apparent in the Code of Virginia to this day. Her courts bear the forms of his choosing ; her conditions of citizenship are his ; while the other States, taking their suggestions from the patriotic and able Burgesses, followed their action and adopted their modes and reforms very largely. Few new States have since been organized which have not turned to the Virginia statutes for precedents.

June first, 1779, saw Mr. Jefferson chosen to succeed Patrick Henry as Governor of Virginia. It was a time of darkness to the country, when gloom put sweet hope to the torture, and spectres haunted council-fires and hearth-stones. We may not pause to recapitulate the events of the period. Mr. Randall, with considerable skill, groups the historical data, though, we believe, without adding any new fact to what has already been recorded. The British, under Arnold and Tarleton and Philips, swept over the State, ravaging and destroying all before them. To this point of history Mr. Randall devotes much labor, entertaining seriously the charge of inefficiency and cowardice preferred against Mr. Jefferson for not staying the marauders. The plea is needless, we must say. We cannot help thinking, however, that the Governor did show (as very well he might) some trepidation, when he fled from Charlottesville on his fleet horse, leaving his brave negro-man to receive the insolent foe, which he did with honor to himself and benefit to his fleeing master's property.

Congress named Jefferson (June fifteenth, 1781) one of the four Commissioners to the proposed Peace Congress at Vienna, but he declined for personal reasons. On the last day of June, he was thrown from his horse, and considerably injured. His confinement resulted fortunately for the country, since he then composed his now celebrated 'Notes on Virginia,' papers which show the variety and precision of the author's acquirements in a highly pleasing light. The remaining months of the year 1781 were devoted to home pursuits, studies, and the care of his beloved wife, whose fast-failing health was a source of deep anxiety to the loving husband. She died September sixth, 1782. Her loss weighed heavily upon Mr. Jefferson. Notwithstanding a frequently expressed determination to serve no longer in any public capacity, he now accepted the appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary, (unanimously tendered by Congress,) to negotiate the articles of peace proposed by the new English Ministry. News coming early in February, 1783, of the provisional peace already agreed upon, the mission was abandoned.

In June, 1783, he was elected to Congress by the General Assembly of Virginia, taking his seat November, 1784. His offices were many, and responsible enough, showing the respect in which his opinions and learning were held by his associates, who numbered some of the finest intellects and purest hearts in the country. Among other fruits of his hands, was the Ordinance organizing the

North-Western Territory, so celebrated in politics for its declarations against slavery in the Territories.\*

May seventh, 1784, Adams, Jefferson, and Franklin were named Ministers Plenipotentiary for negotiating treaties with foreign powers. Jefferson's services at the French Court are adverted to at length by the biographer, and in very proper terms; for the statesman played the diplomatist with consummate skill and success, placing our young *untried* country upon terms of political and commercial equality with the leading nations.

Martha Jefferson accompanied her father out. His little Polly, scarce nine years old, followed in July, 1787, attended only by a negro serving-girl, from Virginia to Paris. With his children, he was indeed a loving, considerate parent, and it is to their credit that they proved worthy of the father's watchful care. Modern daughters can learn many a lesson of parental obedience and duty by studying the history of the most admirable Martha Jefferson.

The residence in Paris was prolonged to 1789, when having obtained leave of absence, he returned home, reaching Monticello December twenty-third. In spite of the master's sturdy command, his negroes dragged his carriage up to the house, amid grand 'roars of applause.'

The appointment of Secretary of State in Washington's first Cabinet, prevented his return to Paris. He took his office of Secretary in March, 1790. We here enter upon an important era of our history; especially important, since that history then becomes compounded of the lives of the men ordering the new Government, chief among whom are Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Lee, etc. It is not possible in a paper of this necessary brevity, to recur to this subject at length, or even to advert to Jefferson's share in the great work of starting the machinery of the untried Constitution. That it was an important share, might well be surmised, were there no records to show it; but there are voluminous records, from whose statements and data it is, at times, easier to draw inferences than to get at the truth. Mr. Randall enters zealously into the record, and gives us Mr. Jefferson's biography from a highly partisan stand-point. The writer seems to assume it as a general principle, that to assault a foe is to befriend a friend; and thereupon goes to the task of immolating Alexander Hamilton with a hearty good will. Hamilton, as the author of the system of finance which raised this country from the lowest deep of bankruptcy and repudiation to a strong and commanding position, soon became the recognized 'man for the times,'

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\* In Chapter X., Mr. RANDALL insinuates a parallel between the characters of JEFFERSON and JOHN HAMPDEN. It is a grievous weakness of the biographer, that he finds all virtues in his illustrious subject. Imagine JOHN HAMPDEN as the unscrupulous party tactician, the rabid French Revolutionist, the malignant prosecutor in BURR's trial and in Judge CHASE's impeachment, the author of the 'Ana' papers, which recorded for public inspection the most private and sacred conversations of friends at his table; imagine JOHN HAMPDEN, the irascible and suspicious Secretary of State, the hearty *hater* of Federalists and Cincinnatians! The biographer weakens his cause by challenging such parallels, we must think.



in whom Mr. Jefferson clearly saw an opponent of formidable character. To sustain his own influence, it was necessary to disparage the acts, the policy, and even the private character of Hamilton. This he did, in a warfare which, even in this day of gross political aspersion, has not had its counterpart.

Jefferson assumed the position, and maintained it pertinaciously to the end, that Hamilton had monarchical designs upon the government, was going to destroy popular rights and the Constitution, all simply because Mr. Hamilton entertained an idea that the Constitution did not delegate power enough to the Executive. (He little foresaw what power it could be made to lend to Presidents of less integrity than Washington possessed!) Jefferson ceased not to impugn Hamilton's motive, in his splendid financial schemes of an assumption by Congress of the State Debts, of the National Bank, etc.; and only foresaw aristocracy, privilege, nobility, in every step proposed by the Treasurer for strengthening the finances of the Government, and for placing the commerce of the country under proper tariff protection. Washington, Adams, Franklin, Marshall, Lee, Livingston, Pinckney, Knox, Schuyler, Morris, all coöperated with Hamilton; and this very coöperation, Jefferson's diseased imagination construed as a proof of the aristocratic character of the Federal party, of which Mr. Hamilton became the recognized leader. He therefore threw himself into the ultra-popular side of the governmental question, became clamorous for popular rights to a degree which now seems ridiculous, and which, when he was in power, he most singularly forgot to embody.

Jefferson first opposed the Constitution, which Alexander Hamilton so splendidly expounded — thereby aiding in its adoption — in the 'Federalist' papers. He found the Constitution was becoming popular, and thereupon not only gave up his opposition, but enlisted fervently in its support, seeing virtues where once he plainly detected ogre-like deformity. He advised four States to hold off from the ratification, thus to defeat the adoption of the instrument; at a later day, when advised of the designs of secession entertained by some of the New-England States, he called it high treason. Just previous to this, he had ridden into place upon his State Rights hobby! In the days of the Confederation he expressed the strong sentiment that the government would never prosper until the Confederation showed its teeth! Such was the inconsistency of the great statesman's course. It proves that he was, in the strictest sense, a 'trimmer,' leaning to that side, to that line of conduct which promised the most fruits to himself.

Since we are upon this point of the subject, let us advert to other of his inconsistencies.

He was, at first, in favor of the assumption of the State debts; then became its bitter opponent.

He inveighed against the charter of the United States Bank and branches as unconstitutional; and yet, when President, approved the bill enacting the branch at New-Orleans.

His construction of the powers of the Constitution was that of

rigid recognition of its letter, yet he rode his State Rights hobby, and clamored for the disseminated powers of the State executives (so popular for party purposes.) In the New-England States he saw treason (for it was popular to do so) in all assertion of State Rights; in the Kentucky resolutions (for it was popular to do so) he advised nullification.

By Jefferson's own construction of the Constitution, the Embargo was unconstitutional; yet he declared for its enforcement.

In the celebrated Ordinance of the North-west Territory, he inhibited Slavery, and voted strenuously for the inhibition; in his letter to Mr. Holmes, pending the Missouri restriction agitation, he takes the argumentative for Slavery extension over that territory — for it was popular to do so.

He opposed, as unconstitutional, all internal improvements by Government, and approved the Cumberland Road bill — for it was popular in his State to do so.

He declared against the constitutionality of any purchase from Spain (hear it, ye fillibusters!) of the Louisiana territory; yet actually negotiated the treaty of purchase and cession, and approved of the treaty — for it was popular so to do.

He was friendly to protective duties at one time — then inimical — for it was 'popular' to be so.

He thought the separation of the States into Eastern and Western Confederacies was no evil, and became the unnecessary prosecutor of Aaron Burr for forming such a design.\*

He thought Shay's rebellion praiseworthy; that the Government was in small business in crushing out the whisky men of Pennsylvania.

He thought a navy anti-republican.

He deemed the judiciary dangerous to civil liberty.

He declared *all* men to be capable of self-government.

He charged the Presbyterians with 'panting to establish an Inquisition.'

He recorded private and most confidential conversations of visitors, to use the declarations against them afterward; and yet hesitates to state what he himself said on those occasions to 'draw on' such declarations as he records in an *ex parte* manner.

He attempted impeachment, at enormous cost to the State, of Judge Chase, upon charges over which the Senate laughed, and very properly rejected.

He applauded Freneau in his gross assaults upon the administration of Washington, and upon Hamilton especially, and derided the President for his anger at 'the d — d rascal.' He sympathized with Callender, who was under trial for libel on John Adams.

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\* In October, 1808, he wrote in regard to BURR: 'For myself, even in his most flattering periods of the conspiracy, I never entertained one moment's fear.' Why, then, his most unheard-of activity and dictation in the prosecution of BURR? Ah! it was popular to crush out the man who but a short time previously had almost seized the coveted Presidential honor from his hands — it was popular to persecute HAMILTON's murderer and to make peace with the Federalists, notwithstanding his belief that the Federalists approved of BURR's schemes of a Southern monarchy!

Yet when he himself became the subject of newspaper vituperation, he wrote: 'Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes suspicious by its being put into that polluted vehicle.' And he argued that its suppression could do no more harm than was being done 'by abandoned prostitution to falsehood.'

Now all these and many more inconsistencies attach to Mr. Jefferson's life and character, and the biography which slurs them over, which omits to take cognizance of them, or, entertaining them, seeks by detraction of other parties to make out a case for its client, is neither truthful nor charitable, and Mr. Randall's work must, we fear, come in for this exception. The work, as a whole, is one well calculated to be regarded as not only the best biography of its subject yet written, but as one of the best historico-biographical works in English literature. It will hence take its place in every well-ordered library, and be freely consulted as 'authority' hereafter. But its strongly partisan tone, its special pleading for, or total ignoring of, the delinquencies referred to, must render it as unsafe as authority in its conclusions, as Mr. Abbott's partisan 'Life of Napoleon.' It remains for the future biographers of Alexander Hamilton and John Adams to correct the effect of these conclusions of the biographer of Mr. Jefferson, so far as correction may be necessary, though we are disposed to think the spirit of the work will afford the mass of readers a proper key for its interpretation when special pleading is resorted to.

We may recur to the theme of Jefferson and Hamilton in a future paper, and consider the relations which they bore to one another, to the country, and to what extent each has impressed his mind and principles upon our institutions and national character.

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U N D E R   T H E   R O S E .

ALL the winning ways of MAUD  
Poets only can disclose,  
But no sweet song may I weave  
On the silence of the rose.

Was she kind or half-afraid?  
Were her ripe lips, pouting red,  
Pressed to mine in love's long kiss?  
If they were, I have not said.

Did she come adown the lane  
To meet me where the daisy shows  
Its white and red? If she did,  
My lips are sealed beneath the rose.

But you lovers all may know  
Whether MAUD was kind or shy:  
Meet your own MADGE down the lane,  
And find out as well as I.

## T H E L I T T L E G I A N T .

DURING the winter of 1838, while stopping at the St. Charles Hotel, New-Orleans, there used to sit opposite me at table a curious little man, about thirty-five years of age, whose appearance was so striking, that it was impossible not to notice him. His most remarkable characteristics were a long, narrow head, rudely thatched with red hair; a low, ill-bred forehead, bulging out above a pair of large no-colored eyes, like a new and original species of fungus; and a huge, expansive beard, as coarse and stiff as a side of sole-leather, and of about the same color.

But despite these deformities, and a strangely sinister expression of countenance, there was that in the man's general air which caused him to be singled out at once, by every body, as what is called 'a character.' He was evidently conscious of this, and always deported himself like one who knew he was observed, and knew, also, that it was not because of his good looks.

A lady who sat next to me for some weeks, used to say that he was the most hideous-looking man she ever saw, and that she should really like to become acquainted with him. A truly feminine caprice!

The fact was, that his whole carriage indicated a self-conscious strength, which could carry off not only his bad looks, but even his negligent and eccentric apparel; for he was the worst-dressed man who ever seated himself at a respectable table, even in New-Orleans. The probability is, that he was studiously so; for I have never known a man of intelligence to dress in a slovenly manner, (when he had the means of doing otherwise,) except with a view of producing a certain vulgar effect; we have all seen examples of this inverse dandyism even in New-York, where — though this tells poorly for our sense of refinement — it will sometimes procure for a man an otherwise unattainable reputation as a man of genius. In the case in question, however, I fancied that the secret of such bad taste, was a defiant determination not to neutralize the effect of repulsive features by any of the common-place tricks of art.

I was confirmed in this opinion by the fact that, on close observation, I found that though slovenly, the man was any thing but untidy; for his hands, which were very small, were always scrupulously clean, (rather a rare occurrence at our public tables) and his linen, though sometimes buttonless, was invariably spotless.

My fair neighbor and myself used often to talk together about this strange personage, and, still oftener, to 'nudge' each other, to call attention to something in his look or manner, which was peculiar; and it is now my firm opinion that he heard every word that passed between us, and observed every sign.

One day, I asked her if he ever made his appearance in the drawing-room; she replied that he was there nearly every even-

ing. I went there myself that evening, for the first time, and he was not present. But he was there a few evenings later, when, going in late, I was fortunate in having a good opportunity to study him under a new aspect.

What I had heard meanwhile, only increased my curiosity to know more about him ; and, if possible, to make his acquaintance ; and now that he was before me, I resolved, if necessary, to force myself upon his notice. I found him in a retired part of the room, conversing with, or rather listening to, a garrulous old lady, whom I recognized as Madame Hibon, the widow of a Louisiana cotton-planter, and an old friend of my father.

Being tolerably well acquainted with the Madame, I resolved at once to approach her, in which case, I was certain that her notions of politeness (which I beg to observe are not mine) would lead her at once to introduce me.

I was right ; for I had no sooner addressed her, than, with great formality, she presented me to him as her friend, Mr. Linton, a legal gentleman from New-England, and the son of one of her oldest correspondents — laying emphasis on the word ‘correspondents,’ as if to impress us both with the fact, that she was a woman of business. He, on the other hand, was introduced to me as Mr. Francis Corbeau, of the highly respectable firm of Thibault and Company, commission merchants, New-Orleans.

This ceremony was hardly over, when Madame Hibon exclaiming, ‘Oh ! here comes one of my St. Louis correspondents,’ abruptly disappeared, and Mr. Corbeau and myself were left to entertain each other as best we might.

‘And so,’ said he, at once broaching a conversation, ‘it seems you have known Madame Hibon a long time.’

‘Yes, Sir : about five years.’

‘And are you acquainted with her niece, Miss Lolotte ?’

‘I have that honor.’

‘Do n’t you think her very handsome ?’

‘I do, indeed.’

‘And intelligent also ?’

‘She is said to be uncommonly : what is your opinion ?’

‘I have had no opportunity of judging : I have only met her four or five times, and the last time was in this room, when she cut me.’

‘Cut you ! How so ?’

‘I asked her to dance with me, when I knew she had no other engagement, and she declined.’

‘Courteously, I presume ?’

‘No : very curtly.’

‘That surprises me, in a lady who appears so well-bred.’

‘So it did me ; and not only that, but delighted me.’

‘Is it possible ! I should never have forgiven her.’

‘Neither shall I.’

‘No ?’

‘No : *I intend to marry her.*’

‘ You are pleased to be sarcastic.’

‘ Not in the least : I speak the simple truth. Good evening, Sir.’

And Mr. Corbeau, after taking a hasty glance round the room, as if in search of some one, took his abrupt departure.

The correspondent from St. Louis having been disposed of, Madame Hibon now came up to me in great haste, and asked what had become of her friend Corbeau.

‘ He has just left, Madame.’

‘ Indeed ! he promised to stay all the evening. Did he leave a document for me — a cotton circular ? ’

‘ No, Madame. I think he was a little irritated at not finding some one here whom he expected to meet.’

‘ Do you think so ? ’

‘ I am sure of it : he was looking for your niece.’

‘ Did he tell you so ? ’

‘ No, Madame ; but, being a Yankee, I guessed as much from what he did tell me.’

‘ The scamp ! I am afraid he is in love with her.’

‘ Why afraid ? I imagined he was fortunate enough to be a favorite with you.’

‘ Well, so he is ; but not with my niece : she do n’t appreciate his business qualities.’

‘ I do n’t wonder at it : he looks like a sharper.’

‘ You mistake him, my dear Sir. He is one of the most liberal men in the world — where he takes — and also (though you would n’t think it) one of the most susceptible. Why, the moment he saw my niece — by the way, you remember her ? ’

‘ Certainly, Madame : how I could fail to, once having seen her — ’

‘ Well, the moment he saw my niece, he was a changed man. Poor fellow ! he could hardly attend to business for weeks ; why, in settling a little account with him the other day, he made no less than three mistakes in subtraction.’

‘ Indeed ! that is remarkable. And what does your niece think of him ? ’

‘ She can’t bear him : she says he is the ugliest little monster she ever saw.’

‘ That ’s encouraging ! ’

‘ Well, so it is, notwithstanding your sneer. The worst thing you have to fear from a woman is her indifference.’

‘ Is that so ? ’

‘ Certainly it is. Her hate is the next best thing to her love, which a suitor can begin with. I do n’t know but it is even better than her love ; for a woman’s first impressions — notwithstanding all that is said about her fine intuitions and quick perceptions — are rarely ever just, and still more rarely enduring. Not one woman in ten marries or wishes to marry her first love. The fact is, that until she is thirty or thereabout, (unless she is a woman of business) her judgment of you men is just good for nothing. If



Leila should take an instant liking for a man like Corbeau, his case would, in my opinion, be a very hopeless one. As it is, I think he has a very fair chance of success.'

'But surely, you are not on his side?'

'Why not?'

'Well, if you will excuse my saying it, he strikes me as having neither the appearance (here I straightened up a little) nor the education of a gentleman.'

'It would be hardly safe to say that to his face, Mr. Linton.'

'Why, Madame? would he call me out?'

'No, Sir: that is not his style.'

'I thought not: it would be unbusiness like. But pray, what what would he do?'

'He would ruin you.'

'Ruin me! How!'

'Every way.'

'I flatter myself, Madame, that would not be a very easy task.'

'If it were, he would not undertake it. But his resources are infinite, and if they were not, his invention would make them so. He is a man who never leaves an injury unrevenged, nor an end unattained. I have never known him to fail in any thing. He went into the house of Thibault and Company a poor boy, and resolved, from the first week, to become the managing partner, which in less than six years he was. There were several men in his way, but he — well, he disposed of them: in a word, they were all ruined.'

'You do n't mean to say that *he* ruined them.'

'Not exactly; but the fact is, one of them — the cashier for many years — was exposed as a defaulter; another was killed in a duel with Corbeau's cousin; and a third died of *delirium tremens*, etc.'

'But do you mean to say that he effected all this? If so, he must be, not a little monster, as your niece calls him, but a great monster.'

'That depends upon how you look at it. Do you ever judge your great generals in that way? Read Abbott's Napoleon, or any body's Wellington. Corbeau's theory is, that he is a man of destiny, and that every thing that interposes between him and his end, is sure to be got rid of in some way. This is what he calls Providence — an 'over-ruling Providence,' I think his term is.'

'And so you think that if I interfere with this very pious and providential young man, I shall be got rid of too?' Zounds! I've half a mind to try it, by making love at once to Miss Lolotte; by the way, there she is, as beautiful as ever.'

And at this moment, the young lady in question approached her aunt, and after saluting her French fashion, on both cheeks, (the lips being considered too sacred for common use,) was about to give a lively account of what she had seen at the opera, when Madame Hibon interrupted her by saying that she was a very naughty girl, for staying away so long, as all the young men in the

room — especially Mr. Linton and Mr. Corbeau — had been dying for her all the evening.

Here Miss Leila, turning to me, whom she had apparently observed for the first time, (a favorite but not particularly brilliant manœuvre of young ladies,) remarked :

‘I do n’t see that Mr. Linton is quite in a dying condition, aunt ; and as for Mr. Corbeau, since he is not here, it is to be hoped he has actually died out.’

‘You are cruel, Miss Lolotte,’ I replied ; ‘but I am sure your presence would revive him as much — well, as much as it does me.’

‘You flatter, Sir. Your visit to New-Orleans has done you good. Pray, how did that New-England heart of yours get thawed out ?’

‘That is hardly a fair question for *you* to ask, Miss Lolotte.’

‘Dear me : another compliment ! how charming ! Pray, Mr. Linton, take a seat.’

Having obeyed the request, and her aunt having gone on a business-tour to the other end of the room, our conversation was resumed.

‘And so you have seen Mr. Corbeau ?’

‘Yes, Miss Lolotte.’

‘Tell me, then, what you think of him.’

‘Well, to tell you the truth, I have hardly had time to think of him at all : wait till I have seen a little more of him.’

‘Oh ! no, your judgment at this moment is the only one I would give a fig to have. I want to know how he struck you at first sight. Second impressions are worthless.’

‘That may be true, as a rule, Miss Leila ; but I think it hardly ought to be applied to a person so unprepossessing in his outward appearance as Mr. Corbeau.’

‘But do n’t you believe that external appearances are indicative of internal character, Mr. Linton ?’

‘Not always. A sinister expression of countenance, for example, is often the result of accident.’

‘And so, Mr. Linton,’ said my charming companion, after a moment’s pause ; ‘and so this is your apologetic, round-about, lawyer-like way of saying that Mr. Corbeau impressed you very unfavorably. How much easier and braver to have said at once, that he seemed to you to be a very bad man !’

‘But that would have been unfair. I do n’t think we have a right to trifle in that way with each other’s character.’

‘Well, Mr. Linton, we won’t discuss that matter just now, but I am free to say, that, in my opinion, your impressions were exactly right. I am almost *certain* that Mr. Corbeau is a bad man. But here comes a gentleman with whom I must dance, so you must excuse me. By the way, I believe my aunt intends to invite Mr. Corbeau and yourself to dine with us day after to-morrow. You will come, of course : we shall dine in her room, Number Twenty-five, at six o’clock.’

‘With the greatest pleasure, Miss Leila.’

‘Do: to save me from being bored to death by Mr. Corbeau. How glad I am he is not here, now, for my aunt made me promise to dance with him this evening, to pay for having refused to, on a former occasion.’

Here, the gentleman alluded to interposed, and led Miss Lolotte to the floor, while Madame Hibon, having finished her business-tour, approached, and repeated the invitation of her niece, which, as before, I cordially accepted.

‘You will thus,’ said she, ‘have an opportunity of seeing Mr. Corbeau again, and I want you, some day, to give me your opinion of him.’

‘I will do so, of course, Madame, if you require it; but you must keep the opinion a secret, if it should prove unfavorable; for, to tell you the truth, I have not the least desire, especially at present, (casting an eye over to Miss Leila,) to be ‘ruined.’’

The next day, somewhat to my surprise, Mr. Corbeau called on me. It was immediately after breakfast, and I was seated in my room enjoying the unspeakable luxury of my first pipe, which, with me as with all confirmed tobacco-nalians, is a very serious event — what the French call a ‘solemnity.’ It was as unpleasant to me to be disturbed during this ceremony, as for a devotee to be disturbed during his morning devotions. My friends generally understood this whim, and had the good sense to respect it; for a man has as much right to his whims, if they do n’t interfere with his neighbor, as (under the same restriction) to his virtues. But Mr. Corbeau, knowing nothing of my habits, could not be blamed, and I accordingly received him with the courtesy due to a friend of Madame Hibon.

‘Pray, do n’t let me prevent your smoking,’ said he, as I was about laying aside my pipe.

‘I feared it might be disagreeable to you; but perhaps you smoke yourself.’

‘Never,’ said he; ‘but then nothing is disagreeable to me.’

‘Nothing?’

‘Nothing that a gentleman can do.’

‘Have n’t you even the common prejudice against pipes?’

‘Not at all: I have no prejudices.’

‘None?’

‘Well, one, perhaps.’

‘And, pray, what may that be?’

‘A prejudice against prejudices.’

‘Excuse me, but from a remark I once heard you make, I inferred that you had a prejudice, and a very strong one, too, against New-Englanders — Puritans, as you unjustly called us.’

‘Dear me, no. I should n’t like to be one myself, if you will excuse me for saying so; but then, I should n’t like to be different in any respect from what I am.’

I was tempted to ask the man if he would n’t like to be a little taller; but he detected my thought (what a splendid ‘Detective’ he would have made!) in an instant, and said:

‘ You are thinking, perhaps, that I would like to add an inch or two to my stature. If so, you are mistaken, and I do n’t think my case a peculiar one. I do n’t believe, in fact, that with all our grumbling, there is a man in the world who would like to change his physical, or even his moral conformation in the least. Now, as for you New-Englanders, you are certainly a curious, notional kind of people, full of bigotry and pride, though not (he condescendingly added) without some virtues, and looking upon every body not born in one of your six (I think there are six) little States, as persons eminently to be pitied. Now, I do n’t object to this at all, but only state the matter as it strikes me. I recognize every man’s right to his opinions, and even to his ‘isms,’ and I call you Northerners, if you will excuse the pun, regular *Ism*-alites. But I did n’t call upon you, Mr. Linton, to discuss disagreeable topics, but merely to ask the pleasure of your more intimate acquaintance. I am not a man who seeks companions, as a rule, nor have I ever been accused of flattery ; but the fact is, there is something about you which pleased me from the moment I first saw you at table, and I said to myself this morning : ‘ I will call upon Mr. Linton at once, and see if we cannot become friends.’

After such a speech, how could I do otherwise than make myself as agreeable as possible ? Accordingly, I gave myself up to the feeling of the moment, and we chatted together on the most friendly terms for over two hours, during which time, as I have had occasion to remember, he wormed out of me my opinion on every subject and person alluded to, while, though this did not occur to me till he had gone, I was no wiser as to *his* opinions than before. On the whole, however, I found his society agreeable, and resolved to cultivate it. I felt that, for the first time in my life, I had met a man who appreciated me. And it is so delightful to be appreciated ! He had listened to every word I uttered, as though I were an oracle, and yet had deported himself toward me all the while as a superior, which, in fact, he was. Still, I had my doubts in respect to the man. There was a subtlety about him which embarrassed me beyond measure.

But what struck me particularly, was his geniality of manner as compared with what I had observed in him before. And somehow, this did n’t affect me agreeably ; it did n’t seem to be natural to him. In fact, I almost said as much, and intimated a suspicion I had that he was playing a part.

‘ Well, suppose I am,’ was his characteristic reply, ‘ would there be any thing wrong in that ? ’

‘ Well, no : I should hardly say it would be wrong ; but if you will excuse my frankness, it would certainly be small.’

‘ Small ! how so ? are we not all acting parts ? Do you not act one every time you have a new client, (I thought to myself, that if this were all, I should never make a very good actor,) and every time you enter a new drawing-room ? Are not all the conventionalities of life a species of acting ? It strikes me they are ; and if sometimes I appear rude, unsocial — discourteous, if you please — it is

because, for the moment, I do n't choose to be a conventionalist. But do not mistake me. If I am any more sociable than usual to-day, it is because you are the only person I have met with for months, with whom I cared to converse. In fact, you exercise a certain power over me, which I find it impossible to resist, even (as is not the case) if I had the inclination to.'

'Indeed!' I exclaimed, feeling very much flattered at the idea of exercising any influence over such a genius; 'and how can you explain it?'

'Well, Sir, I can't explain it at all. Nothing can be explained in this world which is worth explaining. And of all mysteries, the most subtle and inexplicable, is that of human affinities. Your character, one would say, is as opposite to mine, in every respect, as can be conceived; and yet there is a magic about it, to me, which is as charming as if I had just been endowed with a new sense.'

In reply to this fascinating compliment, which was delivered with great appearance of sincerity, I had to acknowledge something of the same feeling toward himself. And so we went on, a long time, in a strain which, over-heard by a third person, would have led him to think (and perhaps he would not have been far out of the way) that we were two as conceited young coxcombs as could be found in the country. My new friend discovered in me, and I in turn discovered in him, the most marvellous qualities of mind; and what time we were not dwelling upon them, and complimenting one another upon them, we were wondering at the stupidity of the world in general.

A sense of the ludicrousness of all this came over me, now and then; but a hurried word from Corbeau restored me at once to my self-conceit; and when we finally separated, I own up that it was with the feeling that we were two of the most brilliant geniuses of the age. A stupid delusion, without doubt, but one which was far from being disagreeable.

The next day, as I was preparing to go to Madame Hibon's, I wondered what she and her niece would think of our sudden intimacy, for we had agreed to go together, and they would see in an instant that we were on the most familiar terms. Moreover, after a night's reflection, the new state of things embarrassed me. I felt that I had gone too fast and too far; in a word, that I had yielded my confidence too suddenly. It seemed to me just possible, too, when I reviewed all the circumstances, that I had been caught in a trap; and that, so far from caring any thing about me, Corbeau's only object in courting my society, might have been to use me in his designs upon Miss Lolotte. He knew that she had a high opinion of me, and that if she saw I had formed a favorable opinion of him, it would be a strong argument on his side. In fact, it looked as if he had retained me, unconsciously to myself, as his special counsel. I then began to feel, more than ever, that I had been out-witted; and when he called, at the appointed hour, I was sure that he saw all this in an instant, and felt that my friendship for him was of far too sudden a growth to last.

On arriving at Madame Hibon's, however, the ladies received us very graciously, and if they were surprised to see us together, they had the politeness not to let us know it. The usual civilities over, Miss Lolotte commenced upbraiding me with mock severity for not calling oftener, and then invited me to take a seat with her near the window, that her aunt, as she said, might have one of her famous business conferences with Mr. Corbeau; whereupon that gentleman, not at all disconcerted at this quiet way of disposing of him, said that he was always pleased to converse with Madame Hibon, on any subject, and then retreated with that very business-like lady, to another part of the room, and left her niece and myself to our *tête-à-tête*.

I was hoping that Miss Leila's first allusion would be to Mr. Corbeau, for at this moment he was the only subject about which I felt disposed to talk. But in this I was disappointed, for during a conversation of half-an-hour, she not only made no reference to him, but skilfully avoided every topic in which he might in any way be involved. Meantime I never caught him looking once in our direction; and when dinner was announced, he offered his arm to Madame Hibon, and without so much as glancing at Miss Leila, left that young lady to be escorted to the dining-room by me. Matters were so arranged, however, that he was seated face to face with her, while I was placed opposite her aunt, an awkward arrangement, but one which naturally suggested itself.

The dinner was as good as could be expected at a hotel; and on the whole, we had a merry time of it. Miss Lolotte had got her Creole blood up, and was resolved not to be out-witted by Mr. Corbeau; while as for the Madame and myself, we amused ourselves watching their manœuvres. To our great delight, before we had come to the second course, and so on to the end of the repast, the sprightly combatants were engaged in a series of lively repartees, in which, with consummate skill, Corbeau, apparently doing his best, succeeded always — in coming off the worst. I fancy that she herself had a suspicion that he had been trifling with her, for on retiring to the drawing-room, it was evident to me, as I watched the play of her countenance, that she had a kind of fear for him bordering on respect. He was too strong for her, while there was that in his audacity calculated to over-awe, if not to overcome, any woman. And this was all he wanted. I saw as much by a certain wicked expression of his eye, which seemed to say: 'I have her completely in my power; and now, gentlemen rivals, come on and do your best.'

After spending a tedious evening in that dullest of all amusements, long-whist, which Madame Hibon insisted should be played throughout according to Hoyle, any other method being unbusiness-like, Corbeau and myself adjourned to my room, and passed most of the night drinking and gossiping. To my surprise, I found him very anxious, apparently, to know what I thought of Miss Lolotte's conversational powers.



‘Do n’t you think,’ said he, ‘that she was very smart at dinner?’

‘I certainly do; in fact, you seemed to have had rather the worst of it all the while.’

‘I am glad you think so, for such was my intention. It is a strict rule of mine never to humiliate a lady.’

‘You mean in conversation,’ I said, perceiving, now that it was not so much my opinion of Miss Lolotte he wanted, as an opportunity to develop some favorite theory.

‘Exactly. It does them so much good now and then to be recognized as reasoning beings that I am disposed to indulge them, especially when I have an object to gain. Did n’t you see what a triumph it was to Miss Lolotte this evening to be considered by her aunt and yourself, as having got the better of me? I would n’t have robbed her of that pleasure for the world; for it makes her think better of me and better of herself—two great things. Another such a triumph and she will begin to love me: for nothing elates a young woman like being considered intellectual, especially when she is n’t so. Do n’t you remember when phrenology first came in vogue, how many women used to comb the hair back from the forehead, so as to show their bumps of ‘causality,’ ‘comparison,’ or what not? I do, and it gave me a good deal of fun.’

‘You are severe, Mr. Corbeau.’

‘Not at all. We all aim to be, or rather, to *seem* different from what we are. And since the world requires it of us, why not? What harm is there in it?’

‘The harm of insincerity.’

‘I don’t see that. We are sincere enough, but our sincerity consists in a sincere desire to pass with other equally sincere persons in the same fix, for something else besides what we really are. There is no deception in this, for every body understands it. By general consent, we all go disguised. The merchant has his mask; the lawyer his; the minister his; the woman, of every condition, hers. Life, in fact, is nothing but a great masquerade; that is the beauty of it. Were it otherwise, there would be no mystery in human intercourse, and the whole charm of society would be gone. Do you suppose that Miss Lolotte has ever seen me? or that I have ever seen her? Not once; nor shall we ever, unless—well, unless we marry each other; and then the masks will be dropped as being no longer of use, and the whole romance and poetry of our lives will be swallowed up in that prosy *égoïsme à deux* which we call matrimony.

And we continued philosophizing in this dreary style, or rather Corbeau philosophizing and I drinking, till broad day-light, when with many protestations of friendship, (not at all weaker for the potations of the evening,) we separated, having first, however, tossed off a final bumper to the ‘Health of Leila Lolotte!’

The next day, and the next, and in fact nearly every day for a fortnight, I called upon Madame Hibon, and found myself at last (I can find no other word to express it) furiously in love with her niece, who, at any rate, was not very furiously in love with Mr.

Corbeau. Meanwhile my position toward that inexplicable person was a very embarrassing one, for I spent a good deal of time in his society, and we were generally looked upon as intimate friends. More than once I had been warned against him, but my reply had uniformly been, that doubtless he had his deficiencies of character, his bad traits as well as his good ones, but then that every body had, and in this wicked world I had learned to take people as I found them, and make the best of it.

Now I admit this was rather a damaging defence of my new friend, but it was the best I could offer. Moreover, I must confess that when speaking of him to Leila, my tone was somewhat different; but this was natural, if not unavoidable.

Another difficulty in my position was, that I had become to some extent the legal adviser of Madame Hibon, and had several times had the misfortune to differ from Corbeau — who was her business adviser and agent — in opinion, and my advice was sometimes though not often preferred. Things had been going on between us in this equivocal way for some weeks, before he had the least idea of our relative positions. But one day it seems he had over-heard a conversation between Madame Hibon and myself, in which, though no direct allusion was made to him, I had advised her, in a certain important business matter in which Miss Leila's interests were involved, to adopt a course exactly opposite that which he had recommended as absolutely necessary. Reference was also made to previous opinions I had given her; and at the close of our interview she had urged upon me the importance of not mentioning the matter to him.

We were neither of us aware for some time that we had been over-heard, and should never have discovered it, perhaps, had not Corbeau in a moment of excitement let the secret out in his next interview with her, on which occasion Leila was present, and warmly took my part.

As soon as I had heard of this circumstance, I felt that the friendship between Mr. Corbeau and myself was at an end. But not so. Though he had discovered that I was in a double sense his rival, and had heard both from Madame Hibon and her niece the most flattering statements (doubtless much over-colored) as to my character and ability, he continued, nevertheless, to court my society and to make me all kinds of proffers of service.

And now comes an incident which, though trifling in itself, was the one which did more than all others to determine both his fate and mine.

A week or so after he had discovered my relations to Madame Hibon and her niece, he came to my room, with his face beaming with joy, and gave me some information respecting a client of mine in New-York, by which — as it turned out before night — I saved several thousand dollars. Now, as a curious coincidence, Leila had that very day warned me to be on the look-out for him, lest he should spring some trap upon me and cause my ruin; for she was as firm as her aunt in the belief that he could 'ruin' any

body he pleased, from the President down. As an act of justice to my friend, therefore, I hastened to Madame Hibon's in the evening to communicate my good fortune and to rally her niece about her 'instincts,' 'presentiments,' etc., all of which had told her that Corbeau was now my deadly enemy.

Judge of my surprise to find that the news made so deep an impression upon her that in a few moments she made some vague excuse for leaving the room, and did not return.

In a moment the whole truth flashed upon me. Leila's noble sensitive nature had been shocked by the consciousness of her injustice to Corbeau, and she had suddenly resolved to make ample reparation. This was in keeping with her whole character.

Of course I was not so blind but I saw that this was a great triumph for him; nor so dull as not then to see that it was in a manner pre-calculated, and that he would make a masterly use of it. It was a favorite saying of his, that he liked to be abused, because it gave a man the only decent excuse he could ever have for speaking a word in his own favor.

And the word was soon spoken.

Indeed from that day he commenced a series of personal attentions to Miss Lolotte — starting from his new vantage-ground; which attentions she at least did not discourage. She danced with him at parties, went with him to theatres, rode out with him, and in fact, rushing to extremes, as she did in every thing, made more than thousand-fold amends for her past distrust.

Seeing this, I became disgusted, and resolved to retire from a field in which my prospects, never perhaps very brilliant, seemed now to be completely 'ruined.'

Matters rested in this way about a month, during which time I had lived in almost absolute seclusion, when I suddenly decided to return North. I then called upon Madame Hibon to 'make my adieus.' The old lady was alone, her niece, as she said, being indisposed. I expressed my regret at this, as I had come to bid them good-by.

'Good-by?' said she, getting quite excited; 'but pray where are you going?'

'To Boston, Madame.'

'But are you not going to stop to the wedding?'

'The wedding?' I exclaimed, losing at once all my self-possession; 'whose wedding?'

'Why Leila's, to be sure. Have n't you heard of her engagement?'

'Me? why, no, indeed. But — but — to whom is she engaged?'

'Why, to Mr. Corbeau, to be sure; whom did you think?'

'Really, Madame, I had n't the least idea; but (and here I made a great effort to appear cool) do pray tell me all about it.'

'Ah!' said she, looking uncommonly grave, 'it is such a long story.'

'And you speak of it as if it were a *sad* one,' said I, quite

alarmed, and then added gayly, 'it strikes me, however, it must be a very sentimental one.'

'I should hope not; if there is any thing in this world I hate, it is a sentimental match. Leila's is one based on simple prudence and common-sense.'

'A regular business operation.'

'Exactly. But tell me, has n't Mr. Corbeau told you about our affairs?'

'Not a syllable, Madame; I have hardly seen him for a fortnight.'

'Well then, in a word, he made a formal proposal to me for the hand of my niece about ten days ago, stating that unless the proposal was accepted he should resign his position as my agent, and spend the next three years travelling in Europe. Now, on examining into my accounts, which he rendered at the same time, I found them in such a complicated condition, that without his aid it was impossible for me to go on with my business. To be brief, I represented these facts to Leila, who, after three days' consideration, decided ——'

'To become Madame Corbeau!'

'Precisely.'

'And pray, when is the ceremony to take place?'

'The day is not fixed, but it will be some time within a month, that is, if nothing happen to prevent.'

I found on making further inquiries, that Corbeau, like Madame Hibon, looked at the whole thing as a mere matter of business, and that so far from persecuting Leila with his addresses since the engagement, he was assiduously non-attentive to her. And this line of conduct seemed to please all parties. Indeed, Leila had once said that if Corbeau (she never called him Francis) only proved to be as considerate as a husband as he had been as a lover, she should have nothing to complain of; for if there was any thing in this world which she dreaded more than another, it was being bored.

Just before leaving Madame Hibon, she asked me, in an apparently unconcerned way, whether I would n't stay in New-Orleans and attend her niece's wedding; to which I promptly replied, having suddenly changed my resolution: 'I shall be there, if I am alive.'

The next day, to my great astonishment, I received a curious note from Madame Hibon, to the effect that at the particular request of her niece, she wished me to examine and audit the accounts of Mr. Corbeau, which, without further ceremony, she took the liberty of forwarding to me. The same day I received another note, by post, from Miss Lolotte herself, saying that she had just had a communication from one Mr. Thompson, formerly cashier to Thibault and Company, and who had been dismissed from their employ some fifteen years before as a defaulter, warning her against Mr. Corbeau as a dishonest man. She placed no faith in

the statement, but had advised her aunt to consult with me about it. She begged, also, to send me Mr. Thompson's address.

Any attempt to describe my state of mind at the receipt of these documents would be futile.

In less than an hour Mr. Thompson, whom I found to be engaged in the business of general accountant, was in my office, and we were busily engaged examining with terrible scrutiny, the long and complicated account of Madame Hibon with Mr. Corbeau for a period of over five years. But before commencing our work, the old accountant (for he was a man over sixty years of age) had told me, with tears in his eyes, the story of his disgrace, saying that it was owing to the perfidy of Corbeau, who had effected it by falsifying the books of the firm in so injurious a manner that he (Thompson) had found it impossible at the time to detect the fraud, though he was sure if Mr. Thibault would give him the chance, he would do so now. I promised him that I would do my best to serve him, and that if any dishonesty was detected in the accounts then before us, he should have a chance to justify himself before the house of Thibault and Company, and Corbeau should be either sent to prison or driven from the country.

We then proceeded actively with our work, and at last had decided, after the more patient and thorough examination, to report that all was correct, when it suddenly occurred to Thompson, as if by inspiration, to examine into the authenticity of the 'vouchers.' This, alas! — I say alas! though it was with a certain secret and almost hideous delight, which no human heart will fail to understand — proved to be a fatal examination. False vouchers were found to the extent of over thirty thousand dollars!

And now, why prolong a story, the sequel of which the reader, always so sagacious, has already anticipated?

The good old accountant turned out to be right; the knavish Corbeau was exposed; his match with Miss Lolotte was broken off; that lady now rejoices in the name of Mrs. Linton. Madame Hibon has finished her business in this world; the firm of Thibault and Company is changed to 'Thibault and Thompson;' and the late 'junior partner,' instead of allowing himself to be sent to prison, or driven out of the country, turned politician, and is now a thriving government officer in San Francisco, and occupies a prominent place in the books of the Vigilance Committee as Corbeau, *alias* Corbett, *alias* Callcott, 'The Little Giant.'

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FROM THE PERSIAN.

'The end of night  
Is morn in fulgent dress :  
And of unhappiness,  
The end is happiness.

‘HALLO! MY FANCY, WEITHER WILT THOU GO?’

SWIFT as the tide in the river  
The blood flows through my heart,  
At the curious little fancy  
That to-morrow we must part.

It seems to me all over,  
The last words have been said;  
And I have the curious fancy  
To-morrow will find me dead!

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#### H U N T I N G   T H E   H I N D S   O F   H I J A Z.

Who has not heard of the Turkish Rear-Admiral that recently visited a country where every man is supposed to be equal to a pacha? I must confess I was a little surprised, not at his being feasted by aldermen on ham-sandwiches, eaten out of hand, for does not the prophet say, ‘Verily, the fires of hell shall roar like the lowings of a camel in the bellies of such as use vessels of gold and silver!’ and every body knows that our aldermen do not reject the prophets. Nor was I surprised that a pacha should even sojourn for a time among the infidels whom the devil has so assisted in multiplying cunning inventions to disturb the pious meditations of the faithful, and bring discord into the universe. Do you think that the Pacha loves the *feringees* — who will build the tallest ships for the Sultan when they feel sure of the piastres? When, at the opera of the ‘*Huguenots*,’ his Highness saw Catholics slaying Protestants, did he not say that ‘Allah is Allah, and Mohammed his Prophet,’ and inwardly thank God for bringing about a state of things for the benefit of his cause, wherein one kind of infidel ship-building dog is fast killing off another kind, so that the Mussulmen may soon expect to see the entire race of unbelievers exterminated?

The only wonder was, that even a Turkish Rear-Admiral should have found his way so far from Mecca, for when I was in Turkey they told marvellous stories about whole crews of Mussulmen being overcome by sea-sickness. I heard of a Turkish commander who was directed to visit Malta on important business. After beating about in the Mediterranean for six months, he returned and reported to the Capudan Pacha that he could not find the island.

You will see by this, that even pachas do not take very enthusiastic views of the countries they may visit — the countries I mean that are not governed by the Sultan. Why, therefore, when



we give our impressions of the East, should we rouse a whole caravan of glowing thoughts, and fairly break down the fast horses of invention?

In Grand Cairo I had the pleasure of dining one day with Mr. Herschel, brother of the great astronomer, and Dr. Abbot of the famous Egyptian collection. The conversation ran upon this notable proclivity of Eastern travellers. Lamartine was mentioned as an instance, who set a guard in the valley of Jordan to keep off lions. Mr. Herschel said he had not long previously spent an hour with Lamartine, and remarked to him that although he had visited Palestine and Syria, he could not see those famous countries as the poet himself had seen and described them.

‘Ah!’ said Lamartine, ‘Vous n’avez pas d’enthousiasm.’

But what is a traveller worth without enthusiasm, I should like to know?

It was on this occasion that Dr. Abbot related how he had made the wonderful collection which reproduces in our midst the marvels of Egypt. At first his curiosities filled but a single window, then a second, and finally all the windows of his house would not contain them. The fame of the Hakeem as a knower and buyer of antiquities filled the land of Egypt; and even while we were at table a dark-eyed son of the desert came in to sell what proved to be a cane-head of one of the priests of Isis. One need no longer go to Egypt to see Egypt, or to Greece to see the Parthenon. The glories of El Kair, of Athens, and of Rome, are exhibited for money in the capitals of other civilizations. Jenkins spends a thousand or two, and makes himself sea-sick, to visit the Pyramids. If they stood on Long Island, he would take stock in the Pyramid Stone-quarry.

It was under these circumstances that I visited Athens and spent several days with our venerable missionary there. I had heard of the little boy in Berkshire county, I think, who had read his Bible through at six years of age, and grown up to be one of those three great missionary pioneers in restoring Christianity and civilization to the East: I mean Drs. King, Smith, and Scudder. I mentioned to Dr. King this incident of his early life. He said that when young he had heard of a boy in a neighboring county who had accomplished the same thing at the age of five years. This was William C. Bryant, who had visited Greece shortly before I was there.

What stores of learning are collected by our missionaries in the East! There are men among them with whom in point of philological knowledge the Learned Blacksmith is not to be compared. I forget how many different languages I have heard Dr. King speak in carrying on the conversation of a single evening. He mentioned that he had once spent an hour with Mezzofanti, the celebrated librarian of Florence, who never in his life travelled beyond the borders of Italy. The Doctor conversed with him in several of the modern European as well as in the Oriental languages, and found him as much at home in each as if he had

spent years in its particular acquisition. When his guest was about to depart, the many-tongued Italian composed a verse in English as a memento of the interview.

I hope the Doctor, who has lived a quarter of a century in sight of Hymettus and Pentelicus, without ever ascending either, has by this time forgiven me for ascending both of them without guide or guard, a somewhat perilous feat in the then unsettled state of the country. The snow was a foot deep on the summit of the latter mountain, although I collected a bouquet of flowers on the plain of Attica at its base. Lady Franklin had made the ascent of Hymettus a short time previous entirely alone; and my host mentioned a Philadelphian lady who had ridden from Athens to the Cape of Sunium and back again the same day in time for tea in the evening.

It was at the Cadi's court that I first heard of Hafiz, our dragoman. While conversing one day with the Coptic interpreters of the court upon the frequency of apostasy from their sect to Islamism, the popular creed of the country, one of them said to me: 'Heaven forbid that I should ever desert my LORD and MASTER; I would have my head cut off first; but there is Hafiz: the accursed rascal has left us and become a Mussulman. It was this convert who afterward opened and shut the doors of knowledge for me in Egypt, his only fault being a slight tendency to Oriental exaggeration. Hafiz was, moreover, particularly careful that I should not be cheated except by his personal friends. But why should I saddle the camels of eulogium? Yet I would almost give the pupils of my two eyes to look upon him again, and 'Moon of Darkness' (I forget his Arabic name) who served us — a Nubian with a lip nearly half as large as himself.

'Are you married, Hafiz?' I inquired, as we were being donkeyed one morning to the pyramids of Ghizeh.

'Married? The light of my countenance rests upon two wives; and I shall have two more as soon as I can support them.'

'You are of about my own age, O incomparable dragoman! I hardly know what I should do with one wife, saying nothing of four.'

'*Mashalla!* When I was a Christian I had but one wife. Her little finger was worth more than all the other women of Cairo together. She died; *Allah kerim!* (God is merciful.) I became a Mussulman, knowing that it would give me a higher position, and increase my income; and now I am equally fond of my two wives.'

'What, O Hafiz! are the comparative merits of the Moslem and Coptic women with respect to beauty?'

'The Christian women of Cairo are the pearl of infidels, but, by the head of the Prophet! one Mussulman maiden is worth more than seven of the most beautiful daughters of the unbelievers.'

'As a good Mussulman, do you believe that women will be admitted to the joys of heaven?'

'*Inshalla!* (Please God.) Our prophet hath promised them the eternal beatitude of Paradise on condition that they marry.'

‘What, then, O lover of women! becomes of widows and such as remain single from inclination or other reasons?’

‘By the law of the Koran they live in a state of continual transgression; but’—and Hafiz turned toward Mecca to repeat an orison for those erring mortals—‘*Allah akbar!* (God is good,) and by His mercy they *may* at last be saved.’

‘Granting that women have souls, do you permit them to worship in your mosques?’

‘They assemble with us only on certain occasions. The prophet commands them to pray diligently at home, as their presence at places of worship would disturb the pious meditations of the faithful, and inspire a different kind of devotion from that to Allah.’

‘But, Hafiz, are there not many among you who have but one wife?’

‘People of the middling class usually take but a single wife. The very rich and the very poor have from two to seven.’

‘Then you can get an idea of the poor man’s poverty and the rich man’s wealth, from the number of his wives; as, in America, we judge of a family’s wealth from the number of its servants; of its poverty from the number of children and dogs!’

‘*Mushalla!* (God preserve us!) You Americans are a wonderful people. With the children of the Prophet the wealthy have many wives, because they have the means to support them; the indigent also take many, for the reason that their wives can support themselves.’

I could not help telling him of a ruse that had been practised upon me only a few days previous while visiting the tombs of the Mamelukes. A group of fair-armed girls met us, and as frequently happens, held out their hands for a present from the *howadji*. To the one who promised most in beauty, judging from a pair of soft and liquid eyes, I offered liberal *backsheesh* if she would show me her entire face. She looked at the shining piastres, and turning from me, arranged her veil so as to show me one side of her face, and then laughingly exhibited, in the same way, the other. I gave her the piastres of course. How could I refuse? But in Egypt it is customary to scald kids. Ah! said Hafiz, you are not the first one who has pursued the Hinds of Hijaz, and himself been caught.

Alas! for the all-concealing veil! Were not the sun and the stars, O reader! made to light up the heavens, and the faces of beauty to illuminate the earth? Among the women of the East I felt as if I was sailing upon an ocean of wealth, yet always dying of thirst; but after all, the ways of that ocean were very pleasant.

In the shady gardens of Uzbekieh you ramble in the youth of a night so beautiful that the glories of seven nights seem crowded into one. The Milky Way appears like two rivers of light pouring down the amber sky. The Pleiads look as dark-eyed maidens dancing in the green woods, and the polar stars are borne round

even as the wine-cups were borne at the purple feasts of the gods. As the evening breeze floats along with the last song of the birds and the murmur of Old Nilus, it touches the whispering leaves, and touches you softly as with the hand of love, and writes lines of liquid poetry on the pool of Uzbekieh.

But what are all these when you have met that pair of eyes flitting past under the acacia tree, which are as certainly the most lovely eyes in the world, as that El Kair is the glory of all cities? Your imagination at once embarks in the contemplation of unseen charms, and you are drowned in the ocean of supposed beauty. Night dwells in the ringlets which you believe the breath of air sportively throws against soft cheeks, only to be repelled by the glances of her eyes. Surely her teeth are white anthemis-flowers, and her lips, which you suppose to be avid of words and other things, do they not so resemble opening rose-buds, that you would kiss them to dispel all doubts?

My friend, it is not pleasant to dismount the horsemen of eloquence, but it is your misfortune that it does not rain in Egypt, a wet skin and youthful enthusiasm being incompatibles. That rolling bundle of clothes under the acacia-tree contains not the blushing Azza of sixteen, but the wrinkles and frowns of seventy winters. Hector blowing his nose, is not the only ridiculous sight in the world.

The ascent of the great pyramid repaid months of weary travel. On the summit of Cheops I first realized the extent of those stupendous masses which almost defy the wasting hand of time. Before me was the valley of the 'sacred river,' winding, like an immense green serpent, between mountain chains at the south, and at the north expanding into the Delta. But what rendered the scene unique and incomparably grand, was the desert, stretching away on either hand farther than the eye could reach, as solitary, infinite, and incomprehensible as the ocean itself—the desert, whose storms and waves of moving sand have destroyed armies and innumerable caravans, depopulated immense regions, and turned the course of mighty rivers, for those billows of moving earth respect only the places they cannot reach. The oases, scattered here and there, like the islands of an ocean, owe their existence either to an elevated position or to a girdle of mountains.

On the north-east horizon dimly rose the obelisk of Heliopolis, raised by Sesortasan more than four thousand years ago, while to the left of the pyramids of Dashoor and Sakkara, built by kings whose uncertain names were unknown for two thousand years, were the mounds of Memphis and forests of palm-trees growing from the alluvial deposit, that for more than twenty centuries has been annually accumulating over her temples and palaces and halls of learning. Now the eye swept over the mosques and gardens of Cairo; now drank in the soft charm of waving palms and of gray hamlets half-buried in the sea of verdure along the rushing waters of the Nile; and then, leaving the busy haunts of men,

rested, at my feet, upon 'the countless sepulchres of above a hundred generations of departed life.'

After dispatching an excellent meal, provided by Hafiz, part of our company explored the interior of the great pyramid. More remarkable than the chambers and passages is the well, whose construction must have had some mysterious connection with the Nile, as being in all one hundred and ninety feet deep, its bottom is nearly on a level with the surface of the river. It is between two and three feet in diameter, and the explorer, lowered down by means of a long rope, passes through two or more chambers in the irregular descent. The Arabs are afraid to go down, on account of the genii supposed to inhabit the mysterious chambers.

Massoudi, an Arabic author, relates the following marvellous story in the '*Akbar-Ezzeman*':

'Twenty men of the Fayoom wished to examine the great pyramid. One of them was lowered down the well by means of a rope, which broke at the depth of one hundred and fifty cubits, and the man fell to the bottom. He was three hours in falling. His companions heard horrible cries, and in the evening they went out of the pyramid and sat down by it to talk over the matter. The man who was lost in the well suddenly appeared before them out of the earth, and uttered these exclamations, 'Sak! Saka!' which they did not understand. He then fell down dead, and was carried away by his friends. The above words were translated by a man of S'aid, as follows: 'He who meddles with and covets what does not belong to him, is unjust.'

Dr. King, of Athens, once related to me a startling adventure of his friend, Mr. Fisk, in the well of the pyramid of Cheops. This daring traveller, whose ashes rest on Mount Sion, was lowered down by several Arabs. After he had descended a great distance his taper went out, leaving him in Egyptian darkness. The Arabs also, by some mistake, suddenly checked his descent, and held him suspended — he knew not how far from the bottom. They could not hear his shouts to lower or draw in the rope. Fortunately, the walls were less than three feet apart, and by firmly bracing his arms and shoulders against one side and his legs against the other, he managed to descend slowly, yet fearful every moment of plunging into the dark abyss beneath. In this manner he crept down carefully between six and seven feet, and unexpectedly found himself at the bottom of the well, which indeed his feet had almost touched while he was dangling at the end of the rope. The feelings experienced while suspended in this manner Mr. Fisk himself declared were terrible beyond description.

We were just leaving the well, when I heard a distant voice shouting at the opening of the pyramid: 'He's dying! he's dying! Where is the doctor?' Being the only physician in the company, I ordered Hafiz to precede me with the taper, and we scrambled hastily up the narrow passage on our hands and knees. A square piece of the blue heavens presently became visible. I emerged into the open air, reeking with dust and perspiration,

and was hastily conducted by the Arabs to the north-west corner of the pyramid. There, stretched upon the sand, at a distance of twenty-five feet from the base of the pyramid, lay a naked Arab boy, with blood gushing from his mouth, nose, and several severe flesh-wounds. Though unable to speak, he was not entirely insensible. The flow of blood was quickly staunched. Having left my pocket-case of instruments behind, I inquired among the gentlemen for a needle and thread, but to no purpose.

‘These Bedouins are their own tailors,’ said one, and searching among them he soon found what I desired. The crowd of Arabs looked on in mute astonishment while I set the broken arm, using for splints pieces of the date-palm baskets, in which Hafiz had brought the provisions and claret for our dinner from Cairo.

The operation finished, I first learned the cause of the terrible accident to the boy. While part of the company were exploring the interior chambers with myself, those remaining outside had amused themselves in various ways. Yielding to the importunities of the Arab boys, they offered a small wager to the one who should ascend to the summit of the great pyramid and descend again to the earth in the shortest time. Four Arab youths stripped themselves for the race, and skipped up the rocky hill with the agility of the chamois. They all reached the summit at the same moment, and turned to descend. At such an immense height they looked like pigmies, yet leaped down from strata to strata with marvellous celerity. One of them gained a few feet upon his companions. He had made about one-third of the descent when his foot slipped, and he came bounding down the dizzy height, now rolled into a ball, then with legs and arms extended, and striking upon the sharp angular rocks every ten or fifteen feet, until he lay stretched out upon the sand where I found him at so considerable a distance from the base of the pyramid. He must have fallen more than four hundred feet, and nothing but Bedouin toughness could have prevented his being dashed into pieces.

Captain Adams, of the Japan expedition, who witnessed the accident, declared to me that his eyes were riveted to the spot, and that the sight was the most dreadful he had ever beheld. A friend offered to have the boy taken to the Cairo hospital at his own expense, but the Arabs of the desert, detesting nothing so much as the roof of a house, would not listen to the humane proposal, and carried him to a neighboring village.

The sufferer began to recover at once, and even on the following day could hardly be restrained from hurtful food. Before we left Cairo, a contribution was made up for the boy and his almondeyed mother, or, as Hafiz piously expressed it, ‘for the pleasure of Allah.’



## T H E   G I F T   O F   L O V E .

‘Give me,’ I said, ‘that ring,  
Which on thy taper finger gleams;  
Sweet thoughts to me ’t will bring,  
When summer sunset’s beams  
Have faded o’er the western sea,  
And left me dreaming, love, of thee!’

‘Oh! no!’ the maiden cried;  
‘This shining ring is bright, but cold:  
That bond is loosely tied  
Which must be clasped with gold!  
The ring would soon forgotten be:  
Some better gift I ’ll give to thee!’

‘Then give me that red rose,’  
Said I, ‘which on thy bosom heaves,  
In ecstasied repose,  
And droops its blushing leaves:  
If thou wouldst have me think of thee,  
Fair maiden, give the rose to me!’

‘Oh! no,’ she softly said,  
‘I will not give thee any flower:  
This rose will surely fade;  
It passes with the hour:  
A faded rose can never be  
An emblem of my love for thee!’

‘Then give me but thy word —  
A vow of love — ’t were better yet,’  
I cried: ‘who once has heard  
Such vows, can ne’er forget!  
If thou wilt give this pledge to me,  
Nor ring nor rose I ’ll ask of thee!’

‘Oh! no,’ she said again;  
‘For spoken vows are empty breath,  
Whose memory is vain  
When passion perisheth:  
If e’er I lose my love for thee,  
My vows must all forgotten be!’

‘Then what,’ I asked, ‘wilt thou,  
O dearest! to thy lover give?  
Nor ring nor rose nor vow  
May I from thee receive;  
And yet, some symbol should there be  
To typify thy love for me!’

Then dropped her silvery voice  
Unto a whisper soft and low:  
‘Here, take this gift — my choice —  
The sweetest love can know!’  
She raised her head all lovingly,  
And smiling, gave — a kiss to me!

## T I M E - K E E P I N G :

## W A T C H - M A K I N G   A N D   A M E R I C A N   W A T C H E S .

**TIME**, the subtlest marvel of the universe! — Time, the builder, the destroyer, the consoler, an illimitable ocean of eternities! Who can fix its beginning or mark its periods? The measureless harmonies of the material universe; the rapid wheeling of countless orbs in the broad fields of space; the erratic flight of comets; the unspent operation of the forces of Nature, exhibited at all points in the created universe, fall within Time's inflexible periods and cycles.

What inconceivable disasters would result, even from a momentary delay on the part of the earth to move within its allotted periods! All motion arrested for a single moment of time, and the organic universe would return to chaos.

Yet man has no natural sense of time, which has developed the sciences, the arts, and the whole history of human action. He commences his being unconscious of the hurrying moments. Watchless as well as garmentless he comes into the world, and the hours and minutes are not marked on the great dial of the sky. He has had to invent the very necessity of having them marked at all.\*

Not till after thousands of years of timing by guess, and other thousands of rude measurements by the flow of sand or water, or the movement of a shadow, did the race at last provide itself with miniature stationary or portable solar systems — machines substantially isochronous with the sun — which show to a minute, or the sixtieth part of it, in the cloudiest day, the darkest night, or deepest cave, how long it is since the sun passed a given meridian.

The utility of this achievement is incalculable; is far more valuable for humanity than if the seconds, minutes, and hours had been visibly marked on the zodiac by the hand of the ALMIGHTY. It is this ubiquitous legibility of time that makes it possible for the human race to keep step and act in concert individually or in masses, giving a power to the whole greater than the power of one multiplied by the number of the whole. If, for instance, man had not provided himself with an accurate and reliable time-keeper, before attempting to arrest the forces of steam and electricity, he

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\* **THE** revolution of the earth upon its axis is the only natural measure or standard of our time, that is, a day is generally understood to be the time between two successive noons or mid-nights. Yet this is not the day of twenty-four hours by the clock. The exact period of the earth's revolution, as measured by the fixed stars, is what we call a sidereal day; and is always the same, with the exception of an annual variation of three and one-third seconds of time. Since the sidereal day does not suit our ideas of day and night, and a solar day is of variable length, a third kind of artificial and uniform period has become necessary, now that all the time of the world is measured by clocks and watches. The day so used is always 3m. 56.5554s. of sidereal time longer than a sidereal day; and this artificial day is called a mean solar day; hence time shown by clocks and watches is called mean time.

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body he pleased, from the President down. As an act of justice to my friend, therefore, I hastened to Madame Hibon's in the evening to communicate my good fortune and to rally her niece about her 'instincts,' 'presentiments,' etc., all of which had told her that Corbeau was now my deadly enemy.

Judge of my surprise to find that the news made so deep an impression upon her that in a few moments she made some vague excuse for leaving the room, and did not return.

In a moment the whole truth flashed upon me. Leila's noble sensitive nature had been shocked by the consciousness of her injustice to Corbeau, and she had suddenly resolved to make ample reparation. This was in keeping with her whole character.

Of course I was not so blind but I saw that this was a great triumph for him; nor so dull as not then to see that it was in a manner pre-calculated, and that he would make a masterly use of it. It was a favorite saying of his, that he liked to be abused, because it gave a man the only decent excuse he could ever have for speaking a word in his own favor.

And the word was soon spoken.

Indeed from that day he commenced a series of personal attentions to Miss Lolotte — starting from his new vantage-ground; which attentions she at least did not discourage. She danced with him at parties, went with him to theatres, rode out with him, and in fact, rushing to extremes, as she did in every thing, made more than thousand-fold amends for her past distrust.

Seeing this, I became disgusted, and resolved to retire from a field in which my prospects, never perhaps very brilliant, seemed now to be completely 'ruined.'

Matters rested in this way about a month, during which time I had lived in almost absolute seclusion, when I suddenly decided to return North. I then called upon Madame Hibon to 'make my adieus.' The old lady was alone, her niece, as she said, being indisposed. I expressed my regret at this, as I had come to bid them good-by.

'Good-by?' said she, getting quite excited; 'but pray where are you going?'

'To Boston, Madame.'

'But are you not going to stop to the wedding?'

'The wedding?' I exclaimed, losing at once all my self-possession; 'whose wedding?'

'Why Leila's, to be sure. Have n't you heard of her engagement?'

'Me? why, no, indeed. But — but — to whom is she engaged?'

'Why, to Mr. Corbeau, to be sure; whom did you think?'

'Really, Madame, I had n't the least idea; but (and here I made a great effort to appear cool) do pray tell me all about it.'

'Ah!' said she, looking uncommonly grave, 'it is such a long story.'

'And you speak of it as if it were a *sad* one,' said I, quite

alarmed, and then added gayly, 'it strikes me, however, it must be a very sentimental one.'

'I should hope not; if there is any thing in this world I hate, it is a sentimental match. Leila's is one based on simple prudence and common-sense.'

'A regular business operation.'

'Exactly. But tell me, has n't Mr. Corbeau told you about our affairs?'

'Not a syllable, Madame; I have hardly seen him for a fortnight.'

'Well then, in a word, he made a formal proposal to me for the hand of my niece about ten days ago, stating that unless the proposal was accepted he should resign his position as my agent, and spend the next three years travelling in Europe. Now, on examining into my accounts, which he rendered at the same time, I found them in such a complicated condition, that without his aid it was impossible for me to go on with my business. To be brief, I represented these facts to Leila, who, after three days' consideration, decided ——'

'To become Madame Corbeau!'

'Precisely.'

'And pray, when is the ceremony to take place?'

'The day is not fixed, but it will be some time within a month, that is, if nothing happen to prevent.'

I found on making further inquiries, that Corbeau, like Madame Hibon, looked at the whole thing as a mere matter of business, and that so far from persecuting Leila with his addresses since the engagement, he was assiduously non-attentive to her. And this line of conduct seemed to please all parties. Indeed, Leila had once said that if Corbeau (she never called him Francis) only proved to be as considerate as a husband as he had been as a lover, she should have nothing to complain of; for if there was any thing in this world which she dreaded more than another, it was being bored.

Just before leaving Madame Hibon, she asked me, in an apparently unconcerned way, whether I would n't stay in New-Orleans and attend her niece's wedding; to which I promptly replied, having suddenly changed my resolution: 'I shall be there, if I am alive.'

The next day, to my great astonishment, I received a curious note from Madame Hibon, to the effect that at the particular request of her niece, she wished me to examine and audit the accounts of Mr. Corbeau, which, without further ceremony, she took the liberty of forwarding to me. The same day I received another note, by post, from Miss Lolotte herself, saying that she had just had a communication from one Mr. Thompson, formerly cashier to Thibault and Company, and who had been dismissed from their employ some fifteen years before as a defaulter, warning her against Mr. Corbeau as a dishonest man. She placed no faith in



best appreciated by referring to the amount expended in the importation of watches, chiefly from England, and from Switzerland through France. The number of watches imported is not given in the published returns of the Treasury Department, but their total value, from 1825 to 1858 inclusive, is \$45,820,000, about equally divided between England and Switzerland, while the number of watches supplied by the latter is more than three times as great as the number furnished by the former, owing to the lower price and the less substantial quality of the workmanship.

Our present demand of foreign watches is about \$5,000,000 per annum. What a temptation to apply the vaunted superiority of Americans in mechanical ingenuity to their production by machinery!

During the war of 1812 a large number of very excellent watches were manufactured in Worcester county, Massachusetts, by Goddard and others, some of which are still in use. But at the close of the war the manufacture languished, and foreign competition brought it to an end.

The next attempt was made in 1839, at East-Hartford, by Henry Pitkin, who commenced making watches with tools of his own manufacture, and continued the business there and in Boston until he had made about one thousand watches, when the business failed from want of capital and encouragement.

The application of machinery to the manufacture of fire-arms having been unsuccessfully made by Eli Whitney, the idea of extending it to the manufacture of watches naturally occurred. An enterprise with this object in view was first started at Roxbury, Mass., in the year 1850, in connection with a large clock-making establishment; but the location was soon found to be wholly unsuited to the prosecution of such delicate work, on account of the light and dusty character of the soil, which in dry weather charged the rooms with dust, to the great injury of the work. To overcome this difficulty, and more fully carry out the project of training a special class of workmen and women, a site was procured in the town of Waltham, Mass., on the banks of Charles River, and a manufactory erected, which covers an area of about half an acre of ground.

The building is two stories in height, and surrounds a quadrangular court, the whole forming one of the most admirable and systematically organized establishments in the country. After various fortunes, the original company failed, and in 1857 the establishment passed into the hands of Messrs. Appleton, Tracy and Co., who have placed it upon a permanent basis, and made watch-making by machinery an American institution: thus setting another example of enterprise and ingenuity to the artisans of Europe, which promises to revolutionize in a very few years the watch trade of the world. The plan of manufacture is highly philosophical and comprehensive, embracing every part of the watch, commencing with the rolled plates of brass, steel, and silver; the

'HALLO' MY FANCY, WEITHER WILT THOU GO?'

SWIFT as the tide in the river  
The blood flows through my heart,  
At the curious little fancy  
That to-morrow we must part.

It seems to me all over,  
The last words have been said ;  
And I have the curious fancy  
To-morrow will find me dead !

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#### H U N T I N G   T H E   H I N D S   O F   H I J A Z .

Who has not heard of the Turkish Rear-Admiral that recently visited a country where every man is supposed to be equal to a pacha ? I must confess I was a little surprised, not at his being feasted by aldermen on ham-sandwiches, eaten out of hand, for does not the prophet say, ' Verily, the fires of hell shall roar like the lowings of a camel in the bellies of such as use vessels of gold and silver ! ' and every body knows that our aldermen do not reject the prophets. Nor was I surprised that a pacha should even sojourn for a time among the infidels whom the devil has so assisted in multiplying cunning inventions to disturb the pious meditations of the faithful, and bring discord into the universe. Do you think that the Pacha loves the *feringees* — who will build the tallest ships for the Sultan when they feel sure of the piastres ? When, at the opera of the '*Huguenots*,' his Highness saw Catholics slaying Protestants, did he not say that ' Allah is Allah, and Mohammed his Prophet,' and inwardly thank God for bringing about a state of things for the benefit of his cause, wherein one kind of infidel ship-building dog is fast killing off another kind, so that the Mussulmen may soon expect to see the entire race of unbelievers exterminated ?

The only wonder was, that even a Turkish Rear-Admiral should have found his way so far from Mecca, for when I was in Turkey they told marvellous stories about whole crews of Mussulmen being overcome by sea-sickness. I heard of a Turkish commander who was directed to visit Malta on important business. After beating about in the Mediterranean for six months, he returned and reported to the Capudan Pacha that he could not find the island.

You will see by this, that even pachas do not take very enthusiastic views of the countries they may visit — the countries I mean that are not governed by the Sultan. Why, therefore, when

valuable qualities of durability, reliability, cheapness, and simple elegance, will be best appreciated, and more useful to the community than the pretentious glitter of finish which too often conceals fatal internal defects in the watch as a time-keeper. By machinery American movements without cases are made at about one-half the cost of imported movements of a similar grade, with the advantage of being uniformly reliable. We hail the introduction of watch-making with peculiar satisfaction, as it promises to remedy a serious evil which has grown out of the unreliability of the great majority of foreign watches. We allude to the vast amount of petty fraud and knavery that are practised and tolerated in connection with these worse than useless fabrics; cheating in the sale of a watch having been considered as almost justifiable. The introduction of the Waltham watches will necessarily put an end to this wide-spread evil. The manufacture of American watches also promises to open a new and appropriate field of remunerative employment for the skill of woman, where she can demonstrate her capacity for the most delicate and exacting mechanical occupations. It marks, moreover, an era in the history of time and time-keepers, and may appropriately be associated with the magnetic telegraph, the sewing-machine, and other kindred successes of mind over matter, which so wonderfully distinguish the present period.

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L A D D E R S   O F   S U N B E A M S .

I

ASLANT the amber-tinted air  
 Fall golden rays of morning light,  
 That reach from darkest depth of earth  
 To heaven's serenest Eden-height.

II.

More real than the ladder seen  
 By JACOB in his mystic dreams  
 Are those which scale the sapphire sky,  
 Framed by these radiant summer beams.

III.

Upon their airy, golden rounds,  
 Our yearning thoughts may upward rise,  
 As rose the angels JACOB saw,  
 Unto the fields of Paradise :

IV.

And bringing back from those high realms  
 Some flowret of immortal bloom,  
 Our souls may ever after walk,  
 Cheered by its heavenly perfume.

spent years in its particular acquisition. When his guest was about to depart, the many-tongued Italian composed a verse in English as a memento of the interview.

I hope the Doctor, who has lived a quarter of a century in sight of Hymettus and Pentelicus, without ever ascending either, has by this time forgiven me for ascending both of them without guide or guard, a somewhat perilous feat in the then unsettled state of the country. The snow was a foot deep on the summit of the latter mountain, although I collected a bouquet of flowers on the plain of Attica at its base. Lady Franklin had made the ascent of Hymettus a short time previous entirely alone; and my host mentioned a Philadelphian lady who had ridden from Athens to the Cape of Sunium and back again the same day in time for tea in the evening.

It was at the Cadi's court that I first heard of Hafiz, our dragoman. While conversing one day with the Coptic interpreters of the court upon the frequency of apostasy from their sect to Islamism, the popular creed of the country, one of them said to me: 'Heaven forbid that I should ever desert my LORD and MASTER; I would have my head cut off first; but there is Hafiz: the accursed rascal has left us and become a Mussulman. It was this convert who afterward opened and shut the doors of knowledge for me in Egypt, his only fault being a slight tendency to Oriental exaggeration. Hafiz was, moreover, particularly careful that I should not be cheated except by his personal friends. But why should I saddle the camels of eulogium? Yet I would almost give the pupils of my two eyes to look upon him again, and 'Moon of Darkness' (I forget his Arabic name) who served us — a Nubian with a lip nearly half as large as himself.

'Are you married, Hafiz?' I inquired, as we were being donkeyed one morning to the pyramids of Ghizeh.

'Married? The light of my countenance rests upon two wives; and I shall have two more as soon as I can support them.'

'You are of about my own age, O incomparable dragoman! I hardly know what I should do with one wife, saying nothing of four.'

'*Mashalla!* When I was a Christian I had but one wife. Her little finger was worth more than all the other women of Cairo together. She died; *Allah kerim!* (God is merciful.) I became a Mussulman, knowing that it would give me a higher position, and increase my income; and now I am equally fond of my two wives.'

'What, O Hafiz! are the comparative merits of the Moslem and Coptic women with respect to beauty?'

'The Christian women of Cairo are the pearl of infidels, but, by the head of the Prophet! one Mussulman maiden is worth more than seven of the most beautiful daughters of the unbelievers.'

'As a good Mussulman, do you believe that women will be admitted to the joys of heaven?'

'*Inshalla!* (Please God.) Our prophet hath promised them the eternal beatitude of Paradise on condition that they marry.'

in many instances, than he who chiselled it to a form of beauty, and almost imparted life to the pulseless stone.

Evening overtakes the traveller at a *celo* — a Servian village hid away among the recesses of the Balkans. The peasants are singing merrily while they lead their flocks down the mountains. As the sun goes down, the youths and maidens of the village meet under the great forest trees to celebrate the dances of their people, each one of which is a history, wherein pantomime takes the place of words, and action and sentiment beautifully blend the poetical present with the legendary past. Near by, the elders of the *celo*, seated on the grass around the village bard, like a group in the pastoral age of AGAMEMNON, listen while he recites the heroic deeds of their ancestors, or, as if to call back their spring-time of life, improvises the tender agitations of youthful hearts. The young men select partners, and a ring is formed alternately of males and females. Then the song, accompanied by the monotonous tones of the *gusla*. Now the dancers move slowly in the mazy evolutions, separating and uniting in the graceful figures, and winding in labyrinthine folds so quickly as almost to elude sight.

In the groups before us are only unlettered peasants, ignorant of all the world beyond their native forests, the names of whose ancient kings are scarcely preserved in the national ballads, and whose only archives are the traditions and songs that resound among their mountains. But the Kolo, which they celebrate, is the *Romaika* of Greece, the Dædalian dance of the early Greeks — so ancient, indeed, as to have been traced upon Achilles' shield, and described by HOMER precisely as it is now performed.

Pass out from Athens on the evening of the first of April, along the Piræus road, until you reach the temple of THESEUS. The open space between the Hill of Mars and the Pnyx, the agora of the ancient Athenians, is now converted into a field of wheat. We have often visited the spot when the silence was unbroken and no human being was near, save the guardian of the temple and an Albanian shepherd, watching his flock on the Hill of Mars.

But on this occasion crowds of Athenians assemble there long before the sun gilds with his departing rays the Parthenon and Erectheum, perched proudly on that magnificent pedestal, the Acropolis. You see before you a curious mosaic of all the tribes and nationalities of Greece, but none of the garlands and processions of ancient times. There are the fine forms, the classic features of Greek women, beautiful enough to have served as models for the Caryatides, and the splendid outlines of the Hellenic face, united with a bearing which no one but a Greek can assume. The aged Athenians repose on the marble seats ranged on the southern side of the temple of THESEUS — the seats said to have once been occupied by the judges of the Arcopagus. The young men are threading the mazes of a dance which is at once unique, national, and historical. Ask one of them why they came there on that occasion, and they can only tell you that it is in obedience to an ancient custom. They only know that their fathers did so before them. But that is the ancient Pyrrhic dance you look upon, and the *fête* around the columns of the temple of THESEUS shows how the usages of a people can traverse centuries.

Let us change the scene from Athens to Bukarest, the gay and luxurious

even as the wine-cups were borne at the purple feasts of the gods. As the evening breeze floats along with the last song of the birds and the murmur of Old Nilus, it touches the whispering leaves, and touches you softly as with the hand of love, and writes lines of liquid poetry on the pool of Uzbekieh.

But what are all these when you have met that pair of eyes flitting past under the acacia tree, which are as certainly the most lovely eyes in the world, as that El Kair is the glory of all cities? Your imagination at once embarks in the contemplation of unseen charms, and you are drowned in the ocean of supposed beauty. Night dwells in the ringlets which you believe the breath of air sportively throws against soft cheeks, only to be repelled by the glances of her eyes. Surely her teeth are white anthemis-flowers, and her lips, which you suppose to be avid of words and other things, do they not so resemble opening rose-buds, that you would kiss them to dispel all doubts?

My friend, it is not pleasant to dismount the horsemen of eloquence, but it is your misfortune that it does not rain in Egypt, a wet skin and youthful enthusiasm being incompatibles. That rolling bundle of clothes under the acacia-tree contains not the blushing Azza of sixteen, but the wrinkles and frowns of seventy winters. Hector blowing his nose, is not the only ridiculous sight in the world.

The ascent of the great pyramid repaid months of weary travel. On the summit of Cheops I first realized the extent of those stupendous masses which almost defy the wasting hand of time. Before me was the valley of the 'sacred river,' winding, like an immense green serpent, between mountain chains at the south, and at the north expanding into the Delta. But what rendered the scene unique and incomparably grand, was the desert, stretching away on either hand farther than the eye could reach, as solitary, infinite, and incomprehensible as the ocean itself — the desert, whose storms and waves of moving sand have destroyed armies and innumerable caravans, depopulated immense regions, and turned the course of mighty rivers, for those billows of moving earth respect only the places they cannot reach. The oases, scattered here and there, like the islands of an ocean, owe their existence either to an elevated position or to a girdle of mountains.

On the north-east horizon dimly rose the obelisk of Heliopolis, raised by Sesortasan more than four thousand years ago, while to the left of the pyramids of Dashoor and Sakkara, built by kings whose uncertain names were unknown for two thousand years, were the mounds of Memphis and forests of palm-trees growing from the alluvial deposit, that for more than twenty centuries has been annually accumulating over her temples and palaces and halls of learning. Now the eye swept over the mosques and gardens of Cairo; now drank in the soft charm of waving palms and of gray hamlets half-buried in the sea of verdure along the rushing waters of the Nile; and then, leaving the busy haunts of men,



INSPIRATION NOT GUIDANCE, NOR INTUITION : OR THE PLENARY INSPIRATION OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. Second Series. By ELIAZAR LORD. New-York : A. D. F. RANDOLPH, 688 Broadway. 1858.

THE object of the book before us is to maintain the plenary verbal inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. This is argued from the Scriptures themselves, and from the constitution of the human mind. In the preceding volume, the author advanced and illustrated the following among other propositions : that the word *Inspiration* signifies breathing into — breathing, conveying thoughts into the mind : that inspiration was a Divine act, exerted, not on the faculties of the sacred penmen, but exerted in conveying to their minds the thoughts which they were to express in writing : that it is, according to man's constitution, a law of his mind, that he thinks in words ; that he conceives, receives from others, is conscious of, remembers, and expresses thoughts, only in words and signs equivalent to vocal articulations ; that words and intelligible signs are the sole medium and instrument of thought ; that thoughts are conveyed from one human mind to another only in words and signs ; and accordingly, that, in conformity to man's nature, the divine thoughts were conveyed into the minds of the sacred writers, in words, by inspiration. In support of these leading propositions, a variety of subordinate questions are examined. Words are held to be representatives, not of *things*, but of *thoughts* only ; and, when intelligently used, words are held to express particular thoughts as perfectly as the thoughts themselves are conceived by the mind. And since thoughts cannot be conveyed from one human mind to another, so as to make the recipient conscious of them, apart from words, it is maintained that thoughts inspired into a prophet's mind, must have been inspired in words ; and that what the sacred penmen wrote was inspired into their minds in the language, style, and idiom of the respective writers, because they understood and were qualified to write that language in that style ; because their readers also were qualified to understand what they so wrote ; and because when translated into the like phraseology of different nations, what they wrote would be level to the capacity of the common people, whose thoughts and style of expression are, for the most part, essentially alike.

In the present volume, our author reiterates his former positions, and illustrates the subject by new investigations. In the Second Chapter, he states what was not, and what was effected by the divine act of inspiration. The Third treats of language, as the mediate instrumentality of intelligible communication between the infinite and finite minds. The Fourth examines an article on Inspiration, in the '*Bibliotheca Sacra*,' and contrasts its theoretical with its Scriptural doctrines and definitions. The Fifth considers an article on Inspiration in the '*Princeton Review*,' contrasts its theoretical with its Scriptural definitions and statements, and dissents from its views of *infallible guidance*.

In the Sixth Chapter on instinct, intuition, and intellectual action, *Instinct* and *Intuition* are compared, and distinguished from intellectual action ;

a doctrine of MILL's system of logic concerning *intuition* is opposed ; and Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON's *Philosophy of Common Sense* is examined with reference to its confounding intuition with inspiration. In these disquisitions, our author maintains, and we think with insurmountable arguments, that our intuitions are not simply independent spontaneous exercises of the mind, but are mental perceptions of such truths only, as are made obvious by our intellectual conception of related and collateral truths : as when we conceive of the whole and of a part of a particular thing, we intuitively (spontaneously and necessarily) perceive the truth, that the whole is greater than the part. Yet we are not conscious of this perception till we intellectually conceive it in words. It is a spontaneous mental perception, which no sooner takes place, than it becomes an object of intellectual apprehension, conception, thought, and consciousness in words. This mode of mental action being admitted, it is manifestly impossible that divine revelations should be intuitively discovered. For in order to the discovery, those collateral truths, the knowledge of which makes the discovered truths obvious, must be previously known, and must at the moment be intellectually conceived in words : which conditions are as necessary as the presence of light to the visual perception and discrimination of colors and proportions, when the eyes are opened.

It is notorious, that the rationalistic philosophers and theologians, who hold to nothing supernatural in religion, ascribe all that is extraordinary in the disclosures of the sacred oracles, to intuition — the inspirations of genius, and the like — rejecting the doctrine of supernatural inspiration, and especially the idea of either thoughts or words being conveyed to the human mind by inspiration. If the author's views of *intuition* are sound, and his conclusions just, the importance of their bearing on the question of plenary divine inspiration cannot fail to be perceived.

The Seventh Chapter, and the last, is an extended review of the 'Discourses of Professor LEE, of Dublin,' on the Inspiration of Holy Scripture — of his theme, his theory, his definitions, his matter, its tendency, his inconsistencies, his paradoxes, his reasons for rejecting the so-called mechanical theory of Inspiration, his distinction between Revelation and Inspiration, etc., etc.

It would be in vain to attempt, in the brief space at our command, to present a particular statement of the topics comprised in this Chapter. A large portion of it is taken up in showing that the assumptions of the author on which he founds his peculiar theory of Inspiration — as the result of a combined exercise of divine and human agency — and his distinction between Revelation and Inspiration, are utterly unfounded.

In view of the whole discussion, we are fain to say, that it appears to sustain and settle several material points : such as :

That by the laws of our mental constitution, we think, and receive, and are conscious of thoughts, only in words.

That Inspiration is a divine act or influence exerted in conveying, in-breathing, thoughts into the minds of the sacred writers ; and not an influence exerted on their faculties.

That the inspiration of thoughts necessarily includes the inspiration of the words which express them, since man could not in the natural exercise of his faculties, receive and be conscious of the thoughts apart from the words.

That it is the *nature and effect* of the divine act of inspiration to convey thoughts — thoughts in words — to be expressed, reiterated, vocally or in writing, by the recipient. And that it is not the nature or effect of that divine act, to guide or otherwise control or influence the faculties of the recipient, excite his intellect in an extraordinary manner or degree, or to enable him to select the words to be recorded, or to discover by intuition the truths to be expressed.

That the Holy Scriptures are properly denominated *the word of God*, and as such, are infallible, because He inspired them — the thoughts and words which constitute them — into the minds of the sacred writers, to be written, word by word, for them.

Good paper, and Mr. GRAY's clear, legible type, make the volume externally most acceptable to the reader.

COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY: WITH OTHER SKETCHES FROM SCENES AND EXPERIENCES IN SOCIAL LIFE. BY ROBERT MORRIS. In one Volume: pp. 508. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS.

THIS is in all respects an unexceptionable book. It cannot fail, rightly regarded, to be productive of great good. Its precepts, its inculcations, its illustrative incidents, its simplicity, its earnestness, and its *directness*, will commend it, we are quite certain, to a wide and general acceptance. We heartily, and with the fullest confidence, indorse the commendation bestowed upon the work by our friend and correspondent, CHARLES G. LELAND, Esq., in the columns of the Philadelphia daily journal with which he is editorially connected, the '*Evening Bulletin*.' Mr. LELAND observes:

'THE characteristics of Mr. MORRIS' mind are those of high-toned integrity, clear common-sense, and a tendency to present life in its purest yet most soundly practical aspects. And all of these traits, clad in a refined and highly attractive language, are strongly marked in the work before us. We have seldom seen a book which inspired more sincerely the feelings of respect and regard for the author, so manifest are the moral merits and the sincere desire to do good which appears on every page. It is a matter of real regret that works of exactly this character, free from sectarian feeling or the impulses of mere book-making, are so rare. Were there more of them, there would be more respect for that class of *literati* who do not pander merely to 'excitement.' This is in every respect a Family Book — one intended for every-day reading — one which no family should be without, and which cannot be a familiar inmate of any family without inspiring more or less good-feeling and sensible reflection in the hearts of all who look into it. Among the many interesting pieces which it contains, we would specify, as fully confirming all that we have said, those of 'Never Give Up,' 'Success or Failure,' 'A Start in Life,' 'The Choice of a Profession,' 'Early Training,' 'The Mother and her Sons,' 'Matrimony, or a Bachelor

lor in a Dilemma,' 'Occupation, or the Uses of a Trade or a Profession,' 'Married Life,' 'Home Festivals,' 'The Invalid,' 'Style and Dress,' and 'Home and its Harmonies.' These titles, indeed, indicate to a degree the substantial character and merit of the book. The work in question having attracted the most enthusiastic admiration of our townsman, and retired Book-seller and Publisher, Mr. JOHN GRIGG, (who has himself written those Rules for young men which indicate literary tendencies analogous to those in this work,) it has been most appropriately dedicated to him, 'as a slight tribute of respect for his energy of character, benevolence of spirit, and generosity of nature.' In a letter referring to 'Courtship and Matrimony,' Mr. GRIGG speaks of it as 'a book better deserving extensive circulation among families than any other printed, excepting the BIBLE.'

It is due to the enterprising and popular publishers to state, that they have placed the volume before the public in an appropriate and becoming garb. An exceedingly well-engraved portrait of the author fronts the title-page, and adds not a little to the intellectual attractions of the work.

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SHALMAH IN PURSUIT OF FREEDOM. Translated from the Original Showiah, by an American Citizen. New-York: THATCHER AND HUTCHINSON.

THE author of 'Shalmah' has, or rather aimed to have, 'two strings to his bow,' for his book belongs to two distinct classes of fiction. It has more prototypes in the first than we can at this moment remember. Among these are the 'Persian Letters' of MONTESQUIEU; 'The Letters of the Turkish Spy;' GOLDSMITH's 'Citizen of the World,' and Miss HAMILTON's 'Hindoo Rajah.' In these works the manners and customs of Europe are described and judged from what their authors supposed to be the stand-point of intelligent but semi-civilized foreigners. 'Europe seen through Asiatic Eyes,' would not be a bad second title for them. They are not without talent, but they never for a moment delude their readers — if they have any at this late day — into the belief that they are what they pretend to be: the cleverest of them lacks *vraisemblance*. When 'The Arabian Nights' was newly done into French, and from that language into the various tongues of Europe, the ignorance of the public in all that related to occidental modes of thinking, allowed the writers of these imitations a great deal of latitude. Their safeguard lay in the fact that their readers were full as ignorant as themselves, which is saying a great deal. Now, however, *nous atons changé tout cela*, and are not likely to suffer much from such attacks in future. To say that 'Shalmah' is not more successful than its predecessors, is to put a fine point on it: it is not successful at all. The author makes his hero — who, by the way, is a chief of the Kabyles, a tribe inhabiting the high regions among the mountains of Algiers — write like a European or half-demented American. He simulates a lamentable ignorance of the land through which he travels, namely, the United States, and indulges largely in florid writing, laboring under the impression that it is the true expression of a child of nature — in short, poetry. But he is mistaken: he is not necessarily poetical because he is not prosaic. The work then fail-

ing in its first object, that of representing faithfully the modes of thinking of a Kabyle chief, it only remains to test it by its second, which is no less than a sectional satire on the institutions of the country, especially one, which, like the poet's sweet-heart,

‘Shall be nameless here.’

The sub-title, ‘In Pursuit of Freedom,’ indicates its purpose. We are not vain enough to imagine that we are faultless as a people, but we have managed to survive the attacks of all sorts of cockneys, some of them very clever ones too, so we have no fear of ‘Shalnah’ setting the nation by the ears. One word more and we have done. If the author be, as he professes, an American, we commend to his prayerful consideration that old but musty proverb about the bird and its nest.

LEGENDS AND LYRICS. By ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THE readers of BARRY CORNWALL’S ‘English Songs’ — and their name is legion — were pleasantly aware of the existence of Miss PROCTOR long before she ventured into the lists in which her father has distinguished himself. She forms the subject of two of the most charming poems in that collection; the one a dainty little song — such a song as only BARRY CORNWALL can write — entitled ‘Golden-tressed ADELAIDE;’ the other a sonnet, ‘To ADELAIDE.’ The first commences in this fashion:

‘Sing, I pray, a little song,  
Mother dear!  
Neither sad, nor very long;  
It is for a little maid,  
Golden-tressed ADELAIDE!  
Therefore let it suit a merry, merry ear,  
Mother dear!’

The ‘little maid’ no longer needs ‘the little song’ of her ‘mother dear,’ for she has grown up into a serious and thoughtful woman, and sings a song of her own. We cannot say that it always ‘suits a merry, merry ear,’ for the prevailing tone of Miss PROCTOR’S verse is that of melancholy; but it is very pleasant reading for all that. Like the goddess of KEATS’ ode,

‘SHE dwells with Beauty, Beauty that must die,  
And Joy whose hand is ever at his lips,  
Bidding adieu.’

Of course Miss PROCTOR is not equal to her father, for in his peculiar walk of poetry he stands alone — the sweetest and most felicitous lyricist that England has produced since the age of ELIZABETH; but she is worthy to be the child of that noble old poet. Her poetry is sweet and graceful, with a quiet vein of sentiment and reflection. Whatever her theme — and her range of subjects is wide and varied — she is essentially womanly in her treatment of it. The best pieces in her volume, in our way of thinking, are ‘A Woman’s Question,’ and ‘A Dream.’ There is something about the latter which reminds us of HEINRICH HEINE. It is in the best school of German art.

**LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MAJOR ROGER SHERMAN POTTER.** By PELEG VAN TRUESDALE. New-York: STANFORD AND DELISSER.

THIS is one of the queerest books that has come in our way for a long time. We have gone through it pretty thoroughly, but we cannot make out its purpose. Its pretended author, PELEG VAN TRUESDALE, commences with his auto-biography, and lays out what the reader expects will be the outline of his own career, but meeting Major POTTER in the course of his peregrinations, the latter becomes his hero. Major POTTER is an odd compound of folly and sense. He is weak and vain, but shrewd withal, reminding us of some of the heroes of the satirical novels of olden times—a sort of SANCHE PANZA, or DON QUIXOTE. Like the famous Hidalgo, he has his Rosinante. At first the reader is disposed to laugh at and with him, but before the end is reached, he votes the old gentleman a little tedious. A character, or caricature, like the Major, does very well in a slight sketch, but he is rather tiresome in a book of five hundred pages. The political portion of his adventures, especially that relating to men and things in New-York, is amusing, and not devoid of truthfulness, but it is overdone. Altogether, the book is cleverly though carelessly written, with here and there a nice bit of character, or a really comic situation; but, as we said before, we cannot for the life of us see the author's object in writing it. It was probably to show his familiarity with the 'elephant,' and to 'run a muck' with the critics.

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**A JOURNEY DUE NORTH.** By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. In one Volume: pp. 482. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

MR. SALA, if we may believe the newspapers, is a young Englishman of the RICHARD SAVAGE order, who lives in Bohemia, and earns his bread-and-cheese by writing for '*The Household Words*.' He is supposed to do all the DICKENSISH articles in that pleasant little weekly. This, his first book, was originally contributed to its pages. It consists of a series of letters relating to a short residence in Russia, just before the coronation of ALEXANDER. It is not very statistical or profound, but it is agreeable and smart. Mr. SALA has a keen sense of the weak side of things, and a happy faculty of writing easily. The old adage of easy writing being hard reading, is not confirmed in his case, for we know of no recent book better fitted to while away a few spare hours than this '*Journey due North*.' One thing in respect to the volume we are bound in justice to say; and that is, that its occasional flippancy, and mere pen-and-ink work, are presented to supply a *demand* on the part of some half-million of English rail-way travellers.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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NAPOLEON IN 1806: A REMINISCENCE OF THE FIRST WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND PRUSSIA.—Is it not wonderful what an interest attaches to almost any thing, even at this distant day, which was connected with the person or the exploits of NAPOLEON? The incidents mentioned below occurred at a time immediately preceding the great battle of Jena: and here let us mention how they came into our possession. When we do not take our hour-and-a-half morning trip to town in the 'fast and snug' steamer 'ISAAC P. SMITH,' we get our daily metropolitan journals from over the river, through our village newsman, Mr. ADAM C. HAESSELBARTH, an old German gentleman, of modest demeanor, much experience, and a keen observer evidently from his youth up, of stirring events, and of 'men and things.' One day, in his little box of an office, while we were looking at an engraving in one of the 'pictorials,' representing the inauguration of the statue of NAPOLEON, during the *fêtes* at Cherbourg, the old gentleman remarked: 'An excellent likeness — excellent! But who ever saw any other? The rudest wood-cut seldom fails to represent him.' 'Did you ever *see* the 'Little Captain?'' we asked. 'Oh! yes,' was the reply, 'and a good chance I had, too:' and the old gentleman went on, casually, to narrate to us, in the intervals of calls for papers, the circumstances which ensued. We asked him to *write* out the account for our Magazine, just as he had told it to us; and not, when he found his pen in his hand, to be tempted to 'enlarge,' as too many now-a-day reminiscents do. He hesitated, diffidently, at first, but finally consented to *do* so, and has *done* so, being a 'man of his word' in all things. He added: 'I was an eye-witness to all the principal incidents I have mentioned, and although at the time only twelve years of age, the scenes are still so fresh in my memory, that were I at all skilled in drawing, I think I could sketch them in life-colors at this moment.' Let us premise that Gera, the birth-place of the writer, is about twenty English miles from Jena, and thirty from Leipsic. It is the capital of the Duchy of Reuss, an independent, small State, located within the boundaries of Saxony, and noted for its extensive manufactures of fine woollen goods, linen, calico, etc., chiefly for the American market:

'It was about the middle of the year 1806, when the first great war between France and Prussia broke out. After some preliminary skirmishes, and the

battle of Saalfeld, (about a week before that of Jena,) where the Royal Prince Louis of Prussia fell, the combined Prussian and Saxon armies took up a defiant position near the town of Jena, on a hill called the 'Schneckenberg,' (Snail-hill,) where, on the thirteenth and fourteenth of October, the first great battle was fought, and the combined Prussian and Saxon armies defeated, with great loss in killed and wounded. Through the previous week, a great portion of the Prussian and Saxon armies was marching through my native place, the city of Gera, with all the pomp of war, toward the anticipated field of battle. The line of march through the city was past a new corner-house, which my father was just about building, and of which only the first-story walls were up at that time. Here myself and some other boys would station ourselves, from day to day, to see the seemingly-endless legions of soldiers march past. Some days it would be all cavalry, and then again all infantry, interspersed with long trains of artillery, ammunition, and baggage-wagons, all drawn by from four to six horses. Thus, in less than a week, about fifty thousand Prussian and Saxon troops passed our station 'on the wall,' which we boys thought were sufficient to 'whip all creation.' But the 'old folks' thought differently, (for certain reasons, which I shall mention hereafter,) and entertained the most ominous misgivings in regard to the grand result of the battle about to take place.

'On Friday afternoon, previous to the battle, the marching of the troops had ceased, and a train of about three hundred wagons, including several regimental money-chests, and considerable baggage belonging to officers, was left in our town, with a few hundred Saxon troops as an escort. On Saturday morning, the public squares and market-places were, as was usually the case, crowded with country people from the neighboring villages. At about nine o'clock, rumors became prevalent that French soldiers had been seen in the corporation-woods, on the eastern side of the city. But the officers in command discredited the report, and some Prussian officers, in a boasting style peculiar to that nation, insisted upon it that if any Frenchmen came to the city at all, they would come as prisoners of war, and would be brought in by their own men. However, 'Job's messengers' succeeded one another, all declaring that the woods were alive with French soldiers; whereupon at last the commanding officers became alarmed, and a squadron of horsemen were sent out to reconnoitre the woods. In less than half-an-hour they returned at full gallop, their horses covered with foam, fully confirming the reports of the approach of the French in masses.

'A universal panic now seized all classes, and a scene of uproar and confusion ensued which it would be difficult to describe. The throngs in the market-places, with their hair almost standing erect with fright, 'dumped' the unsold parts of their 'market-truck' on the ground, and others having teams, threw their loads over-board, in order to get the quicker out of reach of the dreaded French: and no market was ever cleared with similar dispatch: in the space of minutes only, the frightened country people were seen hastily winding their way home over the neighboring hills.

'In the mean time, the teamsters and troops had been engaged to their utmost in hastening the harnessing of their horses, and with all possible speed dispatching the teams, as they thought, out of the enemy's reach. In less than an hour's time, the town had assumed the appearance of a deserted place: the thronging masses, and the military trains with their escorts, having vanished, the inhabitants proceeded to shut up their stores and houses, expecting every moment to see the enemy pouring in upon them.

‘While this brief space of solemn, deadly silence was prevailing, a solitary French hussar, in white uniform, with a sword in his teeth, a pistol in each hand, and his eyes sparkling with wine, rode leisurely into the city, scrutinizing, as he proceeded, every door and window, to guard himself against surprise, or shots of Prussian or Saxon soldiers that might be lying ‘in ambush.’ Others soon followed in squads of two, three, four and more, until at last whole squadrons came furiously dashing through the town, in pursuit of the fleeing wagon-train.

‘The very last of the wagons was just passing through the western town-gate, when the first-mentioned hussar came up to it, and when near enough, fired one of his pistols as a signal for the teamster to stop; but the latter, not heeding or understanding the summons, the hussar galloped up to him, and running his sword through his back, shoved him off between the two horses, and then, with his blood-stained sword, proceeded to cut the harness-traces of this and other teams, in order to bring the horses to a stop, the drivers having by this time mostly all fled from fright. However, for him retribution was near at hand. A brave Saxon captain of dragoons, all whose men had fled, ‘panic-stricken,’ to the neighboring hills, was determined to remain, to the last extremity, true to his post. The French pioneer-hussar eagerly galloped up to him, while the Saxon coolly waited his approach: a few passages of their swords followed, when the Frenchman’s head hung on his shoulders, and he fell a corpse on the road. Immediately after, two more hussars reached the scene of combat: the Saxon was ready to receive them, also; and, after considerable clashing of weapons, one Frenchman galloped off with his right arm dangling at his side, and the other followed, with the blood streaming from one of his wrists.

‘Though the French had now begun to arrive in larger numbers, and no farther hope of escape remained for the brave Saxon, he was still determined to have another brush with the next squad of four, every one of whom, like their predecessors, was put *hors du combat* before they could have dreamed of it; but as too many dogs will prove a hare’s death, so was it at last with the gallant Saxon. A squad of six had now arrived, and with some of the wagons for protection in the rear, he kept even them at bay for some time, till accidentally his horse, which was a most beautiful animal, became hemmed in between some of the wagons, and himself received a severe cut in the right arm, which disabled him at last. There was considerable French swearing when they were taking him prisoner, but no farther harm was done him, and an escort of two took him into the city, to a place of safety.

‘French troops of every description began now to arrive in masses: and very soon a scene was to be enacted, which, in the singularity of its features, and in richness of wild sport, laughable manœuvres, and cursing, swearing and laughing, would be past describing. I will only say, here was a line of teams, several miles in length, scattered along a straight, elevated turnpike, and several thousand excited troops engaged, in the most desperate and savage manner, in breaking open the wagons, which were all well secured and locked up, all in search of money, and whatever else might be valuable. For want of tools, they made use of whatever would make an impression on the stubborn sides of the wagon-bodies; but nothing seemed to answer so well as the wagon-poles, for battering-rams, and this latter mode of proceeding afforded them the most sport. In a very short time, the wagons were all broken open, and the con

tents, consisting chiefly of clothing and uniforms of every description, shoes, harnesses, saddles, bridles, and many other articles, scattered along the road. One party had the good luck to hit on a wagon containing a regimental money-chest, with a considerable amount of specie in it, which, amid a good deal of cheering, was divided among a party of about twenty, who had possession of the wagon. After the soldiers had finished their searches, many peasants ventured to the scene, and carried off whatever suited them, in clothing and other articles.

'An instance of the 'fortunes of war,' in connection with these scenes, may not be out of place here. A wagon containing officers' baggage, and a good deal of money, was driven into the farm-yard of an uncle of mine, situated a short distance from the main road, and supposed to be a temporary place of safety. But the inhabitants, under the apprehension that the French, coming into the land as enemies, and liable to commit all manner of outrages and depredations, had all fled to the woods. My aunt, having forgotten something valuable in the house, ventured to return alone to get it; but no sooner had she entered the house, than three French horsemen rode into the yard, stopping her retreat. Not understanding French, they intimated to her by signs, that she had nothing to fear from them, and that they only wanted her to get a good cup of coffee ready for them, while they were examining the contents of the wagons in the yard; and very singularly, these three had, in this isolated retreat, all their good luck to themselves. In a short time, they came up stairs with several bags of gold and silver, which they emptied on a large round dining-table: after mixing the money in the manner a set of dominoes is shuffled, they made one grand round heap of it, and one of them with his sword divided it into four equal quarters. After stowing away their shares in their portmanteaus, they called my aunt to the table, and pointing to the fourth share, very politely gave her to understand that that was her share. After having disposed of their hasty cup of coffee, they mounted, and galloped out of sight.

'After having seen all the sights along the road, several of 'us boys' returned to the city. But here, still greater sights were now to be seen. A portion of the French army had commenced marching in solid columns through the town, and in every direction were heard the sounds of martial music and beating of drums, of the latter of which there were whole bands, of perhaps fifty in number. We boys again took our position on the same stone wall, from which, only a few days before, we had witnessed the passing by of more than fifty thousand Prussian and Saxon troops. Now they were all French, moving along that broad street in dense masses; infantry, cavalry, and artillery, simultaneous, in three separate columns, and all to the tunes of their own peculiar music: they all appeared cheerful in the highest degree; and the unbroken noise of bands of music, the rolling of drums, and the cheering, was almost deafening. A neighbor of ours, an aged citizen, after having for some time looked with fear and astonishment at the moving, noisy masses, exclaimed, in the height of bewilderment: 'Mine Gott! mine Gott! what is all this? Surely the gates of Hell must have been opened, and SATAN himself and all his host let loose upon us!'

'While in the height of our boyish ecstasy and delight, in thus reviewing from our elevated position the movements of the martial legions, a small party of officers, in dazzling uniforms, and their breasts ornamented with beautiful stars, crosses, and orders, were repeatedly passing and re-passing the crowded

street, attended by a small-sized man, wearing a plain light gray over-coat, buttoned up to the chin, and to appearance rather the worse for wear: yellow leather breeches, top-boots reaching above the knees, and a small, peculiar little cocked-hat, formed his plain apparel. This little man was mounted on a beautiful Arabian horse, of a light gray color.

'As they passed along the moving columns, the wildest cheers and hurrahs would swell up to the sky, and one '*Vive l'Empereur!*' would follow another. At first, we thought the officer in the handsomest uniform must be the Emperor, and that the plain little man was only a servant to some of the rest; but when accidentally separated from the others, with only a horseman in Turkish uniform by his side, we soon discovered that all that tremendous cheering was directed solely to him. Our eyes were opened at once, on recognizing in him the very figure we had already so often seen in prints. It was the great NAPOLEON himself, with whose deeds and 'big wars' we had become familiar in school, as well as from every body's talk. The accounts of the late battle of Austerlitz were yet fresh in our juvenile minds, and we felt proud in beholding before us the great hero who had planned and directed the movements of the victorious legions on that great field of blood and glory. We caught the furor, and joined the soldiers in crying '*Vive l'Empereur!*' as lustily as they did. After swinging our caps a few times, we descended from the wall, to follow the movements of NAPOLEON himself.

'As he rode along, the columns of soldiers seemed to be electrified by his presence, and there was no end of the cries of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' Through thick-and-thin, we urged on in hot pursuit of our object, and unmolested, even through masses of soldiers. And here it may not be amiss to say, that, in the cheering of the soldiers of NAPOLEON's grand army, there was a certain originality, a terrible grandeur, which, though half a century has since passed, I never yet have heard equalled in force and effect.

'On reaching the market-square, we discovered him again, surrounded only by a few of his Marshals: here we had a fine opportunity, not only to see him close by, but also to hear him converse with those near him. Now we could see more plainly that it was the true original, from top to foot, of the many likenesses we had seen, and just as he is still represented to this very day.

'While listening to the conversation of some of his company, a well-meaning old lady edged close to the side of his horse, and with a generous liberality peculiar to all regular 'snuffers,' stretched out her arm to offer him a pinch of her favorite rappee; but his faithful Mameluke, RUSTAN, who, like his own shadow, was ever at his side, on observing the movement, pretended to draw his scimeter to scare the old lady. NAPOLEON, looking at RUSTAN at the time, shook his head and smiled, as if he meant to say, 'Let her alone,' upon which the latter pushed his scimeter back into its sheath.

'Immediately after this little incident, a file of soldiers presented themselves before the Emperor, having in their charge, as prisoner of war, the brave Saxon captain, who had so gallantly and to the last defended his train of wagons, and killed and wounded no less than seven or eight French soldiers. He was a stout, tall, noble-looking man: his wounded arm rested in a sling, and the blood was still oozing through the thin muslin bandage; beside this, his whole uniform was stained with blood-spots. It seemed as if NAPOLEON had expected the prisoner, for the officer in command presented him with the words, '*Voilà le prisonnier!*' (Here is the prisoner.) After a respect-

ful salute on the part of the Saxon, the Emperor spoke to him in a manner that seemed kind and friendly, and asked him various questions, the purport of some of which, as afterward reported, were favorable offers to enter the service of the Emperor, but which were respectfully declined. At the end of the interview, which lasted about ten minutes, the Emperor, addressing himself to the officer of the guard, said, loud enough for us to hear: '*Retournez sa épée!*' (Return his sword :) which the captain buckled on on the spot, and, from that moment, proudly wore it among the masses of French troops.

'While these incidents were taking place, the troops continued to march without interruption through the town, on their route to Jena. After the dismissal of the party with their Saxon prisoner, NAPOLEON, in company with only a few of his staff, started toward the western city-gate, and passing this, slowly rode up on an eminence called the 'Gallows-hill,' on the highest point of which the town-gallows used to stand. The posts of the last of these structures had decayed and wasted away, all but one, which had fallen down and remained lying on the spot. Here the party halted, and NAPOLEON, after dismounting, seated himself on that very post, and calling to RUSTAN, the latter handed him out of a leather or tin case some rolls of paper and some maps. After opening and spreading some of these before himself, and upon something stiff spread across his knees, he proceeded to take a profile of the surrounding country; at least, we judged this from his actions, he frequently pointing out to his companions certain localities. Afterward, our folks learned from some French officers, that, in case of a defeat at Jena, it had been NAPOLEON's intention to retreat to the neighboring hills of Gera. His labors having been brought to a close in about half an hour, the party rode leisurely back to the city, after which we saw no more of him.

'All these events happened in such rapid succession, that it almost seems impossible to realize them, in the short space of less than a day. About dusk came a temporary calm, the marching of troops having suddenly ceased; but it was only the forerunner of a new storm; for at about nine o'clock in the evening, after a long forced day's march, fifteen thousand of the Imperial Guard arrived, to rest their wearied limbs for that night in our town. They were, as a matter of course, in such times, billeted and lodged with the citizens. All the straw in the place was required to make beds for the unexpected and rather numerous company. Meat having become scarce, on Sunday morning following, my father, like many others, had to have a cow taken from the stables and killed, to provide for his own and some of his neighbors' 'boarders.' The troops, being much fatigued, slept soundly till late on Sunday forenoon. Dinner was to be ready at twelve, and one o'clock was the appointed hour for the Guards to continue their march again toward Jena.

'Precisely at the time ordered, the dinner, consisting of beef-soup and vegetables, was smoking on the table, in every house; and the Guards were just about going to take their seats, to partake, not of a 'hasty,' but a comfortable plate of soup, when, all of a sudden, a booming of cannon was heard in the direction toward Jena, followed immediately throughout the city by a terrible rolling of hundreds of drums! In an instant, the comforts of a good dinner were out of the question. Instead of it, ensued a general bustle of putting on the accoutrements of war, and as soon as fully armed and equipped, every man would run to the table, snatch up some pieces of bread and meat, and, with his fists full, rush into the rapidly forming ranks. In the short space



of half an hour, the whole fifteen thousand men had formed in regular line, and were marching out of the city, singing and hurrahing, as if they were hastening to some joyful banquet.

‘No nation, not even the French, will ever be able to reproduce so glorious a military body as that old Imperial Guard, except another great genius like NAPOLEON himself shall rise up again. His own spirit, like a magical spell, was here infused, and predominantly carried with it the mind and actions of every member of his great army, from the highest ranks to the humble private. The Imperial Guards were a strictly select body of men, all sons of the best families of France, and mostly of tall stature. To become a member of that august body was one of the great honors in the French army. A private in the Guards was considered higher in rank than some officers in the regiments of the line; and in many instances, officers of the line were promoted by being placed as privates in the ranks of the Guards. In their general demeanor, the Guards displayed the characteristics of polished and accomplished ‘gentlemen,’ burning with ambition, and full of devotion bordering almost on worship for their great leader; and heedless of all fatigues, obstacles, dangers, and even death itself, in pursuit of honor and glory for France.

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‘P. S.—In the fore-part of this article, it was remarked that the inhabitants had ‘ominous forebodings’ in regard to the success of the Prussians, in the expected battle at Jena. The reason for this was, the heartless and tyrannical treatment which for years the privates had been compelled to suffer from their officers and superiors in general, and of which the inhabitants had had opportunity to see so much. In those times, the whole Prussian army was chiefly officered by young beardless ‘sprigs of nobility,’ without brains, or feelings of humanity toward the men under their commands; fellows that were nothing but knaves and fops, whose chief delight and sole employment was, to harass and maltreat the troops at the daily musters and parades.

‘In 1805, Prussia formed with Austria an alliance, offensive and defensive, against NAPOLEON; but flattered by promises of territorial aggrandisement, she suddenly and most perfidiously withdrew from her contract, and left Austria to fight her battles single-handed. The Prussian army, under the command of Prince Hohenlohe, already on the march, and half-way to the scene of action, was ordered to halt, and go into winter quarters in Saxony, where they settled down for the time being, a heavy burden on the inhabitants; and while the Austrians were being defeated in battle after battle, their expected, faithless allies were spending their time in idleness, feasting; and dancing, and tormenting their men with useless military shows and parades; on which occasions, the young coxcombs of officers would let the men feel the full weight of their authority, and from mere whim and caprice, would often commit the greatest outrages on them for the most trifling and often even only imaginary faults or neglects; so much so, that it would often make the blood of spectators boil with disgust and indignation, while the poor privates were compelled to submit to and bear all of it without any privilege at all of complaining, much less of being allowed opportunity for redress, for suffering the most grievous wrongs innocently. Nothing was left to them but ‘grin and bear,’ and bottle up feelings of suppressed revenge. A case in point, where I knew personally all the parties concerned, will show to what an extent these feelings of revenge against many officers reached.

'During one of the usual parades on the market-place, a young, foppish strippling of a lieutenant, in passing along the front of the line, suddenly stopped before a noble-looking young private by the name of GUTER, whose feet did not seem to be placed exactly in a position to suit the caprice of the boy-officer, who, without saying a word, with a disdainful and malicious look, lifted up his foot, and with the edge of his iron-mounted boot-heel, gave him so violent a kick on one of his shins, that the blood ran into his shoes, and the poor fellow fainted with pain, and fell over. After he had somewhat recovered, he was taken home to my father's house, where he, with others, was quartered. Innocent as he was of any fault or crime that deserved such treatment, there was no redress in such cases; but in the minds of the sufferers, big 'chalks' were continually being made against many officers: and so it was with this GUTER, who was determined upon revenge, even at the expense of his life. When rumors of war came, he said he was glad of it; he would rejoice to go to battle, for the sake of making one good shot. Many others had similar scores to settle with their officers, and were all impatiently looking for a chance on the field of battle.

'In conclusion, a few incidents characteristic of that famous invasion may not be out of place here. Immediately after the appearance of the French forces, scouting and marauding parties would be ranging all over the country, and through the neighboring villages, in search of geese, and poultry in general, roasting-pigs, fruit, and other fancy eatables that might be met with. Some of them entered a lonely-situated country residence, and while the rest were regaling themselves below with what good things they had found, two of them, armed and equipped, went to explore the upper part of the premises. The first door they opened led into a spacious saloon, the opposite end of which was decorated with a magnificent mirror, reaching from the ceiling to the floor: perceiving instantly their own reflections, they supposed the apparition to be some concealed Prussians. The warlike movements and attitudes being quick and reciprocal, there was no time to reflect: sudden reports of muskets followed, and the splendid mirror was shattered to atoms. Instantly, the remainder below rushed up-stairs, to learn what was the matter: and when the mystery was cleared up, the whole party gave vent to the most extravagant laughter, at the expense of their comrades' illusion, and the fatal mistake they had just perpetrated.

'One day, my father having occasion to send a laboring man to some distant field, I went with him. His name was FRANK, and he was a jolly, good-natured fellow, always full of joke and fun. Accidentally he had picked up the French expression of '*a la bonne heure*,' and had been in the habit of using it on every possible occasion, to let people know that he understood 'some French.' On the appearance of the real Frenchmen, he was very eager to 'show off' with his '*a la bonne heure*,' which he had learned to pronounce equal to a Frenchman born.

'Meeting a marauding-party of six while on our errand, FRANK, according to his custom, very politely saluted them with his little stock of French. Concluding from this, that he understood and spoke their language, the Frenchmen began to ask him a number of questions, to all of which he shook his head. The Frenchmen, thinking he could, but would not, tell them any thing, got desperate, and bound him to a tree near by: which done, one of them pulled the ramrod out of his musket, and gave him to understand that he would try a sure method of getting the French out of him. Saying this, he placed himself in a proper position, and cried out to him: '*Eh bien, parlez Français !*' With

every 'not verstand' in reply, FRANK received a cut across the back with the ramrod. This operation having been repeated several times, poor FRANK got desperate under the pain of the blows he was suffering, and turning his head toward his tormentors, cried out: 'Gentlemen! gentlemen! I'll be Gott ver dam, if I can speak a word of French beside *a la bonne heure!*' Up to this time, I had remained a frightened spectator of the proceedings, and would rather have run off, if I had not been afraid they would shoot after me; though at the same time, I had been busily engaged in searching my brains through for a few words of French out of my little stock of school-learning; and when I thought I had hold of it, I could contain myself no longer, and bawled out, crying aloud: '*Pardonnez Louis, il ne peut pas parler Français!*' The Frenchmen upon this softened, and began to think that there was indeed no French to knock out of FRANK, and desisted from farther violence. After pointing out to them where they might fall in with a flock of geese, they untied FRANK, giving him at the same time to understand, hereafter, not to make too free with his French talk, which was hardly necessary; for he had already made up his mind, once out of this scrape, never to speak French again, and any thing but blessed the day on which he had picked up the unfortunate '*a la bonne heure.*' The Frenchmen then departed in search of the flock of geese, and we were glad to make a hasty retreat for home.

'A few days after the battle of Jena, a French regiment was announced to arrive in the afternoon; but from some cause or other, did not make their appearance till late in the evening. According to custom, they were then billeted out among the citizens, and a baker in our neighborhood received six for his share. The dinner had been prepared early in the afternoon, and the troops not arriving at the expected time, the viands were placed in the bake-oven to keep warm. At last, after the lapse of four or five hours over the expected time, they arrived, very much fatigued by an unusually long day's march, in consequence of which they did not seem in good humor when they entered the house, and immediately and impatiently cried out for supper. The table having been set long ago, the baker and his folks hastened to bring in the dishes from the bake-oven; but what was the terror of the baker, when, accidentally looking over the various plates on the table, to see them all full of drowned cockroaches! The impatience of the soldiers placed all remedies out of the question, and consternation got the uppermost of the baker. Frightened out of his wits, he made some pretence for a sudden exit, and told his people to flee for their lives, for the Frenchmen would surely kill them all, when they found out what a mess was placed before them. The baker himself retreated into a dark corner of his bake-house, whence, through a small aperture, he could observe all the movements around the table in the room. But what was his agreeable surprise, when he saw them repeatedly stick their forks among the cockroaches on the plate, crack them with delight between their teeth, and call out to one another, '*Bon! bon!*' no doubt supposing them to be some delicacy peculiar to that part of the country.

'When the baker had fully satisfied himself that the supper was approved of, he ventured back into the room, and with his people went to work to clear away the table, to make room for the beds on the floor. After having made the necessary preparations for a good night's rest, and when he was just leaving the room, one of the soldiers kindly tapped him on the shoulder, saying in broken German: 'Landlord! to-morrow morning, for '*déjeuner,*' some more of de little fishes!'

'The bake-house being well supplied with the needful article, a number of plates and dishes with attractive bait were set, and sufficient were caught for an ample fricassee for breakfast, which was dispatched with as much relish as the late supper. When the drum beat, no men could have left their quarters better satisfied than these six, with the 'good things' of life!'

Note especially, in portions of this graphic narrative, the lights and shades which make up the picture of the *precursors* of BATTLE. In interest, they scarcely fall short of similar accessories *after* a 'heady fight.' We think it was in answer to a question asked of THOMAS CAMPBELL, by our great poet HALLECK, that the latter were most forcibly represented. He said he did not *witness* the battle of Hohenlinden; but he was near enough, the next morning, to see the literally 'groaning' ambulances, crowded with their suffering burthens, brought to a station some six miles from the battle-field, and grenadiers ride up with their gory swords drawn, which, when they dismounted, they wiped upon the manes of their wounded and foam-bespattered steeds. But 'here, may it please the court, we rest.'

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GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—There are two or three reasons, we may be permitted to say in all courtesy and kindness to our correspondent 'M.,' of Boston, why we do not like the story, from the German, of '*Count Fayal's Revenge*.' But let us *hint* the story, and then leave our readers to draw their own inferences. *Imprimis*, then: Count FAYAL is a gray and grim warrior, of nearly three-score-and-ten: GABRIELLE, his spouse, is a gay and beautiful young woman, who is not over and above tenacious of her marriage-vows: and especially is she in love, against the statute, with young DE COURCY, a Castillan, 'brave and fair:'

'AND when he went away to fight,  
She wept in secret day and night.'

DE COURCY falls on the bloody field of Acre, and while dying, calls his weeping page to him, and tells him, when all is over with him, to take out his heart, inclose it in a casket, bear it to the fair and faithless GABRIELLE, and say to her that its last beat was swelled and prolonged with love and affection for her. The faithful page returns, (through many rough adventures which befel him by the way,) to perform his dying master's mission, with his 'heart in his hand,' inclosed as aforesaid. As he reaches the well-known castle-gate, he finds old Uncle FAYAL, with a long and splendid retinue, coming out of the castle-gate, with a dashing trumpeter ahead, 'winding his horn' round his arm, and half-blowing his brains out. 'Ha!' exclaimed some perking inquisitor in the old COUNT's train, 'yon boy is the page of DE COURCY, now undertaking present wars in Acre.' '*That's so,*' said the jealous-pated old COUNT: 'what's that he's got in his hand?' He asked the same question of the page, as the lithe lad rode up and was passing, after making a bow as politely as he knew how. The handsome boy replied that it was a little box for COUNT FAYAL's beautiful 'Ladye.'

'Hold! — pull up your horse!' exclaimed the enraged Count: '*I want that box: what's into it?*' — and he snatched it from his hand. The page, putting a pair of 'wings to his steed,' rode off, making no sign as to what was 'into the box' which had been intrusted to him so solemnly by his chivalric principal and gov'nor. What do you suppose old FAYAL did with that casket? He never let it go out of his hand, until he got home that night: and then he gave it to ——— 'But we anticipate.' The next day he gave a most splendid feast; 'every thing that was good to eat and drink, and plenty of it;' and what they didn't use that night, next morning it was fried. The company was mostly white, and as select as could be picked up 'any wheres:' 'lords and ladies, proud and gay;' and 'knights and squires,' and other head-waiters, all with their best clothes on. But there sat Mrs. FAYAL 'dressed up to the nines,' smiling 'with a heavy heart,' which would have been heavier still, if she had known that young DE COURCY was at that moment the mangled prey of some beast of a jackal on the field of honor. 'My ladye fair!' said the Count to his smiling and handsome wife, 'I want you to try a little of this pastry; it has a much-vaunted flavor.' As soon as she tasted of it, said she: 'Well, it is good, certainly: the cook has wondrous skill.' 'He has so,' says old FAYAL: 'he understands *his* business: so do n't you fail, when you praise up his pastry hereafter, to say, that *he baked in it, to flavor it, the Heart of young De Courcy, now dead on the battle-field of Saint Jean d'Acre!*' 'Sech wo!' Mrs. FAYAL fainted dead away immediately, and was carried out of the room, screaming the worst way: she 'could n't set up' for a long while afterward; and from that time forward, never could abide pasties of any kind or description. Now that's the whole story, told after the manner of 'modern chivalry.' Is n't it a tricopherous or hair-raising narrative? — and so natural and real life-like! - - - ONE of those 'blaasted English muffs, ye kno,' came over into 'the States' the other day, from Canada. He took lodgings at an inn, in a bordering village which shall be nameless. He had dinner; and among those who sat at the table with him, was the waiting-maid, whom he designated as 'servant;' but he received an indignant correction from the landlord: 'We call our servants, Sir, *Helps*. They air not oppressed: they air not Russian scurfs.' 'All right,' said the 'bloody Britisher:': 'I shall remember.' And he *did*: for in the morning he awoke the whole house, by calling out, at the top of his voice, which was like the tearing of a strong rag: 'Help! help! — water! water!' In an instant every person equal to the task rushed into his room with a pail of water. 'I am much obliged to you, I am sure,' he said; 'but I do n't want so *much* water, ye kno' — I only want enough to shave with!' '*Shave* with!' said the landlord: 'what did you mean by calling 'Help! water!' We thought the house was a-fire.' 'You told me to call the servants 'Help,' and I did: did you think I would cry *water*, when I meant *fire*?' The explanation, it should seem, was satisfactory.

—  
'On the beryl-rimmed rebecs of Ruby,  
Brought fresh from the hyaline streams,'

there comes to us '*A Pæan of Glory for the Heroes of Freedom*,' by the Mr.

CHIVERS, M.D., who was amberized lately in these pages. The Doctor had been solicited by a committee to deliver a patriotic poem at Washington, Georgia, on 'Independence-Day' last past. He replied that he had been ill, and had not been able to cure himself, but that if he *could* write a poem under the circumstances, and on so short a notice, he *would*. He frankly adds, however: 'To compose a lyric, or heroic poem, suitable for the occasion, amenable to all the laws of Æsthetic culture, such as I would be willing to go forth into the world of Polite Letters, would require a much longer time than you have allowed me; even admitting that my brain was not already overjaded with too long laboring in the same enchanting HORTUS DELICARUM.' The poem was written, but not delivered by the author, a more than common misfortune, we take it: for he tells his readers, in his sounding and sonorous preface, that 'much of the charm of the poem will be found to be lost for the want of the voice of the Nuncio.' Nevertheless, we are told, 'it is a faithful revelation of the life of freedom which lives immortal in the soul of the author:' for, 'As the Violastre, by feeding on the May-dew, becomes the image of Heaven, so does a man, at length, incarnate the thing which he contemplates; crystallizing himself into the song that he sings. As in the Eumenides of ÆSCHYLUS, the Furies which chase ORESTES into the Temple of APOLLO, fall asleep while he is kneeling down before the statue of the God, so do the triple-mouthed Ban-dogs of Hell sink down into slumberous silence before the face of that soul, who, in despite of Death or Hell, worships the Beautiful with the reverence of a God.' From the 'height of this great argument' fell the poem in question. As in a former instance, we respect the Doctor's copy-right too much to do him injustice by extended quotation: yet we cannot resist the inclination to present two thundering pæans from the neighborhood of the North Pole:

'Blow the Clarion of Victory, loud Hero-Horn-JALLAR,  
Great HEIMDALL, the golden-lipped waker of Gods!  
Gather all the great souls in the Halls of Valhalla,  
BALDAR waits now to crown them in ODIN's Abodes!  
Blow the Pæan of Glory for the Heroes of Freedom,  
Till they rise, all redeemed, to their Halcyon abodes;  
Wake the Nations from sleep — all the ransomed now lead home,  
With thy thunder-trump blazon, great Waker of Gods!  
Hark! the beautiful BALDAR God's Telyn is sounding,  
Heaven's Apples now fall from Iduna's sweet Tree:  
Th' eobroma, with life everlasting abounding,  
For the souls of the Beautiful, the souls of the Free.  
Strike — strike the bold harp! etc.

'Hark! the Asar-Cock crows, filling Gimlet with thunder,  
Answering HEIMDALL's great Horn blowing loud for the brave;  
While from Hela they march, singing, full of sweet wonder,  
Up to Valhalla's Halls, shouting, *Wave, Banners! wave!*  
Up to beautiful BALDAR from the infinite Nadir,  
Chanting ODIN's sweet Runes, by three Nornir upborne,  
Soar Eternity's Heroes where Almighty ALFADER  
Sits crowned in Bethshimmin on the Mountains of Morn.  
Now like clouds of sweet fragrance from Altars uprising,  
Wreathing Nosegays of Eden's bliss wide as the sea,  
Floats the incense of song, all their co-mates surprising  
With the joys of the Beautiful, the joys of the Free.  
Strike — strike the bold harp! etc.

There's 'stuff' in such poetry as this, and a good deal of it, you would find, on perusing the whole! - - - An Ohio correspondent, 'G. F. M.,' in a



'beautiful city by the sea,' the great green sea of ERIE, sends us the following warm-hearted gossip, conveying an early reminiscence of 'OLLAPOD,' whose lucubrations, he writes, seemed to pervade his soul with an almost holy unction: 'It is now some time since I held communion with you in an epistolary way: nevertheless, if there be that 'spiritual essence' of which some people talk so learnedly, then I *have* held monthly love-feasts with you for about a quarter of a century. Did I say monthly? Then I *mean* monthly: still, I have now to relate one unfortunate 'interregnum.' When 'Old KNICK' started out on his mission, (he could more properly be called 'Young KNICK,') I tabernacled in a pretty little village of Western New-York. It was then that the dull tedium of an entire cycle was only enlivened by the ever-faithful and reliable friend, whose ruddy-purple face was to us a certain indication of a glowing heart. I never saw the September number for Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six: that *hiatus*, I suppose, happened in this wise: September was the month in which I emigrated to the wild West; and so perhaps (I blame no one for the crime) the post-master or his clerk, finding that I had left the country of my childhood, appropriated that lost number to their own use. There was matter in my lost KNICKERBOCKER that I longed for years to see: and not until '*The Literary Remains of Willis Gaylord Clark*' were published, did I gain that advantage. And now I will tell you my story: In those days of 'long ago,' I had a quondam friend, who lived a few miles to the eastward: he too was passionately fond of 'KNICK' and of OLLAPOD: and we held frequent converse together, by epistolary means. We got word that 'OLLAPOD' was coming to 'the Falls' on his wedding-tour; we lay in wait for him: not a stage-coach passed, but we looked it through to find him. I thought I could have picked him out of ten thousand. One forenoon, I received a missile from my friend: it was handed me by a stage-driver, and ran thus: 'Dear GEORGE: 'OLLAPOD' and his charming wife will be along in the next coach: watch! Yours, etc.' In order to give them a bit of a surprise, I bethought me to enter his synonym upon the register of the hotel at which he would be sure to stop: so out of an old Latin Lexicon I made the following sentence, save and except the first written word: '*Ollapod est appropinquacio hoc vicinitas.*' Now that is the loosest bit of Latin I ever met any where: but it did my heart good to hear the remarks, after I had successfully indited it upon the hotel-register, in a plain and legible hand, unobserved by the landlord or other persons. The inscription was soon observed, and the inquiry went around: 'What scholar had done that thing?' I stood like the sheep that 'opened not its mouth.' Several learned men made violent attempts at a free translation. Here is one: '*Ollapod: 'Ollapod?' that's a kind of fish: 'hoc,' this; 'appropinquacio,' has arrived; 'vicinitas,' this neighborhood.*' 'Pretty good,' thought I. One sensible fellow looked at it, (and he knew as much of the defunct dialect as myself,) and remarked, that 'some fool had made an attempt at being smart, and had fizzled: it's wretched Latin, at best, and it won't translate *any* how.' So it went on: and the landlord feared that some one had been playing 'tricks upon travellers:' but at this moment, up came an 'exclusive extra,' and the learned dissertations were brought to a termination. Every body went out, at that era, to see every coach as it wound up to

the hotel. This one had but two wayfaring individuals, and I knew 'like a book' who they were: they called for rooms, and at once their names were registered. As the eyes of the man lit upon the page, they lit upon 'OLLAPOD' and the Latin lingo. He looked amazement, and turned around as if expecting some friend to come out and say, 'How are you, my old friend?'—but not a familiar face was there. The landlord was as much bewildered as was 'OLLAPOD.' The following was written on the register: 'WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK and LADY: New-York — Niagara.' I saw that 'OLLAPOD' was amazed; and I thought he would 'make a note of it' for his next number; and so he did: and here is what he said. If I had seen it ten years sooner, I should have felt that I had not lost that decade in unprofitable obliviousness:

'Who was that anonymous herald of mine, who recorded beneath my signature, as we proceeded toward the sunset, at every town where we paused to give breath to our cattle, the name of 'OLLAPOD,' with many compliments in the Latin tongue? Whoever he was, I stretch to him the hand of fancy. Thou *Grand Inconnu*!—touch thy dextral digits in thought: consider thine own vehemently squeezed: and remain, if thou wilt, the kind Unknown—at once corporeal and yet spiritual: a creation unsubstantial: an entity, yet intangible: *umbra, civis, nihil!*'—'LITERARY REMAINS:' p. 142.

Well can we conceive, that the writer of the foregoing is '*One who cherishes the name of Ollapod.*' He won from the first, and maintained to the last of those papers, the warm *affection* as well as fervent admiration of his readers. They 'loved him living, and lament him dead.' - - - A LONG slip comes to us from Columbia, (we infer South-Carolina,) bearing the caption, '*A Delusion Vanished:*' which the writer describes as 'an impromptu, composed early this morning, while drawing on his boots, with the intention of breakfasting on a pint and a half of corrosive sublimate; which intention was frustrated solely by the high price of the article.' It is a love-tale—a story of

'A GIRL he'd loved for sixty days, or more,  
As mortal never loved a girl before.'

He saw her last at Mrs. DOODLE's ball: he saw her waltz: and he was so forcibly impressed, that he was incontinently impelled to this apostrophe to, and apology for, THE WALTZ:

'O BYRON! how couldst thou condemn the waltz,  
And with its beauties find so many faults?  
How couldst thou at its blissful freedom scoff,  
And warn mammas to choke their daughters off?  
If in those spurred and noble heels of thine,  
Lay half thy genius, as it is with mine,  
Thou wouldst confess there is more fun than faults  
In that 'fast' style of hugging called the waltz:  
To you, ye Dutch, I fill this bumper here:  
Thrice three-times-three to waltz and lager-bier!'

The time has come to make the proffer of his heart and hand. Under a draperied window, the moon pouring a mellow radiance over all, he

—'KNEELS beside her, but before  
His trembling knees have fairly touched the floor,  
A flash of dimity illumines the air,  
And he is kneeling to an empty chair!'

This is provoking: it is worse—it is ‘extremely disagreeable:’ and hereupon and thereupon (he having been jilted by reason that he had been unsuccessful in speculative finance) he indulges in satire as touching woman’s extravagance and woman’s inconstancy:

‘BEHOLD yon splendid and resplendent round  
Of whale-bone, covering ten square feet of ground:  
As down the street the dry-goods phantom swims,  
(As some gay galleon o’er the billow skims,)  
How grandly on her sweeping course she goes,  
Turning aside for neither friends nor foes!  
Who would not brave the deepest mud on earth,  
To give those hoops the widest kind of berth!’

‘O WOMAN! in our hours of moneyed ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and deuced hard to please;  
Prodigal as if each paving-stone within  
The street, thy nod converted into ‘tin,’  
And every ‘brick’ thy husband’s hat may hold,  
Were worth at least ten times its weight in gold:  
But when suspensions cloud his anxious brow,  
And he has ‘nary red’—oh! where art thou?’

Justice to ‘the Sex’ is hardly to be expected toward women in general by a sighing swain who sighs in vain. - - - It brought back to us the pleasant scenes of JOHN BROWN’S TRACT, the other day, when we went out with the ‘P. C. C.’s, to the banks of the ‘raging Hackensack,’ and had a ‘good time’ among our friends, fish, clams, (‘little-neck,’ wry-neck, and Rockaway;) crabs, hard and soft; and CHOWDER—the ‘*chaudière*’ so beautifully ‘expounded’ by our departed friend and correspondent, ‘JOHN WATERS.’ The ‘*Piermont Chowder-Club*’ was initiated at a meeting in the ‘long room’ (handsomely decorated with evergreens and flags) of Mr. JAMES T. MASON’S ‘Wawayandah House,’ in the village. Our pleasant ‘minstrel’ and faithful ‘reporter’ appositely designated it, in his column in the *Rockland County Journal*, as a ‘love-feast’—and so it was; for the attendance, though assiduous, was noiseless; there was no boisterousness, no excess, no contention: and all separated, after the moderate yet keen enjoyment of the good things of our host, to meet, by postponement, upon the rural banks of the ‘raging’ stream aforesaid. Assuming that the teams are safely bestowed in the adjoining woods, as you may see them arranged at camp-meetings, you will please to step into the charmed circle. The spot chosen for the encampment is a sequestered, sunny ‘opening,’ on the immediate bank of the river, surrounded by thick woods, and approached from the road by winding paths, through dense shrubbery. It is an animated scene, and a various: acting judges, district-attorneys, lawyers, legislators, physicians, merchants, rail-road commandants and employés, and editors—all are here represented; and each enjoys, and contributes to the general enjoyment of, the occasion. Speeches, grave, gay and humorous; songs, stories; instrumental music from ‘the Minstrel,’ joined in and ‘intoned’ by the entire company: when suddenly the covers are removed from the suspended pots: the delicious aroma fills all the air: the bugle sounds: the ‘troop’ advance: plates are filled, devoured, relished, praised; and the inner man cheered with moderate cups ‘that not inebriate:’ then the teams are brought up: and by roads leading through the many-

colored autumnal woods, flecked by the light of the westering sun, the members of the assembly depart for home, at which they shall arrive in season for tea and a muffin, if they happen to be in our case. Such was the *Last 'Meet' of the 'P. C. C.'s, upon the East Bank of the East Branch of the Raging Hackensack, State of New-York.* - - - 'THERE is a great deal of native wit and satirical badinage' (writes a friendly and flattering New-York correspondent, now journeying on a collecting tour in one of our far-western States) to be encountered in this back-woods region. With a cattle-buying acquaintance, whom I met with in this 'deestricht,' I stopped yesterday at a forlorn-looking road-side tavern, five or six miles from any other house, and the roads leading to it *terrible*, even in *this* quarter. 'Entertainment for Man and Beast,' the almost obsolete inn-formula, in rude, uneven characters, hung from a high two-poled sign, by the one corner-door of the house. As we were alighting, two young 'Suckers' came out of the inn, and jumped into a one-horse 'pung' wagon, thick with mud: one of them was swearing at the landlord, who in his dirty shirt-sleeves, and without any vest, stood in the door: 'Your sign says, 'Entertainment for Man and *Beast*:' if you can manage to entertain *yourself* in such a nasty hole—and you look as if you might—just *one-half* of your sign is true!'—and off they drove. I must say, that one meal in that 'tavern' (save the mark!) satisfied me that 'the jokers,' as the landlord called them, had told more truth than did his sign.' — 'ONE other thing let me mention. I should premise that hoop-skirts are just beginning to 'spread' in the isolated parts of this isolated region, greatly to the disgust of the 'men-folks.' Last week a-Sunday I heard, through] a board-partition, a coarse but very 'clever,' obliging fellow, say to his prettyish young wife: 'Now KEZIAH, you *an't* goin' to wear that tape checker-board, hoop-a-dooden thing to meetin', air ye?' 'I *an't* a-goin' to wear nothing else!' answered the buxom dame. 'You *an't*, eh? Wal, then you *will* be a pretty-lookin' sight, any how!' said her spouse, as he came out of the bed-room laughing at his own 'cute retort,' which was heartily echoed from the apartment. - - - SOME idea of what is being done the present autumn by some of our first publishing and book-selling houses, may be gathered from *Stanford and Delisser's new Literary Announcements*, which include the following important works: Rev. Dr. HAWKS's 'New Physical Geography of the United States,' accompanied with a series of portable models of each State; a mode of studying geography entirely new, and eminently attractive as well as likely to be no less useful: 'The Chronicles of the Bastile,' with numerous engravings; a work that has been pronounced by LOUIS BLANC to be superior to any other history of that memorable place, both as to historic accuracy and thrilling interest. We believe this work is now ready, or will be very soon. Also 'ERNESTINE, or the Heart's Longing:' by ALETH; said to be a work of unusual ability, comprising passages of great force and beauty: 'Lays from the Land of LUTHER,' illustrated with a series of beautiful original designs by SCHMOLZE, etched by HUBER. This is to be a splendid quarto volume, designed as a presentation book for the holidays: 'BLAIR's Grave,' in quarto, accompanied with the masterly designs of BLAKE, which FUSELI regarded as among the most remarkable

creations of art in his day : 'The Parting Spirit's Address to its Mother,' by the Rev. Dr. WYATT, illustrated on every page, and printed in small quarto : 'Melodies for Childhood ;' a new and much improved edition, with forty new engravings. In addition to the above illustrated works, the same firm have nearly ready the first volume of a series of sterling productions, to be called 'The Household Library,' being MICHELET's 'Life and Martyrdom of JOAN of Arc, Maid of Orleans' — a work of great dramatic interest : Rev. RALPH HOYT's Collected Poems, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the fund for the reërection of his Church, destroyed by the storm of last June : also 'Recollections of Bethlehem and its School : ' 'Fairy Tales from the German ;' and 'Little ELLEN, or the Farmer's Child.' They also have now ready the *fourth* edition of that excellent little volume, 'The Pearls of Thought, from Old Authors,' etc., etc. This list would be very incomplete, if we did not include in it a reference to a new and superb edition of the Book of Common Prayer, which we can assure our Church readers has not heretofore had its equal. - - - '*Specimens of Douglas Jerrold's Wit : together with Selections chiefly from his Contributions to Journals, intended to Illustrate his Opinions,*' is the not over-felicitous title of a very handsome volume, from the popular press of Messrs. TICKNOR AND FIELDS, Boston, which has been lying for some time upon our table. It was not a book to be taken up and read at a sitting : it ought rather to be devoured now and then, as you take a nice biscuit, and a bit of good sound English or Shaker cheese, by way of 'whet,' or lunch of a late morning. The volume is edited by BLANCHARD JERROLD, a son of the deceased, whose name became unpleasantly conspicuous, soon after his father's death, by reason of his repelling, in terms unkindly, efforts which were successfully made to place his father's family beyond the reach of pecuniary want. The tribute to the subject of the work is filial and affectionate : and the selections are well discriminated, and made with good taste. We take a few passages from the preface, because we desire to say a few words touching the positions which they assume, and the impressions, to some degree at least erroneous, which they are calculated to create. Mr. BLANCHARD JERROLD observes :

'A COMPLETE collection of DOUGLAS JERROLD's wit is now impossible. From far and near, however — from old friends long separated, from club-associates, and fire-side companions, I have gleaned the few ears of golden grain which time had left within the reach of their memory. Not one friend who has afforded me a single grain has failed to assure me of his sorrow over the treachery of his memory. The ghosts of a hundred good things appeared to him, but he could not reach them. Only the recollection of the time and circumstance, which had given birth to each, could bring them back to definite shape. The humble editor of the present volume can, for his own part, call to mind many evenings when his father kept the company about his table till a late hour, flashing upon them quaint turns of thought and bright shafts of wit ; each of which was worth the trouble of a note-book. And the son has left, determined, henceforth, to bear in mind all his father's sayings, and to commit them from the dangerous keeping of the memory, to these safer media, ink and paper. But this determination was never acted upon ; and the culprit who fell from it, and now presents this poor skeleton of a splendid presence, regrets his sin of omission keenly, and will regret it always. Still the present volume makes, in the humble opinion of its compiler, no ordinary list of wise things said by one man.

Let the reader be pleased to note also that if here and there, the arrow stings with a malignant poison upon its barb, the wound is for the strong that have oppressed the weak—the ignoble who have warred against the noble. There is consuming fire in many of the sayings; but the victim, in every case, deserves to die. On the other hand, there are touches of infinite tenderness in every page. The eye that flashed fire over a wrong done by the strong to the weak; the lip that curled with scorn at the meanesses of life, softened to sweet pity over a story of sorrow. It has been the persevering endeavor of many men who have smarted under the keen lash of DOUGLAS JERROLD's wit, to prove to the world that he was a savage misanthrope, who had small belief in the goodness, but infinite faith in the rottenness, of human nature.' . . . 'It is indisputable that DOUGLAS JERROLD did not write his best jokes. He cast them forth, in the course of conversation, and forgot them as soon as they were launched. Often when reminded, on the morrow of a party, of some good thing he had said, he would turn, in surprise, upon his informant, and ask: 'Did I really say that?' There are many sharp sayings in the present volume which were pointed at dear and old friends; but they were pointed in purest frolic. The best evidence of this is, that although JERROLD often said bitter things, even of his friends, this bitterness never lost him a friend; for to all men who knew him personally, he was valued as a kind and hearty man. He sprang ever eagerly to the side, even of a passing acquaintance, who needed a kindness. He might possibly speak something keenly barbed on a grave occasion; but his help would be substantial, and his sympathy not the less hearty: for with him, a witty view of men and things forced itself upon his mind so continually and irresistibly, and with a vividness and power so intense, that sarcasm flashed from his lips, even when he was deeply moved. He knew that this subjection to the dominant faculty of his mind had given him a reputation in the world for ill-nature: and he writhed under this imputation; for he felt how little he deserved it.'

We present the foregoing, as being honorable to the feelings of a surviving son: but, if we are to believe the verdict of persons in this country, who knew JERROLD well, he was, as a satirist, with all his love of right and scorn of wrong, a man rather feared than loved. Think of LAMB or HOOD, in this category, and the fact appears to be reached at once. These were kindly humorists and pleasing satirists: 'biting' was not in their line: and yet, who were ever more *effective* in the lessons which they conveyed, than they? Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, of Mr. FORNEY's Philadelphia '*Press*,' whose long and familiar acquaintance with artists and men of letters in England is so apparent to his readers, thus speaks of JERROLD:

'WITH all his fecundity of wit, JERROLD was bad company. He would not be pleasant. He seemed to be, like a tiger, ever ready for a spring, and, when the opportunity occurred, could not resist the temptation of saying the witty, bitter thing. Thus, when Mrs. GLOVER, the great *comédienne*, who had known him from childhood, uttered a regret over her beautiful hair becoming thin and gray, half-jestingly saying, 'I think it must be caused by my damping my head, when it aches, with the essence of lavender,' JERROLD instantly interjected the remark, 'Rather say, the essence of Time.' But those who play at bowls must expect rubbers, says the proverb, and JERROLD sometimes was paid back in kind, much to his annoyance. For example: there was a great laugh among all who knew him, when one of the London editors (the late Mr. MORAN of the *Globe*) announced the 'severe indisposition of Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD,' and, contradicting it on the following day, stated that the report had arisen from the fact of his having been seen to put the quill, instead of the feather-end of his pen, into his mouth, and the lookers-on, knowing what venom he wrote with, naturally believed that it had poisoned him! Like all satirists, JERROLD was



himself very thin-skinned. Any thing like a hiss during the early performance of one of his new plays, would depress him into a fit of cold shivers, and any thing less than unqualified eulogy in the critical notice of any of his writings, would throw his mind off its balance for some days.'

Now '*De mortuis, nil nisi Bonum*' is a maxim too commonly acted upon, to permit us to doubt, that testimonies like the preceding, which have not been infrequent since JERROLD's death, are not without a basis of truth for their foundation. But we pass to a selection of desultory extracts from the work under consideration :

'BRED ON THE BOARDS. — When MORRIS had the Haymarket Theatre, JERROLD, on a certain occasion, had reason to find fault with the strength, or rather, the want of strength, of the company. MORRIS expostulated, and said: 'Why, there's V —, he was bred on these boards!'

'JERROLD — 'He looks as though he'd been cut out of them.''

'DAMPED ARDOR. — JERROLD and LAMAN BLANCHARD were strolling together about London, discussing passionately a plan for joining BYRON in Greece. JERROLD, telling the story many years after, said: 'But a shower of rain came on and washed all the Greece out of us.''

'AN ACTOR'S WINE. — 'Do you know,' said a friend to JERROLD, 'that JONES has left the stage and turned wine-merchant?' 'Oh! yes,' JERROLD replied; 'and I'm told that his wine off the stage is better than his whine on it.''

'A PROFESSOR. — Indeed, there are few things, from Chinese to back-gammon, of which I am not professor. I dabble, too, a good deal in bar and pulpit eloquence. Ha! sir, the barristers I've fitted for the woollack; the heads I've patted into shape for mitres! Even the stuttering parish clerk of Tithepig-cum-Tattlepot, he took only three lessons, and nobody knew his 'Amen' for the same thing. And then I've a great name for knife-and-fork eloquence. Yes, I teach people after-dinner thanks. I don't brag; but show me the man who, like me, can bring in the happiest moment of a gentleman's life at only a crown a lesson.'

'WIT AND WAGGERY. — Wit, I have heard called a merchant prince, trading with the whole world; while waggy is a green-grocer, making up small penn'orths for the local vulgar.'

'UGLY TRADES. — The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a grave-digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment.'

'A TASTE OF MARRIAGE. — A gentleman described to JERROLD the bride of a mutual friend. 'Why, he is six foot high, and she is the shortest woman I ever saw. What taste, eh?'

' 'Ay,' JERROLD replied, 'and only a taste!'

'TRUE WORTH. — Do n't think that money can do any thing and every thing — it can't. There must be inward worth. The gold candle-stick — if I may be so bold as to use a figure — may be prized, I grant; but its magnificence is only subservient to its use; the gold is very well, but after all, it's the light we look to.'

'YOUNG LADIES' ACCOMPLISHMENTS. — Bless their little filagree hearts! before they marry they ought to perform quarantine in cotton, and serve seven years to pies and puddings.'

'SELF-RESPECT. — Self-respect! why it's the ballast of the ship. Without it, let the craft be what she will, she's but a fine sea-coffin at the best.'

'MARRIAGE. — The marriage of a loved child may seem to a parent a kind of death.'

Yet therein a father pays but a just debt. Wedlock gave him the good gift; to wedlock, then, he owes it.'

'THE HEROINE OF A LOVE STORY. — A mere thing of goose-quill and foolscap; only born in a garret to be buried in a trunk.'

'PEWS. — What a sermon might we not preach upon these little boxes! small abiding-places of earthly satisfaction, sanctuaries for self-complacency — in God's own house, the chosen chambers for man's self-glorification! What an instructive colloquy might not the bare deal-bench of the poor church-goer hold with the soft-cushioned seat of the miserable sinners who chariot it to prayers, and with their souls arrayed in sackcloth and ashes, yet kneel in silk and miniver.'

'ONE LEG IN THE GRAVE. — People with one leg in the grave are so devilish long before they put in the other. They seem like birds, to repose better on one leg.'

'PICKING UP CHARACTER. — JERROLD met ALFRED BUNN one day in Jermyn-street. BUNN stopped JERROLD, and said: 'What! I suppose you're strolling about, picking up character.'

'JERROLD: 'Well, not exactly; but there's plenty lost hereabouts.''

'THE POSTMAN'S BUDGET. — A strange volume of real life is the daily packet of the postman! Eternal love, and instant payment! Dim visions of Hymen and the turn-key; the wedding-ring and the prison bolt! Next to come upon the sinful secrets of the quiet, respectable man — the worthy soul, ever virtuous because never found out — to unearth the hypocrite from folded paper, and see all his iniquity blackening in white sheet! And to fall upon a piece of simple goodness — a letter gushing from the heart; a beautiful unstudied vindication of the worth and untiring sweetness of human nature — a record of the invulnerability of man, armed with high purpose, sanctified by truth.'

'THE PENALTY OF THE DINER-OUT. — He must have a passionate love for children. He must so comport himself, that when his name shall be announced, every child in the mansion shall set up a yell — a scream of rapture — shall rush to him, pull his coat-tails, climb on his back, twist their fingers in his hair, snatch his watch from his pocket; and while they rend his super-Saxony, load his shoulders, uncurl his wig, and threaten instant destruction to the repeater, he must stifle the agony at his heart and his pocket, and to the feebly-expressed fears of the mamma that the children are troublesome, must call into every corner of his face a look of the most seraphic delight.'

'ENGLISH PRISONS DEFENDED. — An English prisoner in France *loquitur*: The prison here is tolerably strong, but not to be spoken of after Newgate. As for their locks, they have n't one fit for a tea-caddy. The rats at night come in regiments. We're allowed no candle; but we can feel as they run over our faces that they must be contemptible in the eyes of Englishmen.'

'THE REASON WHY. — One evening at the Museum Club a member very ostentatiously said, in a loud voice: 'Is n't it strange, we had no fish at the Marquis' last night? That has happened twice lately. I can't account for it.'

' 'Nor I,' replied JERROLD, 'unless they ate it all up stairs.''

'PAYING BY THE CLOCK. — 'You have charged me for a full-priced breakfast,' said a complaining guest, looking at his bill; 'and all I had was a cup of milk and a chip of toast!'

' 'You might have had coffee and eggs for the same money,' replied the waiter.

' 'Ah! cried the guest, 'then it seems you charge according to the clock: and if a man was to have only eggs at dinner-time, I suppose he'd have to pay for full-grown turkeys.''

'ITALIAN BOYS. — I never see an Italian image-merchant with his Graces and

Venuses and Apollos at six-pence a head, that I do not spiritually touch my hat to him. It is he who has carried refinement into the poor man's house; it is he who has accustomed the eyes of the multitude to the harmonious forms of beauty.'

'THE COMFORT OF UGLINESS. — We cannot say — and in truth it is a ticklish question to ask of those who are best qualified to give an answer — if there really be not a comfort in substantial ugliness; in ugliness that, unchanged, will last a man his life; a good granite face in which there shall be no wear and tear. A man so appointed is saved many alarms, many spasms of pride. Time cannot wound his vanity through his features; he eats, drinks, and is merry, in despite of mirrors. No acquaintance starts at sudden alteration — hinting, in such surprise, decay, and the final tomb. He grows older with no former intimates — church-yard voices — crying, 'How you're altered!' How many a man might have been a truer husband, a better father, firmer friend, more valuable citizen, had he, when arrived at legal maturity, cut off — say, an inch of his nose!'

'A WIFE AT FORTY. — 'My notion of a wife at forty,' said JERROLD, 'is, that a man should be able to change her, like a bank-note, for two twenties.'

'AN ERROR CORRECTED. — JERROLD was seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends. This friend heard that JERROLD had expressed his disappointment.

'FRIEND (to JERROLD:) 'I hear you said — was the worst book I ever wrote.'

'JERROLD: 'No, I did n't. I said it was the worst book any body ever wrote.'

'THE OSTRICH NO GLUTTON. — The ostrich ought to be taken as the one emblem of temperance. He lives and flourishes in the desert; his choicest food a bitter spiky shrub, with a few stones — for how rarely can he find iron — how few the white days in which the poor ostrich can, in Arabia Petrea, have the luxury of a ten-penny nail, to season, as with salt, his vegetable diet. And yet a common-councilman, with face purple as the purple grape, will call the ostrich — glutton.'

'A ROYAL PRINCE IN THE CRADLE. — He sleeps, and ceremony, with stinted breath, waits at the cradle. How glorious that young one's destinies! How moulded and marked — expressly fashioned for the high delights of earth — the chosen one of millions for millions' homage! The terrible beauty of a crown shall clasp those baby temples; that rose-bud mouth shall speak the iron law; that little, pulpy hand shall hold the sceptre and the ball. But now, asleep in the sweet mystery of babyhood, the little brain already busy with the things that meet us at the vestibule of life; for even then we are not alone, but surely have about us the hum and echo of the coming world — but now thus, and now upon a giddy throne! What grandeur, what intensity of bliss, what an almighty heritage to be born to — to be sent upon the earth, accompanied by invisible angels, to take possession of!'

'THE BATTLE OF POVERTY. — Great are the odds against poverty in the strife. How often is the poor man, the compelled QIXOTE, made to attack a wind-mill in the hope that he may get a handful of the corn that it grinds? and many and grievous are his buffets ere the miller — the prosperous fellow with the golden thumb — rewards poor poverty for the unequal battle.'

'THE RELIGION OF SHOW. — There are a good many pious people who are as careful of their religion as of their best service of china, only using it on holiday occasions, for fear it should get chipped or flawed in working-day wear.'

'THEATRICAL 'STARS.' — I knew a pork-butcher who gave it out that he fattened all his pigs upon pine-apples; he sold them for what price he liked; and people having bought the pigs, swore they could taste the pine-apple flavor. It's much the same with many of the 'stars:' managers have only to declare that they give 'em ten, twenty, or fifty pounds a night, and the sagacious public proportion their admiration to the salary received.'

'SOMETHING TO LOVE. — The human heart has of course its pouting fits; it determines to live alone; to flee into desert places; to have no employment, that is, to love nothing; but to keep on sullenly beating, beating, beating, until death lays his little finger on the sulky thing, and all is still. It goes away from the world, and straightway, shut from human company, it falls in love with a plant, a stone, yea, it dandles cat or dog, and calls the creature darling. Yes, it is the beautiful necessity of our nature to love something.'

JERROLD certainly 'well bespeaks his own praise' in several of these brief but pregnant passages. - - - 'The Mother's Night-Watch' begins simply and well: why could n't the writer 'keep on so?' We quote the two opening verses:

'THE white stars rest — the pale-faced moon is sleeping:  
A wintry wind uplifts the cold year's shroud:  
Blast howls to blast: moan answers moan, past sweeping,  
And snows a-drift haste in a night-long cloud.

'Cold, cold it is! — oh! bitter cold, and dreary!  
A mother watches as the darkness wears;  
Her children dream, twined in red arms and cheery;  
Her partner sleeps, a man of household cares.

There is nature and there is force in this limning: but as the writer goes on, he 'kind o' gin's eout.' - - - A LATE English journal, the '*Inquirer*,' informs us that it is the ultimate object of Queen VICTORIA's government to have telegraphic communications scattered all over the 'face of the globéd airth.' This is the calculation:

'THE estimate of distance runs to this effect: from Falmouth (in the south of England) to Gibraltar, the distance is less than 1000 miles; from Gibraltar to Malta the distance is 988 miles; from Malta to Alexandria it is 815 miles; from Suez to Aden, 1310 miles; from Aden to Bombay, 1664 miles; from Bombay to Point de Galle, 960 miles; from Point de Galle to Madras, 540 miles; from Madras to Calcutta, 780 miles; from Calcutta to Penang, 1213 miles; from Penang to Singapore, 381 miles; from Singapore to Hong Kong, 1437 miles; from Singapore to Batavia, 520 miles; from Batavia to Swan River, 1500 miles; from Swan River to King George's Sound, 500 miles; and from King George's Sound to Adelaide, 998 miles. From Adelaide to Melbourne and Sydney there will shortly be a telegraphic communication over-land. From Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland, to Bermuda, the distance is about 1500 miles; from Bermuda to Inagua, the distance is about 1000 miles; from Inagua to Jamaica it is 300 miles; from Jamaica to Antigua, 800 miles; from Antigua to Demerara, *via* Trinidad, 800 miles; from Antigua to St. Thomas's, 227 miles; from Jamaica to Greytown, *via* Navy Bay, 1000 miles; and from Jamaica to Belize, 700 miles.

'Thus, then, all the British settlements, dependencies, and colonies in the Peninsula, Mediterranean, Arabia, India, China, Australia, the West-Indies, and Central America could be joined to England by shorter sub-marine cables than that which at present connects Ireland with Newfoundland, and without their touching any powerful foreign State. The aggregate length of these cables would be about 21,000 miles, and, reckoning twenty per cent for slack, the whole length would not measure more than 24,000 miles. These cables would place England in almost instantaneous communication with upwards of forty colonies, settlements, and dependencies, situated 20,000 miles apart, in the eastern and western hemispheres. The mere shipping telegrams to and from all these places and England would be of incalculable importance to merchants, ship-owners, and sea-faring people; and the political telegrams would be of infinite value to the Imperial and Colonial Governments.'

The cost of this will be a mere trifle — twenty-five millions of pounds sterling, or so: and when they get it all done, we won't rejoice with them one particle on this side: they would n't rejoice with *us* over the laying of the Atlantic cable, and now they can stretch their wires to the crack of doom, without exciting the slightest *commiseration* on this side of the great herring-pond! - - - 'MR. ARTEMAS WARD, Esq.,' the great showman,

as we gather from a Cleveland (Ohio) correspondent, has turned his attention to letter-writing for the public press: and his latest effort in this kind is a description of a *Cable Celebration in Little Peddlington*, or a place which will exactly answer its description, we dare say, in Indiana, hight 'Baldinsville.' We correct Mr. WARD's orthography somewhat in the extract which we make from his epistle; but even as it is, it is remarkable enough, in all conscience. The broad burlesque upon small public celebrations of great events and of patriotic public advertising, is very rich. Locking up his kangaroo and his wax-works, he repairs to the scene of the celebration:

'BALDINSVILLE was trooly in a blaze of glory. Near can i forgit the sublim-speektioul which met my gase as i alited from the Staige with my umbreller and verlise. The Tarvern was lit up with taller kandles all over, & a grate bong-fire was burnin in frunt thareof. A Transparancy was tied onto the sine-post with the follerin wurdz: 'Giv us Liberty or Deth. Old TOMKINSIS grocery was illumernated with 5 tin lanturns and the follerin Transparancy was in the winder: 'The Sub-Mershine Tellergraph & the Baldinsville and Stonefield Plank-road—the 2 grate eventz of the 19th century: may intestines strife never mar their grandjure.' SIMPKINSIS shoe shop was all ablas with kandles and lanturns. A Americun Eagle was painted onto a flag in a winder, also these wurdz, viz: 'The Constitutooshun must be Preserved.' The Skool-house was lited up in grate stile, and the winders was filled with mottoes, amung which i notised the follerin: 'Trooth smashed to erth shall rize agin: YOU CAN'T STOP HER.' 'The Boy stood on the Burnin Deck whense awl but him had Fled.' 'Prokrastinashun is the theaf of Time.' 'Be virtuous & you will be Happy.' 'Intemperunse has cawsed a heap of trubble: shun the Bole:' and the follerin sentiment written by the skool-master, who graduated at Hudson Kollige: 'Baldinsville sends greetin to Her Magisty the Queen, & hopes all hard feelins which has heretofore previous bin felt between the Supervizers of Baldinsville and the British Parlimunt, if such there has been, may now be forever wiped from our Eseutehuns. Baldinsville this night rejoises over the gellorious event which sementz 2 grate nashuns onto one anuther by means of a clecktric wire under the roarin billers of the Nasty Deep. QUOSQUE TANTRUM, A BUTTER, CATER-LINY, PATIENT NOSTRUM!' 'Squire SMITH's house was lited up regardlis of expence. His little sun WILLIAM HENRY stood upon the roof firin of crackers. The old 'Squire hisself was dressed up in soljer-clothes and stood on his door-step wigglin' his sward, and p'intin' it sollumly to a American flag which was suspended on top of a pole in frunt of his house. Frequently he wood take off his cocked hat & wave it round in a impressive stile. His oldest darter MIS LABELLER SMITH, who has jest cum home from the Perkinsville Female Institoot, appeared at the frunt winder in the West room as the goddiss of Liberty, & sung 'I see them on their windin' way.' 'Booteus 1!' sed I to myself, 'you air a angil & nothin shorter!' N. BONAPARTE SMITH, the 'Squire's oldest son, drest hisself up as VENUS the God of Wars, and red the Decleration of Independense from the left chamber winder. The 'Squire's wife didn't jine in the festiverties. She sed it was the tarnalest nonsense she ever see. Sez she to the 'Squire, 'Cum into the house and go to bed, you old fool you. Tomorrer you 'll be goin' round half-ded with the rumatism & won't gin us a minit's peace till you git well.' Sez the 'Squire, 'Betsy, you little appresiate the importance of the event which

I this night commemorate.' Sez she, 'Commemorate a cat's tail!' — cum into the house this instant, you old dolt, yew!' 'Betsy,' sez the 'Squire, wavin' his sword, 'retire!' Doctor HUTCHINSIS offis was likewise lited up and a Transparency, on which was painted the Queen in the act of drinkin sum of 'HUTCHINSIS Invigorator,' was stuck into one of the winders. The Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty* newspaper offis was also illumenated, & the follerin mottoes stuck out: 'The Press is the Arkermejian lever which moves the world.' 'Vote Early.' 'Buckle on your Armer.' 'Now is the time to Subscribe.' 'FRANKLIN, MORSE & FIELD.' 'Terms \$1.50 a year: liberal reducshuns to clubs.' In short, the villige of Baldinsville was in a perfeck fewroar.'

Perhaps *some* among the several hundreds of thousands who witnessed our metropolitan 'Cable Celebration' may have remarked the great exemplars of 'Dr. HUTCHINGS' in advertising. - - - Our friend, the writer of '*Weenonah, ye Exceedynglie Sorrowfull Legende of ye Lake Pepin,*' has been reading the wonderful exploits of 'Captain DAVIS, JONATHAN R.,' of Rocky Cañon, California, communicated by Mr. SPARROWGRASS some time since to these pages. His 'suffusion' begins very characteristically of that artistic production. We can only spare room for a 'specimen-brick:'

'Know ye the land of crystal streams,  
Of giggling brooks and laughing water,  
Where every sparkling rivulet teems  
With trout a foot long, and nothing shorter,  
(Except an indifferent species of eels;)  
Where Nature her loveliness reveals  
In all that eye or heart can prize,  
In blooming earth and gorgeous skies  
That PHŒBUS paints when the day-light dies?

'Know ye the land where the Red Man's song,  
(I mean the Song of HIAWATHA,)  
Still echoes the hills and groves among,  
In accents as guttural and strong  
As ever were heard in Saxé-Gotha?  
Where MANITO sits on his rock-raised throne,  
And MONDAMIN, robed in green and yellow,  
Smoking dhudeens of the red pipe-stone,  
Whose praises were sung by Mr. LONGFELLOW:  
Where an Indian maiden, hand in hand  
With her dusky 'lovyer' was plighted, and  
To keep another from 'cutting him out,'  
Jumped from the top of a rock, about  
Four hundred feet high, (I'm not particular,  
Except that the rock is perpendicular,  
Or out of plumb may be slightly *tippy*,)  
Right plumb into the Mississippi!

This shows a 'cunning hand' at verbal freedom, and adroit imitation: but the 'Legend' which ensues is not remarkable either in incident or execution. Our friend must 'try again.' - - - THE able and entertaining Paris correspondent of the New-York '*Times*' daily journal, in a recent letter to that print, says: 'All your readers who have ever visited Paris, will recollect the two magnificent buildings which close in the Place de la Concorde, on the side next the Madeleine. They were built by LOUIS PHILIPPE, one for the Ministry of Marine, and the other for the safe-keeping of the furniture of the State, and called the *Garde Meubles*. The first is still occupied by the Ministry of Marine, but the other is divided into four residences,



ascend on JACOB'S ladder to the farthest confines of infinitesimal space, and steal the blessed lamps of Night for buttons ! ' This was not intended for a burlesque ; but was delivered in all earnestness by the orator, and with gesticulations as fervent as they were original and '*striking* : ' so at least affirms our correspondent. - - - OUR associate, Dr. J. O. NOYES, author of '*Roumania*,' etc., has prepared a *Lecture on Nomadic Life, as Illustrated by the Gipsies*' which he is prepared to deliver, the coming winter, before lyceums or other public literary institutions. Travel, and personal observation, have enabled him to embrace all the aspects and bearings of his theme : and we can guarantee a treat to his audiences of no ordinary kind. His subject is not hackneyed, and will be originally treated. - - - WE must say to our correspondent ' A. J. C., ' of New-Jersey, that the little volume which he has taken the trouble to send us, and which, in his opinion, ' contains an almost inexhaustible fund of humor,' appears to *us* to contain nothing whatever of the sort. His 'marked passages' sufficiently evince *his* perception and judgment in this kind. How any one could find 'humor' in the simple record, by a son, of the unambitious and useful life of a mother, remarkable for Christian faith and self-denial, passes our comprehension. The calm, self-possessed, quiet face, beneath the plain Quaker cap, which beams upon us from the frontispiece to the unpretending little book before us, would of itself counteract such criticism as our correspondent would seem desirous to secure. Somewhat doubting whether a notice of the work was not intended to be elicited for some other than a merely critical object, we pass it without naming it, and without farther comment. There have been such attempts, which have been frustrated. - - - UNABLE ourselves to attend *Mr. Stephen Massett's Entertainment at Niblo's Saloon*, by reason of certain presidential duties devolving upon us on the same occasion, we sent a family deputation, whose report confirms our previous augury of Mr. MASSETT'S triumph. We knew, when we heard TENNYSON'S 'Charge of the Light Brigade' read in the sanctum, and the description of the terrible execution-scene in India, that these parts of the performance would excite marked enthusiasm and deep interest. The saloon was crowded, and the applause general and fervent. With neither time nor space to particularize, we may say, in general terms, that the 'Entertainment,' as a whole, was a complete success ; was repeated in the metropolis, and delivered in such suburban quarters as Brooklyn, Hoboken, etc. We would suggest the pretermission, hereafter, of the broad burlesque of Mr. DEMPSTER, in the 'Song' department, erroneously styled an 'imitation' of that most feeling and effective vocalist and composer. By-the-by, where *is* Mr. DEMPSTER ? He would be welcomed by many cordial admirers hereaway, 'about this time.' - - - WE take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the announcement, in our advertising pages, of Mr. UNION ADAMS, one of the most enterprising of an enterprising class, our young New-York merchants.

is nothing so brilliant as they. Never do I look upon such a scene, but I think of the days beyond the flood of TIME; of the vernal shores of boyhood and youth, that I have left forever; and from which even MEMORY herself, that solemn and sad antiquarian, hath scarcely a flower left in her hand. Many and sober are the reflections which a glance at the evening west can awaken in my mind. Friends that are distant and hopes that are dead, never more to be revived with the freshness wherewith they shone of yore; ambition that was thwarted, confidence betrayed, impressions changed, fantasies dissolved—these are a few of the associations with which I gaze upon the regions of the setting sun. I think how many visions that were as radiant as that fiery sphere, have wrapped themselves in darkness and made the clouds their pavilion; how the gorgeous creations have disappeared like that golden exhalation of the dawn or the dews of the evening, leaving the thoroughfare over which I was passing more arid and dreary.'

This is from one of 'Dow, Jr.'s late California 'Sermons: ' yet to us it sounds strangely familiar. - - - LOOKING over an old volume of the '*China Mail*,' printed some fifteen years ago, (a present from an esteemed friend, an officer in the United States Navy,) we came across the following, which we fancy will be as new and acceptable to our readers as it was to ourselves: 'At the Hartford (Conn.) Retreat for the Insane, a party is occasionally given, to which those called *sane* are invited: and as they mingle together in conversation, promenading, dancing, etc., it is impossible for a stranger to tell which are which. On one of these pleasant occasions, a gentleman visitor was 'doing the agreeable' to one of the ladies, and inquired of her how long she had been in the Retreat. She told him, and he went on to make inquiries about the institution, to which she rendered very intelligent answers; and when he asked her, '*How she liked the doctor?*' she gave him such assurances of her regard for the excellent physician, that the stranger was satisfied of the doctor's popularity among the patients, and he went away without finding out that his partner in the conversation was no other than the accomplished lady of the physician, who tells the story herself with great zest, and is frequently asked, 'How she likes the doctor?' She has but one answer! - - - BEAR in mind, if you please, that the following (according to 'R. H.,' of Sheboygan Falls) is entirely authentic. It is a *verbatim* extract, 'taken down on the spot,' from a lecture on '*The Rights of Woman*,' delivered by one G. W. S——, at the capital of Wisconsin, less than 'sixty years since.' It may be well to mention, that the speaker was opposed to extending the right of suffrage to females: 'Let MAN plough the heaving bosom of the briny deep; let man drag down from the booming thunder-cloud the clanking lightnings of heaven: but let WOMAN maintain her pure and intangible position in our bosom of bosoms—in the innermost interstices of society! There she sits enthroned high above all! Nation may swallow up nation, and, like CORNUCOPIA of old, stand on the banks of the mad-raging Burnampooter, and lick their chops for more: and the ashes of pulverized humanity may be blown to the four corners of heaven: yet there she sits; and he who would reach up a sacrilegious hand to drag her down from her zenith of glory, would

ascend on JACOB'S ladder to the farthest confines of infinitesimal space, and steal the blessed lamps of Night for buttons ! ' This was not intended for a burlesque ; but was delivered in all earnestness by the orator, and with gesticulations as fervent as they were original and '*striking* : ' so at least affirms our correspondent. - - - OUR associate, Dr. J. O. NOYES, author of '*Roumania*,' etc., has prepared a *Lecture on Nomadic Life, as Illustrated by the Gipsies*' which he is prepared to deliver, the coming winter, before lyceums or other public literary institutions. Travel, and personal observation, have enabled him to embrace all the aspects and bearings of his theme : and we can guarantee a treat to his audiences of no ordinary kind. His subject is not hackneyed, and will be originally treated. - - - WE must say to our correspondent ' A. J. C., ' of New-Jersey, that the little volume which he has taken the trouble to send us, and which, in his opinion, ' contains an almost inexhaustible fund of humor,' appears to us to contain nothing whatever of the sort. His 'marked passages' sufficiently evince *his* perception and judgment in this kind. How any one could find 'humor' in the simple record, by a son, of the unambitious and useful life of a mother, remarkable for Christian faith and self-denial, passes our comprehension. The calm, self-possessed, quiet face, beneath the plain Quaker cap, which beams upon us from the frontispiece to the unpretending little book before us, would of itself counteract such criticism as our correspondent would seem desirous to secure. Somewhat doubting whether a notice of the work was not intended to be elicited for some other than a merely critical object, we pass it without naming it, and without farther comment. There have been such attempts, which have been frustrated. - - - UNABLE ourselves to attend *Mr. Stephen Massett's Entertainment at Niblo's Saloon*, by reason of certain presidential duties devolving upon us on the same occasion, we sent a family deputation, whose report confirms our previous augury of Mr. MASSETT'S triumph. We knew, when we heard TENNYSON'S 'Charge of the Light Brigade' read in the sanctum, and the description of the terrible execution-scene in India, that these parts of the performance would excite marked enthusiasm and deep interest. The saloon was crowded, and the applause general and fervent. With neither time nor space to particularize, we may say, in general terms, that the 'Entertainment,' as a whole, was a complete success ; was repeated in the metropolis, and delivered in such suburban quarters as Brooklyn, Hoboken, etc. We would suggest the pretermission, hereafter, of the broad burlesque of Mr. DEMPSTER, in the 'Song' department, erroneously styled an 'imitation' of that most feeling and effective vocalist and composer. By-the-by, where is Mr. DEMPSTER ? He would be welcomed by many cordial admirers hereaway, 'about this time.' - - - WE take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the announcement, in our advertising pages, of Mr. UNION ADAMS, one of the most enterprising of an enterprising class, our young New-York merchants.





*Washington Irving*





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# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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VOL. LII.      DECEMBER, 1858.

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No. 6.

## CARDINAL DE ROHAN'S NECKLACE.

IN the account of the 'Dauphin' whose claims to royalty were discussed in our November number, allusion might have been made to the queenly robe displayed at his funeral, and said to have belonged to his unfortunate mother. However mythical its history, a simple newspaper paragraph has singularly connected the circumstance with the celebrated diamond necklace which so fatally involved the Queen, Marie Antoinette. It appears that law-suits in France may last as long as those of England's dreaded Court of Chancery, for in this very year 1858, the descendants of the jewellers, Boehmer and Bassange, who owned the diamond necklace before its mysterious disappearance in 1785, when it was supposed to have become royal property, are suing the representatives of the De Rohan family for its value, the Cardinal De Rohan having received the casket from the hands of the jewellers, as we shall see.

In the last years of Marie Antoinette's reign, her growing dislike of etiquette caused her to withdraw as much as possible from the hollow pomp of the great palace of Versailles, and to seek in the seclusion of the little Trianon the happiness which society denied to a queen. The gardens of this pavilion were laid out in the English taste, differing totally from the aspect of the park which environed the vast palace, where the trees and parterres were as artificial as the life of Louis XIV. himself. At Trianon, a lake flooded part of the grounds, and on its banks was a little village, with cottages for the curate, the miller, the milk-maid, and a few others; and in this spot Marie Antoinette, robed simply in a white cambric dress, with a straw hat, amused herself for days together, fishing in the waters, visiting the cottages, seeing the cows milked, and sometimes herself assuming the guise of a dairy-maid. Her associates shared in her rural sports: the King's brothers, afterward Louis the Eighteenth, and Charles the Tenth, played the parts of the miller and the farmer; M. De Polignac was the steward, and Cardinal De Rohan, before his disgrace, the

curate. All the while the foulest slanders were spread abroad in Paris regarding these innocent pastimes; and obscene anecdotes, songs, and pictures held the Queen up as a Messalina. Nothing contributed to undermine respect for her more than the intrigue of the diamond necklace, in which, beside the jewellers, the chief personages involved were: Marie Antoinette, the victim; Cardinal De Rohan, the dupe; Countess De Lamotte, the adventuress; Count Cagliostro, the prince of swindlers; and Mademoiselle Oliva, a beautiful wanton, who played the part of queen for one night. The whole plot was of singular ingenuity, and is by no means generally understood.

In the early part of her reign, Marie Antoinette, with a strong taste for dress, was especially fond of diamonds, and in 1774 had bought of Boehmer, the crown jeweller, stones to the value of three hundred and sixty thousand francs, which she paid out of her private funds. Some years later Boehmer and his partner Bassange, having constructed a superb necklace, probably intended for Madame Du Barry, and disappointed in the sale of it to her on account of the death of Louis the Fifteenth, became anxious to sell it to the Queen. It was wholly composed of stones of the largest size, and first water; and although valued at sixteen hundred thousand francs, was an unmarketable commodity, as very few even of the sovereigns of Europe could afford to buy it. Boehmer tried in vain to dispose of it at foreign courts, and at length importuned Marie Antoinette to relieve him of the glittering burthen, or permit him to drown himself in the Seine. The Queen, taking a common-sense view of the matter, told him to dispose of his necklace in parts, and that he was at perfect liberty to throw himself into the Seine or any other river in the kingdom. Though rebuffed, the jeweller persevered, and so annoyed the Queen, that she forbade him to name the matter to her again. The King was anxious that she should possess it, but she replied that her jewels were numerous and splendid enough already, adding, with the spirit of Maria Theresa, that France had greater need of ships of war than necklaces. This was really the sole connection she ever had with these jewels: they were never in her possession for a moment, except when the King sent them for her inspection; yet by the iniquity of the plot, it was made to appear that she had bought and secreted them.

The Countess De Lamotte, the *intriguante* who was at the bottom of all the mischief, was in very limited circumstances, although a descendant of the royal house of Valois, but with magic powers of deception managed in many instances to improve her fortunes by playing on the credulity of her victims. No greater dupe ever fell into her hands than Cardinal De Rohan, the grand almoner, and member of one of the most powerful families in France. He was a man of talent, but of credulous and immoral character, out of favor for years with Marie Antoinette, who would not even speak to him. His disgrace preyed on his spirits, and he once in a moment of confidence confessed to Madame De Lamotte,

who had gained great power over him, how ardently he longed for restoration to the regard of his Queen. This was sufficient to set Lamotte's busy brain at work, to build up at once a scheme of gigantic fraud, and finding each successive step successful, to obtain possession of the necklace, ruin Boehmer, dupe the Cardinal, and slander the Queen. Such a plot required accomplices as well as victims, for a single false step would cause inevitable ruin: one of these agents was her husband, and the other a companion of his, named Villette, who played the part of valet to the Queen.

In the first place Lamotte, whom Marie Antoinette did not know by sight, and who had never been granted an audience, persuaded the Cardinal that she was on terms of intimacy with the Queen, and had taken occasion to state his case to her royal mistress, who was moved to pity, and had finally told the Countess that he might address to her a justification of himself from the charges long since preferred against him. The enraptured prelate lost no time in composing an elaborate and respectful petition, which he handed to Lamotte, who in a few days returned to him a small sheet of gilt-edged paper, purporting to come from the Queen, her hand-writing being successfully forged, and the words running: 'I have read your letter; I am rejoiced to find you guiltless. At present I am not able to grant you the audience you desire. When circumstances permit, you shall be informed of it. Remain discreet.' This note, which the Cardinal never suspected to be false, as in truth he placed implicit confidence in a hundred others, filled him with joy, and so thankful was he to Lamotte, that in his infatuation he paid over to her, in various sums, one hundred and twenty thousand livres, supposing that all went to the Queen for purposes named in the forged correspondence carried on under her signature. The Countess became emboldened by success; she knew the history of the diamond necklace; that Boehmer was very anxious to dispose of it, as it locked up an immense amount of his money; that he had vainly offered it to the Queen; and that he would be ruined if it remained on his hands. She easily obtained a sight of it, and displayed much solicitude for the jeweller, who said that he would make any one a handsome present who could find for him a purchaser. Thus stimulated, she spoke to the Cardinal, her sufficient dupe already; made him believe that the Queen, unknown to Louis the Sixteenth, was bent upon having it, and would in short, set no bounds to the royal gratitude, could his Eminence only persuade the jewellers to let her have the necklace, and wait for some years in payment. It was to be a proof of Marie Antoinette's highest regard that this delicate commission was intrusted to the grand almoner, and in order to effect it, he was to receive an order written and signed by the Queen's own hand, which he need not give up until all the payments were made; that he should arrange with Boehmer regarding the instalments, the first of which was not to be paid for some time; that all the negotiations were to be in the Cardinal's name, and not in the Queen's, his sole warrant for proceeding being the *secret billet*, signed Marie Antoi-

*nette de France*. This style of signature should of itself have opened the eyes of the Cardinal, for it was never the custom for any daughter of the blood royal to attach 'de France' to their names; such an addition had been made only through the grossest ignorance, but still the prelate suspected nothing. About this time he also became more deeply involved through the agency of a sublime swindler, the self-styled Count Cagliostro.

This Prince of Mountebanks, whose real name was Joseph Balsamo, was born of obscure parentage at Palermo in 1743. He was a quack from his cradle. After committing various crimes, he set out upon his travels as one of supernatural powers, who had dealings with the devil; the means of curing all diseases; who knew the secrets of the elixir vitæ and the philosopher's stone, and who was equally ready to cast horoscopes, or palm himself off as the Wandering Jew. His journeys extended to Greece, Egypt, Arabia, Persia, some of the Mediterranean Islands, and many of the European cities; and he was greatly aided in his knavery by his wife, Lorenza Feliciani, a Roman woman of extraordinary beauty, but who, profligate as she was lovely, sold her favors high. When he arrived in Strasburg, Cardinal De Rohan, who believed in his magic arts, and who had himself dipped into alchemy, wished to visit him. The wily charlatan sent for answer: 'If M. le Cardinal is sick, let him come to me and I will cure him; if he be well, he has no business with me, nor have I with him.' This only made De Rohan more eager for Cagliostro's friendship; it was gained in due time, the benighted ecclesiastic placing full faith in the impudent sorcerer, who, on being consulted regarding the important negotiation with the jewellers, performed his incantations in the prelate's palace, and gave, as a revelation from the spirit-world, that it was sure of success and worthy of the Prince.

Then did the Cardinal, beside himself with joy, enter with his whole soul into the scheme, and proceed to treat with Boehmer and Bassange for the necklace. Under the pledge of secrecy, he revealed to them that the Queen was the purchaser, and showed them the order, which they of course believed to be genuine, and therefore agreed to deliver the necklace into his hands on the first of February, 1785.

The day came, and it was determined by De Rohan and the Countess, that the diamonds should be intrusted by his Eminence to her keeping, when a messenger from the Queen should call for them; that the Cardinal should be concealed in a place whence he could see and identify the royal valet, to be sure that all was right in every step of the momentous proceeding. Of course the Cardinal had been led blindfold in the whole transaction; duped by continual forgeries in the Queen's name, and in which Madame De Lamotte was always spoken of in the strongest terms of affection and confidence. Now believing himself on the high road to greatness, the ensnared man repaired, with an attendant carrying the casket, to Lamotte's house in Versailles, at dusk on the first of February. Dismissing this person, he entered the presence of the

Countess, and placed in her hands the invaluable necklace. Very shortly, a messenger was announced, and his Eminence, to elude observation and yet see all that was passing, hid in a closet with a glass door. A man of respectful and official port, the pretended valet de chambre from Trianon, advanced with the words, 'De par la Reine.' (From the Queen.) Lamotte at once gave him the packet, on which he solemnly bowed and retired. It was the rascal Villette, who had forged all the royal letters, and from the moment the diamonds went into his hands, they were seen no more, neither by the Cardinal nor the jewellers. It is true, his Eminence recognized the fellow, for the indefatigable Countess had before contrived to bring him to the notice of the Cardinal, walking with her, as the Queen's valet, apparently from the direction of Trianon.

As the prince of the Church retired that night to dream of benefices unnumbered, and perchance of the papal tiara, Lamotte and her accomplices rejoiced at the success of their audacious villany. The necklace disappeared, none knew whither with certainty, but in all probability it was broken up, as M. De Lamotte was soon afterward in England, living extravagantly, betting at Newmarket races, and disposing of diamonds. Marie Antoinette slept innocent of the crime, and the lucky jewellers for a while breathed free again, a great weight having been lifted off their minds. They gave out that the necklace had been disposed of to the Grand Seignior for his favorite Sultana. Very soon, however, all the duped felt new fears; the Cardinal was tormented by the continued coldness of the Queen, who, in spite of her gratitude so warmly expressed in her letters, never even deigned to give him a look; and Boehmer, frequently at the palace, wondered that he never saw the necklace on her Majesty's person, when she had been so anxious to have it. New excuses and lies were forged as fast as wanted; but the Cardinal, half-mad with hope deferred, looked in terror for the thirtieth of July, when the first instalment of one hundred thousand crowns was due. It came at last, bringing only a note from her Majesty, and money to pay the interest on the instalment. The jewellers became frantic; Boehmer raved at the duplicity of the Queen, insisted on an audience, and at last had one, in which De Rohan's agency in the affair was fully revealed. The Queen, justly incensed against the Cardinal, denied with truth that she had ever had the necklace, while Boehmer, ruined by the loss of his diamonds, and believing the Queen guilty, demanded his money or threatened public exposure. He had before on several occasions spoken to her Majesty about diamonds, in such a manner, that she thought he must have lost his wits, at one time addressing her a petition begging her not to forget him. The fifteen hundred pounds to pay the interest above referred to, were borrowed by Lamotte, aided by Cagliostro, from St. James, an upstart financier, only too glad to render this service, and much more, to her Majesty, in hope of the *cordons rouges* for his reward. Of course,



he never received it, and lost his money, in spite of Cagliostro's philosopher's stone.

But the most villainous incident in this whole business, was the one in which the part of Marie Antoinette was played, at starry mid-night, in the park at Versailles, by Mademoiselle Gay d'Oliva. This woman, a wanton of the better class, who made her usual promenade in the Palais Royal, was beautiful, of noble figure, and in profile strikingly like the Queen. She had been often remarked by the Countess de Lamotte and her husband, and when at length it became indispensable to pacify the Cardinal by something more than a forged billet, Mademoiselle Oliva was prevailed upon by the Countess to personate the Queen in an interview with his Eminence, being told, however, that her Majesty consented to this, having some plan of amusement in it. Accordingly, conducted to Versailles, by M. De Lamotte, she inspected the place appointed for the meeting, the 'Bosquet de la Reine,' which is not far from the garden-front of the palace, and still shown to strangers. She was here made to rehearse her part, being told that seated in the midst of the grove, she would be accosted by a tall man in a blue riding-coat, with a large flapping hat, who would approach, kneel, and kiss her hand with the utmost respect, and that she was to say to him at once, 'I have but a moment to spare: I am satisfied with your conduct, and I shall speedily raise you to the pinnacle of favor,' at the same moment giving him a little box and a rose, and immediately afterward rise hastily at a noise approaching, saying hurriedly: 'Madame and Countess D'Artois are coming: we must part.' In like manner was the Cardinal drilled for the long-sought interview: her Majesty was to present him with a case containing her portrait and a rose. The night came, dark enough for that 'deed without a name,' and the punctual prelate, although the air was warm, stood shivering with impatience on the terrace of Versailles; the hour passed; the Cardinal despaired, when a woman in a black domino — appropriate livery for the Countess De Lamotte — came to him in haste, whispering: 'I have just left the Queen: every thing is unfavorable: she will not be able to give you so long an interview as she desired. Madame and the Countess D'Artois have proposed to walk with her. Hasten to the grove; she will leave her party, and in spite of the short interval she may obtain, will give you unequivocal proofs of her protection and good will.' The Cardinal in ecstasy hurries to the scene, which is enacted according to the plan. Gay d'Oliva pronouncing the words taught to her, hands to the prelate the box and the rose, saying: '*Vous savez ce que cela veut dire,*' (You know what that means,) when instantly Madame De Lamotte approaching cries, '*On vient!*' At the sound of coming feet, caused not by the royal sisters, but by M. De Lamotte and 'Villette of Rascaldom,' *her Majesty*, starting from the kneeling Cardinal, disappears in the thicket. He, with heart bursting with vexation, rejoins the Countess and the Baron De Plauta, a subordinate agent,

inveighing against his cruel fate, at having broken up the delicious interview just as those musical words

‘CAME o’er his ear like the sweet south  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,’

and all his trials are at an end, as he lifts to his lips the hand of a — *quean*.

On the arrest of the Cardinal at Versailles, he found an opportunity of dispatching a messenger with a note hastily scrawled to his secretary, the Abbe Georgel, who instantly committed to the flames the whole mass of correspondence relative to the intrigue, so that, at this day, much regarding it is wrapped in impenetrable mystery. The parties implicated went to the Bastille, were tried soon afterward, and the Countess and Villette only punished. The Cardinal, Cagliostro, and Mademoiselle d’Oliva were discharged, his Eminence being acquitted of all suspicion; Villette was banished the kingdom for life; Lamotte condemned to the galleys for life, but as he was in England, the sentence was void. His wife was condemned to be whipped, branded on both shoulders with the letter V for *Voleuse*, (thief,) and shut up in L’Hôpital for the rest of her days. The sentence was carried out, except that she made her escape from the hospital after a confinement of ten months, and subsequently lost her life by falling from the upper story of a building to the ground; or, according to some accounts, being thrown from it by violent hands. The result of the trial was regarded by the royal family, the court, and, in short, by every one, as a censure upon the Queen, while thousands believed her really guilty, in having obtained possession of the necklace and secreting it.

Such is the story of the famous diamond necklace, whose fatal flash only recalled, but did not dissipate the gloom which shrouded the last years of Marie Antoinette, before her final degradation, when the common axe severed the neck in all the wide world alone worthy to wear those peerless gems. What a commentary on human grandeur and its fall was that scrawled by the brutish grave-digger, in his bill rendered to the revolutionary authorities: ‘For the coffin of the Widow Capet, *seven francs*.’

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I WANDERED by a river,  
And met a lady fair,  
And she was busy bathing,  
Behind her veils of hair.

‘If I should buy, fair lady,  
Your tresses long and rare,  
What were the price?’ She answered:  
‘A pearl for every hair!’

## KIRJALI, THE BANDIT OF THE CARPATHIANS.

‘ARE there no robbers, no Wallach *hyduks* among the Carpathians, like Basil and Bujor of the last generation?’ I inquired of my companion Jian Bibesco, as we were being whirled by *carutza* from Bukarest to Silistria.

‘Few since the breaking out of the Greek revolution,’ he replied: ‘they thrive better among the Balkans. But I can relate an adventure with one who for years was the terror of the Principalities; who was more famous than either of the names you have mentioned.’

‘Let me hear the story.’

‘Many years ago,’ began Bibesco, ‘I was travelling among the *Plaiul Hotilor* (the home of the Goths) in the northern part of Wallachia. There were two of us. While threading a deep mountain gorge, all at once we heard near us the sharp report of a gun, which in laconic Pandour style means — halt! We stopped. Seven men emerged from the dark thicket near at hand, and ran up to us. They were armed to the teeth, richly clothed in Albanian costumes, and with faces so concealed by the folds of full silk turbans, that their eyes only could be seen.

‘Halt there? *techokoi*,’ (dogs,) cried the chief, who alone was uncovered: ‘whither do you journey?’

‘To Campina.’

‘Have you any arms or powder?’ and without waiting for an answer he ordered us to dismount.

‘My companion drew a pistol; but he had hardly touched the ground, when the chief leaped upon him like a tiger, wrested the weapon from his hand, and brought him to the ground with a blow of the breech. I thought him dead.’

‘Here is the powder.’

‘He snatched it from my hand, and then in a more familiar tone asked: ‘How much money have you in specie?’

‘Thirty ducats.’

‘We will divide.’

‘I gave him the purse. You will see that our mountain *klepht* was more generous than Basil, who let his victim pass by, in order to attack him from behind, and make himself drunk with blood; braver and nobler than that superstitious fanatic, Bujor, who used to pray in a church on Sunday and pillage it on Monday, who would not eat meat on Tuesday for an empire, but would have assassinated you the day following for a pipe of tobacco.’

‘There are nine of us,’ said the chief: ‘four times seven make twenty-eight;’ and opening the purse, he took from it two ducats and handed them to me, saying: ‘That is enough for two such *cocoatsi* (timid females) to reach Campina. Remount, and go in peace! you have nothing to fear — I am Kirjali!’

‘Did that happen in the open day?’ I inquired.

‘In the open day — in the very face of the sun. Kirjali was as brave as his yataghan, and would have blushed to use the night.’

‘He reminds me,’ said I, of the mountain brigands of Anatolia, who, notwithstanding their nefarious profession, practise the motto that ‘Honesty is the best policy.’ They secrete themselves in the fastnesses of the mountains, and watching an opportunity, make prisoners of persons who can command a heavy ransom. Not long ago, in the very street of a city, they seized upon the son of a wealthy merchant and hurried him away with impunity. Word was sent to the father that his child would be delivered up in a certain place for twenty thousand piastres, but if not ransomed at a given date, they might have his head. The distressed parent, hoping that something would intervene, delayed sending the money until a few hours after the stipulated time. It was too late. The bandits were true to their word. The bloody head was sent back together with the bags of piastres.

‘But the story of Kirjali — let me hear the story of his life,’ and we charged our long chiboques once more with fragrant lata-kiah, once more married it with the aromatic nectar of Mocha.

‘Kirjali was an Albanian,’ resumed my companion. ‘His real name is unknown; the Turks call him Kirjali, which signifies the *brave*, and you will see how well he merited the appellation. He is the Mandarin and Jack Sheppard of the Moldo-Wallachs. There is not a Roumanian maiden but sings his gallant deeds; not a peasant on the plains or among the mountains who does not recite his daring exploits by the winter fire. The Russian poets and painters have celebrated the curious episodes of his history, and both Pouskhine and Vaillant have given to the world many of the circumstances which I am about to relate.

‘Kirjali was five-and-twenty years of age when a strange adventure threw him this side the Danube. The *kékaya* of the village violated his wife. That is a crime which the injured man no where pardons, and least of all, in Turkey. Kirjali resolves to be revenged. At the news of his dishonor, he relates it to his assembled associates, and, while he moves them to pity, leads them to fear the repetition of his wrongs upon themselves. With him they repair to the dwelling of the *kékaya*. At the noise of the crowd collected in the court-yard, the latter steps out upon the balcony; but quick as lightning, before he has time to ask the cause of their presence, Kirjali stands before him with menacing gestures, foaming mouth, and eyes burning with rage.

‘‘Wretch!’’ cries the injured man, ‘ask pardon of this multitude.’

‘The *kékaya*, with true Mussulman hauteur, responds only with a smile of contempt.

‘‘Demand pardon!’’ again cries the infuriated Kirjali.

‘‘Away, Giaour!’’ rejoins the *kékaya*, gnashing his teeth in rage, and bringing his hand to the hilt of his handjar.

‘‘Giaour!’’ reiterates Kirjali with fury. ‘Giaour! Yes, Oghlan Ali, thou base slave!’ and he throws himself upon the *kékaya*.

‘Pardon, Oghlan Ali! ask pardon of this multitude, by CHRIST! by Allah! Thou wilt not? Yet once — no? accursed be thou!’ Inclining over the balcony, he cried to the multitude below: ‘Christians! make place for this brute.’ The crowd draws back. He exerts all his strength. ‘Beware of the stone!’ shouts he, and a hoarse groan is heard below. The blood flows, the *kekaya* expires, and the crowd disperses, saying coldly: ‘The dog of a Moslem is dead.’ Kirjali has taken flight, carrying with him only his implacable enmity to the Turks.

‘Arrived in Wallachia, he enters the service of the Boyard Dudesco, and makes the acquaintance of Svedko, the Servian, and also of Mikalaké. The tall stature of Svedko, the robust and trained body of the Moldavian, and the audacious bravery of both, mark them as proper men for Kirjali. He gains their friendship, and inspires them with his own hatred of the Moslems. When he thinks them weaned from the domestic life which is so repugnant to himself, and comes to regard them as men after his own heart, he communicates his projects, organizes a band of robbers, and makes the two brigands his aids.

‘At that time, the Phanariot Greeks were in possession of most of the resources of the Principalities which were farmed out to them by the Turks. The latter regarded themselves as masters of the soil. Mussulmans with well-filled girdles were to be met every where, in the khans of the cities, in the caravanserais, and upon the grand routes, even to the defiles of the Carpathians. The Wallachs were but little removed from slaves, and Kirjali found thousands of opportunities to satisfy his vengeance upon their cruel Turkish masters. For three years he enriched himself with their plunder alone. Many a wealthy merchant, who had journeyed into Moldavia to purchase its famous wax, and honey, and *tussao*, never revisited his kindred; many a wife and daughter wept in the Turkish harems in vain for a wished return. The name of Kirjali became terrible on both banks of the Danube.

‘Among other exploits, he crossed over into Bulgaria, and assisted by Mikalaké alone, attacked a large village. Kirjali entered many of the houses and set them on fire, cutting down without pity whosoever resisted, while his lieutenant was occupied in collecting and guarding the booty. They retired without molestation. Nor did Kirjali always spare the Christians. Thus with a band of three hundred Pandours, he went from one principality to the other, levying contributions upon villages, pillaging the mansions of wealthy Boyards, and scattering fire and carnage until 1821, when Alexander Ypsilanti incited a general insurrection in Wallachia and Moldavia. Influenced on the one hand by the *hetarie*, that vast association organized for the liberation of Greece, and on the other by the eloquent appeals of Theodore Vladimiresco to the Daco-Romans, he resolved from a *hyduk* to become a hero in the cause of the Greeks — from a brigand to become an Albanian prince. Assembling his companions, he addresses them in these words:

‘ ‘Brothers! for four years we have shared the same dangers and the same joys. If you are satisfied with your brother, he is satisfied with you. But the moment is come when I must leave you, if you prefer not to follow me, for the hour of independence has sounded for the Christians of Turkey. Ypsilanti is at Burlata; he is marching upon Foschana. Theodore Vladimiresco is at Crajova, and will soon attack Bukarest. Choose for yourselves: you are free. He who loves me will be with me.’

‘At these words, Mikalaké and three-fourths of the band ranged themselves around their chief; the remainder placed themselves behind Svedko.

‘ ‘Adieu, comrade,’ said Kirjali to the latter; ‘but let us always be brothers.’

‘The next morning beheld our new Scanderbeg on a Persian carpet, smoking and sipping coffee, *à la Turquie*, in the tent of Ypsilanti.

‘Kirjali was to the last a faithful partisan of the Hetarists.

‘But neither he, nor the chiefs under whom he fought, had a just comprehension of the movement in which they were engaged. Their forces were insufficient. Material resources were wanting, while the Turks were well organized and prepared for the emergency. The neighboring powers also looked upon this premature uprising of the Hellenists and Hetarists with apathy and indifference. Ypsilanti found himself unequal to the crisis. Having quickly become master of the greater part of the country, and even of Bukarest, he lost precious time in irresolution and vain parades, and when at last forced to engage with the Turks in earnest, the flower of his army perished, while the chief himself fled to Austria. Kirjali fought like a lion at Dragaschan. Ten Osmanlis, they say, fell under his yata-ghan. With Mikalaké and a few others, he escaped the massacre of the sacred battalion. The cause of the Hetarists was lost in Wallachia, and the insurrection completely suppressed.

‘The remnant of the revolutionists, who had escaped into Moldavia, seven hundred in all, made a last stand on the Pruth, opposite the small Russian town of Skoulianzy. Their leader, Cantacuzène, ran away as soon as the Turkish army of twelve thousand men made its appearance. Kirjali, Contoguni, Safionos, and the other brave men who composed this little army, had, however, no need of a chief in order to do their duty. While the first kept the enemy at bay by means of two small field-pieces, carried from Jassy, Contoguni by a skilful manœuvre attacked them in the rear. Overwhelmed by numbers, the leader perished, and three hundred of his brave followers with him. Kirjali and his band soon exhausted their supply of shot, but loading with broken arms, sword-points, and spear-heads, still kept up a fire upon the Turks.

‘The latter were well supplied with artillery, but abstained almost entirely from using it, for fear that their projectiles would fly across the Pruth and implant themselves in Russian soil. A few balls, however, did whistle near the ears of the Commandant of Skoulianzy, when, greatly enraged, he addressed a violent ex-



postulation to the Turkish Pacha, who turned pale at this violation of Russian territory, and was careful not to commit a second offence. Kirjali's band, having fired away their silver ornaments, their short daggers, and even the few pieces of money in their pockets, were forced to give way. Nothing remained to them but their pistols and yataghans.

'Let him save himself who can,' cried Kirjali, when the survivors plunged into the river, and twenty of them succeeded in reaching the opposite bank. There they embraced each other like brothers, and fled to the Russian town of Kissénief. Kirjali and Mikaláké were among the survivors.

After his escape from the Turks on the Pruth, he lived for some time *incognito* at Kissénief. He and his companions spent their days in the coffee-houses, smoking long pipes and entertaining each other with long stories of adventure. They wore their old Albanian costume with girdles glittering with pistols and yataghans, and though apparently poor, bore themselves as proudly as in the days of their prosperity. It came to be whispered that Kirjali was among them.

The party assembled one evening at a coffee-house, and were disputing with warmth about the flight of Ypsilanti and the death of Vladimiresco, when Kirjali rose, and bringing his hand to his yataghan, exclaimed: 'Accursed be the assassin of Theodore Vladimiresco!' An hour after he was arrested by a dozen Cossacks, and carried before the governor of the town. He knew not what awaited him, but thinking that he had merited well of Russia, supposed that the reputation of his bravery had reached the ears of the Emperor, and that he was now about to be presented with a decoration or a sword of honor.

'Fortunate man!' I interrupted.

'Wait a moment!' replied my companion.

Kirjali was brought into the presence of the governor.

'You are a brigand!' said the latter, sternly eyeing the prisoner. The chief was stupefied, and for an instant lost all courage, but recovering himself, replied: 'I fought after the flight of Ypsilanti, and emptied my pockets to pay the Turks in the battle on the Pruth.'

'Then you are Kirjali?' continued the governor.

'Himself!' answered the chief. 'God knows I am Kirjali.'

'Enough! the Pacha of Yassy claims you. According to the conventions between the Turks and ourselves, you must be given up.'

Kirjali threw himself at the feet of the governor. The lion-hearted men trembled, and wept like a woman. 'Mercy! mercy!' cried he. 'In Turkey it is true I was a brigand, but my hand fell only upon the Turks and the Boyards. God is my witness, that while I have been a refugee in your midst, I have harmed no one. I gave my last pieces of silver to charge our cannon in the affair of the Pruth. Since then I have not had a para. I, Kirjali, have lived upon alms! What have I done that Russia should sell me to my enemies?'

‘In vain that he sought to touch the stony heart of the Governor.

‘‘You must explain with the Pacha,’ said the latter, and an order was immediately issued for the extradition of Kirjali to Yassy. Loaded with chains, and thrown upon a *kibitka*, he was escorted to the frontier, and there handed over to the Turks. Mikalaké was near him.

‘Brought before the Pacha, Kirjali expected nothing but death. ‘Save my wife and child,’ said he; ‘for myself, I have nothing to ask.’

‘He was condemned to be impaled, but it being then the fast of the Ramazan, his execution was deferred a few days. A guard of seven Turks conducted him to prison, still loaded with chains, with orders to watch him closely, even in his cell. All resistance was impossible. A brave chief, Kirjali was also a strategist of consummate skill. He was humble — so mild and compliant that the pride of his guardians was flattered. He understood their weakness, and acted his part so skilfully that the very first day they looked upon him with a degree of compassion unusual to their ferocious natures. The second day they spoke with him, and the exploits of the bandit inspired in them an involuntary respect. The third day, with the naïf curiosity peculiar to the Orientals, they listened eagerly to the recital of his numerous adventures. The fourth, an intimacy sprung up between them. The fifth, they were his friends: and the sixth day, without intending it, they were ——’

‘‘His liberators?’ I eagerly demanded.

‘‘You shall see,’ replied my companion.

‘‘Seated in a circle round him, on the evening of the sixth day, they listened as he spoke to them of his approaching death.’ His voice flattered, his eyes caressed them. He saw that they were moved.

‘‘The will of God be done!’ said he. ‘No one can escape his destiny. My hour is near; but before I die I would like to give you some testimonial of my regard.’

‘The Turks opened their eyes with attention.

‘‘When about three years ago I was briganding with Mikalaké (may God give peace to his soul!) I buried my money here and there: at Scaunu-hotilor, in Wallachia, in Moldavia ——’

‘‘Where? where in Moldavia?’ eagerly demanded Aslan, the chief of the Mussulman guard.

‘‘At Vulcanu.’

‘‘Far away?’

‘‘Among the mountains.’

‘‘In which direction?’

‘‘At the foot of Cicliu.’

‘‘*Pekee! ben Pekee!*’ (good! very good!) rejoined the Turks.

‘‘But here,’ continued Kirjali, ‘near by, only a league from Yassy, behind the monastery of Cetatue, in an open place, twenty

paces from a rock which resembles a mastiff that has lain down to guard the pistols of his master——’

‘*Er-Allah!*’ exclaimed the Turks.

‘There, twenty paces from that rock, we buried a jar full of gold ducats. It is fated that I shall not enjoy them. Find them; they are yours.’

‘At these words the Mussulmans could hardly moderate their expressions of delight. Aslan alone was suspicious.

‘Is Kirjali a traitor or a brave man?’ asked he.

‘Brave! brave!’ responded his companions; ‘brave is Kirjali!’

‘If he should conduct us to the place?’ said Aslan.

‘Why not?’ replied the six others.

‘That would compromise you,’ interrupted Kirjali; ‘I have given you the locality; you can easily find the treasure.’

‘Why compromise us?’ they all inquired. ‘There is no danger. The night favors us. You shall be our guide; and if you are not a brave man—there are seven of us.’

‘At mid-night they took off his chains, tied his hands firmly behind his back, and placing him in their midst, left the prison without being perceived.

‘Now Kirjali leads them. He traverses the city; descends by Tâtâras; passes before the convent of Formosa, ascends the woody escarpment of the monastery of Cetatue, and stops a moment to take breath and orient himself. He is in excellent spirits, overflowing with that modest joy that accompanies a good action, and speaks not, except to testify his pleasure at being useful to his companions.

‘Shall we soon be there?’ demands Aslan.

‘Soon,’ replies Kirjali, ‘a hundred paces further and—if I do not enter the paradise of the Christians, pray Mohammed to open for me his own.’

‘They advance: a slight rustling is heard, and a dark shadow glides stealthily through the underwood. Kirjali, with the ear of a rat and the eyes of a lynx, has seen, heard, and understood. But when Aslan, turning toward him, asks: ‘Hast thou seen any thing?’

‘Why then,’ responds he—‘only a hare or a partridge startled by our approach’—and to turn away all suspicion, adds: ‘To the right a little: let us leave the woods.’

‘Advancing a few rods further among the scattered mounds, he stops short by a rock rising about two feet above the ground, looks around for a moment, and then says to his guardians: ‘Measure twenty paces in this direction, and dig.’

‘Five of the Turks draw their yataghans and begin to remove the earth with them, while the two others guard the prisoner seated on the stone. They dig some time in silence, and, to work with more ease, take off their turbans, detach their girdles, and lay their pistols on the ground. Kirjali watches them. ‘Not yet? Not yet come to it?’ cries he, after they have worked away fifteen

minutes. 'Not yet. Allah help us!' respond the Ottomans, the perspiration dropping from their faces.

'Courage; you will soon reach the gold,' and to the two others he says playfully, in a low voice: 'Let them work; they will think all the more of me for it. But I am afraid they have not selected the precise spot.'

'Comrades!' cries one of the guards, 'dig more to the right. You will never find it; let Kirjali assist you.'

'Let him assist us,' responds Aslan, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

Kirjali is brought to the spot. Aslan unbinds him, and places a yataghan in his hand. The two guards also lay aside their pistols, and all fall eagerly to work. Kirjali digs with all his might, now and then ceasing for a moment to stimulate the avidity of the Mussulmans with a word of encouragement. At his example the latter take courage: the thirst of gold renews their strength: they dig — dig with eager impatience.

'I have it!' at last cries Kirjali: 'here it is! here it is!'

At these words the Turks throw aside their yataghans and fall to work with their hands in impatient haste to uncover the treasure.

Kirjali rises up with a groan of fatigue, and quicker than lightning plunges his yataghan into one of the prostrate Turks. Leaving the steel in the wound, he snatches up two of the pistols, shouts in a voice of thunder: 'Slaves! here is my gold! and buries their contents in two of his guards.'

'Kirjali!' speaks a voice near by.

'Mikalaké!' responds Kirjali — and the four remaining Turks save themselves by flight.

Masters of the field, Kirjali and Mikalaké embrace each other as brothers.

'My wife and my son?' asked Kirjali.

'They are saved, and in a secure retreat.'

'*Mashallah!* I have wept for them: God is merciful!'

Thus reunited, and having nothing to hope for from the Turks, Kirjali and Mikalaké continued for a long time their depredations in the vicinity of Yassy. They even pushed their audacity so far as to threaten to burn the city unless the Hospodar, Jian Stourd'a, should remit the sum of fifty thousand piastres within a week. The money was paid. But fortune ceased to favor Kirjali. Betrayed by one of his own men, and surprised while asleep, he sold his life as dearly as possible in defending himself and Mikalaké.

Generous and heroic man, he deserved a better life and a better fate, yet doubtless esteemed it fortunate to die with his arms in his hands rather than to be strangled or gibbeted.

'On the twentieth of September, 1824,' said Bibesco, 'two bodies, covered with wounds, swung from the gallows of the Meïdan of Capo. They were those of Kirjali and Mikalaké, but the former was hung many hours after life had departed. You have the story of Kirjali.'

## R I C H   T H O U G H   P O O R .

No rood of land in all the earth,  
No ships upon the sea,  
Nor treasures rare, nor gems, nor gold,  
Do any keep for me :  
As yesterday I wrought for bread,  
So must I toil to-day ;  
Yet some are not so rich as I,  
Nor I so poor as they.

On yonder tree the sun-light falls,  
The robin 's on the bough,  
Still I can hear a merrier note  
Than he is warbling now :  
He 's but an Arab of the sky,  
And never lingers long ;  
But *that* o'erruns the livelong year  
With music and with song.

Come, gather round me, little ones,  
And as I sit me down,  
With shouts of laughter on me place  
A mimic regal crown :  
Say, childless King, would I accept  
Your armies and domain,  
Or e'en your crown, and never feel  
These tiny hands again ?

There 's more of honor in their touch  
And blessing unto me,  
Than kingdom unto kingdom joined,  
Or navies on the sea :  
So greater gifts to me are brought  
Than Sheba's Queen did bring  
To him, who at Jerusalem  
Was *born* to be a King.

Look at my crown and then at yours ;  
Look in my heart and thine :  
How do our jewels now compare —  
The earthly and divine ?  
Hold up your diamonds to the light,  
Emerald and amethyst ;  
They 're nothing to those love-lit eyes,  
These lips so often kissed !

Oh ! noblest Roman of them all,  
That mother good and wise,  
Who pointed to her little ones,  
The jewels of her eyes.

Four sparkle in my own to-day,  
 Two deck a sinless brow :  
 How grow my riches at the thought  
 Of those in glory now !

And yet no rood of all the carth,  
 No ships upon the sea,  
 Nor treasures rare, nor gold, nor gems  
 Are safely kept for me :  
 Yet I am rich — myself a King !  
 And here is my domain :  
 Which only God shall take away  
 To give me back again !

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T H E S E T O F T U R Q U O I S E

---

A D R A M A T I C S K E T C H .

---

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COUNT OF LARA, *A poor nobleman.*  
 BEATRICE, *His wife.*  
 FLORIAN, { *Her dressing-maids.*  
 JACINTA, {  
 A PAGE, *for the occasion.*

*The scene is laid in the vicinity of Mantova.*

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*Scene I.—Count of Lara's villa near Mantova. A balcony overlooking the garden. Moon-light. Lara and Beatrice.*

LARA.

THE third moon of our marriage, Beatrice !  
 It hangs i' the heaven, ripe and ready to drop,  
 Like a great golden orange —

BEATRICE.

Excellent !  
 Breathe not the priceless simile abroad,  
 Or all the poetlings in Mantova  
 Will cut the rind of 't ! Like an orange ? yes,  
 But not so red, Count. Then it hath no stem,  
 And ripened out of nothing.

LARA.

Critical !  
 Make thou a neater posy for the moon.



BEATRICE.

Now, as 't is hidden by those drifts of cloud,  
With one thin edge just glimmering through the dark,  
'T is like some strange, rich jewel of the east,  
I' the cleft side of a mountain.

LARA.

Not unlike !

BEATRICE.

And that reminds me — speaking of jewels — love,  
There is a set of turquoise at Malan's,  
Ear-drops and bracelets and a necklace — ah !  
If they were mine !}

LARA.

And so they should be, dear,  
Were I Aladdin, and had slaves o' the lamp  
To fetch me ingots. Why, then, Beatrice,  
All Persia's turquoise-quarries should be yours  
Although your hand is heavy now with gems  
That tear my lips when I would kiss its whiteness.  
Oh ! so you pout ! Why make that full-blown rose  
Into a bud again ?

BEATRICE.

You love me not.

LARA.

A coquette's song.

BEATRICE.

I sing it.

LARA.

A poor song.

BEATRICE.

You love me not, or love me over-much,  
Which makes you jealous of the gems I wear !  
You do not deck me as becomes our state,  
For fear my grandeur should besiege the eyes  
Of Monte, Clari, Marcus, and the rest —  
A precious set ! You 're jealous, Sir !

LARA.

Not I.  
I love you.

BEATRICE.

Why, that is as easy said  
As any three short words ; takes no more breath  
To say, 'I hate you.' What, Sir, have I lived

Three times four weeks your wedded loyal wife,  
And do not know your follies! I will wager  
(If I could trap my darling into this!) [Aside.  
The sweetest kisses I know how to give  
Against the turquoise, that within a month  
You 'll grow so jealous — and without a cause,  
Or with a reason thin as window-glass —  
That you will ache to kill me!

LARA.

Will you so?  
And I — let us clasp hands and kiss on it.

BEATRICE.

Clasp hands, Sir Trustful; but not kiss — nay, nay!  
I will not pay my forfeit till I lose.

LARA.

And I 'll not lose the forfeit.

BEATRICE.

We shall see.

BEATRICE *enters the house singing* :

There was an old earl and he wed a young wife,  
Heigh ho, the bonny.  
And he was as jealous as Death is of Life,  
Heigh ho, the nonny!  
Kings saw her, and sighed;  
And wan lovers died,  
But no one could win the bright honey  
That lay on the lips of the bonny  
Young bride,  
Until Cupid, the rover, a-hearting would go,  
Then — heigh ho! [Exit.

LARA.

She hath as many fancies as the wind  
Which now, like slumber, lies 'mong spicy isles,  
Then suddenly blows white furrows in the sea!  
Lovely and dangerous is my leopardess.  
To-day, low-lying at my feet; to-morrow,  
With great eyes flashing, threatening doleful death —  
With strokes like velvet! She's no common clay,  
But fire and dew and marble. I'll not throw  
So rare a wonder in the lap o' the world!  
Jealous! I am not jealous — though they say  
Some sorts of love breed jealousy. And yet,  
I would I had not wagered. It implies  
Doubt. If I doubted? Pshaw! I'll walk awhile  
And let the cool air fan me. [Paces the balcony.

'T was not wise.  
 It's only Folly with its cap and bells  
 Can jest with sad things. She seemed earnest, too.  
 What if, to pique me, she should over-step  
 The pale of modesty, and give sweet eyes  
 (I could not bear that, nay, not even that!)  
 To Marc or Claudian? Why, such things have been  
 And no sin dreamed of. I will watch her close.  
 There, now, I wrong her. She is wild enough,  
 Playing the empress in her honeymoons:  
 But untamed falcons will not wear the hood  
 Nor sit on the wrist, at bidding. Yet if she,  
 To win the turquoise of me, if she should —  
 Oh! curséd jewels! would that they were hung  
 About the glistening neck of some mermaid  
 A thousand fathoms underneath the sea!

*Scene II—A garden: the villa seen in the back-ground. Lara stretched on the grass with a copy of Boccaccio's 'Decameron' in his hand. Sun-set.*

LARA. [*Closing the book.*

A book for sun-set — if for any time.  
 Right spicy tongues and pleasant wit had they,  
 The merry Ladies of Boccaccio!  
 What tales they told of love-in-idleness,  
 (Love old as earth, and yet forever new!)  
 Of monks who worshipped Venus — not in vain;  
 Of unsuspecting husbands, and gay dames  
 Who held their vows but lightly — by my faith,  
 Too much of the latter! 'T is a sweet, bad book.  
 I would not have my sister or my wife  
 Caught by its cunning. In its golden words  
 Sin is so draped with beauty, speaks so fair,  
 That naught seems wrong but virtue! Yet, for all,  
 It is a sprightly volume, and kills care.  
 I need such sweet physicians. I have grown  
 Sick in the mind — at swords' points with myself.  
 I am mine own worst enemy!  
 And wherefore? wherefore? Beatrice is kind,  
 Less fanciful, and loves me, I would swear,  
 Albeit she will not kiss me till the month  
 Which ends our foolish wager shall have passed.  
 An hundred years, and not a single kiss  
 To sweeten time with! What a freakish dame!

*A Page crosses the garden.*

That page again! 'T is twice within the week  
 That slender-waisted, pretty-ankled knave  
 Has crossed my garden at this self-same hour,

Trolling a canzonetta with an air  
 As if he owned the villa. Why the fop !  
 He might have doffed his bonnet as he passed.  
 I'll teach him better if he comes again.  
 What does he at the villa ? Oh ! perchance  
 He comes in the evening when his master's out,  
 To lisp soft romance in the ready ear  
 Of Beatrice's dressing-maid ; but then  
 She *has* one lover. Now I think she's two :  
 This gaudy popinjay would make the third,  
 And that's too many for an honest girl !  
 If he's not Florian's, he's Jacinta's, then !  
 I'll ask the Countess — no, I'll not do that ;  
 She'd laugh at me, and vow by the Madonna  
 This varlet was some noble in disguise,  
 Seeking *her* favor. Then I'd crack his skull —  
 That is, I would, were I a jealous man :  
 But then I'm not. So he may come and go  
 To Florian — or the devil ! I'll not care.  
 I would not build around my lemon-trees,  
 Though every lemon were a sphere of gold,  
 A lattice-fence, for fear the very birds  
 Should sing, *You're jealous, you are jealous, Sir !*

*Scene III.—A wooded road near the villa. The garden-gate seen on the left. Lara leaning against a tree. Evening.*

LARA.

Sorrow itself is not so hard to bear  
 As the thought of sorrow coming. Airy ghosts,  
 That work no harm, do terrify no more  
 Than men in steel with bloody purposes.  
 Death is not dreadful ; 't is the dread of death —  
 We die whene'er we think of it ! [*Pauses.*  
I'll not  
 Be cozened longer. When the page comes out  
 I'll stop him, question him, and know the truth.  
 I cannot sit in the garden of a night  
 But he glides by me in his jaunty dress,  
 Like a fantastic phantom ! — never looks  
 To the right nor left, but passes gayly on,  
 As if I were a statue. . . . Soft, he comes.  
 I'll make him speak, or kill him ; then, forsooth,  
 It were unreasonable to ask it. Soh !  
 I'll speak him gently at the first, and then —

*The Page enters by a gate in the villa-garden, and walks carelessly past the Count.*

Ho ! pretty page, who owns you ?

PAGE.

No one now.

I was the Signor Juan's, but am no more.

LARA.

What, then, you stole from him ?

PAGE.

Oh ! no, Sir, no.

He had so many intrigues on his hands,  
There was no sleep for me nor night nor day.  
Such carrying of love-favors and pink notes !  
He 's gone abroad now, to break other hearts,  
And so I left him.

LARA. [*Aside.*

A frank knave.

PAGE.

To-night

I 've done his latest bidding —

LARA.

As you should —

PAGE.

A duty wed with pleasure — 't was to take  
A message to a countess all forlorn,  
In yonder villa.

LARA. [*Aside.*

Why, the devil ! that 's mine !

A message to a Countess all forlorn ?

[*To the Page.* In yonder villa ?

PAGE.

Ay, Sir. You can see

The portico among the mulberries,

Just to the left, there.

LARA.

Ay, I see, I see.

A pretty villa. And the lady's name ?

PAGE.

Ah ! that 's a secret which I cannot tell.

LARA. [*Catching him by the throat.*

No ? but you shall, though, or I 'll strangle you !  
In my strong hands your slender neck would snap  
Like a brittle pipe-stem.

PAGE.

You are choking me !

Oh ! loose your grasp, Sir !

LARA.

Then the name ! the name !

PAGE.

Countess of Lara.

LARA.

Not her dressing-maid ?

PAGE.

Nay, nay, I said the mistress, not the maid.

LARA.

And then you lied. Oh ! woful, woful Time ! —  
Tell me you lie, and I will make you rich,  
I 'll stuff your cap with ducats twice a year !

PAGE. [*Smiling.*

Well, then — I lie.

LARA.

Ay, now you lie, indeed !  
I see it in the cunning of your eyes ;  
Night cannot hide the Satan leering there.  
Only a little lingering fear of heaven  
Holds me from dirking you between the ribs !  
Wo ! wo ! [*Hides his face in his hands.*

PAGE. [*Aside.*

I would I were well out of this.

LARA. [*Abstractedly.*

Such thin divinity ! So foul, so fair !

PAGE.

What would you have ! I will say nothing, then.

LARA.

Say every thing, and end it ! Here is gold.  
You brought a billet to the Countess — well ?  
What said the billet ?

PAGE.

Take away your hand,  
And, by St. Mary, I will say it all.  
There, now, I breathe. You will not harm me, Sir ?  
Stand six yards off, or I will not a word.  
It seems the Countess promised Signor Juan  
A set of turquoise —

LARA. [*Starting.*

Turquoise ? Ha ! that 's well.

PAGE.

Just so — wherewith my master was to pay  
Some gaming debts ; but yester-night the cards



Tumbled a golden mountain at his feet ;  
 And ere he sailed, this morning, Signor Juan  
 Gave me a perfumed, amber-tinted note,  
 For Countess Lara, which, with some adieux,  
 Craved her remembrance morning, noon, and night ;  
 Her prayers while gone, her smiles when he returned ;  
 Then told his sudden fortune with the cards,  
 And bade her keep the jewels. That is all.

LARA.

All ? Is that all ? 'T has only cracked my heart !  
 A heart, I know, of little, little worth —  
 An ill-cut ruby, scarred and scratched before,  
 But now quite broken ! I have no heart, then.  
 Men should not have, when they are wronged like this !  
 Out of my sight, thou demon of bad news !  
 O sip thy wine complacently to-night,  
 Lie with thy mistress in a pleasant sleep,  
 For thou hast done thy master (that 's the Devil !)  
 This day a goodly service : thou hast sown  
 The seeds of lightning that shall scathe and kill ! [*Exit.*]

PAGE. [*Looking after him.*]

I did not think 't would work on him like that.  
 How pale he grew ! Alack ! I fear some ill  
 Will come of this. I 'll to the Countess quick,  
 And warn her of his madness. Faith, he foamed  
 I' the mouth like Guido whom they hung last week  
 (God rest him !) in the jail at Mantova,  
 For killing poor Battista. Crime for crime ! [*Exit.*]

*Scene IV.—Beatrice's chamber. A Venetian screen on the right. As the scene opens, Jacinta places lamps on a standish, and retires to the back of the stage. Beatrice sits on a fauteuil in the attitude of listening.*

BEATRICE.

Hist ! that 's his step. Jacinta, place the lights  
 Farther away from me, and get thee gone. [*Exit JACINTA.*]  
 And Florian, child, keep you behind the screen,  
 Breathing no louder than a lily does ;  
 For if you stir or laugh 't will ruin all.

FLORIAN. [*Behind the screen.*]

Laugh ! I am faint with terror.

BEATRICE.

Then be still.  
 Move not for worlds until I touch the bell,  
 Then do the thing I told you. Hush ! his step  
 Sounds in the corridor, and I 'm asleep !

*Lara enters with his dress in disorder. He approaches within a few yards of Beatrice, pauses, and looks at her.*

LARA.

Asleep! — and Guilt can slumber! Guilt can lie  
Down-lidded and soft-breathed, like Innocence!  
Hath dreams as sweet as childhood's — who can tell? —  
And paradisaal prophecies in sleep,  
Its foul heart keeping measure, as it were,  
To the silver music of a mandoline!  
Were I an artist, and did wish to paint  
A devil to perfection, I'd not limn  
A hornéd monster, with a leprous skin,  
Red-hot from Pandemonium — not I.  
But with my delicatest tints, I'd paint  
A Woman in the splendor of her youth,  
All garmented with loveliness and mystery!  
She should be sleeping in a room like this,  
With Angelos and Titians on the walls,  
The grand old masters staring grandly down,  
Draped round with folds of damask; in the alcoves,  
Statues of Bacchus and Endymion,  
And Venus's blind love-child: a globed lamp  
Gilding the heavy darkness, while the odors  
Of myriad hyacinths should seem to break  
Upon her ivory bosom as she slept:  
And by her side, (as I by Beatrice,)  
Her injured lord should stand and look at her! [*Pauses.*  
How fair she is! Her beauty glides between  
Me and my purpose, like a pleading angel.  
Beauty — alack! 't is that which wrecks us all;  
'T is that we live for, die for, and are damned.  
A pretty ankle and a laughing lip —  
They cost us Eden when the world was new,  
They cheat us out of heaven every day!  
To-night they win another Soul for you,  
Master of Darkness! . . . . [*Beatrice sighs.*  
Her dream's broke, like a bubble, in a sigh.  
She'll waken soon, and that — that must not be!  
I could not kill her if she looked at me.  
I loved her, loved her, by the Saints, I did —  
I trust she prayed before she fell asleep!  
[*Unsheaths a dagger.*

BEATRICE. [*Springing up.*

So, you are come — your dagger in your hand?  
Your lips compressed and blanchéd, and your hair  
Tumbled wildly all about your eyes,  
Like a river-god's? Oh! love, you frighten me!  
And you are trembling. Tell me what this means!

LARA.

Oh! nothing, nothing: I did think to write  
A note to Juan, to Signor Juan, my friend,  
(Your cousin and my honorable friend ;)  
But finding neither ink nor paper here,  
Methought to scratch it with my dagger's point  
Upon your bosom, Madam! That is all.

BEATRICE.

You've lost your senses!

LARA.

Madam, no: I've found 'em!

BEATRICE.

Then lose them quickly, and be what you were.

LARA.

I was a fool, a dupe — a happy dupe.  
You should have kept me in my ignorance;  
For wisdom makes us wretched, king and clown.  
Countess of Lara, you are false to me!

BEATRICE.

Now, by the Saints —

LARA.

Now, by the Saints, you are!

BEATRICE.

Upon my honor —

LARA.

On your honor? fye!  
Swear by the ocean's feathery froth, for that  
Is not so light a substance.

BEATRICE.

Hear me, love!

LARA.

Lie to that marble Io! I am sick  
To the heart with lying.

BEATRICE.

You've the ear-ache, Sir,  
Got with too much believing.

LARA.

Beatrice,  
I came to kill you.

BEATRICE.

Kiss me, Count, you mean!

LARA. [*Approaching her.*

If killing you be kissing you, why, yes!

BEATRICE.

Ho ! come not near me with such threatening looks,  
Or I 'll call Florian and Jacinta, Sir,  
And rouse the villa : 't were a pretty play  
To act before our servants !

LARA.

Call your maids !  
I 'll kill them, too, and claim from Royalty  
A golden medal and a new escutcheon,  
For slaying three she-dragons — but you first !

BEATRICE.

Stand back there, if you love me, or have loved !

*As Lara advances, Beatrice retreats to the table and rings a small hand-bell. Florian, in the dress of a page, enters from behind the screen, and steps between them.*

PAGE.

What would my master, Signor Juan, say —

LARA. [*Starting back.*

The Page ? now, curse him ! — What ? no ! Florian ?  
Hold ! 't was at twilight, in the villa-garden,  
At dusk, too, on the road to Mantova ;  
But here the light falls on you, man or maid !  
Stop now ; my brain 's bewildered. Stand you there,  
And let me touch you with incredulous hands !  
Wait till I come, nor vanish like a ghost !  
If this be Juan's page, why, where is Florian ?  
If this be Florian, where 's — by all the Saints,  
I have been tricked !

FLORIAN. [*Laughing.*

By *two* Saints, with your leave !

LARA.

The happiest fool in Italy, for my age !  
And all the damning tales you fed me with,  
You Sprite of Twilight, Imp of the old Moon ! —

FLORIAN. [*Bowing.*

Were arrant lies as ever woman told ;  
And though not mine, I claim the price for them —  
This cap stuffed full of ducats twice a year !

LARA.

A trap ! a trap that only caught a fool !  
So thin a plot, I might have seen through it.  
I 've lost my reason !

FLORIAN.

And your ducats !

BEATRICE.

And  
A certain set of turquoise at Malan's !

LARA. [*Catching Beatrice in his* [arms.

I care not, love, so that I have not lost  
The love I held so jealously. And you —  
You *do* forgive me ? Say it with your eyes.  
Right sweetly said ! Now, mark me, Beatrice :  
If ever man or woman, ghoul or fairy,  
Breathes aught against your chastity — although  
The very angels from the clouds drop down  
To sign the charge of perfidy — I swear,  
Upon my honor —

BEATRICE.

Nay, be careful there !  
Swear by the ocean's feathery froth —

LARA.

I swear,  
By heaven and all the Seraphim —

BEATRICE. [*Placing her hand on his* [mouth.

I pray you !

LARA.

I swear — if ever I catch Florian  
In pointed doublet and silk hose again,  
I'll —

BEATRICE.

What ?

LARA.

Make love to her, by all that's true !

BEATRICE.

O wisdom, wisdom ! just two hours too late !  
You should have thought of that before, my love.

LARA.

It's not too late !

BEATRICE. [*To Florian.*]

To bed, you dangerous page !  
The Count shall pay the ducats. [*Exit Florian.*

LARA.

And to-morrow  
I'll clasp a manacle of blue and gold  
On those white wrists. Now, Beatrice, come here,  
And let me kiss both eyes for you !

## D E B U T O F T O T T L E D A B C H I C K .

## CHAPTER FIRST.

## THE CANDLE MAKER'S MONEY-BAGS.

‘EVERY circle has its lion, every club its oracle, and every family its phenomenon. There are people born into this commonplace world of ours, so much superior to it, that we perforce conclude that the controlling fates — or whatever you please to style them — in the hurry and confusion of business, must have gone astray in their equilateral distribution of intelligences, and favored us with an occasional sample of some more highly gifted sphere in the scale of progress.’

As Cyprus Gall, Esq., submitted this thesis to me, he raised his eyes from the article in the paper, which had given rise to it, as if to see if I indorsed the remark. I felt bound to say something, so deferentially suggested that the mistake might be merely one of time; that possibly, a hundred or five hundred years hence, such phenomena would be as commonplace as they are now wonderful. We are a progressive people, a —

‘A progressive fiddle-stick,’ was his muttered reply.

Well, perhaps he was right: let him have it so, and I quietly resumed my segar, and the perusal of the last ‘KNICKERBOCKER.’

After a pause, he opened up again:

‘You remember little Dabchick, do n’t you?’

‘Can’t say I do remember Dabchick. Who was Dabchick?’

‘Not know Dabchick?’ and the look of pity that he wafted across the table to me, made me almost turn red at my culpable ignorance.

‘My dear fellow, you are miserably behind the age. But that comes of neglecting your newspaper. Not know Dabchick? who has come to tingle the ears of all America with his celebrated ‘Tittle-tattle of Cosmopolita:’ where have been your eyes, your ears? Is it not on every wall, in every paper, in every one’s mouth? ‘Tittle-tattle,’ and ‘Tottle Dabchick!’’

I could only shake my head, and sigh at my misfortune.

‘Well, you shall be enlightened to-night; for we shall go and hear him. In the mean time, as I happen to know some of his antecedents, I will recount them to you. So lay down your monthly, and listen.’

‘Willingly, friend Cyprus!’

‘The early career of the Dabchick family is, comparatively speaking, unknown. By a few, however, their history can be traced back twenty years or so. At that time, Dabchick the elder was known among his friends and the business community, as a candle-maker of no mean pretensions — keen, close, and grubbing. Had the interesting scion taken after the sire in these commendable



Tumbled a golden mountain at his feet ;  
 And ere he sailed, this morning, Signor Juan  
 Gave me a perfumed, amber-tinted note,  
 For Countess Lara, which, with some adieux,  
 Craved her remembrance morning, noon, and night ;  
 Her prayers while gone, her smiles when he returned ;  
 Then told his sudden fortune with the cards,  
 And bade her keep the jewels. That is all.

LARA.

All ? Is that all ? 'T has only cracked my heart !  
 A heart, I know, of little, little worth —  
 An ill-cut ruby, scarred and scratched before,  
 But now quite broken ! I have no heart, then.  
 Men should not have, when they are wronged like this !  
 Out of my sight, thou demon of bad news !  
 O sip thy wine complacently to-night,  
 Lie with thy mistress in a pleasant sleep,  
 For thou hast done thy master (that 's the Devil !)  
 This day a goodly service : thou hast sown  
 The seeds of lightning that shall scathe and kill ! [*Exit.*]

PAGE. [*Looking after him.*]

I did not think 't would work on him like that.  
 How pale he grew ! Alack ! I fear some ill  
 Will come of this. I'll to the Countess quick,  
 And warn her of his madness. Faith, he foamed  
 I' the mouth like Guido whom they hung last week  
 (God rest him !) in the jail at Mantova,  
 For killing poor Battista. Crime for crime ! [*Exit.*]

*Scene IV.—Beatrice's chamber. A Venetian screen on the right. As the scene opens, Jacinta places lamps on a standish, and retires to the back of the stage. Beatrice sits on a fauteuil in the attitude of listening.*

BEATRICE.

Hist ! that 's his step. Jacinta, place the lights  
 Farther away from me, and get thee gone. [*Exit JACINTA.*]  
 And Florian, child, keep you behind the screen,  
 Breathing no louder than a lily does ;  
 For if you stir or laugh 't will ruin all.

FLORIAN. [*Behind the screen.*]

Laugh ! I am faint with terror.

BEATRICE.

Then be still.  
 Move not for worlds until I touch the bell,  
 Then do the thing I told you. Hush ! his step  
 Sounds in the corridor, and I 'm asleep !

## CHAPTER SECOND.

## THE GREAT EXTINGUISHER TRICK.

‘ WE are in London.

‘ Ah! after all is said and done, London is the place, Sir, and no mistake. Paris is pie-crust, very nice, very tempting, and all that kind of thing; but like the crater of Vesuvius, it is hollow: nothing in it, positively nothing. New-York is ditto, ditto; in fact, abominably ditto; a base and inartistic counterfeit of the original; an aristocracy of parvenu soap-boilers and pill-venders aping French airs, French dresses, and, worse than all, French morals. If you want to see the genuine, the unadulterated Simon-pure, go to London. Instead of pie-crust, you have good, solid, substantial plum-pudding; instead of an aristocracy of shop-keepers, you have an aristocracy of live lords and ladies; an aristocracy with patrician blood in its veins; an aristocracy that the bone and sinew of the land cheerfully sweat and toil and die for! An aristocracy — . . . . .

I may remark parenthetically, that Cyprus Gall, Esq., belongs to that happy little isle, and that it is sometimes hard to determine whether he is speaking in earnest or in irony.

‘ Whoever has been in London, knows where Holborne is. ‘ Little Turnstile ’ turns out of Holborne; at least, it did at the time I speak of; possibly, since it has gone the way of ‘ St. Giles: ’ I do not know. It was a queer-looking place then; and any one hardy enough to pass through it once, retained a delightful souvenir of the visit, in the smell of mould and furniture-polish that clung to him for weeks after.

‘ Unaccountable people, living in unaccountable places, and following unaccountable avocations, have ceased to be a nine days’ wonder in London. Tittlebat Titmouses with ‘ twelve bob ’ a week, and ‘ find themselves, ’ are as numerous there as pot-boys, (whether as useful, I cannot say,) and may be seen emerging at all hours from bare-walled, one-chaired attic-rooms, in all the glory and effulgence of irreproachable toilets, straw-colored kids, and little ivory-topped walking-canes, to show themselves in Hyde-Park, or St. James’, as the case may be; or, if at night, half-price to the Princesses’, or the Casino. And thus they lead a merry go-round in a small way. What we see of them is the painted butterfly, and looks very nice; what we *do n’t* see of them is the incult grub — ‘ *and thereby hangs a tale!* ’

‘ It was to this complexion that Tottle Dabchick had come at last. Here, in his tiny garret, sighed this once happy son of a candle-maker: the whilom lion of Saratoga, Newport, and the Avenues, and now the Tittlebat Titmouse of Little Turnstile.

‘ I am disposed to think, however, that in course of time he would have taken kindly to this change, and philosophically pursued the tenor of his way without a murmur; but like many an other poor devil, Mr. Dabchick was afflicted with a landlady — a land-

lady mercenary enough to break in, from time to time, upon his harmless solitude, by reminding him of 'that 'ere little bill vich vos n't paid, and vich vould be sich a hobligation.' Now all this was very provoking, to be sure, especially to a man who had once possessed gold-pieces by the bag-full; but then, how was it to be helped? Mrs. Pickells, on the main, was a very decent kind of a woman, and not a bad landlady, albeit she did have a latent hankering after 'gin and pep'mint,' and a vulgar habit of asking for her rent when it became due; but then, that's a failing of all English landladies, and, to my mind, shows something rotten at the core across the water. However, as an offset against these weaknesses, she professed herself an admirer of the Americans as a nation, and of Mr. Dabchick as an individual; which that gentleman appreciated by paying her regularly, when he had the money, and buying her over with soft speeches and bland promises, when he had not. Summing it all up, however, he could not shut his eyes to the fact, that he was most in favor when least in debt, and that Mrs. Pickells' estimate of Brother Jonathan hung upon such an uncertain tenure, as the state of her little boarder's exchequer.

'In the same house, and, in fact, in the next room to the one occupied by Dabchick, lived another unaccountable being, whose name was Percy Wheezin.

'All that was known of him was, that he was a tall, sallow, asthmatic-looking young man, with an immensely black moustache, and a cough which reverberated throughout the building from mid-night — at which hour he generally came home — till six the following evening — when he generally went out again.

'Sitting meditatively in his room one evening, our hero received a visit from this latter worthy. The only chair the apartment could boast of was handed to him. He looked pale and suffering, and to the inquiry after his health, complained that he was worse that evening; so much so, that he feared he would not be able to go out.

' 'I've come to ax ye to do a favor for me, if so be you'd be so kind.'

'Mr. Dabchick professed his readiness to oblige him.

' 'You see, Sir, I'm Professor Lumbrough's 'right 'and man.'

'Mr. Dabchick was not much enlightened. Wheezin, observing this, explained:

' 'Professor Lumbrough is the man as gives the hentertainment in the Monographic Hall, called 'Shreds an' Patches,' and very good it is too, I can tell you. I does the 'dolcy' for him be'ind. *D'ye twig?*

'Mr. Dabchick could not exactly say that he *did twig*, but expressed himself as not being above undergoing that interesting operation, whatever it was.

' 'The 'Shreds an' Patches,' you see, is a hexhibition uv the comic, an' the name on 't is taken from Shakespur: you oughter see it, you should: all done by the Professor hisself, 'xcept wot I does

behind, vich is just the same as the man wot blows the bellowses to the horgan in the church, and nothin' but. There is lots o' changes: lots o' singin an' lots o' spoutin', all on vich is meant to be himitations o' well known kereceters. Vell, you see, my duties is to be be'ind, to have things in readiness an' ship-shape like, so that ven the Professor goes on again in another kereceter, the haudience hopen their heyes an' vonder 'ow it 's all done: *d' ye twig?*

'Mr. Dabchick was opening *his* eyes, too. The twigging process was working.

'But you see, my cough is so plaguey bad to-night, that I could n't keep it down: I'm sure I could n't: an' fur me to go a-kicking up 'Arry, ven it an't in the programy, vould spile all, sartain. 'Ows'ever, if so be *you'd* jist step roun' an' tell the guv'ner, I'd take it very kind, indeed I would.'

'The 'Professor,' by way of contrast to his 'right-'and-man,' was rather diminutive in stature, with a profusion of rings, chains, and pins, distributed so carelessly over his person, as to give one the idea that he slept in them. Well! perhaps he did; I have known Professors to sleep in their boots—an ordeal quite as trying and antagonistic to sound repose. The 'Professor' was a man that had made a hit—a hit unexampled since the days of Charles Mathews—and any trifling peculiarity of dress, or even morals, was looked upon by the indulgent public as a mere eccentricity of an otherwise great mind.

'The eulogium passed upon him by Wheezin had impressed Dabchick to such an extent, that he approached his presence with considerable trepidation; nor was he restored to perfect equanimity until he had heard him swear in the most common-place English, first at Bill, the carpenter, for having nailed up a wing too tight, and then at Dick, the errand-boy, for not having swept out his dressing-room and dusted the piano.

'The result of the interview was an arrangement that Dabchick should be the right-'and-man, *vice* Wheezy indisposed, and he there and then went through the interesting form of being introduced to the mysteries of his new vocation.

'And now he made another startling discovery, which was, that he himself was possessed of talents of a high order, *à la* Lum-brough. Night after night, as he became more familiar with the mysteries of the Professor's art, did he become more and more confirmed in this idea. A change was rapidly coming over the spirit of his dreams, and visions of a golden harvest awaiting him in his own bright land, became a fixed and tangible reality in his mind.

'Every one who takes an interest in what the newspapers call the world of amusement, has heard of the renowned Monsieur Bobong, and of his great 'extinguisher trick.' This trick consists in placing an individual, selected for the purpose, upon a table, covering him over with a large extinguisher, made of wicker and canvas, and by the potency of certain cabalistic words and signs making him disappear ere the extinguisher is again

raised. Professor Lambrough (ever on the *qui vive* for popular events) introduced this trick in his entertainment, and by his talented imitation of the Monsieur and his *modus operandi*, fairly succeeded in dividing the popular excitement with him. Dabchick's slim and diminutive figure, admirably fitted him to disappear through the trap on the table at the word of command, and he was forthwith installed in the proud position. Justly conscious of the important part he bore in this wonderful performance, his spirit naturally revolted at a paltry two-shillings a night, when the coffers of the management were overflowing with gains; so, one night, while under the influence of sundry potations of generous 'alian' all, he resolved, by a brilliant *coup de grace*, to tell the Professor a piece of his mind. The trick proceeded; the conventional *Romany* had been uttered; the magic word *presto* still rung in the air; the wand of the enchanter was raised aloft; the extinguisher triumphantly removed, and — how shall we tell it? Dabchick — who should have been *non est* — discovered sitting croak-legged over the trap, looking defiant and forlorn.

'Tell 'ee wot 't is, ole f'la, (hie) it — it kent be did fo-(hie) o-or-ee-money, nohow (hie.)'

Emboldened by the completely dumfounded appearance of the Professor, and the uproarious laughter of the audience, he proceeded:

'La'ies an gen'lum, look yer (hie) Purfesh'r L-l-l-umbra (hie.)'

But he was not allowed to say more; the extinguisher was again upon him, and the curtain let down amidst the buzzas and encores of the convulsed auditory.

That was the last appearance of Tottle Dabchick in England. He seems, however, to have perfected himself in the art of the 'Knight of the Woolly Horse.' So come along; if for nothing else, to see a phase of human nature worth the study — and the fifty cents.'

#### CHAPTER THIRD.

##### THE FAIR OF COMOPOLITA.

So to 'Dibblers' did we wend our way.

'Heaven help us,' quoth Cyprus as he drew our attention to deed walls, covered with mammoth posters refulgent with blue and red, and setting forth the glories of 'Tittle Tattle' and Tottle Dabchick in letters a foot deep; 'what a luxury it is to be a great man, and to have one's name set forth in all the blazonry of modern art, from Dan to Bathsheba. Here is a man you see, thanks to the aid of printer's ink, made immortal in a week. Doubtless his name will live in song and story; and hand-in-hand with that of an Orsini or a De Rivière go down to posterity. 'Who would fardels bear, to sweat and grunt under a weary life,' when by a deed like this the *ultimatum* is achieved, and the name of Dabchick inscribed upon the scroll of fame. I'rate no more about your Atlantic Cables and your Cyrus W. Fields; you see

they are already obsolete ; the enthusiasm of September the First has swallowed them up in one convulsive spasm, and now —

‘Dark night surrounds them with her hollow shade.’

And such is life.’

Our friend then edified us with the following story, which, though we failed to perceive the point of it, we herewith retail :

‘Some years ago, when — as in our own day — Shakspeare and the legitimate drama failed to fill the benches of ‘old Drury,’ the manager, in despair, announced for his benefit, that he would, before the eyes of all the audience, and by the simple agency of a sharp knife, manufacture a pair of good and substantial shoes in five minutes. This announcement did — what Shakspeare never had done — fill the house to overflowing ; and it was not until the wily manager came forth upon the stage and expertly cut the legs from off a pair of boots he held in his hand, and held up the dismembered understandings, that they realized the fact that they had been ‘sold.’ As it was in those days, so it is now — age of progress notwithstanding.’

‘Dibblers’ is quite a fashionable place, and was filled on the evening in question with what Cyprus called the *Dilletanti* of New-York. To our unsophisticated gaze, they looked more like very elaborately got-up men and women, the former very stiff and very formal, the latter altogether too inexpressibly expansive for our weak minds to dwell upon with safety. We took the liberty of voting it a very brilliant affair — the assemblage I mean — but Cyprus, with his merciless dissecting-knife, was busy — in my ears — tearing it to pieces ; showing up the true character of Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Namby, the peccadilloes of Mrs. Robinson Pamby, and the extravagances of Mrs. and Mr. Fitz Fardingale, who had just returned from their trip to ‘Paree,’ and who were considered aristocracy of the first water. This was all Syriac to my untutored mind, and I felt very glad when we heard whispers of ‘There, he’s coming,’ followed by a muffled display of clapping of hands ; and turning round, we beheld a very little gentleman, with a very large mustache, and very white teeth, bobbing his head, and laying his hand upon his waistcoat most assiduously, and seeming to say to himself : ‘Yes, ladies and gentlemen, you are quite right, I am the man ! Clap away ! clap away !’ Then there was silence, and a pause, during which the little man with the very large mustache pulled out a spotless white handkerchief and applied it to his nose, but it did n’t want blowing, or else he did n’t care to do it ; so put it in his pocket again — we mean the handkerchief, of course — then smiled, showed his teeth again, coughed on purpose, and said : ‘Ladies and gentlemen ——’

And now for it ; so we prepared ourselves to listen.

‘Oh ! my ! what a handsome-looking little fellow ; I’m sure he must be very clever,’ whispered a piece of feminine *Dilletanti* in striped silk, who sat before us, to a piece of ditto in a profusion of lace and exotics, who sat beside her.



‘Hush, dear! he’s going to speak. La! what a fine voice he has.’

‘Bravo! Dabchick,’ muttered Cyprus Gall; ‘no fear of him breaking down for want of cheek.’

‘Why does he keep lifting his feet up and down in that nervous manner? Is he giving a pedal illustration of his travels through Cosmopolita?’ I innocently inquired.

‘No, you goose! he’s got tight boots on, do n’t you see? Poor Dabchick.’

Poor Dabchick, as my friend called him, was doing very well, I thought — rattling with electrical volubility over the four quarters of the globe, and enlivening the whole with snatches of song and recitation. ‘What a merry world he must have made it, and how very thankful it ought to be,’ muttered Cyprus Gall: at one time he was making the fortune of Madame Bischopani by *chaperoning* her over the wilds of Australasia, for the special behoof of expatriated miners, and the delectation of all and sundry; at another time he was ‘blowing’ — ‘That he is all the time,’ insinuated Cyprus Gall — rebellious Sepoys from the mouths of red-hot cannons, and making timely suggestions to Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell. Now we find him humanely pulling off his coat to run messages for Florence Nightingale and Alexis Soyer, and leading in person the charge of the six hundred at Balaklava — ‘He did it cheap,’ heartlessly suggested Cyprus Gall; and immediately after we find him hunting through the purlieus of London for the ‘shirt’ that his ‘friend’ Tom Hood sung about — one of the ‘stitches’ of which he showed to the *Dilettanti* amid immense applause, and the ‘la’s and ‘mercy me’s of the two immediately before us. He makes the ascent of Mont Blanc with Albert Smith and Madame Ida Pfeifer; lays traps for unsuspecting Hippopotami with Dr. Livingstone; hunts the wild chamois with his friend Bayard Taylor; and assists Thomas Carlyle in digging up relics on the battle-fields of Frederick the Great; anon we find him taking tea with Jenny Lind, and dancing a minuet with the Hon. Mrs. Norton; and, to wind up all, holding *conversazioni* with the *élite* of the land, from Longfellow the poet down to the mythical assassin of the redoubtable William Paterson.

The latter assertion seemed to be a clencher to the *Dilettanti*. Some of them turned over their programmes to see if it was there, and finding it so, immediately took it for granted. Others — more incredulous — nudged their neighbors with their elbows to call their attention to the statement; while a few intrepid ones boldly said aloud, ‘Hear! hear!’ and ‘Oh! oh!’ A boisterous laugh was immediately let off by Cyprus Gall, and — as laughing is proverbially infectious — it was immediately taken up by the intrepid ones, then by the nudging ones, and ultimately by all.

‘I say, Dabby! Ho! Dabby!’ called out Cyprus Gall.

‘Ha! ha! Ho! ho! Hi! hi!’ roared the less scrupulous *Dilletanti*.

‘What about the extinguisher trick? Eh! Dabby?’ wickedly pursued our friend.

‘Ay! ay! Dabby! let’s hear about the extinguisher trick,’ was echoed on all sides.

In the midst of the confusion and excitement, we ventured to look toward the platform, but it was empty — the Cosmopolitan had evacuated ingloriously and mysteriously. I felt sorry for him.

‘Not at all,’ said Cyprus; ‘depend upon it, he has got the money — more’s the pity, as it will only enable him to repeat the dose in some western city, with more success than he has done here to-night — though I must say he came very near making a decided hit. Let him forbear drawing the ‘Long-bow’ quite so much on his next appearance, and his success may be considered a fixed fact. Come along, let us follow the good-natured public out; they have borne it like martyrs, and have now sufficient ‘tittle tattle’ of their own to last them till the next sensation comes along, and they will not have to wait long.’

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H O M E L E S S .

I.

I sit in the Park alone,  
The dead leaves are round me blown :  
The skies are dim,  
And the white clouds swim,  
As I sit in the Park alone.

II.

I once had houses and lands,  
And friends with generous hands,  
And a Love who sung  
With a honeyed tongue  
When I had houses and lands.

III.

Now I have not even a hut,  
And the generous hands are shut,  
And my Love’s proud eyes  
Cannot recognize  
Him who has not even a hut.

IV.

So I sit in the Park alone  
And shiver and mutter and moan,  
For friends are scarce,  
And Love is a farce,  
And Death is true alone.

## D O C T O R P I L L A R I U S .

A young gent (he went just so far and not any farther with that good name, and I mean to be truthful) sat with his feet over the furnace-flue in his little fourth-story back-room, looking the picture of dejection.

He was a sprig-looking fellow, too, only just now he was quite wilted down, like a tender lettuce-plant. It was as if the sun of life had risen upon him so fast, that its noon-day beams had overtaken him in his juicy state, before he had elaborated the fibre to resist it.

Some one knocked at his door, and immediately entered. It was a thick-set, stupid-looking individual, who could not open his puffy eye-lids more than a quarter of an inch. He was young; not more than twenty-one.

'You look stupid to-day, Tim,' remarked the new-comer.

'Stupid! yes. How's a fellow going to be any thing else, with no prospects in life?'

'Wy do n't you do suthin'ruther to raise the wind?'

'Do? I should think you knew me well enough to know I'd do any thing, and that I have done every thing almost. Have n't I followed up all the heiresses going, spending a mint of money on 'taking' coats and false mustaches? Have n't I speculated in stocks to my last dollar? Have n't I had enough sinecure clerkships whenever my politician cousin could give me a lift? Have n't I come it over this one and that one, in one capacity or other, till every body knows me? Now I'd like you to tell me what's left for me to do? Show me the thing, and I'll do it like a man, especially if it is in the humbug line.'

'You haint tried your hand at any universal med'cin yet. Wy do n't you invent suthin'ruther, and dose the people?'

'Lord, Tub! you startle me! You've eliminated an idea! I'll work it up into practical form! I'll act upon it! I'll rise upon it! I'll make my fortune! I'll build on the Avenue!'

'Mind you, Tim: I go shares!'

'Oh! yes! My good fellow, I never thought you would give light before you were killed and boiled down, like a whale; but you have actually got a-blazing with wit. For *you* to kindle such a spark!'

'Yes: I do have a bright idea now and then; but I do n't get the credit I deserve for it.'

'No more you do. Come on, let's fix this business up. I'll brush my hair up so; blue specs; high cravat. Let's see; some good hints can be got out of the 'Pickwick Papers,' I think: that Bob Sawyer, you know; but that'll do another time. Then we must get an office. I'll write poetical advertisements, like that 'Dance of the Cripples:'

'And the song they sang, as round they went.  
Was 'Brown's Rheumatic Liniment!'

‘Yes: but we’ve got to have references—some retired clergyman, ’r uther.’

‘No: we can’t have him: some body else has got him. I’ll have a well-known lawyer.’

‘Wy, you’re stupid! Common folks can’t bear lawyers.’

‘Well, then, a distinguished professor in one of our colleges: that’ll do!’

‘And I’ll be the professor.’

‘That won’t do. Any body, to look at you, might think my medicine contained too much opium. Beside, you’re too young for a distinguished professor.’

‘I’ll take lodgings as a prof, and go for one with some little fool of a landlady.’

‘I see! I see! Folks call on prof for puff of medicine; prof always out, taking walk for health. Folks leave note: I answer it. That’ll do! Now for the medicine. What shall we concoct?’

‘Mercury: that’s the stock in trade for doctors.’

‘I say, old fellow, I’ve a grain of conscience left. Mercury’s rayther powerful. Let’s have things that are harmless.’

‘Well, I’ve heard my mother say to folks: ‘Take a little salts: if they do n’t do good, at any rate they won’t hurt any body.’’

‘Put down salts. What else? I have n’t taken a dose since I got too strong to have my nose held, and I do n’t know the names of the things.’

‘I’ve heard my mother say: ‘There’s seeny, that won’t hurt any body.’’

‘Senna, you mean! Oh! yes: I know that is good stuff. I used to smell it boiling in our kitchen as often as coffee; and if it could have killed any body, our small family would have been cut off long ago. Now, powder the senna and salts together, do them up in boxes, and — but Tub, folks know the taste of those articles. They would find out our secret, and our fun would be spoiled by competition. We must get some mysterious stuff to mix in it. Let’s get something sticky, and make pills. What else did your ma say would n’t hurt any body?’

‘Shoemaker’s wax, s’pose. I used to chew that, and it never hurt me.’

‘Good! but see here, Tub: suppose our medicine do n’t cure as well as do n’t hurt. I’m afraid it won’t take. I mean that folks won’t take it. Now, you see, such small quantities of salts and senna would n’t have a decided effect upon any body at all, not even a baby. What’ll we do?’

‘I tell you mercury is the cure-all. I bet it is the basis of all the quack medicines going. Other folks an’t so squeamish as you.’

‘That’s nothing to me. I can’t go mercury, so drop it. What’s the prevalent disease? What carries more people off than any thing else? Give me the morning’s paper. ‘Deaths during the week: asthma, five; hum! six: hum! four: consumption, fifty-six.’ That’s the mark! Now, what’s good for coughs, colds,

sore-throats, and all that sort of thing? What did your ma use to give for these? — that did n't hurt any body, mind!'

'Some sweet sort of stuff — what 's the name? — ipecac, that 's it. I 've seen her give it to the babies, when they were hoarse, by the tea-spoonful. At least, I think I have. Any how, I 've often heard her say it would n't hurt any body.'

'Then I think that ought to be our principal ingredient: don't you? The commonest disease is colds. Make the medicine to cure colds, and it will cure more sick folks than if it were adapted to any other malady. So we will have ipecac six out of ten parts, salts one, senna one, shoemaker's wax two. Dose, ten pills for an adult, and five for children. We must have a pretty large dose, you know, and have them taken pretty often, to get through with the more boxes. All right, eh?'

'Well enough. You put that part of it through, will you? while I go to look up lodgings for the professor.'

Tub left his friend alone, and Tim was not long in dressing and going out also, being quite refreshed and invigorated by this new scheme for raising the wind.

But sitting slyly quiet, and hearing through the thin board partition between her room and Tim's, every word that was said, there had been all this time a cunning young dress-maker.

In a couple of weeks, there appeared a new office down-town, flashy with red-and-black printed bills in large letters, with a highly imaginative portrait of the famous Doctor Pillarius, who had made the wonderful discovery of that invaluable medicine, the 'Anti-Pulmonic Health Renovator,' which had cured its thousands and tens of thousands of colds, coughs, etc.; broken legs, sword-wounds, etc.; corns, freckles, etc.

'A distinguished Professor, unwilling to let the world languish in misery, when there is a certain cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to, will be willing to give an account of his former wretched state, and certify to his wonderful cure by this invaluable remedy, etc.'

The sly little dress-maker passed the new office on her way to her employer's, and stepping in, she bought two boxes of pills. She identified Doctor Pillarius under all his disguises. She knew better than she cared about knowing, the features of the young man who occupied the attic next to her own, and ogled her every time she came up-stairs, leaving the door of his room open for the express purpose.

The dress-maker arrived at the house where she was to exercise her art upon the person of the young lady belonging thereto, and demurely sat down to her work. At the usual time for callers, the young Miss was summoned to the parlor; two young gentlemen had come to see her. The dress-maker, a curious little puss, peeped over the banisters, when they were about to go, and saw Dr. Pillarius and the Professor pass out of the front-door, but dressed as Tim and Tub.

When the little lady whom the sly dress-maker was employed to adorn returned, she was in wild spirits, and volubly gave a de-

tailed account of the morning call she had received, and of all the conversation that had passed, mentioning at last the names of the gentlemen, Messrs. Tim and Tub.

‘Mr. Tim!’ cried the sly one. ‘Is it possible he is out?’

‘Yes: why not? Do you know him?’

‘He boards in the same house that I do. His room is just next to mine, and he has such a racking cough at night! He is going into a consumption, I’m sure.’

‘Oh! no,’ said the little lady. ‘Don’t say that, for I am engaged to him, or am to be: mother says I may, as soon as he is settled in business, or can raise a little capital to put into the grocery with father.’

‘Are you engaged to him? I am sorry for you. I knew he was here often; but I didn’t think it would ever come to an engagement. I should be sorry for any one in your circumstances who had a consumptive lover; but I’m sorrier than common for you.’

‘Why?’

‘Oh! because when most folks are sick, they will do something; have a doctor, and take medicine. But Tim was brought up by those horrid homeopathists, and he won’t touch any thing to do him good. He’ll die, sure!’

‘Oh! oh! you shan’t talk so!’

‘Indeed, Miss, I don’t want to distress you; but oh! if he would only take some of that precious new medicine that has cured so many thousands and tens of thousands!’

‘What kind of medicine is it?’

The dress-maker pulled out of her pocket one of the ‘Anti-Pulmonic Health Almanacs,’ which Doctor Pillarius had issued, from which she had torn off the directions about the dose, and gave it to the damsel, who devoured its contents, and then raved to go and consult the Professor.

The dress-maker knew where he lived, and it was soon determined that they should call upon him forthwith. They went to his boarding-house, but he had gone out to take a long walk. The landlady testified, that though three weeks ago he said he was too far gone for hope, in a galloping consumption, now he was so strong as to be able to walk nearly all day long, and was so fat, that he could hardly open his eyes. Good news! The girls went home elate.

‘Ah!’ said the sly one, ‘if Mr. Tim would only take those pills. But he won’t! Nobody can make him. He is principled against them, and every other decent medicine.’

‘I’ll make him take them!’

‘How?’

‘I’ll coax him to!’

‘Why, Miss, you could n’t begin to coax him to do it; he has such an educated horror of them. But if I were you, I know what I’d do. I’d give them to him privately, and save his life in spite of his nonsensical prejudice.’

‘And so I just will!’

‘When can you get a chance, do you think?’



‘Why, this very night. Mamma and papa are going out to tea. I happened to mention this to Mr. Tim, and he said he would come round to keep me from being lonesome. So I asked them both to tea. I’ll put a pill into his preserves.’

‘A pill! Why, Miss, the dose is a box for a man, and half a box for a child.’

‘A whole box of pills?’

‘Yes; they are small boxes. See, I bought some this morning. I was afraid the supply might run out, and I get a cough when there was none of this invaluable medicine to be had. Here they are, two boxes.’

‘I never heard of any body’s taking a whole box of pills at once.’

‘Do n’t folks take two or three tea-spoonsful of salts, or a great table-spoonful of oil? You could put nearly all of these pills into a tea-spoon. That’s not a large dose at all! Why, I have taken a whole tumblerful of senna at a time.’

‘Well, I could n’t manage to give them all to him, I am afraid.’

‘I’ll tell you how. He likes quince-jelly amazingly. At our boarding-house I’ve seen him eat saucerfuls of it! Now you put these pills into quince-jelly, and call them preserved pepper-corns. He’ll take them, and never know it, and perhaps you will save him from a very sad end.’

‘But then Mr. Tub will get some, too.’

‘Oh! well they won’t hurt him. The paper says they are perfectly harmless, and can’t hurt any one. Besides, he has got a sore throat — you say he told you so — so they will do him good.’

‘But I have n’t got the pills, and it is getting late.’

‘You may have my two boxes. You must make sure, you know, that you get him to take enough.’

‘How much are they?’

‘O Miss! I won’t take any thing for them. You are so good in giving me your custom, that I am glad to do any thing to oblige you. No, Miss, I won’t take a cent. Please excuse me. I can’t indeed!’

The evening came, and the gentlemen. The sly little dress-maker lingered about her work until she heard them at the tea-table. Then she put on her bonnet, and as she passed the dining-room door, on her way down the back-stairs, she over-heard Mr. Tim saying: ‘This preserved pepper-corn is a new thing, is n’t it? It is most delicious! Quince is nice in every form. I’ll trouble you for another spoonful, Tub; you must n’t monopolize!’

‘Tub,’ said Tim, soon after supper, ‘I do n’t feel quite well. It’s a little surfeit I think. I ate too much preserved pepper-corn.’

‘I feel queer too. And you look stupidly pale. Let’s go home. Hurry, for I feel sick.’

They took a hasty leave of the disappointed damsel, and hurried out of the door. The air relieved their feelings for a little while, but before they got home — bah!

‘We’re poisoned. I’m sure of it!’ ejaculated Tub.

‘No such thing,’ chattered Tim.

‘We must be! I’ll send for a doctor to prove it; I’ll send for a policeman and complain!’

‘No you shan’t, Tub! She would n’t and could n’t do it.’

‘But the cook — ah!’

‘Come on, we’ll be better soon. It was those cursed peppercorns! We ate too much of them.’

But Tub, shallow-pate and coward, saw a perfect Lucretia Borgia in the little lady; and deeming his life unsafe, he went early next morning to a magistrate and made complaint. Officers were sent to her house. She, the cook, and the angry, raging father were arrested. Young Miss told her story, and implicated the dress-maker, who was also arrested. They questioned the latter, but she refused to say a word, until before the Mayor. She would confess all to his Honor. So they were conducted to his office.

There were present the Mayor and several officers, the father and brother of the little lady, herself, Tim, Tub, the dress-maker, and a newspaper reporter at the key-hole. It was intimated to his Honor that the dress-maker had a confession to make. He advised her not to implicate herself, but she insisted upon doing it. He offered to hear her in private. No, she had rather speak before them all.

‘Mr. Mayor,’ said she, ‘please to hear a long story. My room in ——— boarding-house is next to that gentleman’s ———’

‘I do n’t board there at all, Sir,’ cried out Tim.

‘He did three weeks ago, as I know very well, for every time I came up to my room, he opened his door to stare at me.’

Tim snapped at the chance of having a fling at her.

‘You were such a beauty, that I could n’t help it,’ said he slightly.

‘No flippancy, Sir,’ said the Mayor.

The sly little dress-maker courtesied to Tim and smiled. ‘I thought you would take the opportunity I gave you to betray yourself, and confirm my words. Thank you, Mr. Tim.’

The policeman grinned and coughed.

‘Now, my girl, go on,’ said the Mayor.

‘Well, Sir, there is only a thin board partition between our rooms; and one day, when a headache kept me at home, and he did not know it, I heard him concocting a wonderful new medicine with Mr. Tub. Mr. Tim was to be Dr. Pillarius; Mr. Tub, a distinguished Professor — he! he! If you choose to send for his landlady at ——— street, she can identify them both in those characters. She do n’t know them in any other.’

‘Send for the woman,’ said the Mayor, and an officer departed. ‘Go on, Miss.’

‘So, Sir, as soon as this medicine was ready in the grand new office, I went and bought some.’

‘Why did you do that?’ asked Tim, amazed.

‘I do n’t wonder you ask that, Mr. Tim, when I know what your pills were made of! But I thought it only fair to try upon *you*, whether they were so sure ‘not to hurt any body.’’

‘You gave an over-dose.’

‘I gave at one time just what you would have spread over two days, and that is not much difference. Besides, if you had let Mr. Tub ‘monopolize’ a little more, you would n’t have got so many of the pepper-corns.’

‘Speak so that I can understand you, Miss,’ said the Mayor.

‘Certainly, Sir. I persuaded this young lady to give a box of pills to this young man and his partner, disguised as pepper-corns preserved in quince. They say they were poisoned! I think, Sir, they ought to be indicted for making poison, and selling it, and saying it would n’t hurt any body.’

‘What were the pills composed of?’ asked the Mayor.

The dress-maker told him.

‘You are a pretty shrewd young woman,’ replied that functionary to the demure dress-maker. ‘Your plan was a good one. I commend you for it. You are discharged. These young gentlemen will beware how they try quacking again, when such as you are under the roof with them. Messrs. Tim and Tub, you will await further examination after the arrival of the landlady. Young Miss, you are acquitted of the charge of poisoning, since we have the testimony — in solemn public acknowledgment of the gentlemen themselves, by means of advertisement, etc., that what you administered to them ‘could n’t hurt any body.’ Ah! here is the landlady. Will you tell me, Madam, the names of these two gentlemen?’

‘Dr. Pillarius and Professor Stingler, Sir. The Doctor sells the invaluable medicine that has cured the Professor of his consumption, Sir.’

‘Very good. Had they any other names, Madam?’

‘I should hope not, Sir. I never harbor rogues, and folks that has *aliases*, in my establishment, Sir.’

‘What names have you known these young men by, Mr. —?’ asked the Mayor of the little lady’s father.

‘Messrs. Tim and Tub, their proper names, Sir,’ replied he spitefully. ‘And, Mrs. Landlady, there never were, it appears, greater rogues than these you have harbored. But they have had their deserts, thanks and honor to the shrewd young woman. Let them dare to sell another pill!’

‘Harrah! for the little dress-maker!’ exclaimed the son enthusiastically; and as she had left the office, he went in quest of her. He found her some months afterward, before St. Mark’s altar, whither the sly one led him blindfold, and there he married her. But he rued that act many a year afterward, and learned by heart the moral maxim, that ‘the end does not justify the means;’ for, for divers ends, good, bad, and indifferent, she cheated the very eyes out of his head. And how pleased his little sister was every time she had the opportunity to reply to his groans: ‘What else could you expect? I told you so!’

Dr. Pillarius convinced the Mayor that there was nothing worse in his pills than a strong emetic, and he was let off. The newspaper reporter did the case full justice, and Tim and Tub left for California.

## T H E S K E L E T O N M O N K .

—  
 ‘THE times have been,  
 That when the brains were out, the man would die,  
 And there an end : but now they rise again.’ — SHAKESPEARE.  
 —

## P A R T F I R S T .

IN a Capuchin convent old and gray,  
 On the brow of a cliff, some leagues away  
 From the walls of Rome, lived Friar Frenaye !

Giuseppe Frenaye !

He was ruddy and gay,

And yet, in his cowl,

He looked grave as an owl :

And he carefully counted his beads every day !

He doted on beads, and on medals as well,  
 On his brown woollen cloak and his little square cell,  
 And he worshipped Saint Francis, whose ghostly old head  
 Looked down from a frame at the top of his bed !

He had worm-eaten books

Stowed in curious nooks,

A jar full of relics — some saintly old crooks —

With a table and chair,

And a missal for prayer,

And a crucifix, carved out of wood very rare !

Nature made him a monk — and he never appeared,  
 With his shining bald head and his flowing brown beard,  
 With his twinkling gray eye and his dimpled red cheek,  
 And his fat little figure, so jolly and sleek —  
 But each stranger declared that he'd ne'er before seen  
 A monk with so perfectly monkish a mien !

Nature made him a monk — but no hermit — not he !  
 He had forty fat brothers, each jovial and free,  
 Who could doff like a cassock his sanctified air,  
 And vary with wassail his penance and prayer !  
 And no part of that cherished old convent, I ween,  
 Had more loving attent than its ample cuisine !

One could always find there

An abundance of fare —

The most delicate viands, delicious and rare —

And in certain deep vaults, stained with cobwebs and mould,

Sparkled wines red as rubies and yellow as gold,

With numberless names, and exceedingly old !

But, though never averse to a private carouse,  
Every monk had the utmost respect for his vows ;  
    And whenever the knell  
    Of the old convent-bell  
Called to matin, or vesper, or nocturn as well,  
    Each would promptly repair  
    To a union in prayer :  
Its silvery sound seemed a sanctified spell —  
To the chapel it summoned, and all were found there !

The chapel ! It stood near the cloister, apart —  
'T was the pride of that convent — a wonder of art !  
Its walls were adorned with the richest designs,  
Its alcoves were filled with elaborate shrines,  
And, glittering with gems, gleamed like Orient mines !  
Its pavements were porphyry, its ceilings were gold,  
Its niches held statues of exquisite mould,  
And its treasury boasted of riches untold !

And beneath all this splendor, so vauntingly spread,  
In contrast most strange with the scene over-head,  
Under ponderous arches, shut out from the day,  
In silence and darkness and damp and decay,  
Was a charnel-house, strewn with the dust of the dead !

    Full of terror and gloom,  
    'T was the convent's huge tomb,  
Where hundreds were buried, and yet there was room !  
Every monk, from the time the fraternity rose,  
Had found in that chamber his final repose :  
It contained no sepulchral inscriptions and stones,  
But the ceilings and walls were encrusted with bones !  
Human bones ! set in columns, and altars, and shrines,  
And adjusted, with skill, in fantastical lines ;  
In oblongs, and angles, and circles, and tiers,  
Forming arabesques, crosses, and great chandeliers,  
While erect in each niche, grim and ghastly and shrunk,  
In his woollen capote, stood a skeleton monk !

'T was a horrible place, where one scarce drew a breath,  
But it seemed to come charged with corruption and death ;  
And yet, good Giuseppe would oft deem it right  
To pray in that dreadful Golgotha all night,  
With some ugly old skeleton holding the light !

'T was a curious whim ; but he really believed  
That a vow proffered there would be better received ;  
Perchance he supposed that contaminate air  
Might be a more perfect conductor for prayer :  
    But whate'er his intent,  
    He most certainly went,  
On all special occasions, to ruminate there !

Now, Giuseppe loved bones ; and it happened one day,  
He had finished his prayers, and was coming away,  
When, in passing a niche where a skeleton stood,  
Peering stealthily out from the shade of his hood,  
Without any thought of maltreating the dead,  
He was seized with a fancy to borrow his head !  
Perhaps it was wrong ; but Giuseppe had found  
Such devotional aid among skulls under-ground,  
That he could not conceive it would seem an abuse  
To take one above, for more general use,  
And he knew his dead brother would thrive quite as well ;  
So he carried it up to his little square cell :  
And if the monks blamed him, could any one tell ?

## P A R T   S E C O N D .

'T was the Feast of Saint Francis ! a season of mirth !  
Observed since his saintship took leave of the earth,  
And just three hundred years since the convent had birth :

Every friar felt gay  
When the sun rose that day ;  
But first they all met in the chapel, to pray :  
Then, the offices through,  
They had nothing to do  
But to fill the fleet hours with joy as they flew,  
And brimful of pleasure the time passed away !

For this festive occasion each brother had toiled :  
Every nook in the gardens was searched and despoiled :  
And the chambers and corridors, covered with flowers,  
Were blooming and fragrant as amaranth bowers !  
Indeed, so intense was the flowery scent,  
That the old monks were sneezing wherever they went !

'T was a day of delight ; but the mirth was not done  
When the shadows of evening had closed o'er the sun ;  
In fact, the enjoyment had then scarce begun !  
In lieu of the day-light, a glittering sheen  
From innumerable candles illumined the scene,  
Filling every apartment, above and below,  
And flooding the air with its effluent glow,  
Till the convent ablaze, from its towering height  
Gleaming down far away through the valleys that night,  
Appeared to the sight  
Some great stellary light,  
As a comet or meteor, or even more bright !

Of course, with this dazzling display every where,  
The chapel received most particular care ;  
And all that the taste of the monks could prepare,  
And all that the treasury held that was rare,  
And costly, and rich, was exhibited there !



The columns and arches were mantled with green,  
And in every recess rose a flowery screen —  
A floral mosaie — an intricate maze  
Of bright blooming garlands, festoons, and bouquets!

Above the high altar a glittering woof,  
Interwoven with tinsel, drooped down from the roof,  
And under this canopy, mitred and stoled,  
Stood the bust of Saint Francis, in silver and gold.

There were relics held consecrate time out of mind,  
In curious caskets of crystal confined ;  
There were sacred utensils with jewels inlaid,  
The pious purloinment of some old crusade ;  
There were crosses and coronals, girdles and rings,  
The votive oblations of pontiffs and kings,  
With a great many precious conventual things.

All beautiful, brilliant, and bathed in the blaze  
Of numberless wax-lights in multiplex rays,  
                    Overflowing the gaze  
                    With a wildering daze,  
And filling the place with a prismatic haze.

But the good monks had deemed themselves greatly at fault  
                    In this general joy,  
                    Had they failed to employ,  
                    With a hearty good will,  
                    A full share of their skill  
For the dear defunct brotherhood down in the vault.

                    So they hung in the gloom  
                    Of that terrible tomb  
Fresh flowrets, laden with dew and perfume ;  
And they gave to each monk of that skeleton band  
A lighted wax-candle to hold in his hand ;  
While round each chandelier an illumement was thrown  
From the candles which beamed in those sockets of bone.

But the flowrets grew pale, as with pestilent blight,  
And the candles burned dim with a flickering light,  
And the dead monks gained naught from the festive array,  
Save a palpable darkness and laureled decay.

P A R T   T H I R D

The bell tolled nine !  
The bell tolled nine !  
And a merrier set  
Had never yet

On any anniversary met  
Than answering to its three times three,  
Entered the old refactory,  
And circled the oaken board to dine.  
And I fear I should fail  
Did I strive to detail  
The delectable dishes which graced that regale ;  
But suffice it to say  
'T was a sumptuous display  
Of fish and of flesh, and prepared every way,  
From the forest and field, from the ocean and air,  
All seasoned and sauced with most exquisite care :  
Fried, roasted, and broiled,  
Baked, basted, and boiled,  
With vegetive esculents, luscious and rare,  
In savory stews,  
And in racy ragouts,  
Which, however fastidious, none could refuse.

Then the dessert — the pastry, fruits, jellies, and ices —  
In pyramids, towers, and other devices,  
Italian, and Moorish, and Greek, and Egyptian,  
Delighted the eye and surpassed all description ;  
While, sparkling like jewels, in luminous lines,  
Stood crystalline flagons of costly old wines.

A sumptuous display !  
And the guests grew more gay,  
As, with feasting and drinking, the hours rolled away.  
They drank to Saint Peter, their glorified head ;  
They drank to Pope Leo, who reigned in his stead ;  
They drank to Saint Francis ; the martyrs who bled,  
And their Capuchin Brethren, departed and dead ;  
And they drank still more deeply, and jested, and sang,  
Till the stately old halls with the revelry rang.

Then Giuseppe rose as the noise chanced to lull,  
And went out to his cell, and came in with a skull —  
The same, I am sorry to say, which he bore  
From the niche in the grotto a long while before ;  
And he filled it with wine, and there went up a shout  
As he drank from the margin, and passed it about.

Then there suddenly fell  
On each heart, like a knell,  
The twelve mid-night strokes of the old convent-bell.  
And the wax-lights burned low, and each monk gasped for  
breath,  
And the atmosphere seemed to be laden with death ;

And the door was flung open, and on through the gloom  
A procession of spectres stalked into the room !

A procession of spectres ! — that skeleton band !  
And a lighted wax-candle each held in his hand ;  
And each, with his chaplet of flowrets bedight,  
Pale, sickly, and shrunk, as with pestilent blight ;  
And first of them all, with his cowl wide dispread,  
Came a skeleton figure, withouten a head !

Every monk held his place, and there rose not a sound  
Mid their motionless horror and silence profound ;  
While advancing, the solemn procession filed round !

But on reaching Giuseppe, they came to a stand —  
And the ghost snatched the skull from his shivering hand.  
And he dashed out the wine — and, oh ! sad to relate !  
He suddenly seized poor Giuseppe's bald pate,  
And he twisted it off, and he left him stark dead  
In his seat at the table, and lacking his head !  
Then the spectres passed out, as they came, at the door,  
And it closed, and the wax-lights burned bright as before.

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Long years have rolled by since that scene of dismay,  
And the monks of that convent have all passed away ;  
And the convent, abandoned, remains to this day  
But a ruin — crushed, mouldering in dust and decay.

And yet, at the feast of Saint Francis each year,  
Precisely at mid-night two spectres appear —  
Two skeleton monks, as their garb would denote,  
For each folds about him a woolen capote —  
And they traverse that ruin, nor slacken their pace,  
As the one hurries on and the other gives chase !

And the first a wax-candle bears, flick'ring and dull,  
And grasps in his long, bony fingers a skull ;  
And the second, who goes with a wavering tread,  
And his skeleton hands in the darkness out-spread,  
And his cowl floating free, is bereft of his head.

And still as he follows — in mischievous mood,  
The other peers back from the shade of his hood,  
And entices him on — but alas ! nevermore  
Shall Giuseppe recover the skull he once wore.

## M Y P A R S E E N E I G H B O R .

I ONCE knew a man who was engaged to be married before he was born ; that was my Parsee neighbor, the amiable Gheber, who, in the pukka house that adjoined my own in the street called Cossitollah, in Calcutta, by the Hoogly, fed his sacred flame with orthodox solicitude and sandal-wood, cursed the Koran duly, rehearsed the precepts of Zoroaster, bragged of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, turned an honest Parsee penny, and dwelt with his children's children in profound and mysterious content.

My Parsee neighbor was brought forth on the ground-floor, (literally on the ground, or on the floor,) a moralistic peculiarity of Zoroastrian obstetrics, to which he was doubtless as indifferent as he was to the circumstance of being introduced to a wife by the same ceremony that introduced him to the world ; and for five days they fed him with sugar and water through a wick, regardless of the Micawberian 'fount' that flowed in vain for him.

Then they brought an astrologer, abounding in beard, and voluble in gibberish, and greedily itching as to his palm ; and he horoscoped my Parsee neighbor, him and all that should come of him ; and he forecasted him, by the children he should have, and by rupees, and by honors, and by all the chances and changes, the gains and the losses, of a Parsee experience ; and he conjured from the stars a calendar of names as long as the roll of warrior-pilgrims who brought over the sacred flame from Khorassan to Ormuz ; and he said to the sponsors of my Parsee neighbor, 'Choose !' There was Bonnarjee, and Framjee, and Camajee, and Sorabjee, and Pestonjee, and Hormusjee, and Nusserwanjee, and Furdoonjee, and Nourojee, and Cowasjee, and Jamsetjee, and Byramjee, and Heerjee, and Rustomjee, and all the jees ; and Nanabhoy, and Dhunjeebhoy, and Dadabhoy, and Dosabhoy, and Rhusabhoy, and Janjeebhoy, and Nourabhoy, and Jeejeebhoy, and all the bhoys. So they made him one of the bhoys — Kirsetjee Damthebhoy — and they all blessed him ; and they prayed that his autograph might be equivalent to many lacs, and his name a tower of financial strength for lame ducks to roost in.

Verily my Parsee neighbor was the apple of his mother's eye, and endless were her tender inspirations in the inventing of wondrous kickshaws for his holiday adornment : in all Cossitollah there was not so superfine a vanity as his little jubhla of Canton silk, with flowing and fantastic sleeves ; and the sun made a glory of his gold-embroidered skull-cap. When he was seven years old, all the kindred of his father's house, and all the friends thereof, assembled in the inner temple, to see the high-priest invest him with the symbolic raiment of the fire-worshipper — 'the garment of the good and beneficial way,' called *sudra*, and *kusti*, the consecrated cord — girded three times about his small loins, and knotted with four prayers.

And now it was time that my Parsee neighbor should come into his pre-natal wife property: a comparison of horoscopes was accordingly effected through the instrumentality of a mercenary priest; fortunes, and respectabilities, and all the delicacies of the expediency season were discussed and approved, and the match *puck*ed — which is as though one should say ‘clined’ — by an interchange of presents for the respective wardrobes of the bride and groom; and behold my Parsee neighbor made a man of — a little man, with a mother-in-law; which, as Gheber mothers-in-law go, means a man with a curse, and a call for a special dispensation of patience. But my Parsee neighbor’s toes had been dipped in the ceremonial milk, and his face had been rubbed with the bride’s vest; so retreat was cut off, and there was no help for his predicament but to ponder his Zend-Avesta, and hold his peace. Nor was there hope that he might diminish his troubles by multiplying them; for bigamy is a Parsee abomination, and an experiment in that direction would have involved my neighbor in the scrape of the unfortunate Jemshedjee, who was excommunicated by the honorable *punchayet*, the administrative body, for flying matrimonially from the teeth of one vixen to the nails of another. He was compelled to pay two thousand rupees toward the maintainance of Teeth, and to restore to her all her jewels and ornaments, while Nails had to be repudiated forever.

But my Parsee neighbor had his wholesome distractions and his consolations, which he found in the golden results of the shop, in happy ‘operations’ and rich returns, in safe investments and fat contracts; and he had his pleasant dreams that were Caudle-proof; his visions of diplomas and decorations, of vice-regal compliments and parliamentary eulogiums, of baronetcies, and coats-of-arms, and statues — Sir Kirsetjee Damthebhoy!

Were there not Dadlysett, and Pestonjee, and Hermosjee Wadia, and Framjee Nusserwanjee, and Cowasjee Jeehangir, and the Camas of India, China, England — true merchant-princes, to whom the shaky speculators of Western Wall-streets were but small money-mongers? Were there not ‘towers of silence’ to erect, and hospitals to found, and colleges and schools of design to endow, and bridges and aqueducts and causeways to build, and railroads to project, and wells and tanks to construct, and libraries and free schools and Zend-Avesta schools, and dhurumsallas, and churches, and sailors’-homes, and book-and-prize funds, and funds for the funeral expenses of poor Parsees, and contributions to public charities, and funds for the benefit of the poor blind, and subscriptions to the punchayet for beneficent purposes, and funds for the relief of honest debtors, and schools of industry, and obstetric institutions, and patriotic funds, and memorials, and Havelock testimonials, and Wellington testimonials, and what not, to provide for: living honors and an everlasting name? And my Parsee neighbor, with closed eyes, rapturous, nursed his vision till it glowed, all glorious, with the armorial bearings of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy — a shield of the Knights of St. John, emblazoned with scrolls of gold:

‘at the lower part, a landscape in India, representing the island of Bombay, with the islands of Salsette and Elephanta in the distance. The sun is seen rising from behind Salsette, to denote industry and, in diffusing its light and heat, liberality. The upper part of the shield presents a white ground, emblematic of integrity and purity, on which are two bees, signifying industry and perseverance. The whole is surmounted by a crest, representing a beautiful peacock, typical of wealth and magnificence; and in its mouth an ear of wild rice, emblematic of beneficence. Below is a white pennant, folded, on which is inscribed, ‘Industry and Liberality!’ the motto of’ — Sir Kirsetjee Damthebhoy!

My Parsee neighbor was an exalted humanitarian in a canine direction, regarding dogs as his friends and brothers, and piously according them (in undue proportion, on the score of justice to cats) a fellow-feeling that made him wondrous kind. His solicitude for the Trays, Blanches, and Sweethearts of his love, was distinguished by a sweeping catholicity of scope; ignoring narrow distinctions of breed, as to mastiff or poodle, bull-dog or greyhound, spaniel or pariah, his benevolence comprehended in the circle of its kind offices the abstract animal — universal dogry, and its common good. When his operations on land and his ventures by sea, his Bom bay brokerages and his Surat ship-yard, should have returned him a fair Parsee fortune, and established him on a financial footing with the princely traders of his tribe, it was his fond intention to found a hospital for the indigent sick of that great quadrupedal community, whereat halt dogs and dogs that were blind, mangy dogs and dogs stricken with confirmed asthma, dogs that had lost their tails by traps, their toes by coach-wheels, dogs whose minds had been impaired by affliction, as well as those whose bodies had suffered in fights — disabled dog-kind generally, whatever the nature or degree of its melancholy dispensation, should be free to the consolations of splints and bandages, soothing poultices and ‘potecary’s stuff, with wholesome bones in abundance, and the sweetest of straw beds. So should my Parsee neighbor fulfil a particular injunction of Zoroaster, and make sure for his soul that it should be spoken for in the day when enfranchised Dog should speak for itself.

At times, my Parsee neighbor drew his dreams from a soaring patriotism, brought over by his pilgrim fathers from Ormuz to Sanjan with the other sacred flame, and fed, like that, with the incense of an inspiring romance. It was a fondly-cherished story, and full of the legendary loveliness of his tribe, wherewith he was wont to hold the wide-eyed wonder of his pretty boy, perched, listening, on his knee.

He told how Mohammedan lions came down, in crushing onslaughts, on the fold of his fathers — the ancient Persian people — and drove them dismayed into the fastnesses of Khorassan; he spake of the sword-conversions of the Caliphs, the bloody sermons of Moslem priests; of the dethronement and flight of the doomed



Yezdézird, his wanderings in solitude and disguise, and his treacherous assassination by a miller — whence came the Persian proverb, 'Beware a miller's trust ;'\* of the Caliphat troops traversing the length and breadth of Iran, with scimitar and Koran, burning the fire-temples, quenching obscenely the sacred flame, and daily forcing a hundred thousand trembling Ghebers to abjure their poetic creed ; he told how, after a century of patient faith and fortitude passed in the caves and forests of Khorassan, the persecutors penetrated to the hiding-place of the brave little band, and hunted them down to Ormuz, where yet they were not safe from the impious and the cruel. So they sought an insecure asylum on the small island of Diew, in the Gulf of Cambay, and tarried there in terror, till 'an aged dastoor, reading the tablets of the stars, augured that it behooved them to depart from that place, and take up their abode elsewhere. Whereat, all rejoicing, set sail for Guzerat.' Then came a mighty storm that shook their souls no less than their ships, and rent their hearts and their sails ; so that they prayed, trembling, to Ormuzd, the author of light and truth, of heat and goodness, to save them from the infernal spells of Ahriman, minister of darkness, ignorance, and evil. 'Deliver us, O Ormuzd ! from this sea of trouble, and bring us in safety to the shores of India, that we may kindle on high the flame sacred to thee, and keep it ever bright, fed with obedience and righteousness.'

And Ormuzd hearkened to their piteous prayer, and brought them in safety to the shores of India — to Sanjan, whereof Jadao Rana was the wise and liberal ruler. When Jadao heard of the advent of the tempest-tossed strangers, he commanded them to come before him, and demanded who they were.

'We are worshippers of Ormuzd,' replied the venerable dastoor, 'and of the Sun, and the Sea.'

'We observe silence while bathing, praying, making offerings to fire, and eating.'

'We consume incense, perfumes, and flowers in our religious ceremonies.'

'We wear the sacred garment — the garment of the good and beneficial way — the cincture for the loins, and the cap of two folds.'

'We rejoice in songs and instruments of music, in our marriages.'

'We adorn and perfume our wives.'

'We are enjoined to be bountiful in our charities, and especially to excavate tanks and wells.'

'We are enjoined to extend our sympathies toward males as well as females.'

'We wear the sacred girdle while praying or eating.'

'We feed the sacred flame with incense.'

'We practise devotion five times a day.'

'We are careful observers of conjugal fidelity and purity.'

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\* DOSABHOY FRAMJEE — 'The Parsees.'

‘ We perform annual ceremonies for the souls of our ancestors.

‘ We have suffered — therefore we are true ; we have been patient — therefore we are brave. Give us a hill, whereon we may raise a tower of silence, and bury our dead ; give us a field, wherein we may build a temple, and feed our holy flame ; give us a stream, wherein we may bathe and pray, girt with the sacred cord. And we will be thy brothers, at peace with thy people, at peace with thy gods.’

And Jadao Rana said : ‘ It is well ; ye shall raise your tower of silence, and bury your dead ; ye shall build your fire-temple, and feed your holy flame ; ye shall bathe in a pure stream, girt with your sacred cincture ; and no man shall molest you. But ye shall forget your Parsee language and speak henceforth in our tongue ; ye shall cast off your armor and clothe yourselves in our fashion ; and when ye marry your young children, ye shall order the marriage ceremonies and processions according to our custom, having your weddings by night ; so shall ye be at peace with my people, at peace with my gods.’

And the reverend dastoor promised as the Rana required ; and henceforth, for five centuries, so it was.

When Sultan Mohammed Begada, of Ahmedabad, came down upon Sanjan with thirty thousand men, to lay it waste, the Rana, who was descended from the wise and liberal Jadao, was sore afraid, and trembled for his kingdom and for his people ; and he turned him to his Parsees, and said : ‘ My ancestor exalted you, and lavished favors on your people ; so now it behooveth you to make plain your gratitude, and lend me your aid, leading the way in battle.’ And the Parsees answered : ‘ Fear not, O Prince ! on account of this army ; we are ready to scatter thy foes ; nor shall one man of us turn his back, though a mill-stone were cast at his head.’ And thereupon, drawing themselves up in battle array, under their dauntless chief Ardeshir, they flew at the insolent infidels of Aleef Khan, and drove them from the land ; Ardeshir unhorsed their proudest chieftain, and slew him with his lance as he lay on the ground.

Then my Parsee neighbor, holding the little Kirsetjee, all shuddering, on his knee, told him how the Ghebers were slaughtered at Variao. The Rajah of Ruttonpore, a ruthless Rajpoot, would have taxed the Parsees of that place, beyond his rights, beyond their means ; but they defied him ; and when he sent his troops to force them, the Parsees met them with sword and javelin, and drove them back ; which so enraged the Rajah that his heart was filled with treachery, and his mind with terrible inventions. He beguiled the Parsees with fair words and fine promises, till they were no longer on their guard ; and when they were all met, fearing no ambush, at a wedding of note, he fell upon them with his fiercest, and slew them there — them and their women and their children, sparing none. And the anniversary of that black deed is remembered in mourning, at Surat, to this day.

Sometimes my Parsee neighbor instructed his little Kirssetjee in the precious traditions of the Gheber's faith, and the saving precepts of the Zend-Avesta. He related how Zoroaster was born in the city of Rai, in Persia, in the reign of King Gushtasp. An angel appeared unto Puroshusp, chosen by the Lord, for his perfect faith and the blamelessness of his life, to be the father of the Gheber's prophet, and proffered him a glass of wondrous wine, fresh from the grapes of heaven, which, when Puroshusp had drunk it, filled his eyes with visions and his soul with aspirations; and immediately Droghdo, Puroshusp's wife, conceived and bare a child, the inspired child, Zurtosht, called Zoroaster. Then the governor of the city of Rai, a most wicked man, instigated moreover by abominable counsellors, would have destroyed the child; but steel turned from its breast, and poison was as milk to it; fire would not seathe it, nor wild beasts molest it. So it lived on, and grew to be a man of wisdom and of prophecy, who, when he was forty years old, came into the presence of the King Gushtasp, bearing a cypress tree, and the sacred fire called Ader Boorzeen Meher, saying, 'The ALMIGHTY hath sent me to guide thee in the path of truth, virtue, and piety;' and the wise monarch accepted the excellent doctrines and the rites.

'The doctrines which Zurtosht's miracles confirmed were wise and rational. They taught the unity of God; His omnipotence, and His goodness toward men; a solemn veneration for fire, the visible type of the invisible divinity; and an abiding aversion for Ahriman, the instigator of evil thoughts, but not coëternal with God. The morality contained in the books of Zoroaster is pure, and founded on the love of our neighbor.\*

Zoroaster and the Magi taught the Ghebers to regard the sun but as the best and fairest image of the CREATOR, and to revere it for the blessings it diffuses on the earth. The sacred flame was the perpetual monitor to preserve their purity, of which it was the expressive symbol. But superstition and fable have, in the lapse of ages, defiled the stream of a religious system which, in its source, was pure and sublime.†

However that may be, my Parsee neighbor drinks now at the source; for once, as I stood at my door in Cossitollah, the tranquil Gheber rode by on an iron bier, borne on the shoulders of six white-robed *nassasalars*, and followed by a placid train of friends, linked in pairs with white handkerchiefs at their wrists; and they carried him to Dakhma, the tower of silence, where they left him to the Pondicherry eagles and the white crows and the adjutants; and when they had washed their hands and their faces, they never spake of him more.

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\* ANQUETIL-DUPERRON.

† FORBES' Oriental Memoirs.

## T H E F A D E D F L O W E R .

I BROUGHT wild flowers to my dark house,  
Gathered in meadow and breezy lane,  
Palest roses that die in the sun,  
And daisies that bloom in the rain.

I brought wild flowers to cheer my love,  
Pining within these gloomy walls,  
Twining them in her golden hair,  
Where only the sun-light falls.

'The flowers are dying,' she softly said,  
'But every spring the roses blow :  
Gather them when they bloom again,  
Though I shall be dead, you know.'

Each year I bring to my dark house  
Roses and daisies from field and lane,  
And I pray, as I watch them fade and die,  
That I never may go again.

## L O V E R S V E R S U S S W E E T - H E A R T S :

## OR, BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

MEN and women, particularly young men and women, are continually (and perhaps with sufficient provocation on both sides) throwing back and forth at each other the hardest and most ungainly epithets. There are, it would seem, no names too harsh to be applied to either party, which has always at its tongue's end something even more pointed and severe wherewith to retaliate. And yet the two are never easy out of each other's society.

Women are weak, coquettish, artificial, empty-headed, and fond of admiration, say the men, as they exert themselves to please the fair creatures. Men are conceited, inconstant, and hypocritical, the women say, destitute of principle, and will engage the affections of any woman merely to minister to their own vanity. And with this belief, they resort to any artifice, and make any sacrifice, that will secure the attention of those they so much abuse.

This should not be. The conclusion was long ago reached, that men and women compare too favorably with each other in their social obliquities, insufficiencies, and short-comings to make it becoming in them to avenge or amuse themselves in bandying about such charges as these.

I acknowledge readily that women are flirts, whose only aim is to excite admiration, and who, rather than not receive attentions,

and so lose an opportunity for displaying their power and influence, will receive them from a dunce or a *roué*; but then the men are worse than they. I will confess that the men will resort to any *ruse* by which they may hope to secure the interest and love of any woman, without declaring their own sentiments; that they will pretend to love, and will pay attentions to any one who pleases them, merely to turn the heads of those they think in their wisdom are to be fooled by such flattery; and that their ingenuity is constantly exercised in their attempts to see how much of what they do n't feel they can seem to feel; but then the *ruses* a woman has at her command, and the skill and power — to say nothing of the advantage her sex gives her — with which she can employ them, are ten-fold beyond the capacity of any man to rival.

When we are in the company of a pleasing woman, of a flirt, in fine, who puts her opponent of the moment in the best of humor, by depreciating all those men with whom he is apt to see her, knowing that, in his conceit, he will add to the list of his own good qualities, and of his claims — which he thinks she thereby recognizes — upon her favor, whatever she denies to his friends, and will consider every thing she may say in their disfavor as an acknowledgment of her preference for him: when she does this, and she always will, how can her victim, almost drawn by his own vanity and desires into her toils — how can her victim escape? Why, his greedy appropriation of all this, is only a feint; this show of yielding to the soft persuasion of her flattering song, is only assumed for the sake of putting his enemy off her guard, and, by making her think her victory secure, force her to expose herself, by some rash move or false position. And so the battle rages. It is always a drawn one, however, and like the family quarrels of feudal ages, has been handed down from generation to generation of flirts and coquettes. The bad blood will never be all spilt, and as the men get together and complain of the cruel and fatal stratagems women resort to, and plan how they may defeat and utterly annihilate them, as though they were a horde of savage robbers; so women cannot find words fit to express their abhorrence for their natural enemies, and accuse them of unfairness, of presuming upon their greater natural strength and the advantage the laws they make give them.

It is immaterial from which side you look at the matter. You will probably think that party most abused and the most deserving of pity, whose melancholy and exaggerated account you have been obliged to listen to last.

After all, the conflict resembles more than any thing else a duel, the parties in which have always been friends, perhaps dear friends, up to the moment when an unlucky expression, used at an unlucky time, has kindled the passions, that lead to a quarrel, the result of which the victor may regret his life long. We are the slave of one who makes all the hours we pass away from her miserable and useless, because we cannot guess how she may regard us, nor know whether some other may not be basking in the smiles and enjoy-

ing the favors and conversation we are deprived of. We find we have cause for jealousy, or imagine we have, and there is no hard name we do not bestow upon her we loved so much; and in our anger, we include the rest of the sex she belongs to. We discover afterward, that we have been hasty in our sweeping vituperation, and making exceptions in favor of another fair one, call her an angel in her turn, and for a time think we love her.

When we read the story of Perseus, how he sailed away from the island of Naxos, leaving the inconsolable Ariadne on the inhospitable rocks, to weep over and bemoan her cruel fate, we feel the greatest pity for that unfortunate lady, and the strongest indignation for the heartless monster who could treat her so unfairly. But the same thing is happening every day. Unprincipled Perseuses without number, are perpetually leaving disconsolate Ariadnes, if not on the island of Naxos, at least in the island of New-York, and inevitably forget to come back any more.

Male flirts out-number the female, in the proportion of three to one, I believe; but, and I say it for the sake of the ladies, whom it may perhaps console, the victims of that one coquette outnumber those of the other three, in the proportion of nine to three. This is statistical information, and is as much to be depended upon, as are the bills of mortality or the lists of deaths and marriages.

But seriously, young men — with reference to your imitation of Perseus' inglorious example — you should not do this. If you possess a handsome form and face, an irresistible charm of manner and a winning and ingratiating address and style of conversation, of course it will be difficult, if not wholly out of your power, unless you resort to both mental and physical disfigurement and defacement, to help being fallen in love with at first sight, as you pass through the streets or ornament the *salons* you have the *entrée* to. But it is in your power, if you will consent to refrain from the free use and display of the gifts Heaven has lavished upon you — it will be within your power to stop short of captivating the hearts as well as the fancies of those you meet.

My friend Tom, who is a flatterer among the fair sex, and thinks he is in love with, and beloved by, any and every lively girl who seems to enjoy herself in his society, and is on pins till he can entrap her by his mock protestations into some word or action that will convince him he is right — or wrong — for I believe he cares very little, if the troublesome question be only settled one way or the other; Tom meets Julia at a party, or is introduced to her at the house of a common friend, whom he may perhaps be laying vigorous siege to at the time. He is attracted at first by her beauty and lively and amusing conversation, by the kindness and attention with which she receives and listens to him, and then charmed, on farther acquaintance, by the depth and originality of her character, the extent of her womanly knowledge, the justness of her ideas, the correctness of her tastes, and the skill with which she argues disputed points with him; in short, as he says himself, 'the entire absence of all nonsense in her composition,'



and the triumphant 'she knows a thing or two, let me tell you,' with which he closes his description.

She too is pleased with his looks and bearing, the soundness of his good sense, which prevents his talking in the insipid manner most of her male friends think she must be pleased with, with his good-humored wit, his skill in repartee, and perhaps his pleasant satire. They enjoy each other's society, and perhaps she is so much pleased as to allow the satisfaction she feels in being with him, and in hearing him talk, to manifest itself. He of course takes no pains to conceal his. They stumble, or he directs the conversation that way, upon some personal topic. There is something she wishes to know — when he saw her in the street without being seen by her; or something of equal importance, and he will not tell her, or *vice versa*, and much playful badinage, sportive teasing, and skilful plotting and counter-plotting pass between them.

Tom goes off elated, after such a passage-at-arms with her, and as he smokes a segar with a particular friend — I may be the one he chooses — tells him of the acquaintance he has made, how pretty and lively and witty she is, how she can play and sing, or draw, and how he really believes, 'Egad, though it may seem mere vanity for me to say so,' he has the grace to say, that she has really taken a fancy to him.

'But then she is a desperate flirt, you know,' he goes on to say, 'and was trying all the time to make me think she was really in earnest.' And the poor moth, forgetful of his previous disasters, which, to be sure, have not injured him seriously, flutters round the same candle again and again. He is piqued because he cannot know whether she was in earnest or not, and imagines his desire and longing to know how she regards him, to be a passion he feels for her, and thinks his jealousy and his anger at her suspicious reserve confirm it. He vows he will find out the truth of the matter without committing himself, so that in case she cares nothing for him — by which he means, does not care for him more than for any one else in the world — she may not be able to boast of the victory.

He is sometimes successful, Tom is, and if he find she really loves him, calls her silly and weak for yielding her heart before it was demanded of her, and accuses her — by which means he quiets his own conscience — of having made all the advances.

Or his opponent, he finds to his disgust, is as skilful as he is, perhaps more so; and to his great chagrin, he discovers that he can only learn her mind by first declaring his own, at the risk even, when he has so far humbled himself, of being laughed at for his pains.

But Dick and Harry, though old in years, are young and inexperienced in *affaires du cœur*, and are made acquainted with a new sensation, when they at last fall in love. They are earnest and sincere, and of course meet with a girl who has a heart, to be sure, but has learned in her physiology, and by her experience in

the world, that it is merely an engine for the propulsion of the necessary blood, and thinks a like dreary machine throbs in the breast of every one she meets. She denies the existence of love, but would marry, were a desirable *parti* to present himself, though she prefers being followed by a crowd of admirers, many of whom follow her only because she is the fashion, and it gives one a name to be seen with her. Dick and Harry, who regard her as all that is beautiful and admirable, worship the ground she covers, which, in the present style of dress, would seem to be no very disinterested affection, and are her most devoted. She plays them off, one against the other, and the rest of the crowd against them both. She grants her favors only by rule, and measures out encouragement according to the necessities of the case. She never feels the spur of a natural impulse, and probably cares the least for, and finds the most troublesome, with his doubts and jealousies, and complaints of her coldness, him who loves her most truly.

But she is not to be blamed. She is only fulfilling her mission in the world, and is preserving the balance of power.

When young Sophos had his first falling out with little Miss Nelly—and they have had many another since, let me tell you—who accused him of lukewarmness, of not loving her with the ardor she deserved, of always lecturing and finding fault with her, and of not caring, as he ought, when she flirted with other young men; when they quarrelled, as all lovers do, she, as all young ladies in such extremities do, insisted upon the immediate return of all the pretty nick-nacks she had from time to time, and with many affectionate and tender words, bestowed upon him; and requested him to send her back all her silly little notes, to read which you would think that the whole art of love consisted in coining pretty names. When young Sophos, who, between you and me, is not the most lover-like of men, and never does any thing absurd or ridiculous, and will not allow Miss Nelly to be foolish either; who can entertain himself with her friend even while his Nelly is in the room, and receives all her impulsive and heart-felt expressions of affection with a little too much of a sneer, and as though he thought it a bore—(‘It won’t do, Sophos,’ I used to tell him, ‘it won’t do. It is too much like pouring your hot coffee into a large bowl, stone-cold—you don’t warm the thick china so much as you cool your drink, and the beverage reaches your lips lukewarm and insipid,’)—when Sophos then, who is what I have described him, received Miss Nelly’s command, he busied himself in collecting all the *billet-doux*, all the trinkets, and other presents she had ever sent him: from out the pockets of various coats, from drawers, and out-of-the-way boxes, and other hiding-places they came; and with the slippers, purses, smoking-caps, mittens, etc., etc., she had made for him, made up quite a bundle, I assure you. And when Miss Nelly, with her heart in her throat, and scalding tears in her eyes, opened the package, and cried anew as she remembered how much she had enjoyed working the slippers, the knitting or the embroidery, and how often, while she was so

busy, he had been by her side, reading and talking to her, and how happy she was then; she could hardly contain herself, or keep back her tears till she could get to her own room to have a good cry.

And among all the other articles contained in the bundle, she found a slip of paper bearing her name which, recognizing the writing of her darling Sophos, she kissed again and again, and then opening it, read as follows: 'As Miss Nelly has seen fit to demand a restitution of the various gifts of affection she has bestowed upon me from time to time, and has doubtless done so with the idea of making use of them to secure the gratitude and affection of some other lover, I consider myself justified in demanding also the return of my proofs of affection, given her in a different form, it is true, but one none the less valuable to me, and which may also serve again on some future occasion.' And then followed — if you will believe me — a bill, of which I give some of the items, and of which the amount was a by no means insignificant sum. To horses and vehicles on so many occasions, so much; fares in stages and over rail-ways, so much; tickets to operas, concerts, theatres, etc., etc., so much; bouquets, fans, gloves, etc.; volumes of English poets; and finally, 'time passed in her company, which should have been given to my business, or to other friends whom I neglected.'

'Of course she did n't pay the bill,' said Sophos to me as we were talking the matter over. 'I only sent it in order to show her how foolishly and ridiculously she had acted. She was convinced of it herself on the receipt of that note, for how could she imagine or persuade herself that a lover, who had spent so much money as that in ministering to her pleasures, and gratifying her whims, could be lukewarm or indifferent? So she sent me a note the next day, acknowledging her fault, asking my forgiveness, and promising never to doubt me again. Which promise, I am sorry to say, she has broken at least a dozen times in as many weeks. It is a deuced good dodge,' he added, 'and if I had tried it before, I should have now a much larger stock of purses, smoking-caps, and so on, or else my pockets would be better filled. I should certainly have prosecuted the claim, unless she had made a compromise, and I do n't know but I am sorry I did n't.'

'It is all humbug,' he went on, 'this idea girls have, that they must take all their presents back as soon as there is any breach between them and their lovers. With regard to letters, it is all very well, no one wants them; but shirt-studs, and segar-cases, and gold pencil-cases, etc., etc., are often very useful; and when a man has once become attached to them, he will often, if the young lady, merely in a huff, or perhaps from malice, calls upon him to give them up, pretend to an amount of affection he no longer feels, merely for the sake of keeping them.'

I thought Sophos was making a confession as he went on in this tone, and, as I think of it, I am quite sure he was. I am confident that his engagement-collar galls his neck, and that he cannot help

envying the freedom of the society of wolves he has so lately left. He cannot help regretting the old precarious, uncertain manner of life, when he was wholly free and his own master, and could roam about foraging where he pleased, though he often was half-starved, and is dissatisfied with his present servile condition, which secures him from want, it is true, but makes of him a bond-servant in return for the daily nutriment of love and attention he receives, and rebels at being restrained and coerced as the price of the kind care and regular food which is provided him.

‘I have made the startling discovery,’ said a friend to me the other night, as we were taking a pipe and a glass of beer together, ‘I have made the startling discovery, within the last two years, that there are women who can feel a deep, sincere, and disinterested though foolish affection for a man. I believe there are some, in fact I know there are two, who can love to that extent, and bestow their real and heart-felt affection so wholly that they see nothing but truth and honor in him they adore, and yield him all their confidence with the same blind weakness as prompts them to snatch up as a great bargain the piece of damaged silk which the soft beguilings of the smooth-tongued shop-man persuades them is just as good as, if not better than, it was before it had been soaked in salt water. Poor innocents!’

‘Poor innocents, indeed!’ returned I, who had been somewhat amused by the earnestness and the tone of pity with which my friend, a notorious lady-killer, had been holding forth; ‘poor innocents, indeed, except when they become sales-women, and pass off upon us their pretty faces, well-dressed figures, and their shallow minds occupied only by one idea, which, to be sure, makes as pleasant music in our bewitched and flattered ears as did the single shot in the tin rattle of our childhood; poor innocents, except when they pass off this brummagem as the real article, and as worth any arbitrary sum they choose to demand. They resemble those delicious little shop-women of the continent — who are doubtless poor little innocents too — who, when we let them fit us with our gloves, give us any pair they please, and persuade us to take the very color we have a dislike for. And so the balance is struck.’ The pendulum swings to-and-fro, and is, as in the best time-pieces, a compensation pendulum, so its movements never vary, and its journey is as long on the one side as on the other.

If Clementina, who was on the point of having her wedding-finery made up, and has seen in her rambles about the city ‘just the dearest little house in the world,’ just the one she would like to live in with Charles — and how happy they will be there, though it be small, and in a back street; if Clementina, who has told her bosom friend her happy dreams for the future, that Charles is very fond of her, and how she considers herself engaged to him, for though he went away before he had exactly made her a formal proposal, he will doubtless do so on his return, or in his letters; if this deluded young lady find herself deserted, and the house she liked so much occupied by another fond couple; if her

castle, built in the air on so frail foundations, tumble about her ears, and bury her beneath its ruin, crushing her with despair and sorrow, and breaking her heart of course; so Tom, Dick, and Harry, who follow their particular fancy about from one ball and watering-place to another, who exhaust their fortunes in concert and opera-tickets, in bouquets, fans, etc., and their leisure in escorting her to any and every place of amusement she will visit with them, and who worship at the same church with her for any number of consecutive Sundays; so these young men are astonished that the time comes at last when, instead of receiving a reward for their devotion, they are informed that their services are required no longer; that the one they love is engaged to some one else, and that invitations can no longer be accepted, etc. Their eyes are plucked open thus rudely, and they have no consolation but in heartily cursing, billiards, segars, etc. They are even passed over in the distribution of wedding-cards, and have nothing left to remind them of the happy past but a few short *billets*, not particularly *doux*, and containing only a request for their company to the opera or theatre, or the broad hint that there is the loveliest bouquet or the sweetest fan at —, etc.

V O I C E S I H E A R .

I.

Down, down where dark waters are leaping,  
 I hear a voice calling me —  
 From the pearly spray calling me :  
 Lonely one, rest below,  
 Sea-nymphs shall hush thy wo,  
 None will miss thee quietly sleeping.

II.

Low, low where the green grass is growing,  
 I hear a voice calling me,  
 From the beckoning grass calling me :  
 Weary one, nestle here,  
 Soft green shall be thy bier,  
 We'll screen thee from winds rudely blowing.

III.

Love, love, fare-thee-well ! I am going :  
 I hear voices calling me,  
 To a shadowy land calling me :  
 On that shore thou wilt wait,  
 Calling me all too late —  
 Thy tears through the mist vainly flowing.

## THE DEATH OF A GREAT POWER.

A RECENT number of *Punch* contains a long and by no means complimentary obituary notice of 'Mr. John Company,' or in other words, of the late well-known though not well-beloved East-India Company, which, during the year that is drawing to its close, has rested from its labors. There is hardly a charge which can blacken the memory of individual or corporation, which the witty satirist does not heap upon the departed worthy, and he concludes by an expression of devout thankfulness that *resurgam* can never be written on its tomb. It has been for ages so much the fashion to allow of no comment upon dead greatness which does not confine itself to the enumeration of its virtues, that a little *post-mortem* abuse is a tempting and effective feat for a humorist to perform; above all, when, as in this case, there are no sorrowing friends to wince under the infliction; but we confess that, even with all the faults and crimes of the defunct fresh in our minds, we can hardly find it in our hearts to rejoice over its grave. It may possibly be, and we believe it is, a blessing for the race whose fate it so long held in its hands, that it is gone; but its annals have been illustrated by too much heroism, and genius, and sacrifice for us to gaze on its vacant place without a tinge of awe and solemnity in the thousand reflections which its history and its fate inspire.

No one can run his eye over the chronicles of the year which is this month at an end, without feeling that, in witnessing the violent death of the great corporation, he has witnessed the *dénouement* of a drama so marvellous, that had it been played in other place than on the classic ground of romance itself, we should hardly yet have recovered from the shock of astonishment. All the monarchs of Europe, rolled into one, might have fallen from their places, without leaving so great a gap in the forces which shape the destinies of the world. No three monarchs together held so many human lives, so much human happiness within reach of their fingertips as this company of traders held in the hollow of its hand. No conqueror has ever crowded into so short a space of time so much that dazzles the imagination, and so much that outrages probability. To have prophesied in the year 1700 that any power in Europe could reduce, with the resources of a great state at its back, an empire like that of the Moguls to groveling subjection, would have only excited the laughter of the most visionary adventurer; to have prophesied the performance of any such feat by a batch of London grocers, with the profits of their trading, would have been treated as a plain indication of lunacy. But to have fixed the scene of this imaginary conquest fifteen thousand miles away, on the plains of India, in the centre of that fairy-land of glory, by which the fancy of all the great captains of the world, from Alexander to Napoleon, has been fired,



and to have awarded even in a dream, to these paltry hucksters, conquest and dominion for which heroes have sighed for three thousand years in vain, would hardly have even called forth the laughter which usually greets the vagaries of madness.

Can we, moreover, picture to ourselves any man in that year, or, without the experience which we possess, in this, finding in the most extraordinary and unlooked-for occurrences which he had ever witnessed, or of which he had ever heard, in the course of human affairs, reasonable grounds for supposing that a power such as was called into existence by Queen Elizabeth's charter, could be enabled to use lavishly in its service the fieriest valor and the deepest devotion of which men are capable; that the sordid aims and mean wants of traders could call soldiers into the field, such as have rarely followed the banners of the greatest leaders in the world; that their interests and their schemes could become themes on which orators would rival the greatest masters of their art, and strike 'listening senators' mute with admiration? And yet all this has happened, almost in our day; there are men still living, who were born before the East-India Company had cherished any higher ambition than a hundred per cent profit on its ventures, when its clerks trembled before the weakest of the Mogul's satraps, and when a Dutch captain of infantry might have hanged the proudest of its factors with impunity. Its conquests of territory merely, since that period, if viewed as military operations simply, stand in the first rank. Military glory is, after all, mainly based upon the contrast between the end accomplished and the means employed. To do 'great things with poor materials' furnishes one of the best titles to martial laurels. Napoleon never shone as he shone in the morning of his career, when he beat the finest troops and greatest generals in Europe with the shoeless, shirtless ragamuffins, who formed the 'army of Italy' in his first campaign. Half the glory of the American Revolution lay in the paltriness of the forces which accomplished it. Great armies are a physical power which over-awes and impresses the imagination; but the moral grandeur of war is to be found in the audacity and self-confidence of small numbers, in victories wrung from the hands of fate, in spite of odds of all sorts: odds of battalions, of distance, of climate, of resources. Fortune at the outset did little for the Company; but she afterward amply atoned for her neglect. When its military career commenced, it was represented on Indian soil, by a few sickly clerks, whose martial aspirations were all fully satisfied, if their clumsy stockades protected them from the sabres of the Mahratta cavalry. They were surrounded by enemies, who let them pass unscathed for no better reason than that they were weak and helpless. The native rulers, outside their fort, were their masters; the predominant European power in India was the French, whose interests were watched by trained and skilled soldiers; the Dutch hardly honored the English even by regarding them as competitors. Army, the Company had none,

and of money very little. If its *employés* got home at the end of a few years, with some shreds of their livers remaining, and a few thousand pounds in possession, acquired by cheating the natives, they looked on their careers as eminently successful. And yet, in eighty years, a series of the most brilliant triumphs in war and diplomacy, made it one of the great powers of the world; the dread of the east and envy of the west; the head of a vast and efficient host, and the ruler of two hundred millions of the most submissive of subjects — a puissant monarch without one of the forms of royalty. In what history shall we find a tale so strange; a tale of power so acquired, so held, so lost, of such singular vicissitudes of fortune thronging a period so short? Macaulay has well remarked, that wonderful as were the careers of Cortez and Pizarro in America, they want a good deal of the romantic interest which hangs round the story of British conquests in Hindostan. The Spaniards were men of war, commissioned by a powerful nation, fighting naked savages, who had never smelt powder or seen a horse; while the English traders encountered on their own responsibility a monarchy, whose cavalry was the finest in the world, and swarmed as the leaves of the forest, and who counted its artillery by the thousand, and whose co-religionists had carried fire and sword to the gates of Vienna. When the historian appears, who shall write John Company's life, as Prescott has rehearsed the exploits of the Spanish adventurers, the world will wonder, and with reason, that in an age when genius is puzzled so much to know upon what to expend itself, a tale so strange should have remained so long untold.

But the Company's doings in India have always possessed an interest for us, quite independent of the glitter of its military successes. We have always looked upon it as a grand monument of middle-class energy and enterprise. From 1688 to 1830, the English people, though they had their liberty secured by the Dutch revolution, had in reality as little to do with the government of England, as if they kept shop in the Rue Royale. During that long and changeful interval, it is impossible to discover upon the face of public policy, whether foreign or domestic, the slightest trace of their influence, the slightest indication that their habits or opinions formed an element in the calculation of any British statesman. It is impossible to read over the annals of the time, without being struck by the regularity with which the reins of government pass from the hands of one great house and its dependents to those of another great house and its dependents, and how steadily the idea is presented to us, that when the bourgeoisie and the people are secured in the peaceable exercise of their industry and in the enjoyment of their personal liberty, they have obtained all that they have a right to ask for. Down to the passage of the Reform Bill, the idea that they might fairly claim a share in the highest and noblest of pursuits — those of the statesman and soldier — was almost as strange and unfamiliar at Westminster as at Versailles. This was certainly the case in the middle of the last century. England was

as pure an oligarchy when the Company first began to acquire territory, as France was a despotism under Louis XIV. The very liberty which the middle classes enjoyed, and the ambition, energy, and enterprise which that liberty naturally developed, rendered this exclusion from the great arena of war and politics all the more galling. The Parisian bourgeois, whom a rakish Count might kick with impunity, or a malevolent Marquis shut up in a prison, felt it no great hardship not to be allowed to command a regiment or negotiate a treaty; but the free-born English merchant or squire, whose person and property were sacred as the king's, was naturally outraged by finding that the accident of birth had shut his sons out from careers which he felt they could adorn. The army was as scrupulously reserved for persons of quality, as the right of *entrée* to the royal drawing-room. The prizes of the Church were only bestowed on the scions of old houses. A seat in Parliament was sometimes obtainable by a middle-class man, by the charity of a county magnate, and upon condition that he would speak his patron's thoughts, and vote as he wished. The law alone was left to the people, because its prizes could only be won by the industry of a long life, and by the indomitable energy which poverty begets.

It may be imagined, therefore, what splendid vistas were opened up to popular eyes by the rise of the Company's power in India: since the brief but glorious days of the first revolution, no such visions had met them. How many Cromwells, and Clives, and Hastings, and Napiers, and Havelocks had lived obscurely and died ignobly between the battle of Worcester and the battle of Plassey! How much of the dogged energy, the remorseless enterprise, and the insatiable ambition, which have since created the Indian empire, must have rusted away in counting-houses and farm-houses, during the halcyon days of Whig and Tory. On the morning on which Clive threw down his pen, and buckled on the sword, a new light burst on the English people, and a new world was opened to them. A state of things, in which a friendless clerk could, by the aid of a clear head and stout heart, push his way, in half a year, into the front rank of generals and statesmen, was something they had not seen for many a long year. The old stories, now almost fading from the popular memory, of the throng of eager youths who crowded the ponderous old Indian men which ploughed their course in half a year round the Cape of Good Hope to Calcutta, flushed with hope, simply because they had neither money nor connections, may give us some idea of the god-send which Clive's success was to thousands who fretted away life at home, maddened by the conventional obstacles against which naked merit struck its head at every turn it took. Here, at least, was a field in which birth and position were of no account, in which a good sabre was worth a yard of pedigree, and in which energy might, in a man's dealings with the pagans of Hindostan, make amends for his forefather's absence from the Crusades. The poor and the low-born had it all to themselves.

None others would face that endless voyage, that burning sun, those dusty plains and thick jungles, and Mahratta horsemen. The exile was sure to be long, return was uncertain. The riches of the East certainly were fabulous, but the air was thick with disease, and on every road lurked foes. If half England went there, her army would still be a handful on a distant shore, as compared with the myriads of unknown peoples who swarmed in the interior of the mighty empire of the Great Mogul.

The first flood of adventurers, as might have been expected, were not men of the nicest honor, or in possession of very tender consciences. They found themselves suddenly in possession of unlimited power, and they abused it grossly. They fought and conquered, and then plundered and oppressed. They lived riotously, and hastened home with hoards of ill-gotten wealth. The government of Bengal, in the first years of the Company's reign, was probably as bad as any that human ingenuity, pressed into the service of unscrupulous greed, could have devised. To the great man who laid the foundation of the empire, is due the honor of delivering it from the horrors which his victories brought upon it. Bright as were the glories of Arcot and Plassey, they pale their fires before Clive's nobler labors, in reforming the administration, and saving the natives from the extortion and tyranny of their new rulers. But bad as the Indian soldiers and politicians were, in point of morality, contrast their vigor, their energy, their clear-headedness, their wisdom in council and rapidity in action, with the slow stupidity, the blunders, and humiliations by sea and land, which marked the operations of the King's government, during the same period, elsewhere. While the former were building up a new empire in the East, the latter were losing a far finer one in the West. While Clive, with a handful of writers and Sepoys, was expelling the French from Hindostan, and awing powerful monarchs into submission, Braddock was losing a noble army in the wilds of Virginia, and Dinwiddie was sowing the wind which soon after produced the whirlwind. A few years later, when Clive was infusing order into the Indian administration, and creating the system, which, bad or good, was the best government the Hindoos had ever had, Lord North was driving America headlong into rebellion, by the grossest misgovernment the world ever saw. And in the palmy days of Hastings, when the great Company gave laws before which princes bowed in awe, to sixty millions of a foreign race, when the Rohillas, who had never been conquered before, recoiled before the English arms, Clinton was shut up ingloriously in New-York, and Cornwallis was marching on his doom at Yorktown.

The vigor with which India was won, was as marked as the sluggish incapacity by which America was lost. In every thing undertaken by the ministry at home during that period, the contrast was preserved. The Duke of York's disasters in Walcheren, were a fitting counterpart to the disasters of Saratoga and Yorktown; but

there was nothing, whether villainous or glorious, on which the Company's servants set their hands, in those dark days of British history, which was not crowned with triumph. They were as successful in diplomacy as in war. They beat their enemies in the field, outwitted them in intrigue, out-did them in fraud. The craftiest of crafty Hindoos, found that the strangers were more than their matches, even in the Hindoo game of deceit. They accomplished a still greater wonder. They imported the dregs of London stews, and made them into good soldiers; and they converted the cowardly, cringing ryots of the plains, over whom the warrior races of the mountains had for twenty centuries ridden rough-shod, into the unconquerable battalions who died in their ranks on the bloody field of Conjeveram.

Of the Company's government of its dominions since it became a territorial power, there is so much to be said, both in praise and condemnation, that to attempt a full measure, either of the one or the other, in the space we have at our disposal, is out of the question. That it governed India as well as it might have been governed, or as we would fain hope it may yet be governed, its warmest friends will not venture to assert. But that it has been the best government India has ever had, since Indian records became credible, its worst enemies will hardly deny. Its great misfortune has been that it undertook to do ten times more than its strength was equal to. It has never had a European force in the country capable of regenerating twenty millions of its subjects; and, nevertheless, has not hesitated to undertake all the duties of civilized rulers toward two hundred millions of stiff-necked barbarians. The whole weight of the administration has always fallen on the handful of British whom the wisest nursing is barely adequate to maintain in sufficient vigor to meet the great exigencies of war and insurrection. The life of an Englishman in Hindostan is one long disease; and though he had the zeal of Wilberforce and the energy of Clive, as long as he has to fight so hard for bare life, it is unfair to expect of him the conscientious industry and devotion which one might fairly exact in Downing-street or Canada. The conquered race have never been so penetrated by the ideas of civilization as to be able to share either the labors or the responsibilities of government. No form of civilization, if civilization it can be called, ever offered so many obstacles as these to the labors of the missionary or philanthropist. No Christian philosopher or evangelist has ever yet come in contact with that mysterious and grotesque faith; that ancient and proud priesthood, those adamantine walls of caste, founded before history began, without feeling his heart quail at the prospect. He cannot flatter himself, as in the case of China, that contact with other races, and fresh ideas, is all that is needed to wake these millions up from their trance. More ages than we care to guess at, more conquerors than history has chronicled, more revolutions and invasions than would seem sufficient to sweep even from human memory ten such civilizations as our own, great and steadfast though it be, have crossed those burning



plains, and changed almost everything but the people. Great soldiers and great kings have left a thousand traces of their progress. They have dotted the country with everlasting temples, made the wilderness blossom as the rose, have made rivers murmur, and cities flourish, on arid wastes; but man and his creed have defied their power. The people were divided into Brahmin and Csatriya, Vaisya and Sudra, when Alexander led his phalanxes down the Indus, and they are so divided still. Brahma, Vishnoo, and Siva were the gods of the nation then as now; widows mounted the funeral pile, fakirs swung, Kalee had her mid-night worship, and Juggernaut his noon-day rides. Ages on ages of change, successive invasions, the pressure of foreign races, the fanaticism of victorious Mussulmen, when Mussulmen were really fanatical, have rolled over the heads of this singular people in vain.

In an evil hour, for his own good name, John Company undertook, with some twenty thousand tax-collectors and military officers, to overthrow a social organization like this, and in eighty brief years to convert two hundred millions of the darkest, most subtle, and most hidden of races, into Christians and gentlemen, besides paying a handsome dividend to his stock-holders. He met no material resistance that he did not crush; but he encountered a moral *vis inertiae*, before which it would have been no disgrace for a mightier power than he to have been foiled. He found, what he might have known, that his forces were too small, for their example or their ideas to reach masses of his vassals, and he found too that civil servants and soldiers, who preserve order and administer justice, scattered here and there in small parties hundreds of miles apart, in a tropical climate, are not the fittest agents to combat a creed which flourished before Jupiter began his reign, and a priesthood which declares its founder to have sprung from the CREATOR'S head. He failed, and as might have been expected, failed signally, but why he failed, the majority of those who have criticised him and his deeds have never given themselves the trouble to inquire. In commenting upon his doings, it was always a far easier task to regard him as an European monarch, ruling a people of his own faith and of his own civilization, and denounce him for his short-comings accordingly, than to make a conscientious examination of the difficulties he had to contend with. A vigorous invective against a bad ruler is a performance of which any writer is capable, but a candid inquiry into the nature of the obstacles which the religion and manners of the Hindoos offer to the regeneration of the country, is a work which few have the capacity, and fewer still the opportunity to perform. As sad an example of flippancy and folly as it is easy to conceive of, is offered by attempts like those of Mr. Layard to solve this great problem, to lift the veil in which time has shrouded the moral life of this singular people, by means of a six months' tour, made in complete ignorance of the language. Materials which may be amply sufficient for a



damaging opposition speech, fall far short of the exigencies of a great system of social reform.

Who it is who is destined to do for India what the Company has left undone, we do not take upon ourselves to say. The object for which it was established was material gain, and this primary purpose showed itself in most of its doings to the very last. The character either of beneficent ruler, of sage reformer, always sat badly on its shoulders. There was something a little grotesque in all its efforts to be good. When in later days it was forced into openly playing the part of a wise monarch, it was guilty of almost ludicrous inconsistencies. It monopolized the raising of opium, and yet abolished Suttee, and made a buccaneering foray into Affghanistan, while it sent emissaries to civilize the Bheels. It declared that its great object in retaining India was to elevate the people, and yet frowned on the preaching of Christianity by its officials. It grasped and exercised the power of a despot, and yet approached the throne of puppet kings with the language and bearing of a trader. It was forever preaching to the Hindoos the extent of its own power, and yet allowed the Great Mogul, the pensioner of its bounty, to treat its officers with as much contempt as his ancestors in their palmiest days had ever deigned to bestow on the early factors. As far as its limited means and limited time allowed it, it improved the material resources of the country. It made a few good roads and a few good canals, but with such a handful of European servants as it was compelled to scatter over the vast extent of its domains, it would have been absurd for it to have attempted to change the face of nature in eighty years. There was one thing, and one thing only which it did well, and that was, extend territory. How much of it was acquired by design, and how much as the result of the quarrels which invariably sprung out of contact between a civilized power and barbarous ones, we must leave the historian to tell. We only know that it has managed in an incredibly short space to bring under its sway one of the largest and richest empires in the world, and it reigned long enough over it to convince us that its forte did not lie in governing.

But it has other, and we might almost say tenderer claims on our affectionate remembrance than those attaching to the character of a wise ruler. It has drawn after it the prayers and blessings of thousands of English homes for more than four generations. With its fate has been linked the fate of hundreds of thousands who left vacant places at honest fire-sides, which owed none of their charm to rank or fortune. The democratic spirit which led its first founders to declare even to Queen Elizabeth, that 'they desired not to employ any *gentleman* in any place of charge,' characterized it to the last. Its victories were the victories of the English people, and its reverses were felt in plain English homes, as no reverses were ever felt before. When the royal army took the field, proud houses trembled; but when the Company's campaigns began, the

middle classes — the bone and sinew of the nation — waited in feverish expectation. No wars ever showed as its wars showed, what force lies sleeping in the heart of that great bourgeoisie; what heroes it can send to the field; what sages to the council-board; what fertility of resource, vigor in action, fortitude in calamity, shop-keeping John Bull can furnish on a pinch. It is impossible to glance over the list of great names, which in one period or other of its career were associated with it and its fortunes, without feeling grateful to a body, which, with all its faults, has shed so much glory on our race. To have been served and loved by such as served and loved it, would entitle worse powers than it to the same respect from any one who was proud of having English blood in his veins. For it Clive defended Arcot, and fought at Plassey; for it Coote won Porte Novo. In its service Arthur Wellesley gave the first indications of what fortune and skill had in store for him. It was on the field of Assaye, in command of the Company's troops, that he commenced the career of victory which thirty years later culminated in the sad glories of Waterloo. Gough and Hardinge both fought, and fought bravely for many a long year under the 'cold shade of aristocracy;' it was under the Company's banners that they won a name in history. It was for the Company that Charles Napier toiled most, fought most, and achieved most. He gained the great day of Moodkee in its service; and it was at its commander-in-chief, and in laboring for its welfare, that he most revealed to the world the workings of his proud, passionate, tender heart. It was for the Company he conquered Scinde, and governed it so well; and it was the mother of a Company's officer to whom, when her son was dismissed the service, that the general sent the price of his commission out of his own pocket, that the lad's folly might not bring the old lady to want. In the roll of its civil servants it has, if possible, still more to boast of. Clive was a great statesman as well as a great soldier. Hastings infused order into the chaos of conquest which Clive left behind him; and it was as the Company's viceroy that he was defended in the famous trial in which the Commons of England were the plaintiffs, the Peers of England the judges, in which Burke and Sheridan and Fox poured forth all the resources of their genius, while all the wit and beauty of the age listened in tears, and which has found in Macaulay a painter worthy of the scene and of the actors. The great historian has himself been the servant of the great corporation, and loved and defended it to the last. Nor is he the first literary celebrity who has worn its colors. Junius himself sat at the council-board in Calcutta; and Junius will have a place in English history almost as long as his employers. One of the two famous Mills has told the wondrous story of its rise; and another has devoted to its interests one of the subtlest and cleverest brains in England. There are few great men of the last fifty years of British history whose fortunes the Company has not done something to make or mar, who have derived no fame either from assailing or defending it.

Romantic as its story has been, there hangs round its last end a romance more thrilling than ever gilded the best years of its prime. It would be well for the memory of all conquerors if their deaths befitted their lives so well. Great and manifold as were the dangers and difficulties which assailed it through its whole career, they sink into insignificance when compared with those with which it contended successfully at the close. Triumphant over a thousand foes, its last battles and greatest victories were won over a foe which it had itself taught to conquer. Mahrattas, Sikhs, Rohillas, all the warrior races of the continent, had one by one gone down before Sepoy valor, and at last the Sepoys themselves turned on their old master, and turned in vain. The events of that awful struggle, at the close of which the Company disappeared from the list of rulers, are still fresh in our memories. Its friends will long boast that the devotion, skill, and bravery of its defenders were even more marked in its dying hours than its rise. Among the many great men who helped to build up the fabric of its power, there were none of which it had more reason to be proud than of Salkeld, and Nicholson, and Neill. And of the thousands who in those eighty eventful years met death on its battle-fields, some with the eyes of the world upon them, but the vast majority with no better consolation than the consciousness of faith well kept and duty well done, there were none who so illustrated its annals as the last and greatest of them all, Havelock of Lucknow. As long as the East-India Company is remembered, so long will the tale be told of that bloody march from Allahabad, in which the hour for which the old soldier waited for forty years in silence and patience, came at last. He had, through a long and noble life, borne the cross manfully; when he died within the walls of Lucknow, he wore the crown.

A S U M M E R N I G H T.

I feel the breath of the summer night,  
Aromatic fire:  
The trees, the vines, the flowers are astir  
With tender desire.

The white moths flutter about the lamp,  
Enamoured with light:  
And a thousand creatures softly sing  
A song to the night!

But I am alone, and cannot sing  
Verses to thee!  
O Night! unveil the beautiful soul  
That waiteth for me.

## L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

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**THE STRATFORD GALLERY: OR THE SHAKSPEARE SISTERHOOD.** Comprising forty-five ideal portraits, described by Mrs. HENRIETTA LEE PALMER. Illustrated with fine engravings on steel, from designs by eminent hands. One Volume, imperial octavo, in morocco antique, gilt, \$12. D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THAT cunning critic of the ways and means of society, Mr. THACKERAY, in one of his minor pieces advises young men to cherish with especial heed the friendship and conversation of excellent women. In the multifarious literature of the present age, there is a large class of books designed to serve hardly any other purpose than that of social acquaintance. They add nothing to human learning in whatsoever department, solve no problems, furnish no statistics, contain no rotund development of any passion or opinion, and have almost no interest either for the mere scholar or the mere thinker. Whatsoever is said in them has been better stated before; we can find the same ideas and sentiments more fairly and vigorously expressed on nearly every shelf in our library: and yet the best of such books are, and long have been, welcomed in the best households. As belonging to this class, may be reckoned a majority of all the new volumes of verses and new novels, of the articles in all magazines and reviews, and of all collections of historical and literary sketches. Such publications appear, weave a thread into the web of Destiny, and disappear. Like the persons from which they proceed, they figure for a moment upon the canvas of time, lend an influence of joy to the circle nearest them, then pass away, leaving to their friends a tender memory; and the ripple which they had caused fades gradually from appearance, while the great current of human life moves majestically onward. Immortality is the rare exception, and life, death, and reproduction with kaleidoscopic changes, is the general law of books. For the most part, their destiny is as swift as that of the voices in a drawing-room. They change with every generation.

It is with reference to this likeness between society and literature, that we began by quoting Mr. THACKERAY. Many books must be reckoned as a part of the social system, rather than as aids in any scheme of thought or investigation. Such works may, and sometimes do, become standards, and delight successive generations; and of such, the 'Stratford Gallery,' by Mrs. HENRIETTA PALMER, is a new and favorable example. Both from the subject and the tone of treatment, it dispenses a genial feminine influence; and it falls about as

completely within the scope of Mr. THACKERAY's recommendation, as if it occupied an easy-chair, and uttered its sentiments by the voice instead of by type. The narrative and criticism are both delightfully *naïve* and simple, and have the charm of *esprit* without any ostentation of learning or technicality. Perhaps few persons would derive from it new conceptions of SHAKESPEARE, woman, tragedy, or comedy; yet no one could read it, and observe the pictures, without receiving genuine pleasure and invigoration. It would be an agreeable rather than important book, were it not that, considering to how many persons literature is and ought to be only a pleasure and not a laborious study, any work treating intelligently of SHAKESPEARE and written in a sprightly style, with excellent taste and a just enthusiasm, is certainly of importance.

It is curious that in reading this volume, devoted to the illustration of ideal women, we should constantly have been reminded of one of the most fundamental problems which at present occupy thinkers. Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON believes that pure intellect is of the devil, or rather is the devil himself; that a character in which it predominates is predominantly diabolical; and that all the leading, and especially all the finer and better parts in life, are played by the instincts, the emotions, and the passions. Mr. BUCKLE, on the contrary, believes that the intellect is exclusively the important and characteristic element in mankind; that whatever else is quite accidental and immaterial; that social progress is precisely according to intellectual development; that men or women are admirable in proportion to the amount that they know and the quickness with which they perceive; that the mind and not the heart has hold on destiny; and that the millennium will be when every body shall know every thing. The question is not only between these two eminent gentlemen; but theologians have, in a similar manner, long been trying to find the fountain-head of human nature, and to settle whether its essential quality is of the intellect or the affections, whether reason or faith shall take the lead, and whether the formula *intellige ut credas*, or *crede ut intelligas*, be right. The unsuspecting authoress of the 'Stratford Gallery' will doubtless be astonished to be informed that she has entered the lists with philosophers and theologians, that she has taken part in a great scholastic dispute, and that her book may be quoted as one of the answers to BUCKLE's 'History of Civilization.'

Yet so it seems to us. Throughout the volume, wherever it was practicable, she has treated the characters according to the categories of intellectuality and passionateness, uniformly liking those who are the more passionate, and disliking those who are the more intellectual. This is, indeed, a very delicate rebuff to Mr. BUCKLE, and compliment to Mr. BULWER and the Thirty-nine Articles.

A few instances may be selected. JULIET is duly admired as 'a woman whose emotions and manifestations are of primeval innocence and vigor, in whom love is the outward expression of an instinct as beautiful and holy as it is vehement.' And the next sentence clearly reveals the bent of the authoress: 'In nothing has SHAKESPEARE proved his wondrous skill more clearly than in this creation of a human being in whom sense asserts itself paramount over reason; indeed, whose only manifestations of intellect are the inspirations of exalted sentiment, a sensuously excited eloquence, and yet who is endowed

with such exquisite purity,' etc. The qualities most to be admired in *DESDEMONA* are her amiability and innocence; there was little of intelligence or heroism in her unfaltering trust; yet we find the charge of 'meagre intellectual endowments' disputed, and her force of character pronounced to have been 'sufficient.' The artlessness and submissiveness of her character are especially dwelt upon. The ardent and beautiful *IMOGEN* is esteemed the 'master-piece of all SHAKSPEARE'S wives,' and the features for which she is admired are her 'softness,' 'enchanting delicacy,' 'sensitive imagination and ardent emotions,' and for being 'almost JULIET-like in her extravagant fancies and highly-wrought imaginings.' These are brief specimens of the applause which is bestowed, generally with grace and justice, upon the passionate, instinctive, and simple-minded heroines.

Much more severely are SHAKSPEARE'S intellectual women dealt with. The authoress is quite shocked at *BEATRICE*, and by no means congratulates *BENEDICK* that he 'ever lived to be married.' She finds in her 'loud vivacity' 'no romantic susceptibility, no passion,' regards her fine railleries as only 'flippant affectations,' and thinks that her 'power of discomfiting others, proves a successful snare for her good taste and all the graceful effects of her tender breeding.' Surely, both the intellect and generosity of the sharp-tongued and sharp-minded lady seem to us not duly appreciated in the sketch, though her spirited defence of *HERO* is not forgotten. Lady *MACBETH* is fairly read out of the sex. 'She is that hateful accident, a masculine heart, soul, and brain, clothed with a feminine humanity.' *PORTIA*, the splendid and versatile *PORTIA*, is saved to the admiration of the authoress in a remarkable way, namely, by denying to her the 'possession of illustrious powers,' and conceding only cleverness — that 'nice dexterity in the adaptation of certain faculties to a certain end or aim, which is eminently graceful and feminine.' It seems implied here, as in many other places, that the intellectual faculties are unfeminine. Among the various good qualities which are afterward assigned to *PORTIA*, the wealth of her intellect is not one.

But the veritable *bête noire* of Mrs. PALMER, is *ISABELLA*. That she, who was about to take the veil, and only from sisterly love was induced to interest herself again for a moment in earthly things, does not exhibit more of human emotion in what she does, excites the severest execration. There is no beauty seen in the exquisite purity, the clear eye, the mild sententious wisdom with which the nun lingers on the threshold of another life to save an erring brother. Her composure, her moral grandeur, her bright though seemingly cold intellectual power command the most unwilling approbation of the authoress, who seems to us to appreciate far more perfectly the wayward instincts of *JULIET*, than the conduct of SHAKSPEARE'S high-principled *religieuse*.

In a single instance, Mrs. PALMER ventures critically to discuss the text. In the well-known and very perplexing passage of *JULIET*:

'SPREAD thy close curtain, love-performing Night,  
That run-away's eyes may wink,' etc.;

commentators have never agreed about the meaning or the possibility of a meaning to the term *run-away's*. Many substitutions have been proposed, and all that has been written on the subject would form a good-sized volume. It



is pleasant to find the existing phrase supported by a process of argumentation, not ingenious but purely natural and which, if it does not remove all obscurity, is at least as satisfactory an interpretation of the passage as we have any where seen. To follow the reasoning would require too much of our space, and we can only state her conclusion, that the epithet applies neither to the sun nor the night, but to JULIET herself.

Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, the new editor of SHAKSPEARE, has declared that, 'to correct a single passage in SHAKSPEARE's text is glory enough for one man;' and that 'he who discovers the needful word for the misprint, *run-away's eyes*, will secure the honorable mention of his name as long as the English language is read and spoken.' To which, Mrs. PALMER introduces her very womanly explanation with becoming modesty.

'To rescue the same passage from unnecessary 'correction,' and keep out 'needful words' where no misprint is, should be glory enough for one woman; and without presuming to believe that the writer of this has succeeded where so many abler have failed, she may still venture to hope that the promised honor may yet fall to her sex. Where learning and research have been tried in vain, much faith should be reposed in the intuitive poetry, the quick, sympathetic understanding of a woman's heart, on a subject wherein her instincts are directly involved; and such an interpreter will not appeal in vain to the pure bridal mind of the JULIETS of to-day, for whose sympathetic understanding the passionate outburst of their SHAKSPEARIAN sister has utterances almost unutterably true.'

The volume contains much more interesting matter than we have been able to indicate; and it is eminently tasteful in the style, the portraits, and the mechanical execution — as a gift-book almost perfect.

WELLS'S SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL-BOOKS. I. SCIENCE OF COMMON THINGS. II. NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. III. PRINCIPLES OF CHEMISTRY. By DAVID A. WELLS, M.D. New-York: IVISON AND PHINNEY.

As these works, through various circumstances, are somewhat prominently before the public, we have examined them with interest, and our conclusions are most satisfactory. As elementary text-books for students, we believe they have no equals, and as books of familiar reference, they deserve a place in every family library. Concise, clear, and accurate, yet containing the latest results of scientific research and experiment, they have none of the dryness so generally characteristic of philosophical works; but page after page exhibits the beautiful workings and magnificent results of science in so attractive and lucid a manner, that the interest of the reader never wearies. Another feature of the series is also particularly noticeable; they begin at the beginning, with the most elementary principles, and do not take for granted what is professed to be taught.

As an illustration of the complete manner in which the several books have been brought up to the times, we notice for the first time, in a book on chemistry, an explanation of the manufacture of Russia sheet-iron, which, in popular co-

timation, is a profound secret, so jealously guarded by the Russian government, that foreigners have hitherto been unable to obtain any information on the subject. According to Mr. W., however, this current belief has no foundation; and the method of preparing the iron in question is well known. It is in the first instance a very pure article, rendered exceedingly tough and flexible by refining, while its bright glossy surface is partially a silicate and partially an oxide of iron, and is produced by passing the hot sheets, moistened with a solution of wood-ashes, through polished steel rollers.

As was to be expected from their high character, we learn that their success has been very great, and that they have rapidly found their way into the best schools and seminaries in all parts of the country. Mr. WELLS, the author of these works, is well known to the public as a man of scientific attainments, and as the editor and originator of the 'Annual of Scientific Discovery,' which has become a popular institution. He also has the indorsement of the best scientific authorities.

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ERNESTIN: OR THE HEART'S LONGING. By ALETH. New-York: STANFORD AND DELISSER. 1858.

THAT young English poet, who once ejaculated his purpose

'to sing of heroes and of kings,  
In mighty numbers mighty things,'

had a very modest muse indeed, as compared with that of the authoress of '*Ernestin*.' Rarely has either epic or romance produced a volume so full of that sublimity which goes just one step too far. The story opens with 'emotion in heaven' and the 'voice of the unutterable BEING,' and it closes with 'perfected natures.' At first, it 'floats in the invisible ether, amid the myriad stars of a system, whereof the faintest glimmer never will be reached by lens of human sage,' and it treats us to a 'volant ship,' drifting 'with suspended oars between the island stars,' till it 'came to where seven vast planets appeared to circle round the central radiance.' Its first hero is an angel, whose first act is to shed a tear, which 'dropped through the blue ether, and appeared to the inhabitants of earth a shooting star.' Its second hero is 'the great archangel, sitting 'mid the farther stars, solitary, sleepless,' each feather of whose 'plumage' is 'like chiseled gold rendered various in hue by chemic art, and interstudded with all lustrous gems.' This second personage began what it would seem must have been a highly dangerous journey among 'the mighty globes that circled there unceasing, rolling over and over, and over ever, with a noise louder than to mortal ears a thousand whirlwinds, or the roar reduplicate of gathered thunders,' and which, 'as they circled onward in their erratic orbits, gave out fires like mazy lightnings, which crossed their crooked flashes above, beneath him, every where, that he seemed to fly as in a net-work of flame.'

Beneath these wonderful astronomical and mythological scenes, there are, however, some persons and events which are intended to be human; but they are not such examples of humanity as are found any where out of the worst

sort of novels. The work contains nothing simple, genial, or pleasant, nothing at all after the manner of living men and women. The style, where it is not worse, is merely vapid common-place. How pregnant of wit it is, may be inferred from the following, which was deemed important enough to be added in a note: 'Of SHAKSPEARE, as a man, we know but little; but we cannot doubt that he spoke, and looked and moved, a man. If he did not, he was an anomaly.'

The style and matter, however, have worse qualities than that of vapidity. There are throughout repulsive offences against any due religious sense or moral delicacy. Highly-wrought prayers, quoting the stars, the 'awful thunder,' the 'astounding lightning,' 'the rain that is Thy music,' the 'abyss of error,' and the 'wings of mercy,' are inserted in the midst of scenes that disgrace the earth. The volume is a uniform dribble of tears, sighs, oaths, and undisciplined impulses: it is without distinction of parts, or variations in tone and quality from page to page; and it has no value either in respect of good sense or happy execution.

The authoress displays some learning, quotes Greek, Latin, French, and Italian, and discusses SOCRATES, MACHIAVELLI, ALFIERI, and Lord BYRON; but she has not shown herself capable of writing an agreeable, pithy English sentence.

**ISABELLA ORSINI: A HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.** By F. D. GUERAZZI, author of 'BEATRICE CENCI.' Translated from the Italian by LUIGI MONTI, A.M., Instructor in Italian at Harvard University, Cambridge. New-York: RUSSELL AND CARLETON. 1859.

THIS novel, the production of a prominent Italian statesman of the present time, is much superior to most works of its class, as a display of intellectual power. The characters are boldly and vividly delineated, and the events are picturesquely related in a well-compacted and simple plot. A fine mind, and in many respects an excellent taste, are shown throughout the work. The historical value of all historical novels is very slight; but yet a person who knew nothing of Italian history in the sixteenth century before reading this volume, would be a little less ignorant of it after reading it. It is by an oversight, that the title-page refers its scene to the fifteenth century, since all the historical events and characters of which it treats belong to about the middle of the sixteenth century. We have been unable to discover for what artistic reason so long an account of the battle of Lepanto, comprising thirty almost unbroken pages, should have been introduced into it.

With many remarkable merits, it has also one fundamental and pervading defect. The novel at present, more than any other variety of literature, becomes a household book, and in some sort a member of the family. It furnishes a large part of the intellectual pleasure of very many readers, and is a considerable element in our social and literary culture. The story of ISABELLA ORSINI is a story of dark crimes. Murder, and outrages which lead to murder, form the whole staple of the plot. Every thing in the volume is vigorously and boldly conceived, but almost every thing in it too is criminal. Italian hopes and Italian horrors seem convertible terms.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

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‘HAVE WE A NAPOLEON SECOND AMONG US?’—We beg leave to assure Mr. WILLIAMS, Junior, son of the late Rev. ELEAZER WILLIAMS, now acting-pilot of a Lake Winnebago steamer, that his claim to the throne of France, as successor to his father, is one which will be resisted by a power behind the present throne, greater than the throne itself. The reigning head of the branch of OLIVER CROMWELL’s family, now living in Madison county, Mississippi, has as good a prospect of mounting the throne of England, once occupied by his progenitor, the immortal PRETENDER. ‘For why?’ Because, according to a most veracious correspondent, who rolls himself up in a ball of irrefragable argument in support of his case, as he goes along, ‘*We have a Napoleon Second among Us!*’ There is ‘no mistake about it.’ Let us reduce and introduce our correspondent’s story: He says that one pleasant Sunday in July, being at a ‘meeting’ of the Lebanon Shakers, at their ‘North House,’ he was struck with the astonishing resemblance which one of the Brethren bore to NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, with whose family-features, during a long residence in Europe, he had been familiar, especially with LOUIS NAPOLEON, whom he had ‘often met face to face.’ He found this impression had been made upon all to whom he had spoken, who had visited the Shakers on their worship-days, or encountered the individual referred to alone in the long street of the village. A broken-legged accident (he was ‘threw from a horse,’ and fractured his right lower ‘limb’) caused him to be ‘taken up’ and conveyed to the nearest family-house of the Brethren. And here it was that he became acquainted with ‘Brother JOSEPH,’ as he was called, who used to visit him, and hold long talks with him. One evening, in the course of conversation, the invalid spoke of his great resemblance to NAPOLEON. An answering smile excited his curiosity, and caused him to press for a reply. One by one, the particulars were drawn away from ‘Brother JOSEPH,’ a few of which we now proceed to set forth:

‘THE student of French history will remember that the Emperor NAPOLEON was married to MARIE LOUISA on the eleventh day of March, eighteen hundred

and ten. The King of Rome was born early in eighteen hundred and eleven. It is the received opinion, that after the fall of his father in eighteen hundred and fourteen, he was transferred to Vienna, and there educated under the *paternal* superintendence of the Austrian Court: and that he finally died, a victim to the dissipation taught and encouraged by his loving relatives. This is the tale by which the world has long been deluded. Its truth will appear from the following facts: After the fatal termination of the Russian campaign, the battle of Leipsic, and the entrance of the Allies into France, BONAPARTE found himself compelled to abdicate. He foresaw that he should be banished from France, and his wife and child become prisoners of the Allies. He had no fears for his wife, but he felt that the life of his son, the heir to his crown, would not be safe in the power of the Austrians: that they would never suffer him to reach maturity; fearing, and with justice, lest the French people should one day rally round the son of their great EMPEROR, drive out the Bourbons, and place *him* upon the throne of his father. He determined to confide the child to some tried and faithful servant, who should escape with him to America, while an infant of the same age should, with the consent of the EMPRESS, be substituted for her child. This arrangement was carried out. The child was intrusted to LOUIS POINET, an old soldier of the Guard, whose fidelity had been proved amid the sands of Egypt and the snows of Russia. POINET succeeded in escaping. He sailed from Rochefort early in May, eighteen hundred and fourteen, in a small American brig, called the '*Ann-Eliza*.' After a tedious passage, the exiles landed safely in Boston, in July of the same year. They remained there during five or six months. POINET then determined to remove into the interior of the State, where the chances of discovery would be less, and his moderate means would go farther toward their support. He had picked up a smattering of our language from the English prisoners in France, and without much difficulty he made his way through the interior; sometimes in the stage-coach, sometimes on foot, until he reached the town of Pittsfield, in the western part of the State, then an inconsiderable village. Here he resided for several years, often in great distress; for, as may be supposed, the remittances from the EMPEROR, during his exile in Elba, the short period of his power in France, and his imprisonment on the rock of St. Helena, were always delayed, and in fact, often failed to reach him at all.

'When the young prince was nine years of age, POINET confided to him the secret of his birth. He showed him letters from the EMPEROR: he gave him one addressed to himself, written years before, with a direction indorsed that it was to be delivered to his son when old enough to comprehend its meaning, and realize its importance. In this letter the EMPEROR spoke of his approaching exile; of his certainty that the life of his son would not be safe in the power of the Austrians; and of his determination to send him, in charge of POINET, to America; there to remain in retirement until the day should come, 'and come it would,' when France should rouse from her sleep, hurl her imbecile rulers from the throne, and call upon *his* son to fill the place of his father, and lead her to victory, to vengeance, and to renown. The letter concluded with an injunction to place all confidence in what was told him by POINET, and implicitly to obey his directions.'

This letter, and others written by the EMPEROR himself, and by his confidential secretary, the Count DE MONTHOLON, are unfortunately lost. They were

lost, however, through no carelessness of the owner; for aware of their great importance, he guarded them with the most jealous care. The account of their being *stolen*, however, by a mysterious and mustached emissary of LOUIS PHILIPPE, is very circumstantial and very conclusive: but as the letters were stolen in January, and the Agent of the KING could not well have reached France before the end of February, when the KING was himself an exile, 'Brother JOSEPH,' we are told, hopes that the letters have not been given up and destroyed. Perhaps the offer of a large reward might still procure their restoration. Of their *former* existence, however, there can be no doubt. Perhaps the post-master at Pittsfield, of the years eighteen hundred and fifteen to eighteen hundred and twenty, if he be still living, may remember the constant and anxious inquiries for letters by an elderly Frenchman, mustached, scarred, and weather-beaten, with an erect, military bearing. Foreigners were not then so numerous in our inland villages as to pass unnoticed. But to return to the narrative:

'THE young prince was about ten when POINER died, leaving him but a small sum of money for his support. This was soon exhausted: no farther remittances arrived; and he was thrown upon his own resources. After suffering from want, he was induced by the persuasions of some of the Shakers, with whom he fell in at Pittsfield, to join their community. It assured him at least a home, and the necessities of life. Here he grew up to man's estate; became attached to his faith; and remained in quiet retirement, until the time when I made his acquaintance. During this long period, but one event of interest had interrupted the even tenor of his life. *That*, however, was an event of much significance.'

This event was nothing less than a visit to Brother JOSEPH from LOUIS NAPOLEON, at that time in this country, who went up to Lebanon to induce him to 'sign off' in his favor, which 'Brother JOSEPH' declined peremptorily to do; but 'the parties separated on good terms.' In fact, it seems as if there could be no better terms than what 'the parties' separated on. But we think it would only have been prudent for 'Brother JOSEPH' to have kept a copy of the document which LOUIS NAPOLEON wanted him to sign. It was handsome to look at, being 'engrossed on vellum, with the Imperial Eagle attached — a splendid-looking bird.' The narrative proceeds:

'THUS far, it will be observed, that the proof of the identity of 'Brother JOSEPH' with the King of Rome, rests principally upon his own credibility. Were this all, although his character for truth is undoubted, and in a question of veracity between LOUIS NAPOLEON and a Shaker, the world would give the preference to the latter, still this narrative would not have been written. Fortunately, however, the story is confirmed by many curious circumstances. Each perhaps of little importance in itself, but which taken together, form a mass of proof difficult to be withstood. Marks upon the person, articles in his possession, his knowledge of the French language, and above all, his singular likeness to the BONAPARTE family, all strongly confirm the accuracy of his account.

'I pass over as unworthy of record in a serious article of this character, his dreamy recollections of his early youth; the rich uniforms by which he was



surrounded; elegantly-dressed ladies; a large room filled with pictures of men in coats covered with embroidery and stars—possibly the *Salle-des-Marchaux*; a park or garden, with fountains, flowers, and marble statues, with children playing—probably the Tuileries. I do not consider these reminiscences as *proof*; for all experience shows, that if the memory is taxed to recall events which it is our interest should have happened, the scene soon passes before the mind. Imagination is mistaken for memory. Not so, however, with the proofs I shall record. No imagination can detect *marks upon the person* which do not exist. No imagination can hear the French tongue, where the English only is spoken.

‘It is probably known to every reader at all familiar with the history of NAPOLEON, that the young King of Rome, while playing with an open knife carelessly left in the room, had the misfortune to inflict a severe wound upon his hand. The wound was upon the second joint of the fore-finger of the left hand. Strange as it may appear, a scar, evidently from a cut, is to be found upon the same finger of ‘Brother JOSEPH’s left hand. What will the skeptic urge to this? True, that in the bounds of human possibility such a thing *might* happen, as that two individuals, both in youth, both of the same age, and in different hemispheres, *might* inflict precisely similar wounds upon themselves, in precisely the same spot, of precisely the same size, of the same form, and with the same instrument. But though *possible*, this is so *improbable*, that the candid reader will not give it a moment’s consideration. Identity of lost children has been established, crime has been detected and furnished, upon less convincing evidence than this: as the narratives of JAMES, and the singular facts recorded by AMWORTH, will conclusively show. The *improbability* of so remarkable a coincidence must be acknowledged. Should it be objected to the inference I have drawn from the above curious circumstance, that a wound inflicted in such early youth would leave no scar, I reply that several of our most distinguished surgeons who have examined the mark, do not hesitate to say, and would doubtless give their certificate to that effect, that this wound was unquestionably inflicted in early youth. Peculiar appearances of the skin, a slight elevation, or a slight depression, a trifling discoloration, invisible to the common eye, enables the intelligent surgeon to tell to a day the date of the wound, the instrument with which it was inflicted, the metal of which the instrument was made, the sharpness of the edge, and in some cases, it is said, even the name of the maker. For this, however, I cannot vouch. This knowledge is often, as in the present instance, of almost inestimable value. Its importance is only exceeded by its accuracy.

‘The learned physicians to whom I have referred, have also found a curious mark upon the inside of the elbow-joint of Brother ‘JOSEPH’s left arm: a similar mark we know to have been upon the arm of the King of Rome. But as this mark, though much commented upon by the physicians, and pronounced by them to be singular in its shape, size, and color, may possibly have been the result of *vaccination*, I shall not pause upon it. The *improbability* of a poor boy at Pittsfield being vaccinated in the year eighteen hundred and twenty, will suggest itself to every reader. The coincidence of these marks, it will be readily conceded, is remarkable. But, (what makes the whole argument conclusive, and precludes reply,) in the very accurate and particular *process verbal* drawn

timation, is a profound secret, so jealously guarded by the Russian government, that foreigners have hitherto been unable to obtain any information on the subject. According to Mr. W., however, this current belief has no foundation; and the method of preparing the iron in question is well known. It is in the first instance a very pure article, rendered exceedingly tough and flexible by refining, while its bright glossy surface is partially a silicate and partially an oxide of iron, and is produced by passing the hot sheets, moistened with a solution of wood-ashes, through polished steel rollers.

As was to be expected from their high character, we learn that their success has been very great, and that they have rapidly found their way into the best schools and seminaries in all parts of the country. Mr. WELLS, the author of these works, is well known to the public as a man of scientific attainments, and as the editor and originator of the 'Annual of Scientific Discovery,' which has become a popular institution. He also has the indorsement of the best scientific authorities.

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ERNESTIN: OR THE HEART'S LONGING. By ALETH. New-York: STANFORD AND DELISSER. 1858.

THAT young English poet, who once ejaculated his purpose

‘to sing of heroes and of kings,  
In mighty numbers mighty things,’

had a very modest muse indeed, as compared with that of the authoress of '*Ernestin*.' Rarely has either epic or romance produced a volume so full of that sublimity which goes just one step too far. The story opens with 'emotion in heaven' and the 'voice of the unutterable BEING,' and it closes with 'perfected natures.' At first, it 'floats in the invisible ether, amid the myriad stars of a system, whereof the faintest glimmer never will be reached by lens of human sage,' and it treats us to a 'volant ship,' drifting 'with suspended oars between the island stars,' till it 'came to where seven vast planets appeared to circle round the central radiance.' Its first hero is an angel, whose first act is to shed a tear, which 'dropped through the blue ether, and appeared to the inhabitants of earth a shooting star.' Its second hero is 'the great archangel, sitting 'mid the farther stars, solitary, sleepless,' each feather of whose 'plumage' is 'like chiseled gold rendered various in hue by chemic art, and interstudded with all lustrous gems.' This second personage began what it would seem must have been a highly dangerous journey among 'the mighty globes that circled there unceasing, rolling over and over, and over ever, with a noise louder than to mortal ears a thousand whirlwinds, or the roar reduplicate of gathered thunders,' and which, 'as they circled onward in their erratic orbits, gave out fires like mazy lightnings, which crossed their crooked flashes above, beneath him, every where, that he seemed to fly as in a net-work of flame.'

Beneath these wonderful astronomical and mythological scenes, there are, however, some persons and events which are intended to be human; but they are not such examples of humanity as are found any where out of the worst

JOSEPH's name — JOSEPH ! What more probable than that the EMPEROR, at a loss to decide under what name his son should pass, should have selected this ? — a name not so uncommon as to excite attention, nor yet so common as to be lost among the multitude of JOHNS, THOMASES, and WILLIAMS. *The name of the Emperor's elder brother* : a tie to bind him to his family in a distant land, and to form one link in the chain of evidence to lead to his recognition on some happier day. It was no *chance* which dictated the selection of this name. The same forethought which snatched his child from the talons of Austria dictated its choice. I throw out this, however, merely as a suggestion. I am aware that a strictly logical mind, accustomed to sift evidence, and to weigh testimony, would hardly consider it as *proof*.

'If the facts which I have already offered have failed to shake the incredulity of the skeptic, the last and most important testimony I shall adduce, cannot fail to stagger his disbelief. I allude of course to 'Brother JOSEPH's resemblance to NAPOLEON. This resemblance must strike the most unobserving ; and I can only ascribe it to a want of acquaintance among our people with the features of the EMPEROR, that it has not before been recorded. The same prominent, thoughtful forehead ; the same cold, reflective gray eye ; the same small mouth ; the lips thin and firmly compressed ; and above all, the same bold, aquiline nose : a nose, be it remarked, not the common aquiline protuberance common upon the Continent, but less marked in its prominence, and more delicate in its chiseling : the nostrils thin, and easily dilated with scorn or passion. The nose, at *all* times a marked feature, is in the BONAPARTE family most distinctive.

'The resemblance in the figure too is remarkable. When standing, 'Brother JOSEPH' strikes the observer as a short man : when seated, he is of at least average height. This peculiarity of the BONAPARTES has often been observed. In LOUIS NAPOLEON it is marked : in 'Brother JOSEPH' it is so striking as to be almost ridiculous. It was to be expected, that if the nephew had this trait of the great EMPEROR, the son should possess it in a still greater degree. This, too, is not a common characteristic among men. Let the reader search among his whole circle of acquaintance, however extensive, and I doubt if he can point to a single individual distinguished by this trait. Find two persons thus marked, however widely separated, locally or socially, and the inference is irresistible that the same blood flows in their veins.

'It is not my object in these pages to establish the claims of 'Brother JOSEPH' to the throne of France. He is contented with his lot, and has no desire to exchange his happy obscurity for the anxieties and dangers of a crown. LOUIS NAPOLEON, too, holds *his* position, not by virtue of his birth, but by the choice of the French people. How that choice was effected, whether it was free or forced, I cannot here inquire. An ardent republican, I still look forward to the day when the principles of civil and religious liberty will triumph over the active hostility of the despots of Russia and Austria, and the passive indifference of the French people. Should the revelations here made shake the throne of the EMPEROR of the French, and so contribute to this glorious result, my purpose will have been fully attained.'

This appears to us conclusive : and yet we hear that the head male-descendant of the late ISAAC T. HOPPER, a well-known Quaker of this city, (who, in his little cockéd hat and tight short-breeches, was the exact counterpart of the 'Little Captain,') is about to 'contest' LOUIS NAPOLEON's 'seat,' on the argument of 'strong personal resemblance !'

LESSONS OF THE SPIRIT OF FISTICUFFS.—It is useless to try to ignore a 'patent' subject, in a periodical like the KNICKERBOCKER, which is an 'abstract and brief chronicle of the time.' We write on this nineteenth day of October, in our quiet sanctum at Cedar-Hill Cottage, looking out upon the smooth Hudson, and the hazy autumnal villa-sprinkled shores beyond: and yet to-morrow, two PUGILISTS, men of 'renown,' enter the gladiatorial circle in the QUEEN's adjoining realm of the Canada Provinces, Upper and 'Lower.' We never beheld a prize-fight: we never but once saw even a 'sparring-match,' a glove 'duel,' in a PICKWICKIAN sense, at a metropolitan theatre, 'for one night only.' It was Mr. BENJAMIN CAUNT, from England, who had given and received severe punishment in the British islands and coasts adjacent. His antagonist, if he might be so termed, was a person from the village of Brooklyn, (which, of a clear day, can be discerned with the naked eye, upon the eastern shore of the 'East River,' so called, extending some distance, from the various points, into the contiguous GOWANUS, WALLABOUT, and LONG-ISLAND country.) This person's name was JEROLIMAN: a Brooklyn purveyor of the fleshly substantials of every-day life; of excellent character, and esteemed of all who knew him. But ambition was his ruin, on the occasion to which we allude. He had had manly bouts at the 'manly science,' in a friendly way, with certain of his stalwart contemporaries in the trade, and with vigorous customers, who thrived upon the meat which they fed on from his hands, and were by these means enabled to encounter him in single combat. Mr. BENJAMIN CAUNT, of England, fresh from his blood-bought laurels, met him upon the boards of *the* 'Metropolitan Theatre' at that era. The English CHAMPION entered. His legs were sturdy, but not a 'study.' They were not for 'closet' contemplation. They 'stood out,' as puzzled connoisseurs say of a portrait, when they can say nothing else to flatter a faithful portrait-painter. His nose was not even passable, for it had no bridge: but his knotty and combinéd head was as firmly imbedded between his shoulders 'as a ship-of-war in the mud of the Potomac:' also he had a large tract of uncultivated country below the short skull-hair under each ear — and-an-half: for part of the rim of *one* had been carried away in a former engagement. Mr. JEROLIMAN entered on the other side: the contestants were clad alike: buff short-clothes; opera-shoes, with the latest 'ties;' whitish gloves, but apparently of an unusual size. Mr. JEROLIMAN stood unarchitecturally, as was remarked by a gentleman near us, upon his pins. However, our attention was abstracted for a moment by an individual in a very handsome white overcoat, and a colored scarf, of variegated and bright colors, who exclaimed, in a quick and vehement accent, 'TIME!' There was an approach of the combatants — a meeting — a mutual jerk of the head of each — 'an out-go,' as we heard it designated, from the hand of 'the CHAMPION of England' — and Mr. JEROLIMAN, keeling over and over, like unto a wheel, as it struck us, and as we thought it also struck him, disappeared through a side-scene, only to reappear for a moment, remonstrating against an 'advantage' that had been taken of him, and pointing to his nose, profusely bleeding, as an incontestable and gradually-enlarging evidence of the fact.

tioned, in not throwing himself upon his prostrate antagonist, pales, in our opinion, before the humanity of this regulation. Think of 'drawers,' 'spikes of a quarter of an inch long,' (only,) and 'catch as catch can!'

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where the Indian club and Sir CHARLES NAPIER feat are imparted upon moderate terms. Let us rather take a glance, once for all, at the ring itself, to which these others are but mere ministers and accessories. What a peculiar phraseology it has, and yet how thoroughly understood of the people! Neither foot-note nor marginal reference is considered necessary to elucidate a statement of the following kind: 'Seventh round — the *Nigger* came up looking five ways for Sunday.'

'Now, what was Sunday to the Nigger, or the Nigger to Sunday, that he should be so superfluous as to look for it in five several directions? One would have thought it would have been about the very last thing with which this gentleman would have concerned himself, and that which he would know least what to do with when he had found. But the phrase is in common use, it seems, to express the confusion and 'all abroadness' consequent upon having head and eyes punched to excess in the previous rounds. The weakness of the *Nigger* was such, we are told, that he 'could not make a dint in a pound of butter' — also a pugilistic phrase, and not, as might be supposed, the result of an ingenious experiment proposed by his seconds or other interested persons. He 'had his ruby drawn,' and was then caught up and dashed violently upon the ground by his opponent, the *Young 'Un*, who, however, 'with the greatest generosity, declined to fall upon him.' Honor to the brave! The *Nigger* was so punished, we read on, that had not his bottom been of the very first quality, the sponge would most certainly have been thrown up, even at this early period. He had 'to spar for wind.' We have heard of whistling for a wind in extreme nautical emergencies; but this picture of a black man so faint with heat that he has to impart a rotatory or fan-like movement to his fists for the sake of air, is really terrible. Perhaps it was for time only in which to recover breath; at all events, he sparred for wind, but the '*Young 'Un* got home heavily upon his occiput, (there is no place like home,) and then knocked him clean out of time by a hit under the left ear.' Does this fearful sentence mean that the younger of the two antagonists destroyed the other's power of discriminating melody, or that he absolutely killed, launched into eternity, as the chroniclers of the executions have it, this poor black person; who, never let us forget, is a man and a brother, when the hat is going round for the beaten man — beaten because he was knocked out of time — and hence, perhaps, the expression 'knocked into the middle of next week,' or, more poetically, 'wrapped into future times,' and could not recover in the minute allowed between the rounds. The *Young 'Un*, who was the favorite from the first, must, it is written, have rocked the gold cradle to some purpose, so many of his handkerchiefs having been distributed before the fight began, upon the usual terms — a sovereign if he won, and nothing if he lost.

'This, we suppose, must be the somewhat illegitimate offspring of that chivalrous custom of the knights of old, who always got possession, if they could, of their fair ladies' kerchiefs to wear upon their helms: but a pound apiece seems certainly a very long price for them. Besides this graceful distribution of what, we are distressed to say, are elsewhere denominated 'wipes,' there is another curious piece of delicacy in this account of the late fight between Mr. BENJAMIN CAUNT and Mr. NATHANIEL LANGHAM. 'BEN,' we read, 'barring his mug, was a study for a sculptor; his powerful legs being set off to the best advantage by *pink silk stockings* and well-fitting drawers.' Why, one would think the man was going to dance a ballet, instead of subjecting himself to such excessive ill-treatment as this: 'NAT fiddled him to within due distance,' 'popped his larboard daddle on his jowl,' 'nailed him prettily on the left squinter,' 'got sharply on to his tenor-trap,' 'dropped smartly on to his snorer,' 'set his warbler bleeding;' and, in fact, rendered the whole of his features as unrecognizable physically, as they must appear to any exclusive reader of Messrs. ADDISON and STEELE. Still, we think, we would rather be even prize-fighters than wrestlers, who are subject to such conditions as these: 'Two back-falls out of three, Lancashire fashion; no hanging allowed, catch as catch can, in pumps and drawers. The spikes not to exceed a quarter of an inch in length.' The generosity of the *Young 'Un* before men-



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GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—The proceedings of the great *Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Property*, held at Brussels in September, have been made public in English and American journals. There would seem to be little reason to doubt, that great good will ensue from the deliberations and action of this important Convention. It was the business of the assemblage to *discuss* the subjects before them only, and to advise such *legislation* in relation thereto, as should be deemed proper. It was decided, among other things, by a very large majority of the body, that the right of an author in his works should extend to fifty years after his death. The remainder of the discussions of the Congress turned upon various details of the proposed legislation. Our American delegate to the Congress, FREDERIC S. COZZENS, Esq., so well known to the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER, was elected a Vice-President by acclamation, and acquitted himself with his accustomed ability. *Apropos* of Mr. COZZENS: we cannot *resist* the inclination to quote a few passages from a familiar, gossiping epistle, just received from our old friend and correspondent, dated 'The Hague, October Fourth.' It is exceedingly '*Sparrowgrassy*' and characteristic: and we trust there is no impropriety in permitting our readers to share with us the great pleasure which we, in common with a few select friends, have enjoyed in its perusal:

'MY DEAR CLARK: Here I am in Holland. I promised you a letter—here it is. Of course this country reminds me of our KNICKERBOCKER Magazine; of the Saint NICHOLAS Society; of WASHINGTON IRVING; of long pipes, long speeches, gin-punch, Dr. SCHOONMAKER, orange ribbons, VERPLANCK's cockéd-hat, HENDRIK HUDSON, and my own beloved 'lust-haus' on the bank of the river that bears the name of the famous skipper of the 'Haalf-Moon.' Yes, here I am, in a wilderness of weather-cocks, and a maze of wind-mills. The country is all ditch and dyke; the latter to keep the water out, and the former to keep the water in. The *ij* (in Dutch pronounced *eye*) wanders over an expanse of green, far as the edge of the horizon, in which the most elevated object is probably a gigantic cabbage: wind-mills and other flatulent vegetables, are as common as lamp-posts: the ditches take the place of fences: the stork builds in the roof; and the bull-frog, the Dutch model of unbreeched beauty, whistles his love-notes to the amorous tulip.

'You will probably want me to give you my impressions of England. Well then, I saw many of the old towns and castles. Oxford made the greatest impression upon me of all the rest. After the richness of Oxford, even London pales its ineffectual historic splendor. I saw Greenwich Hospital; the 'Leviathan;' the Tunnel; Thames; and I saw—a BEADLE! CLARK, you never saw a beadle!—a real original BUMBLE! Something flamed forth from a middle-age church-porch in Warwick; it blazed down the street, a figure in trappings of scarlet, and I thought it was the W. of Babylon—of the Apocalypse. But no; it held a bell, and wore a cockéd hat; it approached me—stopped; raised the cockéd hat, and uttered these remarkable words, 'Werry fine mornin', Sir'—replaced the *chapeau*, and walked away, like HAMLET's father.

'I have seen Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Mechlin, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Delft, and the Hague. I have seen the tombs of ADDISON and BUTLER, of Admiral TRUMP

and ERASMUS; the ever-burning lamps in the crypt where repose the ashes of NELSON and WELLINGTON; the sculptured sepulchres of CHARLES the Bold, and WILLIAM the Silent; the stone slab over the grave of RUBENS, and that where sleep forever SHAKESPEARE's honored bones. Nay, more: I have worn the steel caps of WARWICK and of CROMWELL; have held the crozier of the Prelate, and the sceptre of the King; have sat in the chair of JAMES I. and looked upon the bear and ragged staff embroidered by the fair hands of AMY ROSSART. Is *Kew-illworth* not known to me? Nay, I know its ruined battlements, as I do the house where the Duchess of Richmond gave a ball, which was interrupted by the cannon of Waterloo.

'I came to this place by the *trekschuyt*, a boat on the canal between Delft and the Hague. The former place is particularly interesting, as the scene of the Pilgrims' embarkment. It reminded me often of WEIR's great picture. But more than all, was I reminded of MOTLEY's 'Rise of the Dutch Republic' in the various scenes that met my eyes. The Netherlands are as eloquent of MOTLEY, as Spain is of IRVING. The *trekschuyt* is a horse-barge, for passengers only: it is drawn through the canal at the rate of four miles an hour. A very pleasant thing is it, to travel at a meditative pace through the heart of a rural country like this. And it is very beautiful too, this Holland; this bulbous *parterre*, planted with stately avenues of trees, green hedges, villas, and flowers of all hues. A sail on the *treckshuyt* upon the canal, is through a continuous grand garden.

'Next to Oxford, the Crystal Palace at Sydenham surprised me most of any thing I saw in England. Our own little affair of that name is as a wren compared with an eagle. It is the loftiest monument of English greatness in her possession, saving the memories of her illustrious dead. No, I must qualify that: it is her most striking edifice — that is it!

'I looked down upon busy London from the top of St. PAUL's, and saw the arterial currents of her trade radiating from the Bank. Do you know that Bank of England seems to me to be the heart of the financial world: but her youngest rival begins to pulsate also. There was a commercial throb not long since, that sent a shock throughout the Rialtos of both hemispheres.

'Here comes the *garçon* with the gin-and-water: I drink gin in Holland, because the water is bad and dangerous.

'Good night: you see I am ready for my night-cap: my kind regards to all at Cedar-Hill Cottage.

'Ever yours truly, F. A. C.'

Mr. COZZENS is 'at home' again. - - - We hope that many of our readers surveyed, as we did, night after night, in the clear amber-cerulean of an October sky, the *Great Comet of Donati*. The emotions of sublimity, the grandeur of the conceptions, which it awakened within us, are past all expression. The thoughtful beholder could only exclaim with TENNYSON:

'Oh! would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me!'

To see on each succeeding night that awful OBJECT, in size so overwhelmingly vast, in velocity so terrible, sweeping through the heavens, trailing its luminous glories, travelling its 'appointed' course — a visible embodiment of the CELESTIAL SUBLIME! The sun, the moon, the planets, all the distant hosts of heaven, have their metes and bounds: 'we know when they shall darken or

grow bright: ' but this erratic wanderer of the sky, whence came it, and for what end? The Infinite BEING who created it alone knoweth! It hath flamed upon the forehead of the evening and the morning sky, and now is momentarily rushing away from the great orb of day, into the vast realms of endless space! 'Whither, oh! whither?' Who shall answer? When they who are now living, and have looked upon that 'streaming courier of the skies,' are in their graves and out of them, in particles of dust, impalpable to human sight, it shall come again—again to speak the praise of its great CREATOR. What have we poor earth-worms to do, save to gaze in awe and wonder, and bow our heads in adoration? One night, after a long survey of this celestial visitor, overwhelmed with the contemplation of its wonders, we took up from the sanctum-table a work upon entomology, and read upon one of its pages these brief sentences: 'We are acquainted with animals possessing teeth, and organs of motion and digestion, which are wholly invisible to the naked eye. Other animals exist, which, if measurable, would be found many thousands of times smaller, which nevertheless, possess the same apparatus. These creatures, in the same manner as the larger animals, take nourishment, and are propagated by means of ova, which must, consequently, be again many hundreds of times smaller than their own bodies! It is only because our organs of vision are imperfect, that we do not perceive creatures a million times smaller than these.' 'Surely,' thought we, 'the hand of the ALMIGHTY is as sublimely visible in the least, as in the greatest of all His works!' - - - TRIFLES in knowledge, in the every-day affairs of life, are sometimes important: and little maxims, written from little minds, by little men, in a little room, on a little piece of paper, are often observable and noteworthy. Witness TUPPER, the myriad-minded, whose philosophy is proverbial:

'WHO sees a pin, and lets it lay,  
May want a pin another day.'

Nothing could be truer than this, if there were any degree in truth, which there is n't. Of this most useful maxim we have 'availed' from our youth up. Mr. CHARLES L. ELLIOTT, who is a philosopher, as well as the best portrait-painter living at this moment in Christendom, objects somewhat to this: having, as he conceives, a better way. 'If you want a pin,' said he, the other morning in the sanctum, 'look on your carpet for it: you will always find one.' We did: and two 'shining ones' rewarded the hasty search: although our beautiful 'snuggery' had just been swept and garnished. Also, dear departed 'AUNT DOLLY' once said to us, when we were trying to look the sun out of countenance, to accomplish a sneeze, 'touch the nerve with the head of a pin.' We did it: such ecstasy! The diaphragm arose within us, collapsed, turned itself wrong-side out, and subsided to repose. Such are simple *maximous* hints, which are heedworthy. - - - THERE was an excellent column in *The Tribune*' daily journal, the other day, upon the *Literary Criticisms of the London Athenæum*. But was 'the game worth the candle?' We are informed, on the best authority, that 'at 'ome' that sheet has the least possible influence, by reason of the uniform unappreciative and *nil admirari* spirit which it manifests, especially toward all American works, which '*The Tribune*' condemns. Its circulation is very small: at the outside not more than twenty-five

hundred; and its weight with its readers (save *avoirdupois*) is even less than its diffusion. Take the case of LONGFELLOW, for example: how do its adverse comments affect the literary reputation of that gentleman abroad? One would suppose, to give his works an increased sale in England; for not less than one hundred thousand copies, in editions costly and cheap, have been sold in Britain during the last year. The 'slashing style' of reviewing has gone out, especially with feeble pens, guided by ambitious but feeble minds. To us, it seems only amusing, to read the 'criticisms' of the *Athenæum* upon such writers as BRYANT, HALLECK, and LONGFELLOW. Even its stinted praise is accompanied by a *protestando*, and its confirmatory quotations are generally preceded by an adverse innuendo: reminding us somewhat of the eulogy bestowed by the pastor of a church upon one of his new deacons, in a conversation which he held with a neighboring pastor: 'Deacon B ——,' said he, 'has but one fault in the world: he has a propensity to be a *little quarrelsome*, when he is *drunk*!' According to our ARISTARCHUS of the *Ass-inæum*, as BULWER named it, PRESCOTT, BANCROFT, and MOTLEY possess little more than 'laborious industry;' HOLMES has 'neither wit nor humor;' WASHINGTON IRVING 'lacks *geniality*;' (think of that!) — BRYANT is an 'imitative WORDSWORTH:' and LONGFELLOW '*has written one pretty line*,' in his last volume! *A-bus!* such a 'critic' is not worth talking about. But while upon the subject of Mr. LONGFELLOW's last volume, which has met with such characteristically-unworthy treatment at the hands of the *Athenæum*, let us briefly express our sense of the merits of *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, which lends it its title, commencing with a clear *resumé* of the story:

'MILES STANDISH, the first captain of the New-England settlers at Plymouth, was a stalwart but somewhat stumpy man; terrible in war, but not framed for ruffling in the dove-cots. Being a widower, he shares his domicile in the rude shanties of the rising village with his bosom friend and *protege*, JOHN ALDEN, a scholarly, quiet, graceful, and God-fearing young Puritan. To him the soldier dilates of his old campaigns in Flanders, not without a dash of self-conceit, shown particularly in his reiterated protest and counsel — that whoever wants any thing well done must do it himself. This is MILES's rule of life and of action, though it fails him at a critical pinch. He desires to replace his lost wife, and casts his eye upon a comely maiden, one PRISCILLA; yet, despite his favorite maxim, he commissions JOHN ALDEN to do his wooing for him. JOHN, himself a humble worshipper of the fair girl whom the blunt soldier thinks may be had for the asking, is grievously troubled by the commission. His conscientious scruples are however put down by the strong will of the matter-of-fact man of war, and off he goes on his errand. Its result is easily foreseen. PRISCILLA, whose quick eye has not failed to read the true state of JOHN's feelings, and who is amused by his perplexity, gives a decisive negative to the proposal for the rough captain's hand. Then the honest fellow pleads with self-sacrificing earnestness in behalf of his rejected friend, making bad worse by every word he utters, until the maiden finally discomfits and puts him to flight, by asking him archly why he doesn't speak for himself: thereupon a terrible conflict between Love and Friendship. Stung by self-reproach, he hurries off to MILES STANDISH, and blurts out unreservedly to him the tidings of his ill-success as a messenger, and the still more unwelcome truth that he himself is the accepted one. This is more than the choleric captain can stand. He blasphemes, and reproaches JOHN ALDEN with treachery; nor do we know how his indignation would have found vent, had not a threatened irruption of Indians called off the soldier to his fitting avocation, and made for the moment an end of him. But though thus rid of MILES STANDISH's reproaches, JOHN ALDEN's sensitive nature cannot reconcile him to his own position as the lover of PRISCILLA, though a deprecating look from her had sufficed to prevent his immediate return to England in the bark 'May Flower,' then about to sail. He cannot clear himself from the charge of having broken faith with his friend. Suddenly, however, come tidings that STANDISH has been killed in a fight with the Indians, and that the settlement is threatened by them. The imaginary obstacle thus removed, and a sense of imminent

danger drawing together these loving hearts, JOHN ALDEN claims PRISCILLA as his bride, and they are married after the old fashions of Holland. At the wedding, stalwart MILES reappears, not as a ghost or an avenger, but forgiving, congratulating, blessing: and so all ends well.'

We fear that it will take a long time to 'inure' us to English imitations of Latin hexameters. LONGELLOW has well mastered the task of their composition, and his 'feet' go trippingly, with seldom a slip or mis-step. But the love of hexameters must come like the love of Spanish olives: some these delight: othersome regard them as 'sour green plums.' But the *form* of the poem aside: it is replete with the most exquisite natural images and comparisons; it contains a succession of descriptions which are as much beautiful *pictures* to the eye, as if they were upon canvas in color before the reader. Quiet humor there is, in quaintest garb, and touches of natural pathos, which take the heart captive: while the story itself is admirably and most dramatically told. Among the shorter poems which close the volume, is the subjoined, which is as excellent in the great lesson which it teaches, as in the grace and harmony of its execution. It is entitled '*The Ladder of St. Augustine*:'

'SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each dced of shame!

'All common things, each day's events,  
That with the hour begin and end,  
Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

'The low desire, the base design,  
That makes another's virtues less;  
The revel of the treacherous wine,  
And all occasions of excess:

'The longing for ignoble things;  
The strife for triumph more than truth;  
The hardening of the heart that brings  
Irreverence for the dreams of youth:

'All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,  
That have their root in thoughts of  
ill;  
Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will:

'All these must first be trampled down  
Beneath our feet, if we would gain  
In the bright fields of fair renown  
The right of eminent domain.

'We have not wings, we cannot soar;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time.

'The mighty pyramids of stone  
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,  
When nearer seen, and better known,  
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

'The distant mountains, that uprear  
Their solid bastions to the skies,  
Are crossed by path-ways, that appear  
As we to higher levels rise.

'The heights by great men reached and  
kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

'Standing on what too long we bore  
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
We may discern — unseen before —  
A path to higher destinies.

'Nor deem the irrevocable Past,  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
To something nobler we attain.'

In all respects, admirable. - - - A FRIEND has called our attention to the following paragraph in '*Ka Elele Hawaii*,' of Honolulu, Oahu, Sandwich Islands, under date of 'Okatoba 6.' The 'Buke' and 'Pepa' numerical designations are indistinct, from the wear and tear of the journal in coming so great a distance: but doubtless the sheet is of last year:

'E HOOKAA ia ka hookupu i hoakakaia maluna ae; penei, he hapaumi i ka hookomo ana i na holoholona iloko o ke kula, a he hapaumi i ka pau ana o na malama mua eono. Pela no i kela *Kakahikiikeia Makahiki*, e hookaa e ia ka hapalua o ia hookupu, a o ke koena i ka wa e pau ai ka hapalua mua o ko makahiki. Ina aole e kaa ka kekahi hookupu a pau na malama eono, e kau hou ia



ka hapawalu no kela dala aie keia dala aie a kaa. Aka, ina i hala na makahiki elua a kaa ole ka aie, e kuai ka luna o ke kula i kekahi bipi, lio, a hoki, a mina paha o ua mea aie la i mea e hookaa aku ai i kona aie, a e kukala ka luna i kona manao e kuai ia bipi, lio paha i hookahi malama mamua aku o ke kuai ana, i ike lea ia kona manao kuai no ia holoholona.'

Now this is an entire mistake. The paper referred to in the *KNICKERBOCKER* had no reference whatever to the 'threatened mandate' of the King of the Sandwich Islands: what our correspondent *did* say — and he was borne out in his remark by the facts which he cited — was, that 'when the Islands of the Sea should come under the dominion of the laws of Common Sense, and the eternal Principles of 'Ninety-eight, there would then be no farther need of submarine or trans-marine legislation.' What was *meant* by all this, we did not know then, and do not know now: but that these were the 'positions' of our correspondent, we *do* know. We respectfully request '*Ka Elele*' to retract its gratuitous animadversion. - - - We have been interested, and doubt not that our readers will be, in the annexed gossiping passage from the '*Wayside Records of a Yankee in Europe*. The main portion of the extract which we take from the manuscript, gives a more 'sketchy,' and therefore a more graphic description, of the literally 'last earthly-resting place' and familiar habits of *VOLTAIRE*, 'the keen wit and the brazen infidel,' than we have ever elsewhere met with:

'THE 'arrowy Rhone,' as it rushes under the paltry low wooden-bridge in the midst of the town of Geneva, is as blue as Mrs. M ——'s washing-tub on Monday morning. I did not much enjoy a lounge in the 'Place Bel-air,' an amphibious, muddy, polygonal concern, with a ginger-bread town-house and dial-plate on one side, and some print-shops on the other. A glance down the street that skirts the city wall, satisfied us in *that* quarter. The esplanade and fortifications to which a morning-walk led us, appeared to my eyes to have immense strength: several moats, of fifty or sixty feet deep and wide, traversed by narrow temporary bridges, for the benefit of the Genevese promenaders, follow the zig-zag course of bastion and curtain. From this point should the town and lake be seen, to be viewed to the greatest advantage. The jumble of high-peaked tumble-down houses and ginger-bread steeples that constitute the city, lie on your left, upon a portion of the slope that from your feet sweeps down for half-a-mile in a gentle descent to the placid bosom of the lake. Before you, that much bepraised sheet of water, resembling a little our own lake of the same name, unrolls her silver surface. The sloping shore, studded with villas, (among which I recollect the houses of *VOLTAIRE* and *CHATEAUBRIAND*,) approach each other in bolder and bolder curves as they recede, and at last embracing, seem to enfold the lake from your sight; while high above, on the right, old Mont Blanc, rearing his hoary and eternal summits above the intermediate heights, appears to lord it with an unspeakable grandeur over the whole scene. The 'blue Rhone' is of so deep an azure, as it flows under the bridge at Geneva, as to seem almost turbid.

'We took a carriage to Ferney one day, the residence of *VOLTAIRE*. The road conducted us for some distance along the bank of the lake. An hour brought us to the sparse village which *VOLTAIRE* created. We remarked a chapel, with an inscription on the pediment, possibly the same which *VOLTAIRE* built, and

arrogantly inscribed, '*Deo erexit Voltaire.*' The chateau was but a tolerable country-house, surrounded with a considerable extent of tasteful and varied grounds. . . . A servant appeared to show us through the house. The house is now in possession of the same nobleman from whose ancestors VOLTAIRE purchased the place. The ante-room, containing the same high-backed carved gilt chairs, in which VOLTAIRE and his fellow-wits and doubters disported their hours of triumph, is sad and oppressive. His sleeping-room adjoining, contains the unpainted bedstead and mean bed on which he reposed, when he *could* repose — for 'on that bed he *last* did lie.' According to the custom of travelling fools, I laid me down on his bed; and but that the ravages of former tourists had reduced the curtains to the length of about a foot, I should have followed their example in carrying off a small piece by way of memorial.

'A portrait of Madame DE WARENS and of CATHERINE DE RUSSE is on either side of the bed. In the room is a paltry cenotaph, and on a board hanging, if I recollect, right across it is, '*Mon cœur est ici — mon es prit est partout.*' As we were conducted over the beautiful grounds, where, from an occasional terrace we enjoyed a fine view of the country, we were shown the walk which he frequented when under the influence of his muse. The attendant, who had been his servant, told us that he used to walk rapidly by fits, with his long cane in his hand, stopping at intervals to write: the head of his cane and the back of his hand serving for a desk. I of course gathered some of the leaves of the beech-trees which he had planted with his own hand. . . . At the gardener's lodge, we were shown his walking-cane: we put on his brocade gold-fringed night-cap, and seated ourselves in his arm-chair, without imbibing any of its old occupant's inspiration. VOLTAIRE had a habit of detaching the seals of the letters which he had received, and arranging them in a sort of album: he then wrote underneath each seal some brief expression, designating the character of the person to whom the seal belonged, as, 'You hypocrite: *'farceur,'* etc. This book was shown to us. The present proprietor of the chateau had erected in the grounds a splendid monument, with a long inscription to his memory. Some weak wretches had recently demolished the erection. The gardener gave me a printed copy of the inscription, which I am sorry to say I have mislaid.'

'When *found*, make a note of it.' - - - It is 'painful, truly painful,' to read such things as are written by our Lawrence (Mass.) correspondent, concerning a certain native Justice of the Peace, residing so near Boston, the nucleus of 'all the learning and all the talents,' so widely radiated in the region round about. Imagine the following scene: 'With an appearance indicating the realization of the importance of his position, Judge S—— prepared himself with paper, pen, and ink, and 'opened the court.' With the examination and cross-examination of witnesses, and the pleas of the counsel, every thing seemed to pass off smoothly; save now and then, at the order of the Judge, they were compelled to wait for him to complete his minutes, or to ask the members of the bar how some word in the testimony should be spelled. Now came a moment of most intense interest. After a season of mutual satisfaction between the counsel and the spectators, it is not strange that, as the 'deciding moment drew near, the court-room should have been in almost breathless silence, for the case was an important one. I need not picture the scene farther. You no doubt have witnessed exciting trials in courts of justice, and

become almost unable to govern your feelings, as the sentence was about to be pronounced upon some criminal. With profound gravity the Judge arose, and with slow and solemn voice, turning to the counsel for the defendant, he said: 'Mr. H —, it is the opinion of this Court *that you are defaulted.*' As soon as Mr. H — recovered sufficiently, he arose, and answered: 'Judge S —, I was not aware but what I was *here*, and had *been* here throughout the trial.' Again another solemn silence: the Judge grew red in the face, and huge drops of perspiration oozed upon his forehead. Fortunately the counsel for the plaintiff bethought him to say: 'You meant to remark, Judge, that you decided the case *against* the defendant.' Life at once returned: 'Oh! yes, yes — yes, I meant — *that's* it: I decide *against* you, Mr. H —!' And he 'decided accordingly!' - - - You have seen such a man as this, reader, have you not? — a croaker, who never predicts any thing that is not evil, and who reverses POPE's idea, and always holds, that '*whatever is, is wrong?*' You meet him some fine bracing autumn-morning, and salute him with: 'A charming morning this: such a glorious day is enough of itself to make a man in love with life.' 'Ya-e-e-s: pleasant enough *now*; but it's a weather-breeder, Sir — a reg'lar weather-breeder: we shall *pay* for this: now mind I tell you!' Three weeks after, you encounter him on a rainy day: 'Aha!' he exclaims; 'what did I *tell* you? It's on us *now*, and we shan't 'get shed of it' in a hurry: the regular equinoctial, and plenty after that!' And so with every thing: nothing but 'croak! croak!' like a crow, all the while. Whip us such uncomfortable 'fellow-citizens' — these 'JONESSES,' whom CHARLES MACKAY so happily hits off in a little poem, of which we can only recall two verses, and perhaps these not correctly:

'I READ the sweet letter my love sent to me,  
Inclosing a rose from a land o'er the sea;  
I press to my foud lips a curl of her hair,  
And own that she's loving, and good as she's fair;  
When JONES, interrupting, says: 'Love's a mistake,  
And women but play with men's hearts till they break.'  
I answer, 'Why not? if they're bloodless as stones?  
Get out of my sun-shine, detestable JONES!'

'My heart glows with hope for the welfare of man:  
I pray for my fellows, and help when I can:  
I see through the distance of ages to be,  
The many, grown wiser, made happy and free,  
When JONES, interrupting, says: 'Man is a knave;  
And, if not a tyrant, a fool or a slave.'  
I answer: 'There's kind human flesh on my bones —  
Get out of my sun-shine, cadaverous JONES!'

As the song goes, 'so say all of us!' - - - THE charming '*Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*' having finished *his* career in the pages of our contemporary, '*The Atlantic Monthly*,' the landlady of his boarding-house, of whom he has afforded so many amusing glimpses, has been imparting to an amanuensis her impressions of himself, and of the school-mistress with whom he 'took the long path,' at the close of his story. Passing by the 'rich-brush' picture of the 'Autocrat' as a boarder 'who paid regular,' and his 'manners and customs' at table and elsewhere, we cannot forbear to present a 'picture in little' of the 'school-ma'm,' which is alike homely, graphic, and in parts affecting:

‘As to school-ma’am, I han’t a word to say that an’t favorable, and do n’t harbor no unkind feelin’ to her, and never knowed them that did. When she first come to board at my house, I had n’t any idee she’d live long. She was all dressed in black; and her face looked so delicate, I expected before six months was over, to see a plate of glass over it, and a Bible and a bunch of flowers layin’ on the lid of the — well, I do n’t like to talk about it; for when she first come, and said her mother was dead, and she was alone in the world, except one sister out West, and unlocked her trunk and showed me her things, and took out her little purse and showed me her money, and said that was all the property she had in the world, but her courage and her education, and would I take her and keep her till she could get some scholars — I could n’t say not one word, but jest went up to her and kissed her, and bu’st out a-cryin’ so as I never cried *since I buried the last of my five children that lays in the buryin’-ground with their father, and a place for one more grown person betwixt him and the shortest of them five graves, where my baby is waitin’ for its mother.*’

‘[The landlady stopped here, and shed a few still tears, such as poor women who have been wrung out almost dry by fierce griefs lose calmly, without sobs or hysteric convulsions, when they show the scar of a healed sorrow.]

‘ — The school-ma’am had jest been killin’ herself for a year and a half with waitin’ and tendin’ and watchin’ with that sick mother that was dead now and she was in mournin’ for. *She* did n’t say so, but I got the story out of her, and then I knowed why she looked so dreadful pale and poor. By-and-by she begun to get some scholars, and then she would come home sometimes so weak and faint, that I was afraid she would drop. One day I handed her a bottle of camphire to smell of, and she took a smell of it, and I thought she’d have fainted right away. Oh! says she, when she come to, I’ve breathed that smell for a whole year and more, and it kills me to breathe it again!

‘The fust thing that ever I see pass between the gentleman inquiries is made about, and her, was on occasion of his makin’ some very searchin’ remarks about griefs, sech as loss of friends and so on. I see her fix her eye steady on him, and then she kind of trembled and turned white, and the next thing I knew was she was all of a heap on the floor. I remember he looked into her face then and seemed to be seized as if it was with a start or spasm-like — but I thought nothin’ more of it, supposin’ it was because he felt so bad at makin’ her faint away.

‘Some has asked me what kind of a young woman she was to look at. Well, folks differ as to what is likely and what is homely. I’ve seen them that was as pretty as picters in my eyes; cheeks jest as rosy as they could be, and hair all shiny and curly, and little mouths with lips as red as sealin’-wax; and yet one of my boarders, that had a great name for makin’ marble figgers, would say such kind of good looks warn’t of no account. I knowed a young lady once that a man drowneded himself because she would n’t marry him, and she might have had her pick of a dozen, but I did n’t call her any thing great in the way of looks. All I can say is, that, whether she was pretty or not, she looked like a young woman that knowed what was true, and that loved what was good, and she had about as clear an eye, and about as pleasant a smile as any man ought to want for every-day company. I’ve seen a good many young ladies that could talk faster than she could; but if you’d seen her or heerd her when our boardin’-house caught a-fire, or when there was any thing to be done be-

sides speech-makin', I guess you 'd like to have stood still and looked on, jest to see that young woman's way of goin' to work. Dark, rather than light; and slim, but strong in the arms—perhaps from liftin' that old mother about; for I've seen her heavin' one end of a big heavy chest round that I should n't have thought of touchin', and yet her hands was little and white. Dressed very plain, but neat, and wore her hair smooth. I used to wonder sometimes she did n't wear some kind of ornaments, bein' a likely young woman, and havin' her way to make in the world, and seein' my daughter wearin' jewelry, which sets her off so much, every day. She never would—nothin' but a breast-pin with her mother's hair in it, and sometimes one little black cross. That made me think she was a Roman Catholic, especially when she got a pieter of the Virgin Mary and hung it up in her room; so I asked her, and she shook her head and said these very words: that she never saw a church-door so narrow she could n't go in through it, nor so wide that all the CREATOR'S goodness and glory could enter it; and then she dropped her eyes and went to work on a flannel petticoat she was makin', which I knowed, but she did n't tell me, was for a poor old woman.'

Is not this admirable? We should scarcely be surprised to learn that the 'AUTOCRAT' himself 'had a hand in it.' - - - KIRRES have 'gone out' Our 'Leviathan,' like its great namesake in the Thames, is laid up, waiting for the 'spring-tides' of air. Fitfully blow the autumnal winds now, and dead leaves strew the hill-side walks. The 'Leviathan' would in these days take any one into the air who should essay to hold the guiding-rein: so he stands on end in the library adjoining the sanctum, until his time shall come. Meanwhile, little 'sleighs are in,' or soon will be; at the prospect whereof our little people do greatly rejoice: and truth to say, we with them. If there is any thing that will stir the blood, and renew the youth of us 'children of larger growth,' it is to see, in the first *feasible* snow that falls, the little boys and girls, those cordial communities who know neither 'sets' nor 'cliques'—with red cheeks and bright eyes, tumbling, rollicking, laughing, and shouting, and 'turning to mirth all things of earth, as only childhood can.' We once heard the late PHILIP HONE, at one of the annual festivals of our good Saint NICHOLAS, with an unstudied eloquence, and a grace which was as natural to him as the air he breathed, dwell for a few too short moments upon his reminiscences of early New-York: and we remember that he said, in substance: 'I have travelled, Sir, in foreign lands, since that period of Long Ago: I have beheld mountains which veiled their hoary heads in the clouds, and hills of rarest beauty; but, Sir, they all pale before the memory of the hill, to the top of which the boys of Old New-York used to draw their sleighs in winter, and glide like an arrow down its glassy sides. Let such of us as are Boys of Old New-York never forget '*Vlaätenbureck Hill!*'—and the speaker's eye dilated, and his voice was full and cheery, as he thus spake of the 'winter-memories of his boyhood.' The other day, when the painter was putting the finishing-touches to the new 'coat' which has been given to the cottage, we asked him if *he* were the Mr. BUCKHOUT, of whose skill in cleaning and restoring oil-paintings we had heard such frequent mention made? 'He had had great success in that line,' he said, modestly adding, that he 'had always, he believed, given entire

satisfaction to those who had intrusted their pictures to his care. His process was an original one, and it neither injured the colors or the canvas in the slightest degree.' 'One thing led on to another,' until mention happened to be made of *Children's Sleighs for Winter*, suggested by seeing our little Five-year-old extemporizing a sled from the sides of a superannuated cigar-box; when Mr. BUCKHOUT informed us, that in making and decorating sleighs for children, he could proudly say that he 'turned his back to no man:' that as winter approached, the demand for his work, for the city and Hudson-river towns, was greater than he could supply. From town, his sleighs find their way to all parts of the country; and specimens in this kind have twice received first premiums at the American Institute. He happened to be in the city at the time the Crystal Palace was burned, and succeeded in rescuing from the 'devouring element' (meaning fire) two of the most beautiful vehicles of the kind 'on view' in that graceful but now vanished structure. One of these is contracted for, for a good little boy we wot of, to rejoice Cedar-Hill this winter with many a joyful juvenile 'load.' Whoso desires a little sleigh, as strong as it is easy-going, of Mr. D. M. BUCKHOUT's manufacture, let him advise us, at the office of the KNICKERBOCKER. - - - CONNECTICUT is justly celebrated for the excellence of her schools: but we know of one little village within her borders, where the schoolmaster seems not to have been a prevalent institution. Sitting on the piazza of a hotel there, a few days ago, we watched the progress of a sign-painter plying his art over the portals of a neat little building opposite. As his first syllabic combination became apparent, our speculation ran high, as to the nature of the place, 'DIGNING:' it could form no part of the owner's name; neither could we bring to mind any art, science, or trade, having such an adjective appellation. Half-an-hour later, and the intent of the sign became apparent:

<p style="text-align: center;">D I G N I N G   S A L O O N &amp; R E S T U R E   A U N T .</p>
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Who'd have thought it, O Connecticut! - - - We shall 'name no parties,' nor violate any private confidence, in letting fall upon these pages a *Gleam from the Light of a Dutchman's Fire-Side*, in one of the old towns far away on the banks of the noble river now sweeping, in the broad, bright moon-light, to the sea, past the October-garnished heights which swell above the lowly mansion of 'Cedar-Hill Cottage.' The modesty of the writer (only equalled by the old-time hospitality, and the warm, genial spirit which prompts it, and which have made the ancient 'Family-Hostead' famous for so 'many a rolling year') might reluct at names and localities; so that in that regard we forbear—and begin. After allusion to our recent visit to the '*Battle-Grounds of Old Saratoga*,' our kind and courteous correspondent observes:

'I AM reminded, in the 'TABLE' of your September number, of a long-deferred intention of my own: namely, of writing to you, to request that you will not



again come so near this ancient, quiet, and fertile valley, where, according to our old friend, the 'veritable Historian,' the folk used to put stones on their houses, in windy weather, to prevent their blowing away, without coming 'just over the river,' and paying a visit to the old *Family-Hostead of the Knickerbackers*. For, my dear Sir, the hospitalities of a KNICKERBOCKER'S mansion are ever open, especially to a KNICKERBOCKER'S friends; and to no one could a more cordial welcome be offered, than to the old and genial Editor of the 'KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE:' and I trust that at some future time you may find it convenient with your arrangements to make your way northward again, and with the purpose of a quiet sojourn, amid the primitive scenes and primitive manners of this ancient neighborhood.

'I can promise you, that if you come, you may occupy the *'Haunted Chamber,'* and will warrant you against all harm; for the spirits which inhabit it are, I am very sure, good spirits — choice friends of CUPID and of HYMEN — as it is also known as the *'Bridal Chamber.'* And, if it were not for shocking your patriotism, I could offer you — for your sleeping arrangements — the bedstead which once belonged to that arch Tory, Sir JOHN JOHNSON: at any rate, you need not, if you choose, during your stay, sit in a chair less than one hundred years old: and if you have a passion for the antique, or the war-like, I could 'lead you the loan' of the sword which my great grand-father used (with how much execution I dare not say) during the Revolution.

'And I can show you the huge FAMILY BIBLE, with its great clasps, (never, I am quite sure, intended as a pocket-edition,) wherein is recorded, in legible *Low Dutch*, the genealogy of the KNICKERBACKERS, for — well, for at least an age or two before the laying of the *Sub-Atlantic Cable*. And then, I could lead you to the sepulchres, and point out to you the epitaphs of my ancestors for several generations. And I could conduct you to the stream, and to the identical spot, where licensed-mouthed Tradition relates, that a certain *'Dutch Domine'* of yore united within the mystical bonds of wedlock a fair damsel and her loving swain; they standing on the one shore, and the clergyman upon the opposite side of the river, during the interesting ceremony. And then, I could lead you to a tract of land, and could show you the deed which conveyed the same; it being a *'Warranted Transfer'* from the 'Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the City of Albany,' to one of my fore-fathers, the sole consideration of which conveyance was (and was it not truly a valuable consideration?) that my ancestor agreed to furnish said 'Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the City of Albany,' with sufficient meat, drink and lodgings for themselves and horses whenever they or any of them should choose to visit him at his house, and so long as they, or any of them, should choose to stay there.' Those, you will remember, were the good old days of hospitality.

'And I can promise you farther, that when you come, (if you be a smoker, as I am,) I can offer you a substantial *pipe* of the olden school; or, at your option, a modern cigar, and the other 'good goods,' the *et ceteras* of a Dutchman's fire-side. And yet, I may not promise you 'princely entertainment,' nor many of the luxuries of many others. For we are of a simple and a prudent race: and though my first ancestor who came to this country is said to have eloped hither with a nun, yet that, I suppose, might be considered as only a 'kink in the cable' of their otherwise proverbial prudence.'

*This* is a KNICKERBOCKER invitation '*after our own heart,*' and shall bear

cepted *with* it, 'when time and chance shall serve.' Where there is a *will*, there will be found a *way*. - - - It is remarked by some one, some one unknown to us by name, but a sensible and plain-spoken man, whoever he is, that *Woman in the Middle Ranks of Society* is in her true glory: not a doll, to carry silks and jewels; not a puppet, to be flattered by absurd adoration; revered to-day and discarded to-morrow, and always jostled out of the place which nature and society would assign her, by sensuality or contempt: admired but not respected, and desired perhaps, but not esteemed: compare such an one with a WIFE who partakes of the cares and cheers the anxieties of her husband; who divides his toils by her domestic intelligence, and spreads cheerfulness around her; for his sake sharing the reasonable refinements of the world, without being vain of them. Now this, as we have intimated, is well and truly said: and it reminds of a few very clever lines which a western lady-correspondent, in a kindly-courteous note, now lying before us, has desired us to 'circulate' in the Table. With moderate crinolines, therefore, and no other redundancy save that which Nature gives, ladies and gentlemen, '*The Girl with the Calico Dress*' will have the honor of appearing before you:

'A ~~fig~~ for your 'fashionable girls,'  
With their velvets and satins and laces,  
Their diamonds, and rubies, and pearls,  
And their milliner figures and faces:  
They may shine at a party or ball,  
Emblazoned with half they possess,  
But give me, in place of them all,  
My girl with the calico dress.

'She is as plump as a partridge, and fair  
As the rose in its earliest bloom;  
Her teeth will with ivory compare,  
And her breath with the clover perfume.  
Her step is as free and as light  
As the fawn's whom the hunters hard press;  
And her eye is as soft and as bright —  
My girl with the calico dress.

'Your dandies and foplings may sneer  
At her simple and modest attire;  
But the charms she permits to appear  
Would set a whole iceberg on fire.  
She can dance, but she never allows  
The hugging, the squeeze and caress;  
She is saving all these for her spouse —  
My girl with the calico dress.

'She is cheerful, warm-hearted and true,  
And kind to her father and mother:  
She studies how much she can do  
For her sweet little sisters and brother.  
If you want a companion for life,  
To comfort, enliven, and bless,  
She is just the right sort for a wife —  
My girl with the calico dress.'

Pass this good 'Girl' around. - - - 'Why could n't they,' asked a 'scientific explorer,' of the *Flâneur* school, as he stood by a switch-man, on a long and very straight rail-road track, 'down east' the other day, discussing the 'Atlantic Cable,' 'why could n't they make a telegraph-line of rail-road rails? It's continuous, and it's conductive, an't it?' 'Why, sartin,' was the reply: 'it's

been done — done frequent, by natural lightnin'. BILL FINCH, up at HANK's station, in a thunder-storm, last week, switched off a streak o' lightnin' that he see a-comin', and run the thing into the ground: 's a *fact* — ask BILL!'

—  
 'My window opens toward the autumn woods:  
 I see the ghosts of thistles walk the air  
 O'er the long, level stubble-land that broods  
 Beneath the herbless rocks that jutting lie:  
 Summer has gathered her white family  
 Of shrinking daisies — all the hills are bare:  
 And in the meadows not a limb of buds  
 Through the brown bushes showeth any where.'

THUS sings ALICE CAREY: but if she means to say that the flowers are all gone, and bouquet-matériel fled, we think we could prove to her, could she but step for a moment into the sanctum, that she is somedele mistaken. Not during the entire summer, when multitudinous flowers 'appeared upon the earth,' and might be had for the plucking, did such a brilliant bouquet swing like an incense-breathing censer above our table, as now illuminates the sanctum with its autumnal glories. Vari-colored artemesias, polished dogwood-berries, of a brighter red than any Chinese vermilion that was ever seen; rich clusters of opened 'bitter-sweet,' with its trailing bulbs of deep orange and brightest crimson; shining wax-berries, whiter than the whitest lily that ever opened its fair bosom to the summer air; tender cedar-sprays, (at almost arm's-reach from the sanctum windows,) 'thickly set with pale blue berries;' hair-fine mountain-pine twigs, green as a leek, without its odor; two or three light maroon tuft-cones of the sumach, with its long attendant leaves, tinged with all bright hues, 'most beautiful to see:' match us such a bouquet as this, with all the wealth of summer-flowers! It cannot be done — for have n't we tried it? Moreover, it was *our* work: '*alone* we did it,' having long since made up our mind that we have slight occasion to 'turn our back to any man or woman' in making a tasteful bouquet. - - - 'A DECAT to a beggarly denier,' that '*Hans Breitmann's Barty*' is from the choice hand of our old correspondent, 'MACE SLOPER.' It 'smacks of him' very much:

'HANS BREITMANN gife a barty — dey had biano blayin — I felld in lofe mit a Merican frau. Her name vas MADILDA YANE. She hat haar as proun as a pretzel bun; de eyes were himmel blue; and ven she looket into mine, dey shplit mine heart in two.

'HANS BREITMANN gife a barty: I vent dar you'll pe pound. I valzet mit der MADILDA YANE — und vent shpinnen round und round. De pootiest freilein in de house — she vayed pout doo hoondert pound.

'HANS BREITMANN gif a barty — I dells you, it cost him dear. Dey rollt in more as seven keeks of foost rate Lager Bier — und venefer dey knocks de shpicket in, de Deutchers gifes a cheer. I dinks dat so vine a barty nefer eoom to a het dis year.

'HANS BREITMANN gife a barty. Dar all vas souse and brouse, Ven de sooper come in, de gompany did make demselves to house. Dey ate das Brot und Gensybroost, die Bratwoorst and Braten fine, and wash das Abendessen down mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

' HANS BREITMANN gife a barty: ve all cot troonk as bigs: I poot mine mout to a parrel of bier und schwallowed it oop mit a schwigs — und denn I kissed MADILDA YANE, und she schlap me on de kop, und de goompany fought mit taple lecks dill de coonstaple made oos schtop.

' HANS BREITMANN gife a barty: vhere is dat barty now? Vhere is de lofely golten cloudt dat float on der moundain's prow? Vhere is de himmelstrahlende stern — de schtar of de spirit's light — all gone'd afay mit de Lager Bier — afay in der Evigkeit.'

The 'internal evidence' here is very strong. In its kind, it is quite as good as the mingled Dutch-English of the travesty:

' De sun vash gone town shust pehint de plue mountains,  
Und left de tark night to come on us again,  
Ven I shtumped along, mit de shwamps und de fountains,  
Shust to see vonce my GARY vot livesh on de blain: '

with other stanzas, of a kindred sort. - - - THE editor of the '*Cumberland Telegraph*' dropped in upon us at the SANCTUM by paper-proxy the other morning, and mentioned to us, in the course of an animated conversation, the following extraordinary circumstance: 'For several years,' said he, 'a MOUSE has made his home in my printing-office. He has become very familiar with all hands, and in broad day-light he can be seen playing around the feet of the compositors, or dancing about the cases, seemingly as little apprehensive of danger as if snugly safe in his nest. The paste-cup is his delight; but he never objects to a bit of cake or fruit, with which his admirers occasionally supply him. He is a most remarkable little animal. A piece of cake puts him in high glee, and when he has devoured it, he gets in a corner and sings like a canary bird, his notes being sweet and melodious. Sometimes he will sing for an hour without intermission. He is a general favorite; does what he pleases with impunity; and is regarded as a sort of fixture in the office.' Our contemporary added, that the said MOUSE was so tame that he would suffer his person to be handled, without any the least show of fear. We said to him, (the EDITOR, not the MOUSE,) 'That is, as you observe, a most extraordinary circumstance: and if you had not *seen* it, you would not have believed it?' He replied immediately, with great frankness, that he would not. The following observation, made by 'ourselves,' finished the conversation 'under notice:' 'Jus' so: we have never *seen* the mouse in question.' The editor was *dumfounded*, and wist not what to say. - - - WHEN 'OLLAPOD' was editing his *Philadelphia Daily Gazette*, we remember his remarking, at the end of a heated political contest, that he was tired of running over the tables of majorities, which kept coming in. As if by a sort of understanding, or conspiracy, he said, among his contemporaries, uniform tables had been prepared: his brother-editors had all become MANTILINIS; and 'Dem.,' 'Dem.,' 'Dem.,' was the only party word they could utter in the 'majority'-column. Now it was an odd thing which brought this little circumstance to mind. We saw a country 'store'-keeper, day before yesterday, looking at a bank-note list, which he had not as yet learned properly to consult. Unknowingly, he was deep in the 'counterfeit' department, and took the abbreviated descriptions of the *face* of the bills as pronunciamientos of their solvency: and he read, partly

to himself in this wise: 'Farmers' Bank of S — Co., Pa.: vig.' (be vigilant to detect) — 'BUST:' *that* won't do: 'Union Bank of —: 'BUST:' 'same kind:' and so he went on, discarding 'from the word,' alike 'busts' of WASHINGTON, of 'females,' and of SILAS WRIGHT! He was reversing the style of people, who use 'burst' for *bust*. - - - If GOLDSMITH himself were living, it seems to us that he could scarcely have sent forth from his pen a more characteristic and beautiful passage than the subjoined. We hope some one of our readers may be able to tell us who wrote it. It *sounds* like Dr. CHANNING, somewhat, but we cannot find it in such of his writings as are contained in our imperfect library: 'For my part, I confess I have not the heart to take an offending man or woman from the general crowd of sinful, erring beings, and judge them harshly. The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not anger. When I take the history of the poor heart that has sighed and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed, the brief pulsation of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of the world that has but little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and the threatening voice within; health gone, even hope, that stays longest with us, gone; I have little heart for aught else but thankfulness, that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-being with HIM from whose hands it came.' A sentiment to be well-remembered. - - - A KINDLY correspondent, from the city of New-Orleans, in a note received yesterday, says: 'I hope you may not act upon a suggestion which we have *inferred* that you 'threw out' in a late number of the KNICKERBOCKER: to the effect, namely, that feeling like a boy 'was a kind of weakness which you supposed would always hang around you; a weakness which you could not help.' I venture to assert, that I speak for nine in ten of your readers, when I say, that I hope you may not *try* to 'help it.' If there be one thing more than another, that endears the KNICKERBOCKER to its readers, it is that very *youngness*, of which you speak, with, as it seems to me, a kind of self-disparagement. It has kept pace with '*the times*,' of which (and I say it in no spirit of flattery) it is a constant and continual epitome: and while *you* do not grow old in its pages, its *pages* will know no senility.' Most kindly said: be it ours, then, to remember, and remembering, to 'act accordingly.' On this very hint, we had intended to speak, even now, in a full page of 'Gossipry,' which would embrace much of reminiscence, and be at least heart-felt and truthful, if nothing more. But 'some other time,' *Deo volente*, we shall recur to it. - - - OUR readers have heard of the accomplished Gothamite 'merchant,' who said to his partner, as he was sprinkling sand upon the superscription of a business-letter which he had just addressed: 'How do you spell Feladelpy?' 'F-c-l, *Fel*, a-d-e-l, *Feladel*, f-y, *Fekladelfy*,' was the response. 'Good! — then I've got it *right*!' was the self-satisfied rejoinder: 'I thought p'raps I'd made a mistake!' We were reminded of this the other night, by the following incident, which, we are *more* than '*credibly* informed,' happened in a little village not twenty miles removed

from the spot where these sentences 'attain to type.' A man steps into a 'corner grocery,' of the description known as 'green,' and asks of one of the two 'proprietors' present: 'Have you any *onions*?' 'No, Sir,' replies one of them. 'Yes' — hesitatingly suggests the other: 'Yes — we have n't got any.' 'Are you quite *sure*?' asked the would-be purchaser. 'Haint got none!' was the last reply vouchsafed him: and he pretermitted himself. When he had stepped up the street, the first partner said to the head-clerk, 'Jim, call him back: p'raps he wanted some *Ingins*!' - - - Not a very long time after these pages shall have found their way 'dcōwn-cast,' even to the forests of Aroostook — so named because the wood-choppers, in the thick and silent wilderness thereaway, roost at night on the trees — '*The Penobscot Woodmen*' will be busily at work amidst the mighty snows of their forest-region. 'A BANGORIAN' tells us, in a piece of verse somewhat too much extended, what manner of people they are of. He 'shall be heard,' however, even if we *are* obliged, as the stump-speakers say at the South, to 'call '*Time*' on him:'

'THE woodsman of Penobscot is  
A man of hardihood:  
His sinews are like oaken thongs,  
Like bullock's blood his blood:  
Two brawny arms swing at his side,  
Eke hands of bone and gristle;  
Old SAMPSON's hair his head adorns —  
His chin a beard of thistle.

'Over his brow protrudes a roof  
Of brown felt, or tarpaulin;  
Three blood-red shirts, with buttons decked, ;  
His mighty stomach wall in,  
Then hypogastrium, ribs and thighs,  
Warm lions' skins environ;  
Encased his low extremities  
In bullock's hide and iron.

'This giant Man meets giant Pine,  
And giant blows descend;  
And ere the shades of night-fall come,  
The forest giants bend:  
Such is the man to whom we are  
Indebted for our houses;  
And when he comes to town, he'd 'swap'  
His red shirts and his trowse's.'

A good 'crayon drawing.' - - - ONE of the features of the two ensuing volumes of this periodical, and one which we hope to make an attractive one, will be a *History of the Knickerbocker Magazine*, from its commencement to the present time. This history will involve not only the *facts* which relate to the origin and progress of the work until now, but will contain correlative *Reminiscences of the Sanctum and of our Correspondents*, which a good memory, and still better *remembrancers*, have preserved as fresh as if they were of yesterday, for nearly a quarter of a century. The *heart*, the dearest *recollections*, of the EDITOR, are in this thing: and his chief hope, in relation thereto, is, that he may be enabled to carry out deftly what he conceives to be a well-matured design. - - - REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, who says many a good thing, in his own way of saying it, never spoke a better one than is contained in this sentence: 'A vast deal of genial humor is conscien-